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"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

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From the Westminster Review.

A Popular Life of George Fox, the first of the Quakers. By JOSIAH MARSH. London: Gilpin. 1847.

THERE is no subject perpetually before our eyes more imperfectly understood than Quakerism. There is a prevalent idea, amounting perhaps to a knowledge, that Quakers are a sect addicted to broad-brimmed hats, collarless coats, a peculiar phraseology, silent meetings, and the acquisition of money; propensities which rarely engender any better feeling than contempt: for the man who is too well bred to express it in the same way cherishes the same feeling as the boy who hoots after the drab-garbed Quaker in the street. Nineteen twentieths of our countrymen believe a Quaker to be infinitely inferior to themselves: to the brutal, he is an object of abuse; to the rude, of ridicule; to the supercilious, of contempt; to the kind-hearted, of pity; but all agree in looking down upon him as from some very decided elevation. It is difficult to dissipate feelings which flatter our self-esteem, and whatever places another permanently below us certainly administers to that quality; we are pleased to have an opportunity of despising, and often absolutely plume ourselves on despising, courteously and religiously, kindly and conscientiously.

We are willing to believe that this relative position between the Quaker and the man of the world arises entirely from the fact already adduced, that Quakerism is imperfectly understood: we see the husk, we taste it and find it unpalatable, bitter, chaffy: but so also is the husk of the cocoa-nut, and of fifty other fruits. Now we have no more right to judge the Quaker than the cocoa-nut by its exterior alone; it is not only unfair to the object but unjust towards ourselves. Let us, however, pause for a moment over the husk itself, the quaintness, oddity, perhaps ugliness, of the costume, the mode of address, &c.; it should be distinctly understood, that these peculiarities are not of themselves considered in the light of good deeds, but often serve as a protection against evil deeds. The true Quaker has a decided objection to amalgamate with that world whose fashions and excesses he has conscientiously renounced, and these peculiarities act as a universally accepted apology for his not mingling in scenes in which others can perceive no harm; races, hunting, theatres, balls, concerts, cards, drinking—occupations held to be almost necessary to people of the world, and, to use the most circumspect phraseology, *tolerated* by their religious instructors—are forbidden to the Quaker; from his youth upwards he is taught to avoid them. Abstinence from these indulgences is inculcated with the first lessons of religion; and intellect has no sooner dawned than his moral education begins. This abstinence from occupations common in the world has become so notorious, that the Quaker garb is a sufficient apology for non-indulgence. It would be out of place at all public amusements; in all scenes of riot and intemperance; so that, whatever the inclination, the Quaker, in Quaker garb, dare not mingle in such company. The husk, as we have termed it, worn under parental authority, thus becomes a safeguard and protection to the young—a protection even against inclination; for we are not to suppose the youth of any sect devoid of the taste for amusement which is a characteristic of that period of our existence. In after years, the *man* has often to look back with gratitude on the protecting power of that garb, and those peculiarities, which he felt irksome as a youth; and seeing the service they rendered to himself, he inculcates their observance on his successors, indeed, enforces it, so long as parental authority endures. Thus, however much we may be inclined to dislike or censure these peculiarities, we shall find it difficult to deny their utility; and we shall also find that a portion of our feeling of contempt arose from an insufficiency of our own information. We are ever too ready to smile at what we do not understand; and, in our journey through life, we often feel the smile of scorn dissipated by an enlarged power of comprehension, and succeeded by respect, and perhaps even by admiration. While on the subject of dress, we may further remark that the Quaker garb is professedly a mere retention of the usual costume of that period when Quakers were first associated as a body, and a refusal to comply with the ever-changing vagaries of fashion. So much for the husk. We wish to place it in its true light, and to remove those erroneous impressions which result from mistaking it for the kernel.

Quakerism may be said to date its existence from the preaching of Fox; prior to this some Quaker doctrines had been vaguely promulged, but, under the majestic and energetic mind of Fox, they received form and character; they became distinct and intelligible; so that to him alone must be attributed the establishment of the sect. It will be recollected by all who are conversant with the history of the Reformation, that the participators in that great movement aimed at a far more extensive subversion of the ceremonies of the Romish church than they had the power to achieve; thus we find the more eminent of these reformers inveighing bitterly against certain observances, which, as they said, "plainly savor of popery." Among such objectionable observances are enumerated, "figured music and organs, the forms of sponsors, the use of the cross in baptism, kneeling at the sacrament, sprinkling of infants, bowing at the name of Jesus," &c. But Queen Elizabeth whose memory as a protestant reformer is so highly cherished by the Episcopalian church, insisted on the reintroduction of these observances, and took care that they should be rigidly enforced. The act of conformity was passed in 1554, and by this all the Romish ceremonies which the queen or her advisers were pleased to continue, became law, in opposition to the principles and entire spirit of the Reformation. This of course induced violent discontent; and very

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many of the true reformers refused to comply, and formed small associations on principles opposed to one or other of the prescribed forms. Hence arose those numerous bodies of dissenters, which, in the time of Charles I., had become so powerful; and which, however they might differ on other points, were unanimously agreed in denying the divine right of bishops, and thus rendered themselves obnoxious to ecclesiastical authorities. But, amidst all the distaste for *certain* forms and ceremonies, no sect ventured to proscribe them *all;* it was left for George Fox to found a religion on the New Testament alone; to dispense with *all* priestcraft and priesthood, with *all* forms and observances and ceremonies, and to declare that worship was a spiritual act between man and his Maker, a tribute to be offered independently of human assistance, and unaccompanied by any human inventions. Our author informs us that—

"No reformer, prior to George Fox, had altogether rejected ceremonies in the performance of public worship, or the observance of any religious rite upon admittance into a community of membership. But he, regarding worship alone in the light of a spiritual act, between the heart of man and his Maker, instituted a worship of silent waiting, and more particularly called upon his followers to rely upon that measure of divine light or grace which it has pleased God to place in the hearts of all men for their edification, guidance, and right understanding of his revealed law, provided they are willing to submit to its silent teachings. He considered that it is only by the free operation of this divine principle that the heart becomes sanctified, and that, by it alone, men can become spiritually baptized into the church of Christ, or can become spiritual partakers of the body and blood of our Saviour. Which inward and spiritual participation is the only true essential of these ceremonies, as practised by most of the Christian churches. Neither had any one, before this, called the attention of mankind so particularly to the marked distinction between the old law of Moses and the new law of the gospel; pointing out that the former, with its ceremonies and ordinances, was expressly given to the Jews; and to them only; and, as St. Paul says, is to be looked upon by us as a schoolmaster to prepare us for the better and more spiritual dispensation, which ended the old law,* and in whose glad tidings the whole Gentile world are made participators as well as the Jews. Nor had any one before endeavored to establish a system of public worship of a nature so entirely spiritual, allowing of no prescribed act, either of prayer or of exhortation. His object was to lead people back to the primitive simplicity and purity of the gospel precepts, to which the superstitious ceremonies of the Romish church were so glaringly opposed; to call them off from all dependence upon outward ceremonies, to that inward and spiritual religion by which alone they can know Christ to be their God and their Saviour; and to convince them that the mere knowledge and belief of what Christ had done and suffered for them when personally upon earth, was not of itself sufficient to obtain this, without a further knowledge, through the Holy Spirit, of his righteous government in their hearts."—p. 10.

Since Christianity was first preached by the immediate followers of Christ, no such doctrine as this had ever been broached. Peter, Mahomet, Luther, Wycliffe, Calvin, Wesley, and the thousand minor powers that have succeeded, all had their ceremonies performed by priests; all looked on the priest as a being whose offices were essential to the safety of the soul. George Fox alone, of all the world, repudiated priesthood and priestcraft, and dared to deny the right of a human mediator between God and man. He acknowledged but one mediator; one whose services were not to be doled out in pittances apportioned to the coin returned. It therefore is not remarkable that the priesthood of whatever denomination should rise as one man against the Quaker, and denounce him from the pulpit as an atheist and a traitor; an enemy alike to religion and to law. Such was the case; and when we remember how vast, how subtle, how ramified, how extended is that power and influence he attacked, we cannot wonder that the Quaker was hunted from place to place like a beast, was torn from his home and family, was thrown into the most filthy dungeons, was flogged, maimed, crippled, and murdered, merely on a false charge of irreligion and disaffection, originating entirely in the vengeance of a priesthood whose offices he declined, and with whose emoluments the spread of such opinions must of necessity interfere. The license for marriage, the marriage form, the churching of women, the sprinkling of infants, the administration of the sacrament, the ceremony of confirmation, the funeral service, the consecration of churches and churchyards, all forms of prayer, written sermons; all were of no avail: churches themselves were superfluous, and the sacredness of any edifice declared a fable. This was atheism and treason in the eyes of the clergy, and of all over whom their influence extended.

The boldness with which Fox preached these doctrines is shown in his own "Journal," but there are other authentic sources of information, which bear ample testimony to the courage he displayed.

"When I heard the bell toll to call the people together in the steeple-house, it struck at my life, for it was like a market bell to gather people together, that the priest might set forth his wares for sale. Oh! the vast sums of money that are got by the trade they make of selling the Scriptures, and by their preaching, from the highest bishop to the lowest priest! What one trade in the world is comparable to it? Notwithstanding the Scriptures were given forth freely, Christ commanded his ministers to preach freely, and the prophets and apostles denounced judgment against all covetous hirelings and diviners for money. But in this free spirit of the Lord Jesus was I sent forth to declare the word of life and reconciliation freely, that all might come to Christ, who gives freely, and renews us into the image of God, which man and woman were in before they fell."—p. 46.

Here we are presented with the origin of the Quaker tenet against a paid clergy of any description; and from the doctrines of their founder the Quakers conceive themselves called upon to protest openly against such a ministration of the gospel, as being contrary to the special injunctions of Christ, and the practices of the apostles and early Christian church. Hence, they refuse to pay all tithes or church demands, patiently submitting to the legal penalties attached to such refusals, and to the rapacity of their enemies, who, in the early periods of the society, carried their plunder to so great an excess as not only to involve many in total ruin, but also to subject them to long and cruel imprisonments, which, in many cases of particular hardship, termi-

* Gal. iii. 24, 25.

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nated in death. Hence, in 1662, twenty died in different prisons in London, and seven more after their liberation, from their ill-treatment. In 1664, twenty-five died, and in 1665, fifty-two more. The number which perished in this way, throughout the whole kingdom, amounted to three hundred and sixty-nine.

It would be a subject of interesting inquiry, but foreign to the objects of a literary review, whether the grand features of this mission of George Fox, and the practice of his early followers resulting from it, are not based upon more solid principles of Christianity, and are not more closely allied to its pure spirit, than the world at large generally admit to be essential? Quakerism is grounded on the passage —"that the grace of God which brings salvation had appeared to all men, and that the manifestation of the spirit of God was given to every man to profit withal." Fox maintained, that by a faithful obedience to the inward teachings of this Holy Spirit we become God's people, and by its aid alone acquire a clear understanding of the Scriptures; but which inward monitor, if continually neglected, or, after the example of Felix, dismissed for a more convenient season, will in time be withdrawn, leaving the heart reprobate, and abandoned to its own wicked devices; for God has declared, "my spirit shall not always strive with man." Gen. vii. 3.

This inward principle is the good seed, which, being sown in all soils, flourishes in some, pines away or is choked in others, and in some individuals finds no root at all. Scriptural authority, if to be literally interpreted, is at least in favor of Fox's testimony against all oaths, and warfare, as being antichristian, and in direct opposition to the dictates of Christ, and the practice of the apostles and early church. And further, in accordance with his emulation of the noble and disinterested example of the early Christian pastors, who ministered the word of life without fee or reward; and with his rejection of all outward ceremonies and forms of worship, because they had degenerated into religious rites, and which he considered as so many stumbling-blocks and impediments to that spiritual devotion required of man by his Maker. Again, it would appear to support his great Christian principle, that no system of policy whatever should be founded on expediency; but upon that golden precept of Christ's, "of doing unto others as we would they should do unto us,"—a maxim that if faithfully acted upon would do away at once with all grounds of contention and warfare. The Quakers therefore as a body may be considered universal philanthropists; and in their Christian love and good will to all men they are as much opposed to every measure which is injurious to the free and just rights of man, as they are often the foremost supporters of those devised for his good.

"The mission of G. Fox was no republican doctrine, disguised under the form of theology. It never interfered with the existing powers, whether monarchical or republican, but taught obedience to the magistrate, by enforcing purity of morals. It was a plain, honest, and zealous attempt to clear the gospel from the mist of error and superstition which had long obscured it; to release the minds of the people from the shackles of school-wisdom, and the subtleties of polemical divinity; to hold out to them the true nature of that redemption which it offers to all mankind, a redemption depending upon faith in Christ, repentance from sin, and transformation from the world, but not upon outward rites and ordinances, or creeds drawn up by fallible men. He pleaded alone for religious liberty, for a free toleration of all religious opinions; a principle which in itself involves emancipation of mind, and lays the foundation for the universal and equal rights of all men, the privileged classes as well as those below them; and effectually resists the encroachments of either party upon the just rights of the other, by inculcating the great Christian rule of doing as we would be done by."—p. 48.

The "Journal" of George Fox was pronounced by the late Sir James Mackintosh to be "one of the most extraordinary and instructive documents in the world;" and he adds, that "no man of competent judgment can peruse it without revering the virtue of the writer." To his efforts, single-handed, or nearly so, we may ascribe the establishment and rise of the Quakers, which, as Bancroft in his "History of the United States" declares, is "one of the most remarkable events in the history of man. It marks," says he, "the moment when intellectual freedom was claimed unconditionally by the people as an inalienable birthright. It was the consequence of a great moral warfare against corruption; the aspiration of the human mind after a perfect emancipation from the long reign of bigotry and superstition."

In another passage, Bancroft describes how Fox arrived "at the conclusion that truth is to be sought by listening to the voice of God in the soul. This principle," says he, "contained a moral revolution. It established absolute freedom of mind, treading idolatry under foot, and entered the strongest protest against the forms of a hierarchy. It was the principle for which Socrates died, and Plato suffered; and now that Fox went forth to proclaim it among the people, he was resisted everywhere with vehemence, and priests and professors, magistrates and people, swelled against him like the raging waves of the sea."

It is worthy of remark, that this storm of persecution should have raged most fiercely during the protectorate of Cromwell, a man who has the credit of resisting the influence of priesthood and priestcraft when directed against himself. We are especially told by D'Aubigné, in his "History of the Reformation," that "the rise of plebeian sects, which swarmed in England, was encouraged by the freedom of the popular government under the commonwealth." What this freedom could have been does not appear very obvious; imprisonment in dungeons underground, and beneath other dungeons occupied by felons, and so arranged that the lower dungeon received all the filth from the upper one; pelting with stones and rotten eggs in the pillory; beating with holly-bushes; laceration with pitchforks; threshing with long poles; these are feats, either performed by the executive or sanctioned by the administrators of the common weal. George Fox, however, went on his way whenever he was liberated, renewing, on all occasions, his testimony against a hireling ministry, payment of tithes, swearing, ceremonies and forms; and preaching his favorite doctrine of the divine light of Christ in the soul of man. His sufferings were renewed again and again, often without the slightest provocation, but sometimes from his own intemperate zeal; intemperate, because personal interference with the mode of worship chosen by others is at all times of doubtful propriety, and in many instances concomitant circumstances render it perfectly unjustifiable. But Fox's day was one of all manner of religious excesses. Baptists, Presbyterians, and Independents, were struggling for the mastery, and all striving to

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possess themselves of some of the emoluments of priestcraft. Wild, bloodthirsty, and persecuting, all seemed to lose sight of the peaceful character of Christianity, and to contend with a fury more allied to the ravings of madmen than the behavior of sincere disciples of a meek and peace-preaching master. All these wrangling dissenters thought it an outward symbol of sanctity to wear their hair closely cropped; but Fox wore his very long, falling gracefully over his shoulders, a practice which obtained generally among his followers, and from a passage in his journal it would appear that he entertained some scruple against its being cut: he wished it to be understood that true religion did not consist in this outward mark, an observation which would lead one to believe that he eschewed rather than aimed at a peculiar assumption of holiness in his appearance or apparel. His long hair gave additional offence to the "crop-ears," or "roundheads" of the day.

The following extracts will give some idea of the treatment which this most sincere and truly pious man was made to suffer, and it will also exhibit his own character in its true light.

"The next morning he was summoned before the magistrates, to whom he gave further offence by declaring to them that the 'fruits of their priests' preaching were void of Christianity, and that, though they were great professors, they were without the possession of that which they professed.' He was, upon this, committed to gaol as a 'heretic, a blasphemer, and a seducer;' and, by order of the magistrates, he was shut up among the lowest class of felons, and the gaolers were encouraged to treat him with the greatest brutality, declaring to him that he should never come out again but to be hanged; and so confident were his enemies in accomplishing his ruin and death, that numbers visited him in prison as a condemned person, who was shortly to be executed."—p. 97.

"At Carlisle he suffered an illegal imprisonment for several months, and at the approaching assizes his enemies made sure of leading him to the gallows; but, not being able to substantiate any legal charge against him, he was never brought up for trial. The high-sheriff, and a company of bitter Scotch priests, were so misled by their rancorous feelings, that they had him guarded by three musqueteers to shoot him upon any pretence of escape. For a time they would suffer no one to have access to him excepting themselves; they sometimes came into his cell as late as the tenth hour; and their deportment was 'exceedingly rude and devilish; they were not fit to speak of the things of God, they were so foul-mouthed; and he grieved to think such people should call themselves ministers of God; but the Lord, by his power, gave them dominion over them all, and let them see both their fruits and their spirits.' During this confinement he was often cruelly beaten with a large cudgel, at the caprice of the under-gaoler; who, entering his cell one day, fell upon him without the shadow of an excuse for such abominable cruelty, and beat him most furiously, calling out all the time, as a pretext, 'Come out of the window,' although George Fox was on the opposite side of the room to it. While he was so beaten, 'he was moved of the Lord to sing psalms, being filled with joy;' upon which the exasperated gaoler brought in a fiddler to annoy him; but while he played George Fox so overpowered him by his singing, 'being moved by the everlasting power of the Lord God,' that they were 'struck and confounded' and went away, leaving him to the unmolested enjoyment of his heartfelt hymns of praise, and rejoicing that he was thus found worthy to suffer for the sake of his great Lord and Master, whose precepts he had thus far totally and faithfully declared, without respect of persons. 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven.'—Matt. v. 11, 12.

"In this prison he became acquainted with James Parnell, a youth of only sixteen years, but remarkable for his early piety and religious life. He had been so struck with Fox's preaching and doctrine, that he frequently visited him while in bonds, eagerly seeking instruction; and 'the Lord quickly made him a powerful minister of the word of life, and many were turned to Christ by him.' Travelling soon after into Essex, as an acknowledged minister of the Quakers, he was imprisoned with many others in Colchester castle, and subjected to the cruelty of a merciless gaoler, who was encouraged in his brutality by the magistrates themselves. At this time James Parnell was extremly debilitated by severe indisposition, and was confined in a place called the oven, a large hole in the wall, and so high from the ground that it was only accessible by a short ladder, and a rope, because the ladder was not sufficiently long. From this place he was constrained by the gaoler to come down every day for his food, refusing him the advantage of any assistance which his fellow-prisoners would gladly have rendered him. Climbing up one day to this incommodious dormitory, with his day's provision in one hand, he missed his hold of the rope through weakness, and falling down was so much shaken, that he died very soon afterwards in consequence of his fall. After his death, his persecutors, to cover their own cruelty, wrote a book, stating, 'that he fasted himself to death.' Thus he died a martyr to his religious convictions, about two years after he had joined the Quakers."—p. 98.

"During his confinement with those unfortunate and depraved characters, of both sexes, his sincere piety and kindly feeling, united to his good example, had a great effect upon the minds of his wretched companions; they treated him with respect, and several of them became sincere and true penitents, so powerfully and so feelingly had he laid open to them the profligacy of their evil courses."—p. 100.

"The assizes being now ended, and the prisoners refusing upon principle to pay a fine they considered most illegal, since nothing had been proved against them to justify their apprehension,* much less their imprisonment, and judging from the malice of their enemies that they were not likely to be liberated very soon, demanded a free prison, and told the gaoler they should discontinue to pay him for the hire of his room, for which they had hitherto given him seven shillings a week each person, as well as seven shillings a week for each of their horses. Upon this notification, the gaoler, who was an abandoned character, and had been twice branded with a hot iron as a thief, (as well as his wife and the under gaoler,) shut them up in a foul dungeon, called Doomsdale, which was noisome and pestilential, on account of its being the common sewer of the prison, the floor of which was so thick in mire, that it was over their shoes, and afforded no place where they could either sit or lie down. In this dreadful place they were denied by their exasperated keeper even a little straw or a

* They had been arrested for travelling and preaching by the way.

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light; but some kindly disposed people of the town hearing of their sad condition brought them both a light and a few handfuls of straw, which they burnt to purify the air. The smoke arising upon this occasion penetrated through the chinks of the floor above, and found its way into the chamber occupied by the under-gaoler and some thieves, who immediately began to revenge themselves, by pouring down upon them through the chinks whatever they could obtain to annoy them, and make their condition still more deplorable; at the same time abusing them with the foulest language. In this place they were sometimes left in want both of food and water, owing to the brutality of the gaoler and his wife; who often abused and beat those who brought them a few necessaries and comforts. The whole particulars of the infamous treatment to which they were subjected, from the misconduct of their unfeeling keepers, are too offensive for recital; and when such abuses no longer exist in our public gaols are best left untold."—p. 131.

Cromwell, who was well acquainted with Fox, both personally and by reputation, was cognizant of all these proceedings; and it certainly seems to us a lasting stigma on his character that he allowed them. On one occasion, after a long interview, when Fox was about to leave, Cromwell seized him by the hand, and said, with tears in his eyes, "Come again to my house; for if thou and I were but an hour a day together we should be nearer one another;" and he ordered that Fox should be conducted to the great hall, to dine with his gentlemen. This honor was, however, flatly refused by the unambitious Quaker: "Tell the protector," said he, "that I will neither eat of his bread nor drink of his drink." When Cromwell received the message he remarked—"Now I see there is a people arisen that I cannot win either with gifts, honors, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can." This anecdote and subsequent events show the exhibition of friendly feeling towards Fox to have been ostensible only; for he never raised a finger to assist him or to do him justice when so foully ill-used: the anecdote exhibits also the talent of the protector in correctly estimating the hollowness and mercenary spirit of his self-righteous followers. The following short quotations show that Fox himself remonstrated with the protector on the cruel oppression of his persecuted sect:—

"The travellers entering London by Hyde Park, met the protector in his coach, attended by his lifeguard, and surrounded by a great concourse of people. George Fox immediately rode up to the coach side, from whence he would have been repelled by the guards, had not Cromwell caught sight of him and beckoned him to approach. He then rode by the coach side, and spoke to him, 'Declaring,' as he says, 'what the Lord gave me to say to him, of the condition and of the sufferings of Friends in the nation; showing him how contrary this persecution was to Christ and his apostles, and to Christianity.' At the park gate of St. James' they parted, and Cromwell invited him to come to his house."—p. 137.

"In the course of a few days he had an interview with the protector at Whitehall, accompanied by Edward Pyott. George Fox was very urgent on behalf of the Friends, stating how unjustly they were persecuted, and how great were their sufferings throughout his dominions, for conscience' sake alone; he pleaded their right, in common with all peaceable subjects, to Cromwell's protection."—p. 137.

"A report was also spread of his (Cromwell's) intention to assume the crown. George Fox went to him and warned him against accepting it, and also of other dangers—such as his suffering the innocent to be oppressed by the unjust, and that if he did not put a stop to this evil, he would bring shame and ruin upon himself and his posterity. Cromwell appeared to take his advice very well, &c."—p. 163.

"Appeared to take his advice very well;" but his course remained unaltered. The priests of all denominations, and the rabble whom they incited, continued their persecutions; procured the arrest and ill-usage of Fox, and all the leaders of his sect; and Cromwell remained as before a passive if not approving spectator.

Since the publication of Mr. Carlyle's very able "Life of Cromwell" it has become rather a fashion to suppose that powerful man greatly injured by the charge of hypocrisy formerly preferred against him, and to hold him up as a pattern of straightforwardness and sincerity. Now, the elements of straight-forwardness and sincerity do not appear to us to consist in conduct like that of Cromwell, a sovereign prince, towards Fox, a peaceful and inoffensive subject. Sincerity does not, in our view, consist in wringing a man's hand, and, with tears in one's eyes, begging him to come again, when he had just permitted him to suffer the grossest indignities; neither in providing sumptuous dinners for him one day, and seeing him cast into a loathsome dungeon the next without raising so much as a finger to assist him. And be it recollected that dungeons and fair words were continually alternated with some regularity, not merely on one occasion, but times and oft; and the ruler knew the sterling worth of his subject, and lamented that he was not to be bought with a bribe. Let the reader repeat, again and again, Fox's answer to this powerful and crafty potentate—"Tell the protector I will neither eat of his bread nor drink of his drink;" let the reader ask what was Fox's opinion, founded on dear-bought experience, of this sincere and straight-forward monarch. For what crime was Fox imprisoned? Alas! does not the termination of each imprisonment show? We have it recorded again and again—"At length he was freed without a trial, without a hearing, without a charge of any kind being brought against him." We doubt whether the annals of any nation under the sun can produce a match for the unrighteous persecutions borne for conscience' sake under that liberal government, the Commonwealth of England. Immediately before Cromwell's death Fox had a final interview with him, in the capacity of intercessor for the sect which he had founded. What impression he made is unknown; for the protector's days were numbered—he was on the eve of that summons which the weak and the powerful alike obey. We give our author's brief account of the meeting:—

"George Fox went again to see the protector, to try once more how far he could influence him to act with justice and impartiality to all his subjects, and thus put a stop to the sufferings of the injured Friends, who were now unjustly deprived of the liberties and privileges secured to all freemen by the great charter of England. He had often before warned him of his unjust neglect of this portion of his unoffending and innocent subjects, and had told him, that if he persisted in refusing any interference on their behalf, God would soon rend the power out of his hands; and 'that a day of reverse and thick darkness was coming over those high

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professions, even a day of darkness that should be felt.' Cromwell was at Hampton Court. George Fox says, 'I met him riding in the park, and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft (or apparition) of death go forth against him; and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him, according as I was moved to speak to him, he bid me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston; and the next day went up to Hampton Court, to speak further with him. But when I came he was sick; and one Harvey, who waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing that I should speak to him. So I passed away, and never saw him more.' "—p. 168.

After the Restoration the persecutions of the Quakers still continued; but, as before, it appears to have proceeded entirely from the Round-heads, especially those who had turned renegades to their old faith, and put on the more fashionable religion established by law, in order to conciliate those in power, and obtain a share of the temporalities of the church.

Fox was arrested at Swarthmore, on a charge of "having great meetings up and down," and was kept a close prisoner in the "dark-house" in Lancaster Castle. He was committed by one Porter, a violent and bitter Round-head, but one who had just renegaded to the faith now uppermost. While in Lancaster Castle numbers of rude people were admitted to see him, merely for the purpose of abusing and insulting him. "One time," he says, "there came two young priests, and very abusive they were; the worst of people could not be worse." But perhaps the climax of abuse came from a woman whom he terms "old Justice Preston's wife, of Howker Hall." She told him his tongue should be cut out, and that he should be hanged; at the same time showing him a gallows, which we may imagine she had brought in her pocket in order to illustrate and point her invective. Having applied for a copy of his *mittimus*, it was refused him; but he appears to have gained a knowledge of its contents by two of his fellow-professors, who had perused it. He owed his liberation on this occasion to the intercession of Margaret Fell, the lady at whose house he was staying, and whom he afterwards married. This excellent person went up to London, and appealed personally to the king on behalf of her ill-used friend. She met with a most gracious reception; and the application resulted in the liberation of Fox. There is in the narrative matter of the highest interest.

"Reverting to Margaret Fell's application to the king, it appeared from the nature of his commitment that the king could not release him; he therefore ordered a writ of habeas-corpus to be issued for his removal to London, in order that his case might be referred to the judges. The trouble now was how to get him removed to town; for if he was only sent under the care of two bailiffs, the charge would be considerable; but to send him under the guard of a troop of horse was quite out of the question; therefore, to save their pockets, the magistrates told him, that 'if he would put in bail that he would be in London by such a day of term, he might go up with some of his friends.' George Fox told them, 'he would neither put in bail, nor give one piece of silver to the gaoler, for he was an innocent man, upon whom they had laid a false charge, and imprisoned wrongfully. Nevertheless, if they would let him go up with one or two of his friends, he would be in London such a day, if the Lord should permit, and would carry up the charge against himself.' So inconsistent was the conduct of his persecutors, that, to save themselves the charge of conveying him up to town under an escort, suitable for the dangerous character they had represented him to be, they liberated him upon his parole, to appear of his own accord, and deliver up his own accusation before the proper authorities in London; by this act tacitly acknowledging the injustice of their own proceedings, and the falsity of their charges against him; because, if they had been true only in part, nothing could justify their setting such a person at large upon parole. Thus he left Lancaster Castle, without the payment of a single fee, travelled at his leisure, visited his friends, and held many great meetings on his journey; committing over and over again the very offences for which he had been imprisoned, and in which offences his persecutors now silently acquiesced, since, by liberating him upon his bare word to surrender himself, they consented to that which they well knew would be his only line of conduct.

"Upon his arrival in London he found a great concourse of people assembled at Charing Cross, to witness the burning of the bowels of the late king's judges, who had been hanged, drawn, and quartered. The next day he went before the Lord Chief Justice Foster, and Judge Mallett, and presenting them his own accusation, they read it through till they came to the words, 'that he and his friends were embroiling the nation in blood,' &c. Upon which they struck their hands upon the table. George Fox told them, 'I am the man whom that charge is against, but I am as innocent of any such thing as a new-born child, and had brought it up myself; and some of my friends came with me, without any guard.' They then observed that he stood with his hat on, and said to him, 'What, do you stand with your hat on?' He replied, 'that he did not stand so in any contempt of them.' In consequence of the king's bench prison being full, Judge Foster asked him, 'Will you appear to-morrow, about ten o'clock, at the king's bench bar in Westminster Hall?' He said, 'Yes, if the Lord give me strength.' Then Judge Foster remarked to the other judge, 'If he says, yes, and promises it, you may take his word;' and then he was dismissed. The next morning, he says, 'I was brought into the middle of the court; and as soon as I came in I was moved to look about, and, turning to the people, said, "Peace be among you;" and the power of the Lord sprung over the court. The charge against me was then read openly. The people were moderate, and the judges cool and loving; and the Lord's mercy was to them.'

"But when they came to that part which said, 'that I and my friends were embroiling the nation in blood, and raising a new war, that I was an enemy to the king, &c.,' they lifted up their hands. Then stretching out my arms, I said, 'I am the man whom that charge is against, but I am as innocent as a child concerning the charge, and have never learned any war-postures; and do ye think that if I and my friends had been such men as the charge declares, that I would have brought it up myself against myself? or that I should have been suffered to come up with only one or two of my friends with me? Had I been such a man as this charge sets forth, I had need to have been guarded up with a troop or two of horse!' Then the judge asked me whether it should be filed, or what I would do with it? I answered, 'Ye are judges, and able I hope

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to judge in this matter, therefore do ye what ye will with it, I leave it to you.' Then stood up Esquire Marsh, who was of the king's bed-chamber, and told the judges, 'It was the king's pleasure that I should be set at liberty, seeing no accuser came up against me.' They then asked me, 'whether I would put it to the king and council?' I said, 'Yes, with a good will.' The writ of habeas-corpus and the mittimus were thereupon sent to the king."—p. 185.

The king, being satisfied of his innocence, commanded his secretary to send the following order to Judge Mallet for his release :—

"It is his Majesty's pleasure, that you give order for releasing and setting at full liberty the person of George Fox, late a prisoner in Lancaster gaol, and commanded hither by an habeas-corpus. And this signification of his Majesty's pleasure shall be your sufficient warrant. Dated at Whitehall, the 24th of October, 1660."

"EDWARD NICHOLAS.

"For Sir Thomas Mallet, Knight,

"One of the justices of the king's bench."—p. 187.

It seems impossible in this case to avoid a comparison between the gay, volatile, and licentious Charles, and the rigid, austere, and sanctimonious Cromwell, a comparison which certainly results to the prejudice of the latter; not that we would palliate the excesses of Charles, or blame the austerity of Cromwell; but merely observe that the simple aim at justice, the germ of that first Christian principle of doing as we would be done by, *may* exist amid all manner of indulgence and excess, though it *must* expire when religion is made the bone of contention for ascetics and bigots to snarl and quarrel over. The feeling of the monarch in both cases was shared by those in authority under him.

Cromwell owed no less to his tact than to his sterling talent;—brave, cool, far-sighted, and fitted to command, he might have made an efficient leader and ruler under any circumstances; but he had the tact to mount that religious night-mare with which the nation was then oppressed; to ride it not only with invincible courage and consummate skill, but to ride it as a hobby of his own, and to sit identified with the creature, as man and horse are combined in the centaur; for from the moment he was in the saddle no one could distinguish the horse from the rider. Charles was a Roman Catholic in heart, although, yielding to that love of indolence for which his reign was so preëminently distinguished, he professed acquiescence in the supremacy of the established church. He well knew that this was the readiest way of retaining that sceptre which he had seen forcibly wrested from his father's grasp, and which might, at a moment's notice, be required at his hand. He took no kind of interest in the religious squabbles of the day; and no greater mistake could have been made, than that of those factious round-heads who, renegading to Episcopalianism, persecuted their brother dissenters, in the vain hope of ingratiating themselves with this ease-loving monarch. Charles was not deficient in personal courage; sufficient evidence on this point had been given years previously, at Worcester; but the desire of peaceably enjoying those luxuries and immoralities to which his inclinations led, and of which his position gave him the key, rendered him in every respect the very antipodes of his predecessor. Thus would he eschew as wearisome those very squabbles which his predecessor would take under his own peculiar care, to foment, inflame, discourage, or quash, as might be most expedient.

In 1663, Fox once more visited his excellent friend at Swarthmore. As soon as his arrival was known among his old Presbyterian enemies, a meeting was called, and it was resolved again to put him under arrest. It was, however, difficult to decide what charge was to be preferred against him—the old one, of holding "large meetings," would scarcely be sufficient, seeing that he had been liberated from his imprisonment on that charge, by the king himself, and *that* most unconditionally, and was allowed to go wherever he pleased, and to hold meetings large or small without let or hindrance. It however happened that about this time there was a great talk of a projected rising in the north, and Fox, ever on the alert in the cause of peace and good-will, had issued an address to the poorer country people, cautioning them against taking any part in the affair, and pointing out not only its unlawfulness, but the certain ruin that it would bring on themselves. This truly benevolent and patriotic document was agreed on as the ground of arrest—by what ingenious perversion we have never learned—but for this was he thrown into prison and subjected to a series of persecutions and cruelties, the history of which might equal the choicest records of the Inquisition. During this persecution, he underwent several mock examinations and trials, the recital of which has been graphically given by himself, and sets forth in so lucid a manner the character of the man, and the nature of the persecution, that we shall make no apology for extracting it at considerable length from the pages of his historian. At the first examination, one of the magistrates was a Roman Catholic, and he began by accusing George Fox of denying God, the church, and the faith. The following colloquy resulted.

"G. Fox. 'Nay, I own God, and the true church, and the true faith. But what church dost thou own?'

"George Fox was aware of his religion, and Middleton, feeling irritated by this retort, turned round angrily, and said, 'You are a rebel and a traitor.'

"George Fox. 'To whom dost thou speak, or whom dost thou call rebel?'

"Middleton was now so enraged, that it was some time before he could find utterance, but at last he said, 'he spoke it to him.'

"G. Fox, striking his hand upon the table, 'I have suffered more in the royal cause than twenty like thee, or any that are here; for I have been cast into Derby prison for six months together, and have suffered much because I would not take up arms against the late king, before Worcester fight. I have been sent up prisoner out of my own county, by Colonel Hacker, to Oliver Cromwell, as a plotter to bring in King Charles, in the year 1654; and I have nothing but love and good-will to the king, and desire the eternal good and welfare of him and all his subjects.'

"Justice Middleton. 'Did you ever hear the like?'

"G. Fox. 'Nay, ye may hear it again if ye will. For ye talk of the king, a company of you; but where were ye in Oliver's days? and what did ye do for him? I have more love to the king, for his eternal good and welfare, than any of you have.'

"Justice Middleton. 'Bring the book, and put the oaths of allegiance and supremacy to him.'

"This was the usual snare to entrap the Quakers when other charges against them failed. George Fox shrewdly asked him, 'Whether he had taken

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the oath of supremacy, who was a Catholic and a swearer! as for us, we cannot swear at all, because Christ and his apostles have forbidden it.' This pointed query for the present warded off the blow, the oaths were dispensed with, and he was dismissed upon his bare promise to appear at the next Lancaster session."—p. 220.

And he kept his word. He presented himself at the winter assizes held at Lancaster. When called for, he entered, as usual, with his hat on, a matter in which he was very particular, never removing it on any occasion for the purpose of paying respect to men. The court invariably objected to a proceeding so entirely at variance with custom.

"Chairman. 'Do you know where you are?'

"G. Fox. 'Yes, I do; but it may be my hat offends you. That is a low thing, that is not the honor that I give to magistrates, for the true honor is from above; which I have received, and I hope it is not the hat which ye look upon to be the honor.'

"Chairman. 'We look for the hat too. Wherein do you show your respect to magistrates, if you do not put off your hat?'

"G. Fox. 'In coming when they call me.'

"An officer of the court was then ordered to take off his hat; and he was questioned again about the plot already alluded to; but finding they had no grounds on which to substantiate this charge against him, they tendered to him the oaths of allegiance and supremacy; and one of the justices asked him, 'Whether he held it was unlawful to swear?' an unwarrantable question, because the act imposed either banishment or a heavy fine upon any who declared it to be unlawful.

"G. Fox. 'In the time of the law amongst the Jews, before Christ came, the law commanded them to swear; but Christ, who doth fulfil the law in his gospel-time, commands, "Swear not at all," and the apostle James forbids swearing, even to them that were Jews, and who had the law of God.'

"He then produced the paper which he had written, and distributed it as a testimony against plots, and requested that it might be read out in open court, as it would show, of itself, whether it contained anything of a treasonable nature. This proposition was rejected, and he was not permitted to make any other defence, but was committed to prison for refusing to swear. And addressing the court, he said, 'All people take notice that I suffer for the doctrine of Christ, and for obedience to his command.'"—p. 221.

The gaol at Lancaster was literally crammed with Quakers, principally poor laboring men and small farmers, who had refused to pay tithes. Many of them had been zealous royalists, and, before their adoption of the peaceable doctrines of Quakerism, had fought and bled for the late king, and had remained true to him to the last. Their persecutors were fierce round-heads, who had opposed them in former days, and who were overjoyed in the opportunity of wreaking their vengeance on them now, under the apparent sanction of the law. Many of these poor people died in prison. But we must proceed with the trials of Fox.

"1664. The assizes for this year commenced on the 14th of March, and G. Fox, who had lain in prison ever since the last quarter-sessions, held upon the 12th of January, was now brought up before Judge Twisden: his own account is as follows: 'When I was set at the bar, I said, "Peace be amongst you all."'

"Judge, looking at him. 'What! do you come into court with your hat on?' Upon which the gaoler then took it off.

"G. Fox. 'The hat is not the honor that comes from God.'

"Judge. 'Will you take the oath of allegiance, George Fox?'

"G. Fox. 'I never took any oath in my life, nor any covenant or engagement.'

"Judge. 'Well, will you swear or no?'

"G. Fox. 'I am a Christian, and Christ commands me "not to swear;" so does the apostle James; and whether I should obey God or man, do thou judge.'

"Judge. 'I ask you again, whether you will swear or no?'

"G. Fox. 'I am neither Turk, Jew, nor Heathen, but a Christian, and should show forth Christianity. Dost thou not know that Christians, in the primitive times, under the persecutions, and some also of the martyrs in Queen Mary's days, refused swearing, because Christ and his apostles had forbidden it? Ye have had experience enough, how many have first sworn for the king, and then against him. But as for me I have never taken an oath in my life. My allegiance does not lie in swearing, but in truth and faithfulness; for I honor all men, much more the king. But Christ, who is the Great Prophet, the King of kings, the Saviour and Judge of the world, saith, "I must not swear." Now, whether must I obey, Christ or thee? For it is tenderness of conscience, and in obedience to the command of Christ, that I do not swear; and we have the word of the king for tender consciences.* Dost thou own the king?'

"Judge. 'I do own the king.'

"G. Fox. 'Why then dost thou not observe his declaration from Breda, and his promises made since he came to England, "that no man should be called in question for matters of religion so long as he lived peaceably?" If thou ownest the king, why dost thou call me in question, and put me upon taking an oath, which is a matter of religion, seeing thou or none else can charge me with unpeaceable living?'

"Judge, irritated, and looking at him. 'Sirrah! will you swear?'

"G. Fox. 'I am none of thy sirrahs, I am a Christian; and for thee, an old man and a judge, to sit there and give nicknames to prisoners, it does not become either thy gray hairs or thy office.'

"Judge. 'Well, I am a Christian, too.'

"G. Fox. 'Then do Christian works.'

"Judge. 'Sirrah! thou thinkest to frighten me with thy words.' Then checking himself, and looking aside, he said, 'Hark! I am using the word sirrah again,' and so checked himself.

"G. Fox. 'I spoke to thee in love; for that language did not become thee, a judge. Thou oughtest to instruct a prisoner in the law, if he were ignorant and out of the way.'

"Judge. 'And I speak in love to thee too.'

"G. Fox. 'But love gives no nick-names.'

"Judge. 'Well, George Fox, say whether thou wilt take the oath, yea, or nay?'

"G. Fox. 'I say as I said before, "whether ought I to obey God or man, judge thou?" If I could take any oath at all, I could take this; for I do not deny some oaths only, or on some occasions, but all oaths, according to Christ's doctrine, who hath commanded his followers, "Not to swear at

*Charles II. had pledged his word to the Quakers, that they should not be molested for their peculiar scruples, provided their conduct was peaceable.

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all." Now, if thou, or any of you, or any of your ministers or priests here, will prove that ever Christ or his apostles, after they had forbidden all swearing, commanded Christians to swear, then I will swear.'

"Several priests were there, but none of them offered to speak.

"Judge. 'I am a servant of the king, and the king sent me not to dispute with you, but to put the law into execution; therefore tender him the oath of allegiance.'

"G. Fox. 'If thou love the king, why dost thou break his word, and not keep his declarations and speeches, wherein he promised liberty to tender consciences? I am a man of tender conscience, and in obedience to Christ's command, I cannot swear.'

"Judge. 'Then you will not swear; take him away, gaoler.'

"G. Fox. 'It is for Christ's sake that I cannot swear, and for obedience to his command I suffer; and so the Lord forgive you all.'

"He was now reconducted to prison, and on the 16th of March, two days afterwards, was again called into court.

"The judge asked him, 'whether he would traverse, stand mute, or submit.' He desired he might have liberty to traverse the indictment, and try it.

"Judge. 'Take him away, I will have nothing to do with him, take him away.'

"G. Fox. 'Well, live in the fear of God, and do justice.'

"Judge. 'Why, have I not done you justice?'

"G. Fox. 'That which thou hast done hath been against the command of Christ.' Upon this he was again consigned to prison to await the next assizes."—p. 223.

Fox appears to have felt himself much aggrieved by the word "sirrah," used on this occasion; so much so indeed that shortly afterwards he wrote and published a paper on the subject, addressed to "all judges whatsoever," and showing that the use of such epithets was not in accordance with the usages of Heathens, Jews, or Christians. He cites a number of instances in support of this assertion.

"The next Lancaster assizes were held in the month of June, in the same year, and the same judges, Twisden and Turner, came the circuit; but this time Judge Turner sat on the crown-bench, where George Fox was brought before him. He says, 'Before I was called to the bar, I was put among murderers and felons for about the space of two hours, the people, the justices, and judge, also gazing upon me. After they had tried several others they called me to the bar, and impanelled a jury; then the judge asked the justices "whether they had tendered me the oath at the sessions?" They said, "they had." Then he bid, "give them the book," that they might be sworn they had tendered me the oath at the sessions. They said, "they had." The judge bid them again "take the book and swear they had tendered the oath according to the indictment." Some of the justices refused to be sworn; but the judge said, he would have it done to take away all occasion of exception. When the jury were sworn, and the justices had sworn, "that they tendered me the oath according to the indictment," the judge asked me "whether I had not refused the oath at the last assizes?"'

"G. Fox. 'I never took an oath in my life, and Christ, the Saviour and Judge of the world, saith, "Swear not at all."'

"Judge (not heeding the answer.) 'I ask whether or no you did not refuse the oath at the last assizes?'

"G. Fox. 'The words that I then spoke to them were, "that if they would prove, either judge, justice, priest, or teacher, that after Christ and the apostles had forbidden swearing they commanded that Christians should swear, I would swear."'

"Judge. 'I am not at this time to dispute whether it is lawful to swear, but to inquire whether you have refused to take the oath or no?'

"G. Fox. 'Those things mentioned in the oath, as plotting against the king, and owning the pope's, or any other foreign power, I utterly deny.'

"Judge. 'Well, you say well in that, but did you deny to take the oath? What say you?'

"G. Fox. 'What wouldst thou have me to say? for I have told thee before what I did say.'

"Judge. 'Would you have these men to swear that you have taken an oath?'

"G. Fox. 'Wouldest thou have these men to swear that I had refused the oath?' At which the court burst out into laughter. 'I was grieved,' he says, 'to see so much lightness in the court, where such solemn matters were handled, and therefore asked him, "If this court was a play-house?" Where is gravity and sobriety? for this behavior does not become you.'

"The clerk then read the indictment, and I told the judge, 'I had something to speak to it, for I had informed myself of the errors that were in it.' He told me, 'he would hear afterwards any reasons that I could allege why he should not give judgment.' Then I spoke to the jury, and told them, they could not bring me in guilty, according to that indictment, for the indictment was wrong laid, and had many gross errors in it.

"Judge. 'You must not speak to the jury, but I will speak to them; you have denied to take the oath at the last assizes, and I can tender the oath to any man now, and premunire him for not taking it, and the jury must bring you in guilty, seeing you refused to take the oath.'

"G. Fox. 'What do ye with a form? you may throw away your form then.' To the jury.—'It lies upon your consciences, as ye would answer it to the Lord God before his judgment-seat.' Then the judge spoke again to the jury, and I called to him 'to do me justice.' The jury brought me in guilty. Whereupon I told them, 'that both the justices and they had forsworn themselves, and therefore they had small cause to laugh as they did a little before.' Oh, the envy, rage, and malice, that appeared against me, and the lightness; but the Lord confounded them, and they were wonderfully stopped. So they set me aside, and called up Margaret Fell."—p. 227.

We learn that Fox on this occasion very properly complained of the badness of his prison; and in consequence several of the justices visited it; but the floor was in such a bad state, and the room itself so completely open to wind and rain, that they were almost afraid to enter. All of them declared that it was "a most shameful place," and a better was promised. It is needless to say the promise was never fulfilled.

"The following day he was again brought up in company with his old friend and present fellow-sufferer, Margaret Fell, who employing counsel to plead the errors of her indictment, the judge allowed them. George Fox was then called upon, but declined the assistance of any pleader. His narrative of the proceedings continues thus:—

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"Judge. 'What have you to say why I should not pass sentence upon you?'

"G. Fox. 'I am no lawyer; but I have much to say if thou wilt have patience to hear.' At that he laughed, and others also laughed; and he said, 'Come, what have you to say?' and turning to the court, 'He can say nothing.'

"G. Fox. 'Yes; I have much to say, have but patience to hear me. Should the oath be tendered to the king's subjects, or to the subjects of another realm?'

"Judge. 'To the subjects of this realm.'

"G. Fox. 'Look into the indictment; ye may see ye have left out the word subject; so, not having named me in the indictment as a subject, ye cannot premunire me for not taking the oath.'

"Then they looked over the statute and the indictment, and saw it was so; and the judge confessed it was an error.

"G. Fox. 'I have something else to stop judgment—look what day the indictment says the oath was tendered to me, at the sessions there.'

"They looked, and said, 'It was on the 11th day of January.'

"G. Fox. 'What day of the week was the sessions held on?'

"'On a Tuesday,' was the reply of some one in court.

"G. Fox. 'Look to your almanacs and see whether there were held any sessions at Lancaster on the 11th day of January, so called?' So they looked, and found that the 11th day was Monday, and that the sessions were held on the Tuesday, the 12th day of the month. 'Look, now, ye have indicted me for refusing the oath in the quarter-sessions, held at Lancaster on the 11th day of January last, and the justices have sworn that they tendered me the oath in open sessions here on that day, and the jury upon their oaths have found me guilty thereupon; and yet ye see there was no session held in Lancaster that day.'

"Judge (to cover the matter) asked, 'Whether the sessions did not begin on the 11th day?' Some one in court answered, 'No; the sessions held but one day, and that was the 12th.'

"Judge. 'This is a great mistake and error.'

"Some of the justices were in a great rage at this, and stamped and said, 'Who hath done this? Somebody hath done this on purpose;' and a great heat was amongst them.

"G. Fox. 'Are not the justices here that have sworn to this indictment forsworn men in the face of the country? But this is not all; I have more yet to offer why sentence should not be given against me. In what year of the king was the last assize holden, which happened in the month of March last?'

"Judge. 'It was in the sixteenth year of the king.'

"G. Fox. 'The indictment lays it in the fifteenth year.'

"They looked and found it so, which was also acknowledged to be another error. Then he says, they were all in a fret again, and could not tell what to say; for the judge had sworn the officers of the court that the oath was tendered to me at the assize mentioned in the indictment.

"G. Fox. 'Now, is not the court here forsworn also, who have sworn that the oath was tendered to me at the assize holden here in the fifteenth year of the king, when it was in his sixteenth year, and so they have sworn a year false?'

"The judge then bid them look whether Margaret Fell's indictment was the same, but found it not so.

"G. Fox. 'I have yet more to offer to stop sentence; ought all the oath to be put in the indictment or not?'

"Judge. 'Yes, it ought to be all put in.'

"G. Fox. 'Then compare the indictment with the oath, and there thou mayst see these words (or by any authority derived, or pretended to be derived from him, or his fee) left out of the indictment, which is a principal part of the oath; and in another place the words (heirs and successors) are left out.'

"The judge acknowledged these also to be great errors.

"G. Fox. 'But I have something further to allege.'

"Judge. 'Nay, I have enough, you need say no more.'

"G. Fox. 'If thou hast enough, I desire nothing but law and justice at thy hands; for I don't look for mercy.'

"Judge. 'You must have justice, and you shall have law.'

"G. Fox. 'Am I at liberty, and free from all that ever hath been done against me in this matter?'

"Judge. 'Yes, you are free from all that hath been done against you.' But starting up in a rage, he exclaimed, 'I can put the oath to any man here, and I will tender you the oath again.'

"G. Fox. 'Thou hadst example enough yesterday of swearing, and false swearing, both in the justices and jury; for I saw before mine eyes that both justices and jury had forsworn themselves.'

"Judge. 'Will you take the oath?'

"G. Fox. 'Do me justice for my false imprisonment all this while; for what have I been imprisoned so long for? I ought to be set at liberty.'

"Judge. 'You are at liberty, but I will put the oath to you again.'

"G. Fox then turned about and said, 'All people, take notice, this is a snare, for I ought to be set free from the gaoler and from this court.'

"Judge. 'Give him the book.'

"'Then,' he continues, 'the power of darkness rose in them like a mountain, and the clerk lifted up a book to me. I stood still, and said, "If it be a Bible give it me into my hand." "Yes, yes," said both judge and justices, "give it him into his hand." So I took it, and looked into it, and said, "I see it is a Bible; I am glad of it."'

"'The judge caused the jury to be called, and they stood by; for after they had brought in their former verdict, he would not discharge them, though they desired it; but told them "he could not dismiss them yet, he should have business for them, therefore they must attend, and be ready when they were called." When he said so I felt his intent, that if I was freed he would come on again. So I looked him in the face, and the witness of God started up in him, and made him blush when he looked at me again; for he saw that I had discovered him. Nevertheless, hardening himself, he caused the oath to be read to me, the jury standing by. When it was read, he asked me "whether I would take the oath or not?"'

"G. Fox. 'Ye have given me a book here to kiss, and to swear on; and this book, which ye have given me to kiss, says, "Kiss the Son," and the Son says in this book, "Swear not at all," and so says the apostle James. I say as the book says, yet ye imprison me. How chance ye do not imprison the book for saying so? How comes it that

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the book is at liberty amongst you which bids me not swear; and yet ye imprison me for doing as the book bids me?'

"'I was speaking this to them, and held up the Bible open in my hand to show them the place where Christ forbade swearing. They plucked the book out of my hand, and the judge said. "Nay, but we will imprison George Fox."'

"'Yet this got about all over the country, as a by-word, "That they gave me a book to swear on that commanded me not to swear at all, and the Bible was at liberty, and I in prison for doing what the Bible said."'

"The judge still urged him to swear, and G. Fox said, 'I never took oath, covenant, or engagement in my life; but my yea and nay was more binding in me than an oath was to many others; for had they not had experience how little men regarded an oath! and how they had sworn one way and then another? and how the justices and court had forsworn themselves now? I was a man of a tender conscience, and if they had any sense of a tender conscience they would consider, that it was in obedience to Christ's command that I could not swear. But if any one of you can convince me, that, after Christ and the apostles had commanded me not to swear, they altered that command, and commanded Christians to swear, ye shall see I will swear. There being many priests in the court, I said, "If ye cannot do it, let your priests stand up and do it." But not one of the priests made answer.'

"Judge. 'Oh! all the world cannot convince you.'

"G. Fox. 'No; how is it likely the world should convince me? The whole world lies in wickedness. Bring out your spiritual men, as ye call them, to convince me.'

"Both the sheriff and the judge said, 'The angels swore in the Revelations.'

"G. Fox. 'When God bringeth his first-begotten into the world, he saith, "Let all the angels of God worship him;" and the Son saith, "Swear not at all."'

"Judge. 'Nay, I will not dispute.'

"G. Fox, to the jury. 'It is for Christ's sake that I cannot swear, and therefore I warn you not to act contrary to the light of God in your consciences; for before his judgment-seat you must all be brought. As for plots, and persecutions for religion, and popery, I deny them in my heart; for I am a Christian, and shall show forth Christianity among you this day. It is for Christ I stand.' More words I had both with the judge and jury, before the gaoler took me away.

"In the afternoon he was brought up again, and placed among the thieves for a considerable time, where he stood with his hat on till the gaoler took it off. The jury having found this new indictment against him, 'for not taking the oath,' he was then called to the bar.

"Judge. 'What can you say for yourself?'

"G. Fox. 'I request the indictment to be read; for I cannot answer to that which I have not heard.'

"The clerk then read it, and, as he read it, the judge said, 'Take heed it be not false again;' but he read it in such a manner that George Fox could hardly understand what he read.

"When he had done, the judge said, 'What do you say to the indictment?'

"G. Fox. 'At once hearing so large a writing read, and that at such a distance that I could not distinctly hear all the parts of it, I cannot tell what to say; but if thou wilt let me have a copy of it, and give me time to consider of it, I will answer it.'

"This put them to a little stand; but, after a while, the judge asked, 'What time I would have?'

"G. Fox. 'Till the next assize.'

"Judge. 'But what plea will you now make? Are you guilty or not guilty?'

"G. Fox. 'I am not guilty at all of denying to swear obstinately and wilfully; and as for those things mentioned in the oath, as Jesuitical plots, and foreign powers, I utterly deny them in my heart. If I could take any oath, I could take this; but I never took any oath in my life.'

"Judge. 'You say well; but the king is sworn, the parliament is sworn, I am sworn, and the justices are sworn, and the law is preserved by oaths.'

"G. Fox. 'Ye have had sufficient experience of men's swearing, and thou hast seen how the justices and jury had sworn wrong the other day; and if thou hadst read, in the *Book of Martyrs*, how many of them had refused to swear, both in the time of the ten persecutions and in Bishop Bonner's days, thou mightest see, that to deny swearing in obedience to Christ's command was no new thing.'

"Judge. 'I wish the laws were otherwise.'

"G. Fox. 'Our yea is yea, and our nay is nay; and if we transgress our yea or nay, let us suffer as they do or should do, that swear falsely. This we have offered to the king, and the king said "it was reasonable."'

"Instead of obtaining his liberty by this clear exposure of the palpably gross errors of his indictment, he was reconducted to prison, there to be immured till the ensuing assizes; and in order to make his case still harder, his sufferings were increased tenfold, by a second interference of Colonel Kirby, who gave particular orders to the gaoler 'to keep him close, and suffer no flesh alive to come at him, for he was not fit to be discoursed with by men.' In consequence of this order, he was removed into an upper chamber in an old and ruinous tower of the castle, so much more dilapidated than his former abode, that he was constantly exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, and often had the greatest difficulty to preserve his bed and clothing (which was always damp and cold) from being wet through. He was also so much distressed by smoke, which penetrated into his room from other fires in the prison, that at times he was nearly suffocated by it, and often could scarcely discern the light of a candle from its density. In this inhuman place he was doomed to pass the whole winter (which was unusually long and severe) for no crime; and was at last so much affected by a continued exposure to the cold and wet, and the constant inhaling of such an impure atmosphere, that he was reduced to a state of great suffering: his body became swollen, and his limbs so benumbed, that he could with difficulty use them."—p. 229.

After fifteen months' close imprisonment at Lancaster, Fox was removed to Scarborough, where he was confined twelve months, and this, it will be recollected, without any act that would constitute a misdemeanor in the eye of the law; without any proper charge being substantiated against him; without any fair committal; without being found guilty, by a jury, of any crime; but merely because it was the pleasure of a party to persecute and oppress him, partly from direct malice, and partly from the mistaken idea that they were currying favor with those in power. At last Fox appealed to the king himself, stating full particulars of his treatment, and relating the whole transactions from

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beginning to end. His innocence, and the motives of his persecutors, were at once obvious to Charles, who immediately ordered his release. From the complete success of the previous application to the king on his account, it is remarkable that Fox should not have written earlier; for he seems at all times to have had a kind and Christian feeling towards his sovereign, and to have expected justice at his hands.

We cannot resist the temptation, in this place, of calling the reader's attention to the leading subject discussed between Fox and his judges—the taking of an oath. Of the value of such an oath nothing can possibly speak more decidedly than the fact that magistrates and jury, on the occasion in question, deliberately swore to false statements—not knowing them to be false, certainly, but not caring to inquire or know whether they were true: certain statements, technically false, are laid before them, and to the truth of these they unhesitatingly swear, *as a matter of course*. It is not for us to enforce the unlawfulness of swearing, in a religious sense, as pointed out by Fox, and as still maintained by the entire Quaker body; we object to it as tending to narrow the foundations of moral obligation; and we regard the maintenance of the law on this subject at the present day, and the refusal to receive any evidence except on oath, however contrary to the conscientious feelings of the witness, as a relic of barbarism which we shall rejoice to see destroyed. Quakers and Moravians, by their successful appeals to parliament, are exempt from a compulsory disobedience to a divine command; but all others are compelled to disobey, or to have their evidence refused as unworthy of credit. We are well aware that a difference of opinion obtains as to the precise meaning of the words, "Swear not at all,"—whether they refer to profane or judicial swearing; but, in the absence of any evidence that Christ referred exclusively to either kind of oath, those can hardly err who conscientiously take the words as written, without attempting any explanation; and surely to such, whether Catholic, Protestant, or Dissenter, the right should be given to take the affirmation instead of the oath. We would not enjoin on any the observance of a command to which they can conscientiously assign some other meaning than the words appear to convey; but those who take the more obvious reading of the passage ought not to rest until they are freed from a compulsory violation of the dictates of conscience. On moral grounds we cannot understand how any man who views this subject with unsophisticated eyes can take a view different from our own. There lives not the man whose oath corroborates his assertion. If a man is determined to lie he will swear to a lie. Our courts of justice daily give us examples of witnesses who swear to speak the *whole* truth, and yet go into the witness-box determined to suppress such *part* of the truth as shall weaken the cause of the party who has subpœnaed them: a signal proof that the bad man is not bound by an oath; and every one knows that the good man requires no oath to induce him to speak the truth.

Whatever opinions may be held by the world concerning the Quakers of the present day, and whatever judgment the Quakers may deserve at our hands, there can be no doubt that Fox and his followers were imbued with the spirit of Christianity; that they were clear-headed, single-minded men, who preached the gospel in all sincerity, influenced solely by the idea that such preaching was required at their hands; that they were simply yielding to that inward spiritual light spoken of by St. John as "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." This light they regard as greater than the Scripture itself, because the source whence those Scriptures flowed; and the influence of this inward light is a fundamental doctrine of Quakerism.

It must, however, be observed, that the belief in this inward light is *professed* also by every sect of Christians; but Quakers seem to stand out from the rest in having *real faith* in its existence. Did not this difference exist we should not find theological disputants alluding in derision to the Quaker terms of being "guided by the inward light," or being "moved by the Holy Spirit." Much misapprehension has occurred as to the Trinitarian views of the society from the fact that the term Trinity is rarely if ever used in the sermons or works of their teachers. This omission appears not to result from any disbelief in the celebrated and elaborately discussed verse in St. John,* which is taken as the authority for the doctrine; for concerning this verse, all Quaker writers agree in considering it explanatory of the entire spirit of the New Testament. The question of its authenticity is not discussed, because if it be a true explanation or summary of a doctrine already received as truth, it matters but little whether the explanation were given with the text, or subsequently. They assert that the word Trinity is not of Scripture origin, and therefore has no divine authority for its use. The charge that the Quakers doubted or denied the divinity of Christ was met by Penn, Barclay, and all the more able writers of the sect. No sect is less liable to such a charge, and there is none which makes implicit faith in Christ a more constant and important theme of exhortation.

A few words as to the mode in which Mr. Marsh has acquitted himself of his task. It was no ordinary undertaking to compile such a life of Fox as should be readable to the public. What had previously been written concerning this remarkable man appears to have been designed more for the use of the society itself than for the world at large; and is rendered so prolix, if we may use the term, by detailed accounts of meetings, that many who began the task of perusal in the spirit of fair inquiry, would relinquish it from a distaste to the almost unintelligible repetitions. Mr. Marsh's volume is the reverse of prolix; it has no repetitions to render it distasteful, and gives just so much of the history of Fox as is essential to the understanding and just appreciation of his character. He represents Fox as a man of inflexible integrity, of invincible courage, of perfect sincerity, of indomitable perseverance, of real piety, and of unquestionable loyalty; an unflinching friend, a forgiving enemy, a true subject, and above all, a perfect Christian. Imagination, in all its vagaries, has rarely succeeded in drawing so spotless a character. There is one point, and only one, in which we would venture to differ from our author, and that is the tone in which he speaks of the Romish church; the frequent allusion to the members of this church, as "papists," is uncalled for; it answers no good purpose, and must be offensive to many. Mr. Marsh is, we believe, a member of the Church of England; he writes with perfect candor of Quakerism; why should he seek to disparage a faith so much more nearly allied to his own, and one which at the present moment seems spreading her arms to receive his own, through the friendly portals of Puseyism?

* John v. 7.

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From Chambers' Journal.

THE PRINCE.

EXACTLY one hundred years ago, there arrived in the town of Rochelle in France a young man, apparently under twenty, of very elegant appearance, but simple and unpretending manners. He was attended, rather than accompanied, by an elderly gray-headed man, who seemed to be neither a domestic nor a parent, but who regarded him with all the respect of the one, and all the careful fondness of the other. The youth, indeed, appeared to require a certain watchful attendance, although surrounded, as one might have imagined, by some prestige which precluded familiarity; for, notwithstanding the cool, quiet air supposed to distinguish the great, he was thoughtless and capricious in no ordinary degree, giving way habitually, and without the slightest consideration, to the whim of the moment. Both were plainly dressed. They neither courted nor shunned observation; and the only singularity which distinguished them from ordinary travellers, was their declining to take up their abode in the inn, even for the short period they intended to remain. They at once furnished an apartment for themselves at a private house, though by no means on an extravagant scale—the whole expense amounting only to £20; and there they resided together, without making a single acquaintance, very rarely stirring abroad, and living chiefly on shell-fish, but more especially fresh-water crabs—a circumstance that excited some notice, from these delicacies being scarce and dear at Rochelle.

It appeared to be their business here to find a passage for the younger of the two to some foreign country; but in consequence of the hot war with England, vessels did not sail so frequently as usual, and they were for some time disappointed. At length an occasion offered. A small merchantman was about to sail for Martinique; and this appearing to be as good a theatre as any for the study of the world, it was determined that the youth should embrace the opportunity, and sally forth on his course of adventures. The moment of embarkation had nearly arrived, and he was in close conversation with his elderly companion, when the lady of the house inquired what he intended to do with his furniture.

"What do you say?" said the young man absently. "Oh, the furniture! Keep it," continued he, with a courteous smile, "for a remembrance of me." The lady looked at the other in surprise, but the transaction appeared to make no impression upon him of any kind; and when the interruption was over, he resumed the conversation without remark. This would not, perhaps, have appeared extraordinary in very wealthy people; but the fact was certain, that the youth's funds, on embarking for the West Indies, hardly amounted to more than the value he thus heedlessly gave away; and the two strangers vanished from Rochelle, the one by sea, and the other by land, leaving behind them a grand enigma for the ingenuity of the townspeople.

The youth's reputation in all probability had got on board before him; although the elderly traveller, in recommending him to the captain, could not be prevailed upon to say more than that he was a person of distinction, whose friends would one day show their gratitude for any services that were rendered him. This, however, was sufficient to insure his being treated with respect; and indeed the dignified manner of the youthful voyager would have extorted respect of itself. In his person he was neither handsome nor tall; his features were common, though sufficiently agreeable; he was of the middle stature; and, in short, he had nothing whatever to distinguish him, but a certain air of high life, and a singularly white and delicate skin, as if he had never, since his birth, been permitted to be visited too roughly even by the winds of heaven.

An incident occurred during the voyage which warmed the respect of the crew into affection. On an alarm of the approach of English cruisers, almost all got into the shallop, to creep along the coast close in-shore; and so suddenly was the step taken, that no provisions were thought of. The result was extreme hunger in the boat; which was generously relieved by their passenger, who bought a stock of refreshments from one of the native craft and distributed them, share and share alike, to all on board. When they returned to the ship, the youth was seized with an illness; and it was remarked, with more of interest than displeasure, that a certain degree of haughtiness mingled with the courtesy with which he received the anxious attentions that were pressed upon him from all quarters. His situation required care and tenderness, but he seemed to shrink from familiarity; till at length the necessities of his condition led him to select, as his attendant, a young man only a few years older than himself. To this person, whose name was Rhodez, and who was of a respectable family and liberal education, he gradually became attached, and at length bestowed upon him even some portion of his confidence.

Rhodez reported that the stranger was the Count de Tarnaud, the son of a field-marshal; but this was by no means so lofty a dignity as to account for the respect of the confidant, which seemed to increase every day. In fact, the avowal of his rank only made the mystery more dense; till all speculations were at length ended for the time by the appearance of the port of Martinique, blocked up by English cruisers. Under these circumstances, as it was impossible to save ship or cargo, the vessel was abandoned, and all on board took to their boats, and landed on the island in safety, but in total destitution. The count bore his misfortune very coolly, perhaps merely regarding it as one of the adventures he had come to seek; and, followed by Rhodez, went straight to the most respectable house he could find. Here he was received with much kindness by an officer called Duval Ferrol, whose attentions, he accepted as a common matter of course; replying slightly and vaguely to his questions, and making himself as comfortable as possible. The host received but small enlightenment from Rhodez, who told all the little the reader already knows, but appeared either unable to proceed further, or terrified to do so; and the real mystery thus came to be thickened with all kinds of conjectures and exaggerations, each more absurd than the last.

The commandant of the port at length thought it high time for him to enter upon the scene, and, by way of putting beyond all doubt the real rank of the stranger, offered him the use of his house and table. This the count accepted with much satisfaction; and, always accompanied by Rhodez, as a sort of gentleman attendant, or humble friend, removed at once to the residence of the commandant. It happened on the first day that, when all were sitting down to dinner, he found that he had forgotten his handkerchief, on which Rhodez immediately got up and brought it to him. This incident made the company stare at each other with unspeakable perplexity; for at the time of which we write, a white

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man waiting upon a white man, in the West Indies, was entirely unheard of. That Rhodez, who knew the customs of the place well, would submit to this dishonor in any ordinary case, was not to be supposed; and again the question recurred, who was this pretended count?

In the middle of dinner the commandant received a note from Duval Ferrol, the count's former host, containing these words: "You wish for information relative to the French passenger who lodged with me some days: his signature will furnish more than I am able to give. I enclose you a letter I have just received from him." The letter contained merely some common words of thanks, written in a schoolboy hand, and in a very bad style; but it was signed "Est," not Tarnaud. What could this mean? The commandant secretly despatched a friend to consult some persons better acquainted with the aristocracy than himself; and by the aid of an almanac, these gentlemen at length appeared to master the difficulty. The mysterious stranger could be no other than Hercules Renaud d'Est, hereditary prince of Modena, and brother of the Duchess de Penthièvre!

Although this, for the present, was only a conjecture, it so happened that they had the means of verifying it; for there were two persons among them (one a brother-in-law of the commandant) who knew the prince by sight. In the evening, therefore—for they would not intrude earlier upon the dinner party—they all repaired to the commandant's house; and there his brother-in-law had no sooner cast his eyes upon the illustrious guest, than he pronounced him to be the duke. Even this, however, would not have been conclusive testimony, for the witness was reported to be so much averse to speaking truth, that he never did so, even when drunk; but he was supported by the other officer, and the affair was decided. By and by a flourish of bugles was heard without, and the brother-in-law and his friends, who had been pushing the decanters about the whole afternoon, while waiting till it should be time for the visit, drank, with loud cheers, to the health of Hercules Renaud d'Est, hereditary Prince of Modena. The stranger was confounded by this scene. He had probably signed "Est" inadvertently, and the unexpected consequences filled him for a time with vexation and haughty displeasure.

The blockade of the English became in the mean time more and more strict, till it threatened at length to produce actual starvation. Supplies could be obtained only from Curaçoa and St. Eustatia, and these, at the best, would have been scanty and expensive, even if they had not to pass through the hands of men who took the opportunity of preying upon the public misery. The chief of the monopolists was the governor of the Windward Islands himself, the Marquis de Caylus, who resided at Martinique, and the derangement of whose private affairs had led to this contravention of his official duty. The discontent of the inhabitants became alarming; and as famine approached nearer and nearer, it assumed the aspect almost of insurrection. The presence of a reigning prince at this juncture was opportune; and the commandant, who hated the governor, intreated him to consecrate the cause of the people by becoming the head of the party. Our young paladin, we have seen, was humane, generous, thoughtless of consequences; and he was not long, therefore, of suffering himself to be prevailed upon to lend his countenance to the efforts of patriotism. He swore to put an end to the villany of the monopolists; and declared that, in the event of the English landing, he would himself lead on the inhabitants to repulse them. Such speeches had a great effect, for the name of prince is associated with ideas of loyalty; and the people of Martinique came to think it their duty to be loyal to the Duke of Modena, since that potentate happened, by whatever extraordinary chance it occurred, to find himself in the West Indies.

The Marquis de Caylus now began to feel somewhat uneasy at Fort St. Pierre, and despatched an order to the commandant to send him his unruly guest. The commandant, however, suggested that he could by no means take such a liberty, since the individual in question was assuredly the hereditary Prince of Modena; and the marquis therefore addressed a letter to the Count de Tarnaud, inviting him to repair to his residence. "To him," replied his highness, "I am Hercules Renaud d'Est, although the Count de Tarnaud to the rest of the world. If he desires to see me, let him repair to Fort Royal, which is half-way, and in four or five days I shall be there." The officers who brought the missive reported the stranger's resemblance to the Duchess de Penthièvre, and the governor's doubts began to give way. He set out for Fort Royal as commanded; but his heart failed him, and he turned back. The prince, not finding him there proceeded to Fort St. Pierre, accompanied by a retinue of gentlemen, and was seen by the governor from his windows; upon which the latter, exclaiming that he was the very image of his mother and sister, left the place in a panic, and retired to Fort Royal.

The Rubicon was now passed. It would be affectation to repudiate longer a rank which had been assigned to him without any agency of his own, and the Prince of Modena assumed his ancestral state, and appointed his household. The Marquis d'Eraguy had the honor of being nominated his grand equerry; Duval Ferrol, his first host on the island, became one of his gentlemen attendants; and the faithful Rhodez exulted in the office of page. He held a court, and gave formal audiences; and his levees were sedulously attended, not only by all who had complaints to make against the existing government, but by many of the officers of the administration, who conceived it politic to seek the protection of a hereditary prince. His palace was at first the convent of the Jesuits; but this excited so much the jealousy of the Dominicans, that after a time he removed to the establishment of the latter, where he was treated, if possible, with still more distinction. A table of thirty covers was laid for him and his guests every day. His dinner was a great spectacle, which passed on to the sound of trumpets; and as it was the custom to admit the people into the hall on the occasion, it became necessary to have the table defended by strong rails from the pressure of the crowd.

Under this régime, St. Peter's presented the aspect of a vast theatre. Serious business was no more thought of; the wheels of government stood still; money once more came into active circulation; provisions, liberated from the chains of monopoly, arrived from all quarters; eating, drinking, and dancing were the order of the day; and, as if fortune had determined to signalize the reign, as it may be called, of the duke by her choicest triumphs, the news of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle came over the Atlantic to complete the general intoxication.

It may be supposed that the character of the royal adventurer was severely tested during a period of more brilliant fortune than he could have

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enjoyed on the ducal throne. We must remember, however, that he was a mere lad, exposed to temptation of every kind, and not condemn too severely the vagaries into which he was led by his wild and restless spirit. Accustomed to indulgence, as it appeared, from his cradle, he never knew what it was to repress a wish, or even feel a doubt; and he plunged madly into all the excesses of the time and place, and led the way in dissipation as zealously as he had offered to head the ranks of war. But the strange thing was, that even in his wildest moments he never forgot his *rank*. Neither the madness of wine, nor the witcheries of beauty, ever betrayed him into laying aside, for an instant, the dignity of the prince; and thus it was, that even the companions of his most unguarded hours continued to look upon him with a kind of awe.

The hospitality of the monks, it will be seen, was highly convenient for the wandering sovereign, who had landed in Martinique without a coin in his pocket; but soon he had abundance of money from a more legitimate source. It chanced that the Duke de Penthièvre possessed considerable property in the island; and his agent was of course not the last to present himself at the court of his constituent's brother-in-law. A gracious reception, and a half-hour's conversation in private, were sufficient to determine the honest man to do his duty to the family; and the Penthièvre funds were freely placed at the disposal of the young prince. This circumstance completely shut the mouths of the few malcontents who still affected to doubt his rank; for the agent was a prudent and cautious man, well acquainted with the affairs and connections of the house, and would never have taken such a step except from absolute conviction. The malcontents, besides, could not fail to see that the money was not intrusted to unworthy hands. An impostor would either have squandered the treasure in mad extravagance, or have hoarded it against the time when he might think it necessary to decamp; but the Duke of Modena was neither careful of money nor profuse, spending just what was proper and liberal in his station, but nothing more. The doubters could not have been strengthened in their unbelief even by the consideration that on so remote a stage it was possible for an impostor to strut his little hour undiscovered, for he was always most anxious to meet everybody who came from Europe; and independently of the two gentlemen who had already recognized his person, a third, more recently arrived, recollected having seen him the year before at Venice. And the occasion was somewhat remarkable; for his highness, in a frolic, had broken in a shop glass articles to the amount of £1500, which he afterwards paid for. Was it wonderful that so wild a youth had taken the fancy to come to Martinique!

Wildnesses of this kind, however, were now over, for he was here in the school of the world. His European education had only been begun, though begun on a princely scale. He possessed a smattering of half a dozen different sciences; he spoke, though indifferently, several languages besides his own, and understood a very little Latin. His drawing was better than his writing; he was a capital horseman; and, more than all, notwithstanding his flightiness, he had a great fund of natural good sense and precision of thought. If to this we add the most absolute self-possession, and a serene tranquillity of manner which nothing could disturb, it will be felt that, both in his merits and defects, Hercules Renauld d'Est was every inch a prince.

The prince wrote to his family; and the governor, on his part, despatched a messenger to Europe to relate the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred, and demand instructions as to how the Duke of Modena should be treated. Six months had flowed past, and no answer was received by either. The political crisis in the mean time had gone by, and the inhabitants of Martinique began to find the residence of their royal guest somewhat expensive. The prince himself, after having spent 50,000 crowns of the Penthièvre funds, at last grew weary of his adventure; and in another month he hoisted an admiral's flag in a merchant ship, and, saluted by the cannon of the fort, took his departure for Portugal, with all his household, an almoner, and the king's physician at the colony.

Immediately on his back being turned, the long-expected courier arrived, bringing an order to the governor for the arrest of the stranger! By the same vessel the agent of the Duke de Penthièvre received a severe reprimand for his want of caution in allowing himself to be fleeced of so large a sum; the duke, however, in consideration of all the circumstances, retaining him in his employment, and consenting to share the loss. Both these communications were very extraordinary. The order for the arrest, after a delay of six months, and presented only when the prince had left the island, appeared to indicate that the whole affair had been nothing more than a youthful frolic; and this seemed so fully confirmed by the otherwise unaccountable good-nature of the duke, that public opinion ran stronger than ever in favor of the young knight-errant.

This personage in due time arrived at Faro in Portugal, and was there received with a salute of artillery. On landing, he demanded to be provided with a courier, to send to his chargé d'affairs at Madrid, and likewise with the means of proceeding with his suite to Seville, where he intended to await the return of his messenger. All was complied with; and the prince, still living on borrowed funds, was the gayest of the gay, drinking, dancing, and making love so vehemently, that he became the envy of all the men, and the admiration of all the women. His entrance into Seville was like a triumph. The windows were crowded as he passed; the principal inhabitants waited upon him to pay their respects; and sumptuous entertainments were prepared for him; all of which he returned with a magnificence conformable to his rank. In the midst of this there came a new order for his arrest.

The prince was astonished, the people indignant, and the women, more especially, furious. He had taken up his abode at the convent of the Dominicans, who protected him for some time, but at length, on the fermentation becoming serious, consented to deliver him up to the authorities, provided this could be done without bloodshed. One attempt to take him was defeated by the courage of the youth, who defended himself with his sword; but at length a burly monk, who was accustomed to wait upon him at table, clasped his arms round him one day as he sat at dinner, and held him till the alguazils, rushing into the room, took him prisoner.

He was at first thrown into a dungeon, and strongly ironed; but the next day, for no reason that could be imagined—for he had haughtily refused to answer all interrogations—he was released from his irons, and lodged in the best apartment in the prison. The persons composing his retinue, however, were treated with less ceremony; they were examined regarding a supposed conspiracy to

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seize the island of Martinique, and banished from the dominions of Spain. The prince himself was ultimately condemned to the galleys.

When the time came for his removal to Cadiz, it appears that apprehensions were entertained of a commotion in his favor. The whole garrison of Seville was under arms, and the prince, supported by the captain and lieutenant, entered a carriage drawn by six mules, and proceeded through the town between two ranks of infantry which lined the streets. Opinions were still divided as to his pretensions to the ducal throne, and bets to the amount of 60,000 piastres depended upon the question. The extraordinary thing was, that there came an order from the court to prohibit the laying of wagers; and, more extraordinary still, the messengers sent off by those who had money at stake, to decide the whole matter by finding him whom they supposed to be the real duke, were unsuccessful. No Duke of Modena was to be found in Italy!

Arrived at Cadiz, the prince was conducted to the fort of La Caragna, the commandant of which was instructed to treat him with *politeness;* and here he lived very comfortably for a time, busying himself in making such presents as the sale of his effects enabled him to afford, to those from whom he had received kindness in the course of his strange adventures. But the romance was at an end; the real Duke of Modena had been at length found; and our paladin, growing tired of a life without notoriety and without excitement, made his escape.

Soon after this, the captain of a merchantman which had come to anchor in the roads of Gibraltar went on shore, and reported to the governor that he had on board the individual who was so well known by the title of the Prince of Modena. "Let him beware of landing, then," replied the governor, "or I shall apprehend him immediately!" The captain looked perplexed. He returned slowly to his ship, weighed anchor, and set sail; and with him disappeared forever this singular young man, as completely as a bubble vanishes from the face of the sea.

There are few of the monstrosities of romance which equal in wildness and improbability the above transcript from real life. The series of coincidences which favored the imposture, and the numerous mistakes as to the personal identity of the hero, committed by persons who knew, or affected to know, the real prince, seem little less than miraculous; while the moderation of the Duke de Penthièvre, and the tenderness exhibited by the court towards a convicted felon, throw around the whole story a romantic mystery, which, at this distance of time, it would be vain to attempt to penetrate.

BURNS.

BY MONTGOMERY.

WHAT bird in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soared as strong,
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could BURNS,
For whim or pleasure, change;
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange;—

The Blackbird, oracle of Spring,
When flowed his moral lay;
The Swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play:

The Humming bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The Raven, in the tempest's gloom;
The Halcyon in the calm:—

In "auld Kirk Alloway," the Owl,
At witching time of night;
By "Bonnie Doon," the earliest fowl
That carolled to the light.

He was the Wren amid the grove,
When in his homely vein;
At Bannockburn the bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train:—

The Woodlark, in his mournful hours;
The Goldfinch in his mirth;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth;—

The Swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But roused—no Falcon in the chase
Could, like his satire, kill:—

The Linnet, in simplicity;
In tenderness, the Dove;
But more than all beside, was he
The Nightingale, in love.

Oh! had he never stooped to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had devotion loved to name
That Bird of Paradise!

Peace to the dead! In Scotia's choir
Of minstrels, great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The Phœnix of them all.

From the Christian Citizen.

AGAIN WITH THEE.

AGAIN with thee—how swift the hours are speeding,
As thus we join in converse dear and sweet;
Thought jostles thought, and each to each succeeding,
Chase through the mind's domains with flying feet.

Again with thee—and hope is softly telling
Of coming joy which I shall share with thee;
And every cloud by its warm light dispelling,
It maketh life an endless jubilee.

Again with thee—my heart to thine is clinging,
And every tendril round thy own doth twine;
While to my eye the hidden tear upspringing,
Cometh as incense from affection's shrine.

Again with thee—and carking doubt is sleeping,
And holy trust doth reign the victor here;
While sacred love unwearied watch is keeping,
And quick destroyeth every rising fear.

Again with thee—and reason bows before thee,
And loves to scan thy mind's superior might;
And thus my heart and soul will aye adore thee,
Both proud to own in thee a guiding light.

Pomfret, Ct.

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[In a former number of the Living Age, we said that we should be willing to vote for the incorporation of Mexico into our Union. For this expression some of our best friends blamed us. They did not (so we thought) look at the matter in all its bearings. It was not our meaning (the remark was made before the war) that this should be done without the consent of Mexico. Perhaps the strongest feeling against our suggestion was caused by the anticipation of the introduction of slavery there. Of this we were not afraid; but have always in private maintained the opinion that the annexation of Texas would weaken the political power of slavery, and that the maintenance of that institution in Mexico was impossible. This is a matter which we have no intention of discussing at length, but we copy from the National Era a very remarkable article in favor of so making peace with Mexico. This paper is established at Washington with the intention of discussing the question of slavery with our southern brethren, and of so doing in a gentle and rational manner. Pressed as we have been, we have not read it heretofore as much as we feel that its ability will oblige us to do hereafter.

There are many objections to the proposed incorporation; but, we think, not enough to overbalance its advantages. The next step will perhaps be the incorporation of Canada—with the consent of Great Britain—and after that we will consider whether we can reännex our disobedient mother herself.]

UNITED STATES AND MEXICO—PLAN OF PACIFICATION AND CONTINENTAL UNION.

"THERE is a mysterious connection between the destinies of this country and those of Mexico." Such was a sentiment expressed by Mr. Calhoun in his celebrated speech on the war-question last winter. Whether that far-seeing senator had in his mind all the reasons that might suggest such a remark, it is not necessary to inquire. We adopt and repeat the sentiment: "There *is* a mysterious connection between the destinies of this country and those of Mexico."

At the beginning of the century, few, if any, statesmen foresaw the rapid growth of the United States, or the bearings of this growth on the fortunes of the Spanish dominion in North America. During the last ten years of the last century, we were humbly negotiating for the free navigation of the Mississippi; and Congress instructed Mr. Carmichael, in 1790, to urge on the Spanish government, as inducements to concede this, the considerations, that the United States would be a safer neighbor than Britain, to Spain; that conquest was repugnant to the genius of our government; that it was "*not our interest to cross the Mississippi for ages;*" that it "*never will be our interest to remain connected with those who do.*" In the beginning of this century, all that President Jefferson asked of Napoleon was, the cession of New Orleans and of the Floridas, with the Mississippi as the final boundary of our possessions; and at last he was fairly forced to take the *whole* of Louisiana!

How shortsighted is the wisdom of the wisest! Some of those statesmen have lived to see the seat of American empire transferred from the Atlantic slope to the west of the Alleghanies, and the Mississippi river, which *was* to be the *perpetual western* boundary of American territory, passing far to the east of its central point!

Now, cast your eye on the map of North America. An energetic race of people, speaking one language, assimilated under one system of free institutions favorable to the utmost development of human faculties, has taken possession of the best portion of the continent, stretching from the great chain of inland seas on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and indented on the Atlantic seaboard with numerous commodious and secure harbors. It has acquired not only the free, but the *sole* navigation of the central river of the Mississippi valley. It has secured every harbor on the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico. It passes beyond the Mississippi—builds states upon its western shores—sweeps onward above the fortieth parallel of latitude, to the Rocky Mountains, surmounts those formidable barriers, pours down their western declivities, and, in 1846, finds itself in safe possession of seven degrees of the Pacific coast. It has belted the continent with its power—one people, one language, one mind, prevailing from ocean to ocean. The government which fifty years ago trembled for its stability at the bare idea of colonization beyond the Alleghanies, is now sending the mail to American colonists across the Rocky Mountains.

The people who have accomplished these results, meantime, have multiplied from three to twenty millions, and the old world is now pouring its hundreds of thousands, the excess of its population, into the country which they have opened.

But it was only above the fortieth degree of latitude that their energies had scope, and the tide of population could roll onward to the Pacific. Below that, reaching down ten degrees to the Gulf of Mexico, progress was arrested a short distance beyond the Mississippi, not by natural barriers—mountains, lakes, or deserts—but by another empire, running up from the sixteenth degree of latitude to near the thirtieth, in a narrow slip between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean, and thence upwards from thirty to forty-two degrees, between the Pacific on one side and two thirds of the western boundary of this country, on the other; and this boundary, not natural, but artificial, depending upon parchment deeds and titles. The portion of Mexico thus bounded, pressed upon by the restless energies of the United States, constitutes its larger portion, and yet contains scarcely any population, while the whole of Mexico has but eight souls to the square mile. The race which made it an empire is scarcely one eighth of the entire population, and has failed to establish institutions favorable to the assimilation of the various classes of people under its ascendency, or to the development of their energies. The people languish. Five millions, when we were three, they are now only seven millions, while we are twenty. Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, are all at a stand. Civilization struggles for life.

What is to be expected when two such races, so contrasted in all the elements of power, are yet brought into immediate juxtaposition, without the impediment of any natural barrier—a vast wilderness owned by the one, inviting the reckless adventurers of the other? Texas is first settled, then annexed. This would have taken place, even though the curse which hastened that event, and has alloyed its consequences with evils not yet fully disclosed, had not been the *immediate cause*.

But the stronger race has overleaped its limits; it has passed to the Nueces, and then, by a second thought, to the Rio Grande, thus adding, at one stroke, three hundred thousand square miles to its territory, grasping one third of the western shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and bringing itself a thousand miles nearer the Pacific. The weaker race feels itself aggrieved; and for good reason. It has been foully dealt with. What has happened, would

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have happened, had there been no slavery to precipitate the result by means repugnant to fair dealing—but it would have taken place by the operation of natural causes, probably in such a way as justice might have sanctioned.

Has the force of these natural causes, however, now spent itself? Have we acquired a natural boundary? Have we a sufficient number of safe ports on the western shore of the gulf? Have we a free, ready, safe outlet to the Pacific? Has the tide of foreign immigration ceased swelling towards our shores? Has the stronger race lost any of its daring, its reckless energy? Has the weaker become more united, more vigorous, more enterprising? There is yet an immense tract of country bordering on Texas, separated from it—no, united to it—by a river; scarcely settled, often disaffected to the central government, a portion of it hardly amenable to its rule. It borders the Pacific, embracing on that coast the best harbors in the world—it touches lower down on the gulf. Again, slavery, availing itself of the working of natural causes, and international difficulties and irritations, precipitates a result which would, without its interference, have been accomplished more slowly, more safely, and, at the same time, honorably. American troops are marched to the extreme limits of a territory which, to say the most, was of doubtful jurisdiction. War is the consequence, and the first step is the seizure of the very tract of country we have described. California and New Mexico and Chihuahua are overrun and conquered—and now American dominion, by force of arms, (a new and perilous method of advance in this country,) has made a reach of five degrees to the twenty-fifth parallel of north latitude, circling one half of the Gulf of Mexico, stretching from its shores to the Pacific—where, to its seven degrees of coast held in 1846, it has added seventeen degrees in 1847!

But these violent accomplishments have cost the stronger race blood, and treasure, and honor, and awakened in its own bosom the elements of terrific discord. They have outraged, and humbled, and desolated the weaker race, and aroused in it a fierce national antipathy. We have gained immense territory, won many battles, made many "heroes"—but the government has on its hands a domestic question which threatens its stability, and a foreign difficulty which seems to defy settlement. At this hour the capital of Mexico is doubtless resounding with the reveille of the American soldiery—its central government has probably ceased to exist—its states alone carry on governmental functions. And now commence our most serious difficulties. What next is to be done?

1. "Make peace." Ay—if you can. Suppose General Scott find a central government, and it be willing to concede all that is demanded. Peace is made. One third of Mexico is left in our possession. Our armies are withdrawn: then begins the battle at home—the great, decisive struggle between slavery and freedom. Must we say it? That struggle, we fear, we are sure, will terminate in the triumph of slavery. The curse will move like a pestilence over the new territory acquired, till it overshadow the western boundary of the continent, poisoning every department, every institution of our country. And would Mexico then be safe? Look again at the map. What natural boundary is there, until the whole be taken? That would be the bold aim of the slave power, unless, indeed, the reaction in this country, produced by its tyranny, should become so great as to overthrow the Union. We want to see peace upon no such terms. The idea of being involved in the "deep damnation" of a career of conquest, carried on at the will and for the benefit of slavery, is too abhorrent to be endured by any American citizen who is not prepared to defy the moral sentiment of the world, and war against the throne of God.

Besides, New Mexico and Chihuahua have now, and California soon will have, a population entitling them to admission into the Union. But, independent communities of people, as they would be, would have the right to elect, for themselves, whether to seek admittance into the Union, or stay out of it—whether to acknowledge the government of the United States, or not. Such is the doctrine of the democratic party and of southern statesmen, in relation to territories of this Union. Will they falsify them as it regards other territories? But, suppose the territories acquired, and organized into states of this Union, could they not then secede? If Mr. Calhoun is right, they could. How, then, would such a peace as is contemplated be permanent, or secure the objects aimed at by the war?

Suppose, however, General Scott should find no government to treat with?

2. "He must then set up a provisional government, and treat with that." A precious device of statesmanship! How would this conciliate the Mexican people? How would it comport with the American principle of self-government, to force upon an unwilling people a government at the point of the bayonet? How would it suit our economical, peace-loving, limited government, to sustain a strong standing army in a neighboring country, for the purpose of keeping its disaffected population in subjection to the rule of the conqueror?

The whole project is an absurdity.

3. "Call back the armies, then, and let us return to just where we were at the beginning of the contest." This supposes an amount of justice and stern self-denial on the part of the American people and their government, which it is almost idle to talk of, and which, if possessed by them, would have prevented any collision at all with Mexico. Is it not a waste of time to insist upon what we know will not be done?

4. "Let the government adopt as its maxim, '*No territory*,' and it will be easy to secure peace." Just as idle as the preceding proposition, and not half so sincere. We could respect a man who would urge this, on the ground of justice and magnanimous dealing—but this is not the motive. If it be urged in sincerity, it is done with the unworthy purpose of evading the issue between slavery and freedom, and of thus securing the tranquillity of the country, at the hazard of its complete overthrow by the insidious influences of the former; but, in most cases, it is insisted upon as a mere device for obtaining a party triumph—party managers being fully aware that it is sheer trickery. "No territory!" Let any party go into a presidential canvass with that motto emblazoned on its banners, and its doom will be sealed; or else, the whole history of this nation is a lie.

5. What does the administration meditate? A writer having said—"Speak as much as you will of the peace party in Mexico, such a party does not exist. To have peace, the first thing to be done is to create this party, sustain it, treat with it, put it in power, and keep an army there, perhaps for years, to maintain peace, and the peace party at the head of affairs"—the *Washington Union* remarks:

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"We are not aware of what course our government may pursue in this predicament; but we can scarcely be mistaken in supposing that the war will be prosecuted with greater vigor. We must subdue these guerilleros, and keep open a free communication between the capital and the coast. We must teach these Mexicans that we are superior to them in energy as well as in our military skill and military resources. We must impress them with a deep conviction that their true interest is peace with us—now, and in all future time. Acting upon these high principles, we will prosecute the war with greater means, a sterner will, and with irresistible vigor. If they are not sufficiently beaten to make them seek for peace, we must beat them again and again—coerce them at every available point, scatter their guerilleros, occupy their towns, and levy more contributions upon their inhabitants."

Bloodthirstiness, and extreme folly! Does the *Union* suppose the American people would be willing to send out volunteers, involve themselves in inextricable debt, concentrate more and more power in the hands of the executive, keep up a large standing army, just for the purpose of murdering the Mexicans, till they abjectly submit, or were exterminated? Whatever else they may do, they would turn out any administration that could contemplate such an atrocity.

6. What, then, is to be done? Suppose, inasmuch as slavery and war have hurried the march of American empire, and plunged us into "fightings without and fears within," we now divorce American progress from those baleful influences, and anticipate the course of events, by proclaiming the cessation of all hostilities on our side, and in all good faith, in a proper way, submitting to every state in Mexico, having the requisite number of inhabitants, the proposition to enter, if it so choose, into the American Union, upon a footing of equality with the original states. This plan may seem startling, but let us examine—

First, its relations to justice;

Secondly, to the federal constitution;

Thirdly, to expediency.

Few persons deny the right of a state to dissolve its connection with the rest, for good and sufficient reason, of which it must be the sole judge. The New England states have the right to-day, to secede from a government which has been prostituted to the support of slavery, and to set up for themselves. We have never questioned the right of South Carolina to do what she has so often threatened; nor will southern statesmen, who have always been in the habit of contemplating a dissolution of the Union in certain contingencies, dispute this right of independent election, in a state, whether she shall remain in the Union or go out of it. While in it, of course, she is bound to obey the laws it constitutionally imposes. The alternative is, obedience or secession. We always denounced the foul dealing of the United States towards Mexico, and opposed the annexation of Texas, on account of its relation to slavery, but never doubted its perfect right to dispose of itself as it saw proper. We maintained the same position as to the right of the settlers and natives of Oregon to dispose of their territory.

In relation to right or justice, then, there could not be the slightest objection to the submission of a proposition of annexation to each of the sovereign states of Mexico, or to the free acceptance by each of such a proposition. *Free* acceptance, for each should be left perfectly free to decide for itself, and its decision ought then to be respected.

The second question regards the *constitutionality*, on our part, of such an act. This, if we understand the matter, has been settled by precedent. The American people have ratified the purchase, by Jefferson, of *foreign territory*, and the same authority has ratified the act of the American congress, in passing a joint resolution for the annexation of a *foreign state*. If a foreign slave state could thus be annexed, there can be no doubt as to the power to annex, in a similar way, a foreign *free* state, or any number of them. We shall not now go behind that act of congress, and its ratification by the American people.

The great question to be discussed, then, concerns the expediency of such annexation; and here we must take a wide range, as the subject is of vast importance, and embraces many points of view.

First, as to the practicability (one element of expediency) of extending our government over this immense territory. Some may doubt, but we have always held that the peculiar political system of this country is specially adapted to extended empire. State governments will prevent the oppression of local interests by the central government, and provide of themselves efficiently for their promotion; and we can see no reason why the great interests of peace and war, commerce with foreign nations and between the states, the public lands, and the treatment of the aborigines, of the whole continent, may not be as well cared for by one central or federal government, as by many. Thus far, the extension of territory and multiplication of states, by weakening the proportionate power of faction, and generally of local interests, adding to the dignity of the federal government, and increasing national spirit, have strengthened the bonds of union. The states were in far more danger during the last war, and before it, of falling apart, than they have ever been since.

In a few years, a state, formed in Oregon, will be knocking for admission into the Union. By the constitution, it is provided that the election for president shall be held on one day in all the states. Congress, when the State of Oregon shall have been admitted, will be obliged to amend the law on this subject, so that the election may be held at an earlier day, to allow time for the transmission of the vote in Oregon. Last Thursday, the news was received in this city of the arrival of Messrs. Shaw and Bolden, at St. Louis, on the 5th instant, *direct from Oregon*, having left the *frontier* settlements on *the 5th of May—three months from the frontier of the Oregon settlements to St. Louis!* And yet, no one dreams of the impossibility of extending our federal government over Oregon. American enterprise, we know, availing itself of the discoveries of modern times, will, in due season, annihilate distance, and bring this portion of our Pacific empire in close fellowship with the old states. Now, there is scarcely any part of Mexico, which, even at this time, without the construction of suitable roads, may not be reached within one third of the time required for the journey to the mouth of the Columbia; the greater portion of it is as readily accessible as our territory between St. Louis and the Rocky Mountains, and a large portion of it is far more so. We go from Washington to New Orleans in seven days, and from New Orleans to Vera Cruz in three or four; from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico in four more. With

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proper improvements, we shall be able to reach the city of Mexico from the capital of the United States in twelve or thirteen days, and by the telegraphic wires receive intelligence from there in a few hours! The city of Mexico, be it remembered, is in the 19th degree of north latitude, while the Mexican territory stretches up as high as 42 degrees; so that a great portion of it lies still nearer the United States. Yucatan, bending upwards, as if to approximate still more closely, indents the gulf to a point as high as 22½ degrees. The truth is, a glance at the map will show that Mexico and the United States constitute *one geographical system*, all the parts of which may be easily made accessible to each other, between which intelligence may be rapidly communicated, all of which, if under *one political system*, would possess a remarkable community of interests.

So much for the practicability of the project. Let us glance at its advantages.

It would extend the principle of free trade, already in active operation between the states of this Union, to nearly the whole North American continent.

It would give to Mexico the principle of religious toleration, without interfering with her religious faith.

It would establish, throughout her borders, free institutions.

It would confer upon her people personal security.

It would open the way for, and hold out inducements to, enterprising immigrants.

It would bring her soil under a better cultivation, stimulate the growth of manufactures, and augment indefinitely her commerce.

It would lead to the institution of the common school system of education.

It would put an end to military rule and wasting revolutions.

It would open to the New England manufacturers a new and valuable market for their wares. Hitherto our trade with Mexico has been inconsiderable, considering the proximity and wealth of the two countries; and, for many years before the war, it had been steadily decreasing, while England was carrying on a profitable and brisk commerce with her.

It would add vastly to the commerce of this whole country, and open a new field for the enterprise of our citizens.

It would increase the power and influence of the Union, and forever put to rest all projects for the establishment of a monarchical system upon this continent, and for the play of European interests and tactics.

It would settle our present difficulty with Mexico at once, without any unpleasant controversies about indemnity, without any humiliation to our sister republic, without leaving one trace of animosity, without suffering to remain open any question for future wrangling, any opportunity or chance for future collision.

It would establish the peace of the continent on a perpetual basis.

It would secure to the federal government what is in fact becoming indispensable to the maintenance of our possessions on the Pacific—*the right of way across the isthmus, for the construction of a canal.* It is idle to think of maintaining long the integrity of our Pacific empire, if we cannot reach it unless by an overland journey of three months, or a sea voyage of six. A canal through the isthmus of Tehuantepec will bring New Orleans within twelve or fourteen days of the mouth of the Columbia river and enable government at Washington to send despatches to Columbia, and receive answers thence, within a period of thirty days.

It would secure the control of the mines which supply the currency of the world.

It would settle in a peaceful way, so as not to offend the pride of the south, the domestic question of slavery, as raised by the project of annexing by force merely a portion of Mexican territory. This is a most important consideration.

According to Brantz Meyer, the departments or states of Mexico are the following:

Departments.	Population.
Mexico,	1,389,520
Jalisco,	679,311
Puebla,	661,902
Yucatan,	580,948
Guanajuato,	512,606
Oajaca,	500,278
Michoacan,	497,906
San Luis Potosi,	321,840
Zacatecas,	273,575
Vera Cruz,	254,380
Durango,	162,618
Chihuahua,	147,600
Sinaloa,	147,000
Chiapas,	141,206
Sonora,	124,000
Queretaro,	120,560
Nueva Leon,	101,108
Tamaulipas	100,068
Coahuila,	75,340
Aguas Calientes,	69,698
Tabasco,	63,580
Nueva Mexico,	57,026
Californias,	33,439
Total in 1842,	7,015,509

Nineteen of these states, it will be seen, have the requisite amount of population for states of this Union. They would add thirty-eight senators and about eighty representatives to the congress of the United States. But each of these states is *non-slaveholding*; and, according to the favorite doctrine of Mr. Calhoun and South Carolina, each state must determine and regulate its own peculiar institutions. Hence the question of slavery, *as raised by the war*, would be settled at once, satisfactorily to the free states, to the advantage of the cause of human rights, and in such a way as not to offend the *state pride* of the slave states.

Two questions would remain to be disposed of—that relating to the public lands, and that relating to the public debt. Both could be united and settled, by the assumption of the public debt by the federal government, and the session to it, as an equivalent, of the public lands. The details of this arrangement could be attended to in due time, so as at once to satisfy all creditors, and not impose upon our present states.

Some might object, that this wholesale admission of Mexico would give to Catholicism an undue influence in this country; but they forget that Protestantism asks no aid *from legislation*. It demands entire toleration, a divorce of state and church, as it regards the general government, and that the rights of conscience shall never be abridged—this is all. If, in the open field of controversy, without governmental interference on one side or the other, it cannot maintain itself against Catholicism it is not of God, but of man—it is not truth, but falsehood. We cannot apprehend danger from the free

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collision of mind with mind, opinion with opinion, system with system—the truth, in the long run, will commend itself, and a lie, as Carlyle has it, cannot live forever.

Others may object, that the population of Mexico is heterogeneous, ignorant, unfitted for republican institutions. It is no more heterogeneous than the hordes of immigrants who are pouring in upon us every year, but whom we find becoming rapidly assimilated and elevated, under the predominant influence of our strong native population and regenerating institutions. There will be enough intelligence, and virtue, and master-energy, in this country, to maintain the ascendency in the federal legislature. It is true, the population of Mexico is comparatively uneducated; but statistics show that, number for number, its inhabitants are as generally educated, at least, as those of South Carolina and some other southern states, which are nevertheless deemed capable of maintaining republican institutions.

We can see but one alternative worthy of a moment's consideration. Either back out of the controversy, bring back our armies, withdraw all our posts within the Nueces, leave Mexico to recover from the anarchy to which we have reduced her; *or*, make use of our present position to save her from anarchy, and ourselves from dishonor, by giving her states the privilege of becoming equal members of our own political family. True, they might at first regard the overture with distrust; but let patience have its work. By uniform kindness, and forbearance, and every demonstration that could inspire confidence, convince them that the proposition was made in good faith, and that the decision of each state for itself should be respected; or, if the central government should be in existence, address the proposition to it. If this alternative be rejected, if the small policy of taking a portion of Mexican territory be adopted, then, we say, it will be a burning disgrace to refuse to apply to it the guaranties of personal freedom contained in the ordinance of 1787.

The annexation of the Mexican States on the plan proposed, always, of course *with their own free will and consent*, would complete our continental boundaries south, secure us a basis of 4,000,000 of square miles for our empire, establish freedom as the fundamental and unchangeable law of the North American continent, and give republicanism the perpetual ascendency over all other forms of government. The United States would appear then before the world, not as the robber of a sister republic, but its greatest benefactor; not as the foe, but the friend, of Christendom. Can the administration rise to the full height of this idea! Will it have the magnanimity to disdain all petty efforts to dismember Mexico, to abhor all bloody schemes to coerce Mexico, to trample under foot all base conspiracies to extend slavery, and embrace the grand conception which would really enlarge the area of freedom, by the fraternal offer to free Mexico, of a name and place in our Union, which would then, indeed, be the glory of the earth!

Natural Gas Jets.—A correspondent informs us that at the village of Wigmore in Herefordshire, there are fields which may be, and two houses which really are, lit up with a natural gas. This vapor, with which the subjacent strata seem to be charged, is obtained in the following manner:—A hole is made in the cellar of the house, or other locality, with an iron rod; a hollow tube is then placed therein, fitted with a burner similar to those used for ordinary gas lights, and, immediately on applying a flame to the jet, a soft and brilliant light is obtained, which may be kept burning at pleasure. The gas is very pure, quite free from any offensive smell, and does not stain the ceilings, as is generally the case with the manufactured article. Besides lighting rooms, &c., it has been used for cooking; and indeed seems capable of the same applications as prepared carburetted hydrogen. There are several fields in which the phenomenon exists, and children are seen boring holes, and setting the gas on fire for amusement. It is now about twelve months since the discovery was made; and a great many of the curious have visited, and still continue to visit, the spot.

Necessity of Truth.—We are so constituted, that obedience to the law of veracity is absolutely necessary to our happiness. Were we to lose either our feeling of obligation to tell the truth, or our disposition to receive as truth whatever is told to us, there would at once be an end to all science and all knowledge, beyond that which every man had obtained by his own personal observation and experience. No man could profit by the discoveries of his contemporaries, much less by the discoveries of those men who have gone before him. Language would be useless, and we should be but little removed from the brutes. Every one must be aware, upon the slightest reflection, that a community of entire liars could not exist in a state of society. The effects of such a course of conduct upon the whole, show us what is the will of the Creator in the individual case.—*Dr. Wayland.*

Heart Tests.—It is in the relaxation of security, it is in the expansion of prosperity, it is in the hour of dilatation of the heart, and of its softening into festivity and pleasure, that the real character of men is discerned. If there is any good in them, it appears then or never. Even wolves and tigers, when gorged with their prey, are safe and gentle. It is at such times that noble minds give all the reins to their good-nature. They indulge their genius even to intemperance, in kindness to the afflicted, in generosity to the conquered; forbearing insults, forgiving injuries, overpaying benefits. Full of dignity themselves, they respect dignity in all, but they feel it sacred in the unhappy. But it is then, and basking in the sunshine of unmerited fortune, that low, sordid, ungenerous, and reptile souls swell with their hoarded poisons; it is then that they display their odious splendor, and shine out in the full lustre of their native villany and baseness.—*Burke.*

The Humanizing Influence of Cleanliness.—A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged, and well-situated house, exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; the connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and habits of respect for others and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its noisome site, and in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with a respect for the property of others or for the laws.—*Topic, No. 32.*

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From the New Orleans Picayune of September 9.

LATE VICTORIES IN MEXICO.

TACUBAYA, (near Mexico,) August 22, 1847.

THE celebrated Archbishop's Palace of Tacubaya is now occupied by Gen. Scott; and a portion of the army, after twice defeating the enemy in two of the hardest fought battles of the war, are quartered immediately around him. I have already sent you a hurried sketch of the glorious events of the 20th, and even the present letter must be a hurried synopsis of the battles which have shed such additional glory upon the American arms.

On the 14th instant, a reconnoissance made by Col. Duncan, having proved that a road for artillery and wagons could be cut off from Chalco to San Augustine, Gen. Worth's division moved on the afternoon of the 15th in that direction. Gen. Pillow followed the next morning; at the same hour Gen. Quitman broke up his encampment at Buena Vista, a small hacienda between Vienta de Cordova and Ayotla; and immediately Gen. Twiggs was in motion from the latter place. By this move a new line of operations was taken up on the southern and northwestern side of the city of Mexico, and the strong works of the Penon and Mexicalsingo, upon which Santa Anna had bestowed such immense care and labor, were completely turned.

On the 16th of August Gen. Worth marched as far as the hacienda of San Gregorio, beyond which it was found that the enemy had cut up and ditched the miserable trail along which the artillery and wagons were obliged to pass. He would have gone to Santa Cruz, another hacienda a league further on, had not an order come from Gen. Scott for a halt. It seemed that Gen. Twiggs had met a large force of the enemy drawn up in front of him near Chalco, as if with the intention of disputing his advance, cutting him off from the main body of the army, and perhaps bringing on a general action. Gen. Twiggs promptly ordered some of the heavier guns to be unlimbered, and, after a few discharges, the enemy was dispersed, with the loss of five or six killed; but the demonstration made by the Mexicans, as I have before said, caused a halt in Gen. Worth's division before half a day's march was made.

At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 17th Gen. Worth resumed his march, his route running through cornfields and narrow and rocky lanes, along which carriages had never passed before. The filling up of the ditches caused some little delay, but by 8 o'clock the advance was in sight of Santa Cruz, and the spires and domes of the noted capital of Mexico could be discerned in the distance. The obstructions in the road, of which I have spoken, were obviously of recent construction—evidence that the enemy had but just got wind of our approach, and that Gen. Scott had completely stolen a march upon Santa Anna.

Other than the ditches, and rocks which had been rolled down from the precipitous hill-side, no opposition was made to the advance of Gen. Worth until he had reached a point in the road not far from Santa Cruz; but now a scattering fire was opened upon the head of his column by a force stationed at advantageous positions above the road to the left. The enemy was quickly dispersed, however, by Col. C. F. Smith's light battalion and the 2d artillery under Major Galt. As the division neared the hacienda of La Novia the advance was again fired upon, but again the enemy's pickets were driven in, without loss.

A turn of the road beyond La Novia brought the pleasant village of San Augustin in sight, and after two or three light skirmishes, in which the Mexicans had two or three lancers killed and wounded, our troops had quiet possession of San Augustin. Our only loss during the day was one man, a soldier of Smith's light battalion, who was wounded from a cornfield near Xochimilco.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of the 18th Gen. Scott arrived at San Augustin, and at 10 o'clock Gen. Worth was in full march for the city of Mexico by the main road. Majors Smith and Turnbull, Capt. Mason and other engineer officers, were sent in advance, supported by Capt. Blake's squadron of dragoons, to reconnoitre, as it was known the enemy was in force at or near San Antonio. The party, when within a thousand yards, was fired upon from a battery which was masked by trees, and the first ball from a twelve-pounder instantly killed Capt. Thornton, of the 2d dragoons, besides severely wounding a guide, Jonathan Fitzwalters.

Col. Garland's brigade was now ordered to occupy the hacienda of Carrera, within plain sight and range of the enemy's batteries at San Antonio, while Col. Clarke's brigade and the battery under Col. Duncan took a station in the rear close by. The engineer officers were at once sent out to reconnoitre, by Gen. Worth, to ascertain the practicability of turning the strong works of the enemy, and in the mean time Gen. Scott had despatched Capt. Lee with a supporting party, composed of Captain Kearny's squadron and a body of the 11th infantry under Col. Graham, to ascertain the practicability of finding a road by which the village of San Angel could be reached, and thus turn the stronghold at San Antonio. This latter party had a sharp encounter with the advance of the enemy, the main body being found posted at a strong point not far from the factory of Counteras.

In the skirmish some six or eight Mexicans were killed, and as many more taken prisoners; on our side not a man was touched. The result of the reconnoissance proved favorable. It was ascertained that a road could be made which would enable the army to reach San Angel, and thus turn the strong batteries at San Antonio, and perhaps others the enemy might have upon the road between that and the city of Mexico. The Mexicans were plainly seen in force at a commanding position near Coutreras, and it was evident that they had a number of cannon in position; but at a council held at night it was determined to attack them the following day.

In the mean time, while this reconnoissance was in progress, Gen. Worth had established his headquarters at the hacienda of Curera, while from the windows countless numbers of the enemy could be seen at work upon the batteries of San Antonio. About noon they opened upon the hacienda with both round shot and shell, nearly every one of which took effect, but without doing other injury than to the building. Late in the evening the batteries again opened, but with no other result than showing the position of the different guns. For a marvel the batteries were silent during the night. Had the fire been kept up, the hacienda might have been torn in pieces and the entire command compelled to retire.

Before going further it may be well to state that the city of Mexico lies about nine miles nearly north of San Augustin; that San Antonio is about three miles in the same direction; while the point occupied by Gen. Valencia, near Coutreras, for he had command at that place, is at least three miles in a

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straight line and in a direction nearly west. It was ten miles the way many of our troops had to march, for you cannot imagine a more rough, uneven, and jagged surface.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 19th the batteries again opened on Gen. Worth's position at the hacienda near San Antonio, the balls crushing through the walls and filling the rooms with fragments of plaster and broken furniture. Shells also burst in the air over the building, and the pieces dropped among the men stationed in the rear. So hot was the fire that the troops were obliged to gain shelter behind the building, but still did not give up the position. About nine o'clock the divisions of Generals Pillow and Twiggs were ordered to advance in the direction of Coutreras, and by one in the afternoon were in plain sight of the enemy's batteries, and within range of the heavier guns.

The brigade of Gen. P. F. Smith was ordered to advance directly towards the enemy's works, while that of Col. Riley moved towards a small village to the right, with orders to gain the main road, and thus be enabled to cut off any reinforcements which might be sent to Valencia from the city. An incessant firing of cannon was opened upon the advance of Gen. Smith, and soon the rifles were engaged in skirmishing with the pickets of the enemy and driving them in.

The 12-pounder battery of Capt. Magruder was pressed forward with all speed, as was also the rocket and mountain howitzer battery now commanded by Lieut. Callender, of the ordnance department. As soon as they could gain a position they opened upon the enemy, but were so much exposed to a fire from heavier guns that they were soon silenced. Lieut. Johnson, of the 1st artillery, but attached to Magruder's battery, was mortally wounded, while Lieut. Callender was severely wounded in both legs.

At 3 o'clock the brigade of Gen. Cadwalader was ordered out to support Col. Riley—heavy reinforcements being seen on their way out from the city—while Gen. Pierce's brigade was sent to sustain Gen. Smith. The firing from the batteries of the enemy continued incessant, while from a hill just outside of the range of their guns the spectacle was most grand and imposing.

At about 4 o'clock Gen. Scott arrived, and, seeing the immense strength of the Mexicans, at once ordered Gen. Shields' brigade from San Augustin —a part of Gen. Quitman's command—to the right to support Riley and Cadwalader, and prevent, if possible, a junction of the forces coming out from the city with those of Valencia. But few of the movements of our own troops could be seen from the hill where we were posted, owing to the dense chaparral, sharp rocks and ravines, but not a motion of the enemy but was plainly visible.

The order of battle of Valencia was certainly most imposing. Infantry were seen drawn up to support the batteries, while long lines of the enemy's cavalry were stationed in the rear, as if awaiting the shock of battle. Two separate charges of the latter were distinctly seen repulsed by Col. Riley, who had moved his brigade at one time to a position partially in the rear of the enemy's works. Col. Harney was exceedingly anxious to march his cavalry to the scene of action, but it was deemed utterly impracticable. The nature of the ground was such that the infantry even had great difficulty in finding the way across the *pedregal*, as the Mexicans term it; ground covered with sharp jagged rocks.

Until night had fairly closed in the fire from the enemy's batteries did not slacken: it had been a continuous roar for nearly six hours. Gen. Scott retired to San Augustin about eight o'clock, and in the midst of a hard rain, which had just commenced falling. Generals Twiggs and Pillow came in about 11 o'clock, wet and completely exhausted. It was impossible to use horses on the rough and exceedingly broken ground on which they had been operating for nearly twelve hours.

Not anticipating the immense strength of the works of the enemy, or the almost insurmountable difficulties of reaching them, it had been at first thought that the batteries would be taken at a dash, and that the troops would be all comfortably quartered in San Angel for the night; instead of this, a large portion of them were compelled to bivouac without blankets, in the midst of a pitiless rain and on ground where they could not even stretch themselves out. Add to this, the prospects of the morrow were far from flattering—were enough to dismay any but the stoutest hearts—that the enemy would doubtless reinforce and strengthen his works during the night, having every opportunity in knowledge of the ground: add again to this that the men were weakened by long exertions, want of food, and chilled by the continuous night rain, and it is not saying too much to assert that the bivouac of the 19th of August was gloomy in the extreme.

Early in the morning of the 20th Gen. Worth was ordered to move with a part of his division (Garland's brigade) towards the scene of action at Coutreras, to aid in the attack upon Valencia, for to force this position was deemed indispensable. A few discharges of cannon were heard about 7 o'clock, and a heavy rattling of musketry, and some even said that in the distance they had seen large masses of Mexicans in full flight towards the city; yet few dreamed that the batteries at Coutreras had been stormed and carried. Yet so it was. Gen. Scott himself, accompanied by Gen. Worth, started for the scene of action, when they were met by Capt. Mason with the joyful intelligence that Valencia had been completely routed, after a short but terrible struggle.

The attack upon his works was planned by Gen. Smith, and resulted in the capture of fifteen pieces of artillery, some fifteen hundred prisoners—among them Generals Blanco, Garcia, Mendoza, and the notorious Salas—all the ammunition and camp equipage, while the road along which those who escaped fled was strewed with muskets. No less than seven hundred of the enemy, among them many officers, were left dead on the field—the number of wounded was undoubtedly far greater. I have no time now to enlarge or comment upon this well-planned and brilliant achievement, but, reserving a more full description for some other time, must pass on to other exciting events.

The works at Coutreras completely in the power of the American army, Gen. Scott at once ordered Gen. Worth to fall back upon San Antonio, to turn and capture that work, and then to push on towards the capital by the main road, while the main body of the army, under Generals Twiggs, Pillow, Smith, Pierce, and Cadwalader, moved on towards San Angel and Cohoycan. Scarcely had the advance of General Twiggs got half a mile beyond the latter village before a rattling fire of musketry announced that it was actively engaged with the outposts of the enemy, and the heavy booming of cannon now gave token that the noted second division had fallen upon another strong work.

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But a few minutes more and a tremendous firing from the right, and immediately in the main road from San Augustin to the capital, made it evident that Gen. Worth's division was actively engaged. He had completely turned the strong works of San Antonio, but, while doing so, the enemy had abandoned the place, with the loss of their heavy guns, and had fallen back upon his second and stronger line of works. It was now at the commencement of the battle, about one o'clock in the afternoon, and sure such a rattling of fire-arms has seldom or never been heard on the continent of America, accompanied with such booming of artillery; and this was continued over two hours, and until the enemy was fully routed from every point, and until those who were not killed or taken prisoners were in full flight for the city.

Let me endeavor in words to give the reader an idea of the position and works of the enemy. As you come along the road leading from San Augustin to the capital, and immediately this side the Puente del Rosana, the Mexicans had thrown up a strong and exceedingly well-built battery, commanding the road completely. On the right, as you faced the city, stretching for a long distance, was a continuous ditch, behind the bank of which an immense number of Mexican infantry were posted. On the left of the *tete de pont*, or work at the bridge, three hundred yards distant, was the church of Churubusco, or San Pablo, strongly fortified with works for infantry, and also having a well constructed battery containing a number of guns of heavy caliber. This work was a little advanced from the *tete de pont*, and nearly in a line between it and the village of Cohoycan. Further on, on the other side of the work at the bridge, and about three hundred yards from the road, was a large building, well adapted for the protection of infantry, and in which the enemy had also posted an immense body. The ground in the vicinity of all these points was completely covered with corn and other fields, cut up in every direction by wide and deep ditches, presenting obstacles innumerable to the advance of our troops. No reconnoissance of the position of the enemy had been made, and consequently its strength could only be ascertained by hard blows and knocks.

The divisions of Generals Twiggs and Worth were at once engaged, the former with the church and stronghold of Churubusco, and the latter with the batteries at the bridge; and in the mean time Gen. Shields' brigade—the New York and South Carolina volunteers—together with the 9th, 12th, and 15th regiments of infantry, under Gen. Pierce, were hurrying onward from Cohoycan to attack the hacienda. Soon they too were engaged; and now the battle became general. The enemy had over twenty pieces of cannon, all in admirable position, and served with more than ordinary skill, while but few of our guns could be brought to bear. The battery of Capt. Frank Taylor, it is true, opened a well-directed fire upon Churubusco; but so exposed was its situation that it suffered most terribly, both in officers and men.

To describe the fierce conflict, even now that two days have elapsed, or to give an account of the part taken by the different regiments, were impossible. From the opening of the strife up to the time the Mexicans were entirely routed and in full flight for the city, was one continuous roar of cannon and musketry, accompanied by the loud shouts of the victors as some new vantage ground was gained; and high above the din rose a dense column of smoke, at times completely shrouding the combatants.

The strength of the enemy at this battle is known to have been fifteen thousand at least—many say twenty thousand—all fresh troops, and in a position of uncommon strength. Opposed to them were about six thousand Americans, jaded and broken down by marches and countermarches and by incessant toil before the stronghold of Coutreras and San Antonio. At Churubusco the Mexicans themselves say Santa Anna commanded in person, but that he left early. The noted battalions of Hidalgo and Victoria, and of Independencia—the *Polkas*, or young men of the capital, from whom so much was expected—nearly all fled without firing a gun.

In the different works (but mostly in the church) taken by Gen. Twiggs nearly two thousand troops were captured. Among them were Gen. Rincon, who commanded in person; Gen. Anaya, lately President substitute; and Gen. Arevallon, as also Col. Gorostiza, formerly minister at Washington. Gen. Garay was captured near San Antonio by Gen. Worth, and several influential officers, among them Col. Miramon, by Gen. Shields, at the hacienda. But the most important capture of all was the entire foreign battalion, mostly made up of deserters from our own army, with their commander, the notorious Riley himself. They are all now under close guard, and I trust will be strictly dealt with.

The loss on our side has fallen most heavily upon the South Carolina and New York volunteers, the 6th infantry, and Smith's light battalion, attached to Worth's division, and the batteries of Captains Magruder and Taylor. The South Carolina regiment was nearly cut to pieces, losing 137 out of 272 men with which it went into action. The first artillery has suffered severely in officers.

The Mexican accounts acknowledge the loss, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of no less than thirteen generals (among them three ex-presidents) and forty-five pieces of cannon. One of our officers says that we have captured more ammunition than Gen. Scott has used since he has been in the country.

G. W. K.

The following, from the New Orleans *Delta*, contains more particulars of the brilliant exploit of Gen. Smith:

During the night of the 18th, Gen. Worth's division, with a part of the 1st brigade, occupied the hacienda of San Juan de Dios.

On the 19th, Gen. Twiggs came up with the advance, Gen. Smith's light brigade advancing on the left, and Col. Riley's to the right, supported by Capt. McGruder's battery, and Lieut. Cadwalader's howitzers, which belonged to the division of Gen. Pillow. The enemy opened his heavy batteries from Coutreras, and the advancing troops of Gen. Smith's brigade engaged the enemy's infantry. These two brigades for more than one hour sustained the fire of 22 pieces of artillery, mostly of heavy caliber. They were finally compelled to retire, after sustaining a severe loss in killed and wounded. Gen. Pillow had ordered Gen. Pierce's brigade to the support of Col. Riley. At this stage of the proceedings, while the battle was raging, the enemy appeared on the left of the fort of Coutreras, and in rear of the village of Ensaldo, with a force of 12,000 men, under the immediate command of Santa Anna.

The 15th infantry, under Col. Morgan, was then ordered by Gen. Pillow to the support of Smith's and Riley's brigades. About this time Gen. Scott came upon the ground, bringing with him General Shields' brigade of volunteers, which was imme-

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diately ordered to the support of the forces under General Cadwalader. General Twiggs, as night approached, finding it impossible, from the nature of the ground, to reach his command, fell back to the position occupied by Gen. Scott, and passed the night exposed to the inclemency of the weather. McGruder's and the howitzer battery being disabled, and our left advancing on a road previously prepared by the enemy, thereby exposing our infantry to a destructive fire as they approached—McGruder's and the howitzer batteries were ordered by Gen. Smith to open, to attract the attention of the enemy, while he made a movement to the right, to try one of the enemy's flanks. After passing over the broken and irregular surface of ground, and crossing the deep ravines, he succeeded in reaching the village of Ensaldo. Gen. Smith being the ranking officer, Gen. Cadwalader reported to him with four regiments of Gen. Pillow's division. Col. Riley's brigade had crossed the ravine, and passed towards Coutreras, after a strong body of the enemy, which he drove off. The enemy was now drawn up into line, above the village, on the right of the fort. This was a strong position of the enemy.

General Smith now ordered Gen. Cadwalader's force to be drawn up on the outer edge of the village, facing the enemy's heavy force on the left of the fort. After making the proper disposition of his forces, Gen. Smith now determined to attack the enemy's right, with Col. Riley on the left. Gen. Cadwalader, on the right of the former, returned in echelon, but before the movement could be completed night approached—the enemy's line could not be seen—therefore the order was countermanded, Gen. Cadwalader resuming his position on the outer side of the village. Col. Riley's brigade was formed in a long lane inside and parallel to the village, the rifles on his left, and the 3d infantry on the church-yard. "But now," says our correspondent, "imagine the position of this portion of the army, numbering 3500 at the outside without artillery or cavalry, while the enemy in front and on the left, had 19,000 troops, (those in the fort said to be the best in Mexico,) with 22 pieces of artillery, and among his troops about 7000 cavalry. It was evident that some decisive action had to be taken; that some great effort had to be made; and Gen. Smith and Col. Riley, seconded as they were, were just the men competent to the task, and an attack on the main work was determined upon, and the movement to take place at 3 o'clock of the following morning."

The force of Gen. Smith was not strong enough to carry the enemy's works, and at the same time to hold possession of the village; but fortune favors the brave; for while he was preparing for the attack, Gen. Shields reported his near approach with the South Carolina and New York volunteers. Gen. Shields, though outranking General Smith, had too much magnanimity to assume the command, or to pluck the bright laurels about to be gathered by a brother soldier in carrying one of the enemy's strongholds, and accordingly he moved subject to the command of Gen. Smith. Gen. Shields' brigade was then placed in the village of Ensaldo, to cut off the enemy's retreat from Coutreras, or to take the reserve of the enemy in flank, if he should change his front.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, the movement commenced, which was so slow that daybreak appeared before the head of Cadwalader's brigade commenced ascending the ravine at the village of Ensaldo. As soon as Col. Riley ascended the hill and came in full view of the enemy, they opened a severe fire on Riley's forces.

Our correspondent then continues—"Col. Riley threw out his two advance divisions as skirmishers, and said, 'Now, boys, close in with them, and let the bayonet do its work,' and his command rushed down the slope with a yell and enthusiasm enough to strike terror to the heart of the boldest, while the rear of his command moved steadily forward as if they were all made of one piece. The sappers and miners and rifle regiment which had been thrown across a ravine intervening between the one they passed up, and under the brow of the slope which Col. Riley came down, from that position poured in a fire which swept in front of Col. Riley's column; then inclining towards their left, joined in the attack of the troops outside of the left flank of the fort. Gen. Cadwalader followed the route taken by Col. Riley, and as soon as his troops were formed, moved on to his support. The first brigade, which was bringing up the rear, had been ordered to follow the same route, but while it was on its march by the right flank up the ravine, and nearly opposite the fort, Gen. Smith ordered the brigade to face to the left and advance in line to attack the enemy's force in flank. This movement was executed in less time than it takes me to write it. They met the enemy outside of the fort just as Col. Riley's brigade rushed into it; the enemy was completely routed and commenced a precipitate retreat. Their cavalry and infantry had been formed to receive the charge, but were compelled to give way to the bayonet. The rout was most complete and the victory most decided; but while Riley's brigade took possession of the work, and planted their colors upon it, the other force continued the pursuit down the road. The retreating force had to pass near where Gen. Shields' brigade was placed to intercept them. They, however, were not aware of it until they received the well-directed fire of the South Carolina [and New York] regiments, which mowed them down like grass before the scythe."

The rout and dispersion were now complete. In the fort, were captured 22 pieces of artillery, an immense amount of munitions of war, and upwards of 1500 prisoners, among whom were several officers of high rank. The enemy left dead upon the field upwards of 700, which we buried; but his loss, says our correspondent, was much larger, as the Mexicans were still burying the dead two days after the battle. The troops in front were commanded by Valencia, and those outside by Santa Anna. *The two 6-pounders of Washington's battery, taken on the field of Buena Vista by the Mexicans, were recaptured in this fort.*

The enemy were pursued to San Angel. He endeavored to make a stand at every point. They were finally compelled to take refuge in Chumbasco. At San Angel Gen. Pillow assumed the command, and when the troops arrived at Culican, shortly after, Gen. Scott assumed the command of the whole. The position now occupied by the enemy (Chumbasco) was a very strong one, and it being the last stand the enemy could make in defence of the capital, he fought with desperation for more than two hours, before the works were carried. Our loss at this point was over 1000 men. Several pieces of artillery, and two stand of colors were captured; General Rincon, with 104 officers, and upwards of 1100 non-commissioned officers and privates, surrendered as prisoners of war. The Mexican loss in this engagement is said to be 5000

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in killed and wounded, and out of a force of 30,000 men, there were but 6000 men left, the balance being killed, wounded, prisoners or totally dispersed.

After the result of this decisive battle, *commissioners were immediately sent to Gen. Scott, from the city*, and an armistice agreed upon.

ALONE.

'T was midnight, and he sat alone—
The husband of the dead.
That day the dark dust had been thrown
Upon her buried head.
Her orphaned children round him slept,
But in their sleep would moan:
Then fell the first tear he had wept—
He felt he was alone.

The world was full of life and light,
But, ah! no more for him!
His little world, once warm and bright—
It now was cold and dim.
Where was her sweet and kindly face?
Where was her cordial tone?
He gazed around his dwelling-place,
And felt he was alone.

The wifely love—maternal care—
The self-denying zeal—
The smile of hope that chased despair,
And promised future weal:
The clean bright hearth—nice table spread—
The charm o'er all things thrown—
The sweetness in whate'er she said—
All gone—he was alone!

He looked into his cold, wild heart,
All sad and unresigned:
He asked how he had done *his* part
To one so true, so kind!
Each error past he tried to track—
In torture would atone—
Would give his life to bring hers back—
In vain—he was alone.

He slept at last; but when he dreamed,
(Perchance her spirit woke,)
A soft light o'er her pillow gleamed,
A voice in music spoke—
"Forgot—forgiven all neglect—
Thy love recalled alone:
The babes I leave; oh, love, protect,
I still am all thine own."

[*Copied by Chambers' Journal from an American paper.*]

COPERNICUS.

The mountain church of Frauenburg
Hath many a narrow bed,
Where the oaken cross points upward
And peasants weep their dead;—
Stand we beside yon graven stone,
And vail the reverent brow,
And muse upon the mighty one
Whose body lies below.

Earth lay in darkness;—as a star
He rose upon the night,
And outlines of the things that are
Shone dimly by his light.
How dreamy seems the world's wild youth
To us of elder time,
Familiar with God's steadfast truth,
So simple—so sublime.

He first it was, whose piercing eye
Through the thick midnight saw,
In endless changes, unity,
And in confusion, law.
Though other hands unwound the clue
To realms of clearer day,
All honor to the first is due
Who pointed them the way.

He moved through life, as one who hears,
And answers from within,
Faint music from celestial spheres
Through earth's discordant din.
Well might he stand with brows inclined,
In silence and apart,—
A thought of the Creator's mind
Had passed into his heart!

What nights of happy toil were his,
Toil that itself repays,
Scanning creation's mysteries
With no irreverent gaze!
Oh, hour of hours, when first he seemed
To grasp the truth, long sought,
And the solitudes of starlight teemed
With multitudinous thought!

Strange is the destiny of life,
Wondrous is fame's behest,
Passing the labor and the strife—
Crowning the time of rest!
Long years of lonely watching o'er,
There came at last the hour
When to the dying sage they bore*
The record of his power.

They would have kneeled around the place
Where, pale and faint, he lay,
But, silent, with unaltered face,
He motioned them away;
Earth's greatness vanished there, as snow
Melts from the summer sod—
His soul had done with time, and now
Stood face to face with God!

Sharpe's Magazine.

Apparel.—A man ought, in his clothes, to conform something to those that he converses with, to the custom of the nation, and the fashion that is decent and general, to the occasion, and his own condition; for that is best that best suits with one's calling, and the rank we live in. And seeing that all men are not Œdipuses, to read the riddle of another man's inside, and most men judge by appearances, it behoves a man to barter for a good esteem, even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle we see it wears.—*Feltham.*

* The first proofs of the work in which Copernicus proclaimed the order and harmony of our system, were brought to him on his death-bed.

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

Miss Margaret Forde, the lady from whose journal we now propose to offer a few selections to the public, died in the year 18—, aged seventy-one. She was one of a class, which, fortunately for mankind, is neither small nor rare. She was a maiden aunt, and she possessed that cheerful unselfishness, that indefatigable activity in the service of others, those warm, ready, and expansive affections, which we are enabled, by happy experience, to pronounce the appropriate characteristics of her genus. She was the eldest of eight children, of whom six married, and multiplied, and were scattered over the face of the earth, while Margaret, and Owen, the youngest brother, remained in single blessedness. Of him we have little to say: he graduated at Cambridge, travelled for a few years, to complete his education, as the phrase has it, and then returned, to live as fellow of his college, assembling around him multitudes of minute comforts, studying his own peculiarities with a view to their scientific gratification, carefully guarding himself from all possibility of annoyance—in short, behaving to himself exactly as a devoted wife might behave to an invalid husband, in whose happiness her own consists, and whose every gesture she watches with the tremulous anxiety of deep affection. Shall we be forgiven for insinuating that Owen formed no unfair specimen of another class of responsible beings, usually known by the name of old bachelors. While he was thus drawling and fidgeting through existence, knowing no harder trial of patience than the occurrence of a false quantity either in his verses or his punch, no heavier misfortune than the breaking of a watch-glass, or the overboiling of an egg, his sister Margaret was *living* in the full sense of the word—living more in one hour than he lived in a twelvemonth—doing, suffering, and sympathizing—mourning with those who mourned, and rejoicing with those who rejoice. In many a house, to many a heart, her face was as sunshine, and her step as music; and if some human faults or harmless foibles occasionally provoked a frown, or compelled a smile, there were few who did not feel that, in her, the ridiculous was never far separated from the sublime—the sublime of charity and goodness. During the whole of a long and active life, passed among brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, friends and acquaintance, aunt Peggy amused herself by the feminine occupation of keeping a journal; and as, in addition to her other virtues, the good lady was a bit of a bluestocking, she not unfrequently attempted to work up the incidents she was recording with something of artistic skill, and thus to present a continuous narrative, instead of a pile of fragmentary notes. That, among the fortunes of so large a family as we have described, she found many materials for her pen, the reader will have no difficulty in imagining, and we shall proceed, without further preface, to lay before him such parts of her lucubrations as have appeared to us to possess some degree of general interest. The character of the writer will be better developed by herself, than by any description we could hope to give; and we shall add nothing to her words, except such particulars concerning the various members of her family, as may seem necessary to render her story intelligible.

THE ALCESTE.

[Emma, the youngest sister of Margaret Forde, married James Ferrars, a captain in the navy, and was left a widow, with two children—a son, who followed his father's profession, and a daughter, who was the godchild and namesake of her aunt Margaret. Mrs. Ferrars resided near a large seaport town on the southern coast, which we shall call Wearmouth.]

July 7th, 18—.—This morning I arrived at my sister's, for the visit which I have annually paid ever since that happy day when I laid the little Margaret, a sweet, fair, whimpering baby, one hour old, in her mother's arms. Dear child! I have watched her through life, and perhaps loved her all the better, because she is not one of those who have received the blessed gift of being generally loved. She has little beauty, though there is a charm of sense and sweetness in her face, which makes it lovely in my eyes; and she has always been so grave and shy in society, that there must be many who have known her all her life, without having an idea of her true character. But I know her nobleness of mind; I know how rich she is in those fine, pure, elevated feelings, which people who are not capable of understanding them are in the habit of stigmatizing as romantic. Nevertheless the world goes so much by outward appearance, and Margaret has so universally obtained the reputation of a quiet, cold, gentle girl, with nothing striking in her exterior, and very little general conversation, that I confess I was surprised when the news reached me that she was engaged to be married. I had set her down for one of the sisterhood—not, perhaps, exactly for the same reasons that have made *me* an old maid, for I might have married, had I so chosen, several times over. But, knowing the earnestness, the imagination, the enthusiasm, which lay hidden under Margaret's quiet manner and composed features, I felt sure that she could not attach herself to a common-place person; and, alas! her want of fascination rendered it too probable, that one who was not common-place would not attach himself to her. Pity, thought I, that such capacities for loving as hers, should not find full employment. But I was all wrong, and I confess my mistake with delight. Seldom have I known a happier morning than that which announced to me her engagement. And to-day I heard all the particulars, which are in every respect satisfactory. Doctor Thornton is thirty-two; that is, eight years older than his betrothed, which I consider a very good difference. He is already in excellent practice; and, as the other physician in Wearmouth is an old man, and there can be no doubt that he will succeed to his connection, his income is likely to be handsomer than Emma had any reason to expect for her daughter. How one falls into the habit of mentioning income first, when a marriage is in question! Money is to happiness very much what the alphabet is to learning; it would be hopeless and absurd to expect to do without it; but the absurdity of being satisfied with its possession, as though it were the only thing necessary, is far more glaring, and far less excusable. I have heard little of Dr. Thornton; but I feel so secure of his highmindedness and excellence, because he is the choice of that dear girl, that I have scarcely cared to ask any questions about him. Yet I am heartily glad that he dines here to-day. Margaret's wedding is only delayed till her brother Frederick returns, and, as his vessel, the Alceste, is expected daily, the important ceremony will take place (D. V.) before I leave them. As for Margaret, she is a changed creature, and I can scarcely take my eyes from her face. Such radiance of happiness I never beheld—and

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happiness, too, which partakes not of the quietness and restraint consistent with her habitual demeanor. It is as if you were to follow a stream from its source, under the shadow of thick trees and tall overhanging rocks, and then suddenly step forth into the sunshine, and see the dark, sombre waters changed into gushing, sparkling ripples of light. She passes from tears to laughter, and from laughter to tears, like a child. How Owen would be astonished if he could see her! He once told me that he thought her the most uninteresting of all his nieces.

Dr. Thornton, or *Francis*, as I am to call him—(he called me aunt Peggy immediately, and entreated me to be equally unceremonious with him)—arrived early. At the first glance I admired, at the first warm shake of the hand I felt sure I should like him. I detest that cold stroking of fingers—that light touch of the lips against the cheek, which some persons consider to be the warmest testimonies of affection tolerated by refined society. Give me my darling Margaret's shower of fond kisses, or her Francis' hearty, prolonged shake of the hand, which sends a feeling of warmth and comfort to the heart. He is a distinguished-looking man; tall and stately, with a remarkably fine forehead, mouth expressive, intellectual, and somewhat stern, but eyes so full of openness and kindliness, that you feel at home with him instantly. I can easily believe what Emma tells me, viz., that he has been an object of speculation among the Wearmouth ladies; and I can fancy, moreover, that no little astonishment has been felt at this choice.

The evening was rather happy than lively, and afforded several opportunities for the display of Francis Thornton's conversational powers. It was easy to see that he had read much and thought deeply; but I was chiefly interested by certain slight indications of an under-current of high enthusiastic feeling, which I knew to be so thoroughly in accordance with the temper of Margaret's mind. For instance, my sister, in speaking of her son's character and prospects, observed, "Yes, he should have had a college education, ill as I could have afforded it—but, from a child, his heart was set upon the navy, so I let him have his way. What more can we wish for those we love than to know that they are happy?"

Thornton acquiesced in the sentiment, but glanced somewhat expressively at Margaret, who answered with kindling eyes, "*You* don't think so, do you, Francis? That is not in accordance with your theories."

He turned to Mrs. Ferras with a kind of half-deprecating smile, and said gently, in answer to her exclamation of wonder, "Oh, we shall find that we think pretty nearly alike when we come to define our notions of happiness."

"And what is your notion of happiness?" asked I.

"First, to *be* good, and then to *do* good; and then, if possible, to be great."

"What, Francis?" cried Mrs. Ferrars, reproachfully; "and you leave out affection in your notions of happiness?"

"*Do* I leave it out?" said he earnestly. "Nay, on the contrary, it pervades the whole idea. But the happiness of affection consists not so much in the presence as in the nobleness of the object beloved. It is the incentive and safeguard to virtue. Love, to be perfect, must cast out not only fear, but sin also—and even weakness. And it does so."

There was a momentary pause, which Francis broke by saying, in a changed and playful tone, "This is good philosophy, but I hope it may not be put to the test. Margaret, could you play Thekla if there were need?"

"Don't ask me," said she, looking down, while a sudden glow rose to her cheeks; "yet I hope and believe that I could."

"My dear child," cried her fond mother, who did not exactly understand the allusion, "I am quite sure you could play anything you chose to attempt, only you are so diffident. Was not that a knock at the door?"

"You have a late visitor," said I. "Who can it be?"

The servant announced Mr. Moreton, the rector of Wearmouth, and an old friend of the family. He entered, and greeted me kindly, with an effort to assume his ordinary manner; but his face was grave and his demeanor troubled.

"You are come early, or rather late, to pay your respects to aunt Peggy," said Emma. "When did you hear that she had arrived?"

"I did not know Miss Forde was here," returned he. "I came for a different reason. I am sorry to say, my dear friends, that I bring you unpleasant news."

All looked at him in silent anxiety.

"Let me begin," continued he, "by telling you our great cause for thankfulness. Frederick is perfectly well."

"*What* has happened?" cried Emma, vehemently.

"It is this," replied he. "The Alceste has arrived, but cannot be admitted into the harbor; in short, there is sickness on board, and she must go through some sort of quarantine."

"And Frederick?" said Emma. "Are you telling me the truth?"

"I pledge you my word," replied he, solemnly, "that he is, as yet, perfectly well; but it would be mistaken kindness to conceal from you that he is in a position of danger."

"What is the complaint?" inquired Francis.

"They call it," answered Mr. Moreton, with some appearance of reluctance, "the Black Fever."

My eyes were on Thornton's face, and I could see that he changed color as these words were uttered. He continued to question Mr. Moreton, but in an under tone of voice.

"How many deaths?"

"Nine—in three days."

"And the medical officer—"

"Died, on the second day after the disease made its appearance."

"But what attendance have they? Who has volunteered to take his place?"

"No one," replied Mr. Moreton. "Dr. Monckton has a wife and family; and so has Brookes. But the news has been sent up to London, and doubtless by the day after to-morrow"—

"The day after to-morrow!" cried Thornton. "And they are dying by dozens!"—

He paused—perhaps struck by a sudden deep sigh from Margaret, who clasped my hand at the moment with a movement as of terror. Her cheeks were as white as paper, and her eyes fixed on her lover's face. Looking earnestly upon her, he stood up and said, "My dear, dear friends, surely there can be but one opinion as to my duty."

"Good God, Francis," exclaimed Emma, "what are you thinking of? Is there not misery enough?"

"These poor people," began he—but Emma interrupted him, putting her hand upon his arm and speaking with much agitation.

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"We will not hear of it," she said. "No, no; you have no right to sport with Margaret's happiness in this manner. You have other duties to think of. Margaret, speak to him!"

Poor Margaret! She sat speechless and motionless, drawing her breath with a quick, uneasy sound, and never lifting her eyes. I held her trembling hand between my own.

"Margaret shall herself decide," said Francis, whose voice plainly showed how deeply he shared the emotion to which he was determined not to yield. "You are right, my dear mother; her claim is indeed great. Speak, my beloved, shall I go or stay?"

She cast herself upon her knees, covering her face with her hands, and murmuring, in broken tones, the words, "God help me! God help me!"

Francis approached her, raised her with the utmost tenderness, and placed her in a chair. "Nay, my dearest," said he, greatly moved, "it is too much for you. Be calm, be comforted; I will never leave you."

With a sudden movement she flung her arms around him. "Oh, go—go!" she cried, "I would not keep you for a moment. Go, dearest—God be with you!"

Gently unlocking her clasped hands, he consigned her to me; the poor mother, utterly overwhelmed with sorrow, was sobbing on the sofa. Oh, the sound of his feet as he moved across the room to depart! Each step seemed planted on one's bare and shrinking heart. He paused in the doorway, and gave one look back—Margaret did not see it—she was kneeling, with her face hidden in my lap. She had not dared to look upon him since she pronounced the fatal word "go!"—and the door closed, and he was gone.

Margaret arose, went to her mother, clasped her arms around her, and they wept in silence on each other's bosoms. We felt how vain it was to offer consolation; we could only sympathize; but when Mr. Moreton spoke of the nobleness of that spirit of martyrdom which was ready to give up all for the sake of duty, the poor girl lifted up her face, and looked at him for an instant with *such* an expression—it was proud, it was almost joyful. But it was drowned in a fresh burst of tears.

Never shall I forget the few days that followed. Margaret moved about the house like a restless spirit, or sat motionless with clasped hands; sometimes, to all appearance, unconscious, sometimes evidently engaged in mental prayer. Emma, with the true unselfishness of a mother's grief, did nothing but watch and wait upon her child. Each evening Mr. Moreton brought us the report from the Alceste. Entering without knocking, and coming rapidly up stairs so as to give us no suspense, he would cry, "Good news," before he opened the door. And then we kneeled down and gave thanks; and then heard the sad tale of disease and death, which always, however, began and ended with the delicious words, "Frederick and Thornton are well."

When I would call up before my eyes an image of those four terrible days, it is neither the pale and tearful face of Emma, nor poor Margaret's glazed and melancholy eyes and drooping figure, that I behold. I see the scene visible from the staircase window of my sister's cottage, at which it was impossible to help pausing every time one passed it. The gay town, the busy harbor with its clustering masts, the cloudless summer sky, the broad and sunny sea; and there, in the midst of that sheet of bright waters, like the evil spirit lurking at the gates of paradise, lay the black hulk of the plagueship, rocking and swinging with every movement of the lazy waves. What scenes were enacting on board that gloomy vessel! What tortures were there preparing for our unconscious hearts! I shudder when I think of it.

The fourth evening came. We were sitting together, as we generally did, when the hour of Mr. Moreton's visit drew near. It was now somewhat past the time at which he usually arrived, and we uneasily avoided each other's eyes, as we tried to keep up a forced and languid conversation, to conceal from ourselves that we were beginning to grow fearful.

"Poor Mrs. Ellis sent for some wine for her little boy this morning," said Margaret; "he has been—" She stopped short; her cheeks and lips became deadly white, as though every drop of blood had been driven back to the heart. There was a knock at the door.

"My darling girl, how nervous you are!" cried I, jumping up. "There—stay quietly where you are, and I will go and learn what it means."

I hurried out of the room, and met Mr. Moreton on the stairs. The first glance at his face was sufficient; I saw we had something terrible to hear.

He grasped my hand. "Oh, how shall we tell her? how shall we tell her?" said he, much agitated.

"*Which* is it?" I gasped, scarcely able to articulate.

"Thornton," he replied; "he sickened this morning."

We were interrupted by a cry, the sound of which did not leave my ears for many days—it expressed such bitterness of desolation. Margaret, unable to restrain her anxiety, had followed me to the door, and heard the fatal words. The next instant she was, happily for herself, insensible.

Her swoon lasted long, and, when she recovered, she was in a high fever—a result which might easily have been foreseen, after four days of such suffering, ending so terribly. She was delirious, and knew no one who approached her. For three weeks the violence of her disorder continued unabated; alternating between fits of raving and a kind of stupor that was not sleep. During this time our kind and true friend, Mr. Moreton, was constantly with us; and great were the comforts and support which my poor sister and I derived from his presence. "A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." How much added force does the truth of these words acquire, when the friend and comforter of your affliction is one whose high and holy mission it is to speak peace to the troubled spirit, and declare the counsels of God!

At length the delirium ceased, and was succeeded by a long and profound stupor, supposed to be the crisis of the disease. For several days after this left her she was in a strange kind of state: her eyes were open, and she took obediently whatever was presented to her, but never spoke nor moved; and we knew not how far she was conscious of what passed around her. Every day there seemed to be more and more of sense in those sad eyes, which feebly followed our movements about the chamber, with an expression so pathetic, that Emma and I were frequently unable to restrain our tears. At last—it was about five weeks from the first beginning of the fever—I was sitting alone by her bedside, and the sloping rays of the red and sinking

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sun were showering their warm rich light upon the windows of the sick chamber, when she spoke to me. "Aunt Peggy," said she, in a low, but perfectly distinct voice, "is it only you?"

I took her wasted hand, and bent over her. "Yes, dearest; there is no one else here. What do you want?"

"Oh, now then, tell me all—everything. I would not speak before, because of distressing mamma. But, dear aunt Peggy, do tell me!"

I was troubled, and hardly knew how to answer her. "What am I to tell you, love?" I said, at last. "You must try to compose yourself."

"Yes, yes; I will indeed," she replied. "But I shall be so much better when I know it with certainty. It is several days since my mind came back to me; but it is still weak. I remember all; but sometimes my recollection is confused; and then my dreams—my dreams are so dreadful. I think, if I were once to hear it distinctly, I should not dream in this dreadful manner. Oh, if anything would stop my dreams!"

"Are they so very melancholy?" asked I.

"Oh, no, no; it is their happiness which is so terrible. I dream as if nothing had happened; and then, you know, I wake, and can hardly bear it; and then I get bewildered. But if you would only tell me how it all happened; if you would say it to me in words, perhaps I should not dream so again."

My tears fell fast, as I kissed her forehead, and replied: "But I would not check those dreams; they are sent in mercy, my own one; they are comforts, and not torments."

"Ah, you cannot understand me," she said; "but pray, pray, have pity on me, and do what I ask you."

"You have not strength," I said; "I must go for Dr. Monckton."

She held my hand tightly. "Oh, no—no, no," she cried, earnestly; "don't go away; I want no one but you. I have strength for anything; you don't know how much better I am."

I hesitated, and considered within myself. It was ten days since the crisis had terminated favorably. Dr. Monckton had pronounced that the disease was absolutely gone. Her weakness was excessive; but then she had been taking nourishment, and gaining strength day by day. I thought that the vexation consequent upon my evasion of her inquiries, might be worse for her than the agitation of having them answered. At any rate, I saw no means of escape; and being at all times a bad dissembler, I felt that I could not disguise the truth any longer; so I stooped over her, and kissed her, and spoke with a trembling heart.

"My darling child, suppose that those dreams were only preparations for reality."

She looked wildly at me, but did not speak.

"Recollect," I continued, "you know nothing certainly. When your dreadful illness began, it was all doubtful. God has been very merciful to us: your dear brother never caught the fever, and he is now at home; and—" I burst into tears, and could not proceed. But the disclosure which I had begun, perhaps somewhat rashly, was still more rashly completed. The door opened, and Frederick entered. But whose was that pale, joyful face behind him? Who is it that lingers on the threshold, looking wistfully into the chamber, but afraid to advance; his eyes bright with thankful hope and eager happiness, though his whole figure bears the traces of recent and severe illness? Need I name him? The sound of his step was enough—Margaret wept, and stretched out her arms. But we must leave the sacred rapture of that meeting untouched.

And what a party was it that gathered around the invalid's bed that evening! The mother, with her eyes fixed on her child's face, scarcely daring to rejoice, yet full of thankfulness, and clasping fondly in hers the hand of her restored son; and Thornton, the noble and self-devoted, receiving, even on earth, the abundant reward of his goodness. Of all who sickened in that unhappy Alceste, he was the only one who recovered. And don't forget Aunt Peggy; no heart was happier, or more grateful, than hers. Truly may we old maids thank God that the privilege of sympathy is vouchsafed to us; for, if we suffer by the sorrows of those we love, we have also great happiness in their joys.

DUNCOMBE PARK.

[Colonel Harwood was the husband of Jane, the next sister of Margaret Forde. Mrs. Harwood brought her lord a son and a daughter within the first three years of their marriage. Ten years afterwards she died in giving birth to a second little girl. The disconsolate widower went to reside in France, both to divert his own grief by change of scene, and to afford his daughters the advantages of education, which that region of indefinite extension, the Continent, is in England somewhat vaguely supposed to afford. He did not return till his two eldest children had attained the ages, respectively, of twenty-six and twenty-eight, while Janet, the youngest, had just passed her sixteenth birthday.]

CHAPTER I.

Dec. 14th.—It was an interesting visit on which I entered to-day, and I felt unusually nervous as my humble one-horse fly drove through the great gates of Duncombe Park, and finally deposited me, my carpet-bag, my trunk, my bandbox, my two baskets, and my seven parcels, beneath the stately portico of the mansion itself. I was ashamed to burthen the dignified footman with all my odds and ends, especially as I saw him raise a wistful look, first at the coach-box and then to the door, evidently expecting to see my lady's maid in the act of descending; and, when he became convinced that I travelled without any such appendage, I detected a spice of contempt in the elaborate civility with which he took package after package from my hands to deposit them on the hall table. I was afraid lest the yet grander butler, who stood behind, should see my prunella shoes; which I carried in a separate parcel that I might not have to fish them up from the bottom of the bag when making my toilette for dinner; so I thrust them into my spacious pocket in a great hurry, somewhat to the disadvantage of the symmetry of my figure, and affecting a lofty indifference as to the fate of that precious heap of parcels, every one of which I longed to carry up stairs and unfasten with my own hands, I followed my conductor across the marble floor. On the threshold of the drawing-room I was met by my brother-in-law, who took me by both hands, and welcomed me in the kindest possible manner. "My dear Miss Forde," said he, "I can assure you that this is one of the most gratifying moments I have experienced since I left the Continent." Then, giving me his arm, he led me forward and introduced me to his daughters, the elder of whom submitted to my embrace, while the younger cordially returned it. During the five or ten minutes which elapsed before I was conducted to my bedroom to dress, I had time to make a rapid survey of the trio, and compare them

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with the faces of thirteen years ago, which still remained vividly impressed on my memory.

My brother-in-law is still a fine-looking man. He has grown somewhat portly, and a tendency to gout in the left foot has caused him to change his former activity of movement for a deliberateness which is not, however, without dignity. He has the same sweet smile, and his voice is even more gentle, his manners more bland than they used to be. Well, people may say what they please, but I never can believe he has so bad a temper as he is reported to have. Surely, if he were really so passionate, I must have seen some specimens of it before now. It is true that many circumstances prevented my having much intercourse with him during my poor sister's life-time, and that, more than once, when I have seen them together, I have fancied that she seemed afraid of him; yet his deportment to her was ever that of a devoted husband, and it really seems impossible that an expression of countenance so benevolent, and a manner of speaking so unusually mild, should belong to a man of violent temper. He is said, moreover, to be proud, and *that* I believe, although his bearing shows no symptom of it, except, perhaps, a certain elaborateness in his courtesies, which, as Owen used to say, "when you see in a *gentleman*, you may be sure that he looks down upon you." Perhaps Owen would draw a similar conclusion from his studious gentleness; but Owen is a caustic observer, and, though such persons always pique themselves on their perception of character, I do not find that they are generally so right in the end as those who take a more charitable view of their fellow-creatures. As for myself, I do not know that I can be called a good judge of character, but somehow or other I do manage to be generally on comfortable terms with all the manifold varieties that I encounter; and it has more than once been remarked that I have a true feminine gift of winning influence over even the obstinate. I hope I am not vain of this, and, if it be true that I do possess such power, I hope that I may always use it for good. At any rate I am not going to quarrel with my good brother-in-law, or to hunt for defects in his character just at the time when he is giving me so affectionate a reception.

My niece Anna is not so handsome as she promised to be at fifteen; but she has a fine figure and a very sensible countenance. Her manners are a curious contrast to her father's; they are positively abrupt, and, as she never smiles when she speaks, the first impression is certainly not pleasing. I should say she was a little ungracious; but I dare say it is fancy. I am so accustomed to breathe a warm atmosphere of love, that I feel chilled and oppressed without it; but how unreasonable it is to expect that a niece whom I have seen very little of for the first fifteen years of her life, and not at all since, should love me by instinct. I must try to win her affections, and it shall be hard if she baffles me in the attempt.

Janet is a sweet creature; very shy and downcast, but with the brightest little face I ever beheld when she smiles at you. She is very pretty, and very like her mother: tall, slender and blue-eyed, with her fair young face in a perpetual blush. She glanced so kindly at me through her long eye-lashes, that I could not help taking her hand in mine as we sat side by side, and indeed, I should have ventured on another embrace, if Anna's eyes had not rested upon us at the moment, with a half-surprised expression which deterred me. And where, thought I, is my old friend and favorite Charles? But I concluded he was engaged in some of those mysterious occupations which always separate young men from their families during the morning hours, even if they are neither students nor sportsmen, and that I should see him at the dinner-table.

"I hope you have not suffered from cold during your journey at this unpropitious season, Miss Forde," observed Colonel Harwood; "Anna, is there a good fire in your aunt's room? We must be careful of our visitor's comforts, you know."

"I have no doubt there is, papa," returned Anna. "White seldom neglects her duties."

"I went in just before I came down stairs, papa," said Janet, "and saw that everything was comfortable for aunt Margaret."

"This is my little housekeeper," said the colonel, putting his hand on Janet's shoulder with a smile. "You will find differences of character in your two nieces. Anna is fond of her books, and Janet studies the details of every-day life. I am no foe to varieties of character—develop rather than change, guide rather than check, that has been my system of education. Faults must of course be cured—and they both have their faults: but they have also their peculiarities, and I am by no means prepared to say that those peculiarities are faults."

During this speech Anna looked cross and Janet awkward, while I felt it impossible to make any answer whatever, except a little absurd laugh, of which I was ashamed because it was so unmeaning. "All very wise and right, my dear brother-in-law," thought I, "but are you not a little, just the very least bit in the world, pompous? And is it not very unpleasant for your daughters to be described before their faces in that manner?" Somehow or other the conversation flagged after that speech of the colonel's.

"Will you not like to dress, Miss Forde—aunt Margaret?" asked Anna after a pause. I acquiesced, and we were quitting the room, when I was checked by hearing my brother-in-law say in his politest tone, "Have you not dropped something, Miss Forde? Here, Janet, take this to your aunt." He stooped with some difficulty, owing to his gouty foot, and lifted my unhappy shoes off the carpet. I was the more annoyed as the parcel had opened, and discovered two or three little last thoughts which I had popped in with the shoes just before starting. He collected with the utmost care a pair of black silk mittens, a paper of pins, some bootlaces, and, alas! that it must be confessed, a small box of corn-plaster, all of which he presented to me with an air of complete unconsciousness.

I could scarcely conceal my vexation. Janet could not restrain a burst of girlish laughter; her father turned to her in displeased surprise. The poor child became crimson; but I put my arm round her waist, and drew her out of the room with me, joining the laugh as I did so, for the whole matter was so ludicrous that my annoyance soon gave way to amusement. "Oh, aunt!" she began apologetically, when we reached the staircase. "Don't say a word about it, my love," interrupted I; "old maids, you know, are privileged to have oddities, and henceforth I grant you the privilege of laughing at all mine as fast as you find them out. But, tell me, where is Charles? I shall see him, shall I not?"

Janet's face became gravity itself, and Anna answered, "No, he is not at home."

"Not at home!" repeated I, in dismay, "but he will return before I go, I hope."

"I do not think there is any chance of his being

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able to do so," replied Anna, shortly. Her manner was so decided, and Janet's eyes had become so tearful since her brother's name was mentioned, that I felt sure there was some mystery behind the scenes, and did not like to say any more. An hour afterwards our little party assembled at dinner. The colonel was the kindest and politest of hosts, but I did not feel very gracious towards him, for I was sure, from Janet's flushed face and timid manner, that she had undergone a lecture on the ill-breeding of laughing at her aunt. Nevertheless, it is evident to me that he is an affectionate father, though, doubtless, somewhat too much of a disciplinarian; both the girls seemed fond though afraid of him, and his manner to the dear little culprit evidently shows that he has forgiven her misdemeanor, after duly reprimanding her for it. I wish with all my heart that he did not think himself such a perfect father, and feel bound to keep up his character on every occasion. Striving after perfection is doubtless right, but constantly trying to act up to an inward self-consciousness of perfection is a very different and a far less pleasant thing. I must take myself to task about my brother-in-law. I am beginning already to find his company a perpetual little provocation to me, and this is both tiresome and ridiculous. I cannot describe what there is about him which I do not like—he is kind, hospitable, sensible, and gentlemanlike; but there is a sort of elaborateness and self-consciousness about all he does and says, which I greatly wish I had not observed, because it teases me, and perhaps after all it is only fancy. It seems as if he were perpetually saying in his own mind, "Now I am being the courteous host—now I am going to speak as the kind brother—this must be said with an encouraging bow to Miss Forde—now I am showing by my manners that I think women have a full right to express their opinions, but delicately conveying at the same time that they should always express them with modesty. I never forget the well-bred gentleman in the affectionate relation, nor the affectionate relation in the well-bred gentleman." Oh, if you could but forget *yourself*, you would be a very agreeable man! But it is foolish and even ungrateful to think in this manner, and I will put it out of my head if I can.

"We are but a small Christmas party," observed the colonel; "I have not yet been sufficiently long at home to renew my acquaintance with the other members of our family, of whom I have lost sight for so many years. I confess that I am fond of family meetings, and always encourage them. They are *right*, and I generally find that what is right is also agreeable."

"You must have been lonely sometimes, when you were abroad," said I. "I think the seasons at which those happy unions are natural and habitual, must be very desolate when you have no familiar faces to gather around you."

"It was a deprivation, certainly," returned he, "but I do not think we were lonely. I hope we have too many resources in ourselves and in each other to find any situation lonely. I should be almost as sorry to find my children dependent on society, as disdainful of it."

I felt nearly out of patience, but scolded myself for my absurdity, and replied very civilly that I thought he was perfectly right.

"I must look to you," he continued, "for information concerning those with whom I hope, ere long to become personally intimate. You have just been staying with the Bryants, have you not?"

I acquiesced, and said a few warm words in praise of those dear creatures.

"My girls," proceeded the colonel, "anticipate much pleasure and profit from the society of their cousins. Anna is looking forward to an acquaintance with Katharine, who must, I think, be nearly her own age. Is it not so, Anna?"

"I really don't know papa," returned Anna; "I have not the slightest recollection of my cousin Katharine, and I never thought about her age."

"She is five-and-twenty," said I, secretly amused at seeing that the colonel appeared a little disconcerted by this speech. "Do you remember Frederic? He has just been distinguishing himself greatly at college."

"He promised to be clever," remarked the colonel, "though I should have supposed him rather brilliant than solid. He visited us at Nice, during his first college vacation, and I observed, then, a certain tendency to repartee in conversation, a disinclination to the steady pursuit of any discussion, and indeed, in some instances, an apparent incapacity to feel the force of the arguments which were employed against him, which, however natural in so young a man—and I hope I am always ready to make allowances for youth—were more creditable to his wit and imagination than to his judgment."

"He has just taken a double first class," said I, as demurely as I could.

"Indeed!" replied my brother-in law, "I rejoice to hear it. And George—he must be growing into a man now—has he not some unfortunate impediment in his speech?"

"He stammers a little," answered I, "but we hope it is improving. It will be a great disadvantage to him if he enters the church."

"A great deal more may be done towards curing or concealing those little natural defects than people are apt to imagine," observed the colonel, complacently; "I speak from experience. If I were so unfortunate as to stammer, I should assume a slow, and, as it were, explanatory mode of speaking, by which the repetition of the word or syllable would generally be avoided, and in which, when such a repetition *did* occur, it would seem rather an intentional emphasis, in character with the manner, than an inevitable defect."

"Do you think stammering could be cured by such a system, papa?" asked Anna.

"I am not prepared to say that it could be *cured*, my dear," returned her father, "but I believe it might, except in very bad cases, be rendered perfectly inoffensive. In a somewhat analogous case, I have followed a similar plan myself, with complete success. Since I last saw Miss Forde—" (with a bow and a smile to me) "I have been afflicted with a slight tendency to gout, but by adopting a slower manner of moving, which is certainly not unsuited to my advancing years," [another smile,] "I have so effectually concealed it, that I would venture to say, that no person, unacquainted with the circumstance, would ever guess it; and that Miss Forde herself would be puzzled to decide in which foot the malady lay."

By the time he had finished this speech, he had turned to me with an air of modest and triumphant inquiry, and I was once more reduced to my little stupid laugh, for in the first five minutes I had seen as clearly as possible that he had got the gout, that he had it in his left foot, and that he was trying to look as if he had not got it at all. Fortunately his self-complacency on this subject was too secure to be easily alarmed, and he took my short chuckle for

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a sign of complete approbation. Soon afterwards we rose to quit the dining-room, the colonel holding the door open for us with profound politeness. As we passed out, he stopped Janet, put his arm round her waist, and kissed her cheek, I suppose, in token of complete reconciliation. After all, he is a good creature, and I like him very much.

Anna apologized for leaving me alone with her sister till tea-time. She is learning German, and her master, who has many engagements in Exeter, which is fourteen miles from Duncombe Park, is able to attend her only at this unusual hour. I was not sorry for the opportunity of improving my acquaintance with my youngest and most attractive niece; so we sat down together on the sofa, and in a very short time she was chattering away with innocent freedom, and with a fluency for which I had scarcely given her credit. "But, tell me," said I, after listening with interest to her glowing description of the last year which they had spent at Rome, when, as she observed, she was beginning to be old enough really to enjoy the wonders, and appreciate the advantages, around her, "tell me something about Charles. Was he with you at Rome?"

"No," she replied, casting down her eyes, while her face was overspread with sadness; "it had all happened before then."

"It!—what?" inquired I, my curiosity now thoroughly roused. "What is the matter about my favorite, Charles?"

"Oh, aunt Margaret, that is just what I wish so much to tell you," returned the little girl; "I have got a letter for you from him," added she, first giving a cautious glance round the room, and then drawing a paper from her pocket, which she hastily put into my hand, "but before you read it, I must tell you a little, or you will not understand it. Charles is married."

"Married!" repeated I, in utter amazement, yet scarcely able to keep from laughing at the absurdity of the thing—that my heedless nephew should be a husband, and that he should employ his little sister clandestinely to convey a letter on the subject to me, his almost unknown aunt, was really altogether so very astonishing, and so completely puzzling, that the eagerness with which I demanded further information was no more than might have been expected. Janet informed me, that Charles had become attached to a young French lady at Nice, and that, his father's prejudice against an alliance with a foreigner being absolutely insurmountable, he had married her privately, about four years ago. With all the sanguine ardor of his character, he hoped that the colonel would pardon him when the thing was irrevocably done, though he never would have permitted him to do it. He was wofully mistaken. "Oh, aunt Margaret," said the innocent narrator, "I never shall forget the evening when it all came out. It was very dreadful. Charles had been away for about a fortnight—he pretended it was to make a little tour—but, in reality, he had gone to be married to Mademoiselle de Millebrun. We were all sitting at tea, when there was a loud ring at the bell, and the next moment the door opened, and in he came. He looked odd and excited, as I afterwards remembered, but at the time I was so pleased to see him return unexpectedly, that I did not notice it, but jumped up to kiss him, while papa said, a little gravely, 'Why, Charles, you have taken us quite by surprise. We have not received any letter—but I suppose you wrote, to announce that you were coming?' Papa particularly dislikes surprises of any kind."

"I dare say he does," rejoined I, observing that she paused, and I added, in my own mind, "they must break in terribly upon those systematic methods of moving and speaking, which he thinks so clever."

Janet continued:—

"Well, I scarcely know how it all happened, and, indeed, I hardly understood it, even then—but after a few incoherent attempts to talk as usual, he broke quite desperately into the subject. 'My dear father,' said he, 'will you forgive me for the first disobedience to your commands of which I have ever been guilty? My—' here he hesitated—'you know, my—the strength of my affection for Adêle—for Mademoiselle de Millebrun, and'—My father stood up, and his face was terrible with anger—it was quite white, and he drew his lips together as if he were almost afraid of speaking. 'Anna and Janet,' said he, in a very low, quick voice, 'go to your own rooms—I do not choose that you should hear this.' Anna got up, and left the room directly, and I stole after her, quite terrified, for, you know, I love Charles so very dearly, and so I could not help lingering a little, and was just going to take his hand, for sometimes, when papa is angry, he lets me coax him, and is quite kind again. But I did not understand how terribly serious he was now, and I met a glance from his eye which frightened me so much, that I dared not stay. Half-an-hour passed—oh, what a half-hour it was! I was by myself, and in the dark—I had a kind of feeling that I would not ring for a candle, lest the servants should find anything out, so I sat down on my bed, and cried, I hardly knew why, and tried to hear the sound of their voices in the room below, but I only heard Charles' voice now and then, and that was a bad sign, for when papa is excessively angry, he always speaks low. Suddenly there was total silence; and, a minute afterwards, I heard a step at my door, and a whisper, 'Janet, are you there?' I ran forwards, and poor Charles clasped me in his arms, and kissed me again and again. I felt his hot tears upon my cheek, and I sobbed, so that I could not speak to him, and he said nothing but 'Good-by, my own darling! God bless you! good-by!'—at last he seemed to make a great effort to control himself, and said to me, hurriedly, and in a whisper, as if he was afraid of being interrupted or overheard, 'My dearest Janet, you are not old enough to understand all that has happened, but thus much I must tell you. I am married to Mademoiselle de Millebrun—she is now my wife, and she already loves you as a sister—and Anna, too, of course. But my father is very angry about it, and has desired me to go away, and refused to see my wife, or to allow me to see you, my own sisters, again. He says he will never forgive me, and though he did not blame Adêle so much, because she is so very young, only seventeen, he said over and over again, that as long as he lived, I should never set foot within his doors again. I am afraid he will keep this promise only too strictly, and so I have stolen up stairs to say good-by to you, and to beg you, as you grow older, never to forget this last conversation—never to forget how much I love you, nor that I have told you, that upon my word and honor, your new sister, Adêle, is as innocent as a child, and that you must think of her with affection, and never suffer anybody to teach you to think unkindly either of her or of me. Will you promise me this?' You can fancy how I felt, aunt Margaret, and what I answered, as well as I could for my tears. I am not telling you about myself, you know, but about

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Charles. He then went on to say, that he was afraid of doing wrong in telling such a child as I was to hide anything from my father, but he did not know what to do, he could not bear to go on without hearing from me and writing to me. So he settled this plan. We have an old nurse who has lived with us ever since papa married, and who is so fond of Charles that she would cut off her hand to do him a pleasure. Twice a year Charles was to write to me under cover to her, and I was to answer his letter, and trust to her to get it taken secretly to the post—"

"It was not right, my love," interposed I; "he should not have done it. I pity him very, *very* much—but, indeed, it was wrong."

"It is more my fault than his," returned Janet, blushing with earnestness. "In the second letter that Charles sent me he told me that he felt he had done wrong, that his conscience was uneasy on the subject, and that, great as was the sacrifice, he must give up hearing from me. But I could not bear it; so I persisted in writing to him just the same, and, you know, he could not help answering my letters."

"Well, well," said I, inwardly feeling that in poor Charles the boy was truly father to the man, and that he had grown up the same impetuous, warm-hearted creature, governed by impulse rather than principle, that he was at fourteen—"well, well, Janet, go on with your story."

"There is not much more to tell," she answered, "Charles made me fetch Anna to wish him good-by——"

"Oh!" said I;—"and Anna—is she very fond of Charles? Why did he not go to her instead of to you?"

"Because," replied Janet, with a little embarrassment, "he knew Anna would never have agreed to write to him against papa's wishes—besides, Anna and Charles—I don't know—they used not to be so *very* fond of each other—they used sometimes to quarrel. But Anna was very sorry indeed, and cried a great deal, both that night and the next morning. I often thought she was vexed, too, that Charles did not go first to her, for she never would speak upon the subject at all, but if ever I mentioned it, she bade me 'Never mind,' and said, I was too young to be able to understand anything about it."

"Does she not know that you write to Charles, then?" asked I, in some surprise.

"Oh, no, no! I dare not tell her; she would think it wrong, and then she would tell papa directly."

"And has she heard nothing of her brother, then, for four years?" cried I, unable to suppress my wonder.

"Yes; she has heard of him now and then, through a third person," answered Janet; "Charles and his wife settled at Boulogne—they are very, *very* poor, and he wanted to live as cheaply as possible, but, I believe, he has found the place dearer than he expected. Now, we have a friend near Boulogne, with whom Anna corresponds, and this lady always writes word how Charles is; from her, too, papa and Anna heard of the births of his two children. Anna always gives the letters to papa, but he never makes any comment upon them."

"And Colonel Harwood has never shown any signs of relenting? Four years!—it is a long time to be angry with a son."

"Why, I am coming to that," said Janet; "it is the strangest part of all. Anna's friend, who wishes well to Charles, has more than once written to say how very poor he is—how much distressed in his circumstances. He has tried to support himself by giving lessons in English, Latin, and drawing, in which he is a proficient; but he got very few pupils, and now he has three persons besides himself to maintain, and he grows poorer and poorer. At first, he could not bear that Adêle should work too, but he has been obliged to give up his objection, and she embroiders, and teaches music, but still they earn very little."

"Has Adêle no relations?" interrupted I.

"No, none," said Janet. "Her family was well-nigh extirpated at the time of the revolution. Her mother was its only living representative besides herself, and she died a year after Adêle's marriage. I believe her fortune, which is very, very small, is all they have to live upon except their earnings."

"And his father can bear to know this?" exclaimed I.

CHAPTER II.

Janet proceeded with her story—"The last letter from Anna's friend arrived about five weeks ago, and gave a most melancholy account of them. They had been then several months without any pupils at all, and the lady said she believed they would come to England to seek employment, if it were not that they had been compelled to run in debt at Boulogne, and, not being able to pay their debts, of course they could not leave the place. Papa gave this letter back to Anna, as he had done all the others, without saying a word. But two days afterwards nurse told me that among the letters sent to the post that morning, had been one directed in papa's hand-writing to Mrs. Charles Harwood to the care of Madame Viéville, Grande Rue, Boulogne. I was surprised that he wrote to Adêle and not to Charles; however I felt very happy, and thought it was all going to turn out well at last. I thought so still more, when, a fortnight afterwards, as we rose to leave the dining-room, papa told us, in his shortest manner, that Mrs. Charles Harwood and her children were coming to spend the Christmas with us. I could have jumped for joy, and in my ecstasy I could not help saying, 'Oh! papa,—and Charles?' He knit his brow and said, 'Understand, both of you, that this is a subject on which I do not choose to be spoken to. You are to hear what I say, and make no answer.' Of course I dared not reply, but still I felt quite confident and very happy, till last Thursday, when nurse gave me a packet from Charles containing that note for you. There was also a letter for me, in which he told me that papa had written very shortly to Adêle, saying that he wished herself and her two children to spend the Christmas with him. Poor Charles was in ecstasies—he thought this was certainly the first step to a reconciliation—he made Adêle answer the cold, brief invitation in the most grateful terms, and he himself wrote a long letter full of thanks, expressions of affection and repentance, and entreaties for forgiveness. This letter was immediately returned unopened. It was enclosed to Adêle, and in the cover were written these few lines:—

"'Madam—I shall be happy to receive yourself and your children as soon after the 17th of December as you can make it convenient to come to me. I return you unread a letter which never should have been written, and which never could have been sent, had you not made the great mistake of supposing that I could not distinguish between the misled and the misleader—between mere weakness and positive sin. *You* have never yet had any duty

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towards me to fulfil, and therefore you have transgressed none. I remain, madam, your sincere well-wisher, EVERARD HARWOOD.'

"Oh, what harsh, harsh words!" cried poor Janet, interrupted by her own tears.

After a moment's pause she resumed her tale,—

"Charles told me that, in spite of these bitter words, which have made him very miserable, he cannot give up all hope; he thinks still that papa *must* be intending to relent, and therefore he has decided that Adêle and the children shall certainly come. He desires me to tell you the whole history before you read his letter to you, and—but now, dear aunt Margaret, please read the letter."

I opened the paper, as she desired, and read as follows:—

"My dear kind aunt Peggy,—"

"Poor Charles!" said I, involuntarily stopping to wipe my eyes. I began again,—

"My dear kind aunt Peggy—For well do I remember your kindness to me when I was a boy, and I should indeed be most ungrateful if I could forget the thousand and one treats and presents with which you used to brighten my school-days. It is the recollection of all this which makes me hope to find a friend in you now, and if you have not quite forgotten the affection which I know you used to bear me, (and I think it would be a hard matter for you to leave off loving any one,) you will not refuse to help me now that Janet has told you my sad story, and you know how unhappy I am."

"But how, *how* can I possibly help him?" asked I, interrupting myself again.

"Read on, and you will see!" cried Janet, whose face was full of joyful hope. I continued to read—

"I will not take up your time by defences or apologies for my conduct. I was to blame—I was wrong—I don't seek to deny it, either to myself or to others. But I am severely punished, when I see the sweetest wife that ever brought happiness to a man's heart and home, and two innocent babes, actually suffering from want. Of my own personal affliction from the displeasure of a father whom I must ever revere, and the cessation of intercourse with sisters whom I love most tenderly, I will say little. Perhaps I deserved it. But has not my punishment lasted long enough? Now, my dear aunt Peggy," (the boy must know by instinct how that name wins its way to my heart,) "will you use your influence in my behalf? My father has the highest opinion of you. I have heard him say repeatedly that there is no person to whom he would so willingly confide the education of his daughters as to yourself. He has likewise a warmer feeling towards you, remembering that you were the favorite sister of my poor mother. I cannot help imagining that he is now just in the state of mind only to require to have the matter reasonably put before him to induce him to yield. I cannot but hope that a few arguments and a little persuasion from you would win my cause. Will you refuse to make the attempt? No, I am quite sure you will not; and the idea of your consent sends a feeling of happiness through my heart, to which it has been very long a stranger. God bless you, my dear aunt Peggy, and prosper you in the effort which I am sure you will make for me. I need not commend my Adêle to your kindness—you will love her the moment you see her. And as to the piccaninnies, I know you love all babies, and I don't think you will like my little son and heir the less because he is reckoned the image of his unlucky father. Perhaps you will say I should write 'blamable' for 'unlucky,' and perhaps you are right—however, amid all my faults and misfortunes, I have still pleasure in signing myself, Your affectionate and grateful nephew, CHARLES HARWOOD."

I put down the letter, and there was Janet's beaming face at my side. She clasped her arms about my neck, half-sobbing, and saying, "Oh dear aunt Margaret, you say yes, don't you? you will try for poor Charles, I 'm sure you will." What could I do but kiss her, and promise to do my best? yet never did maiden aunt feel more bewildered than I did in the new position I had thus involuntarily assumed. In the first place, I was a little afraid of my brother-in-law at all times; and, in the present instance, I felt by no means sure that he would not resent my interference, as quite uncalled for and impertinent. But then both Janet and Charles seemed so secure of my influence with him; and then, thought I, suppose I *should* succeed, suppose I *should* reconcile son and father, of what happiness should I be the cause, and what a delightful remembrance it would be for me, to the end of my life! Owen says, that to appeal to me about my usefulness, or my influence with others, is attacking me on my weak side. And certainly, when I leave a house, I *do* like to be able to say to myself that I have done some good in it. How could there be a better opportunity of doing good than this? I am getting sanguine, and my hopes outweigh my fears.

I am the more inclined to be confident because I cannot but agree with Charles that the invitation to Adêla, cold and ungracious as it is, must be considered as a sign that the colonel intends to relent. If he has no such intention, why did he not send them a remittance, instead of that unaccountable invitation? Poor dear Charles! Who could have fancied that he remembered me so well and so kindly? He was always a favorite of mine, but I little thought that the trifling kindnesses of so many years ago would make so deep an impression. How he must have suffered! and my sweet little Janet, too—what a singular mixture of prudence and feeling has she shown for so young a girl! The prudence has been taught her by fear, which, as I have often observed, will teach a sorrowful kind of caution, very painful to witness, even to a little child. But Anna—there is a mystery in her. She must have a cold heart, I am afraid; perhaps her affections have never been encouraged to expand, for I suspect Janet is the favorite both with brother and father. As to Colonel Harwood, the more I reflect on his character the more hopeful I feel, though I was at first so much cast down. His temper, though roused to one violent ebullition by such defiance of authority, is evidently under control, and would certainly never show itself towards me, of whom he has so high an opinion. But I must go to work very carefully, and manage to introduce the subject at the right time, and in the right manner. Everything depends upon that. Some people in my situation would go blundering straightforward to the point they wished to attain, and spoil their work by their clumsy method of doing it. But I fancy I have rather an aptness for the sort of thing, and, with the help of a little woman's wit, I do not despair of succeeding.

I am writing this account of my first day at Duncombe Park, in my bedroom, before going to rest, and I have so lost the thread of my story in meditating on the grand effort which I am to make to-morrow, that I had nearly forgotten to say how the evening passed off. There is not much to re-

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cord. Anna joined us at the tea-table, and I tried to win my way through her reserve by talking to her of the German poets, with whom I supposed she was beginning to make acquaintance. But she seems more occupied with the grammatical structure of the language, than with its literary stores, and she has a school-method of classing the "stars" which somewhat amused me. She puts Schiller above Uhland because he is less easy to comprehend, while Göthe stands highest of all, not by reason of his marvellous genius, but "because he is so very difficult." The exquisite "Hermann and Dorothea," is however an exception among his works, and was contemptuously dismissed with the observation, "Oh, that is quite easy; I read that when I was only a beginner." This manner of judging was new to me as applied to literature, though I have remarked that it is common enough with reference to the fine arts; the accomplished pianist who utterly despises Mozart, and takes a cool superior tone above Beethoven, will speak with rapture of Thalberg or Doehler, and with a reverent awe of Chapin, proportioned to the difficulty of unravelling the involved mazes of his time, and deciphering the mysterious double sharps and triple flats, wherewith he is pleased to diversify the monotonous simplicity of musical notation. He is a politic man doubtless. Who cares for plain C? It is a note of no importance or dignity whatever. But call it D double flat, and immediately it is invested with a character of grandeur and originality which it might have sought to attain by any other means, in vain. The doctor who tells you to drink camomile tea three times a day, has no title to your respect—no claim upon your faith. He might have won both if he had but had the sense to call for a sheet of paper, and write—*Decoctio florar: camomil: ter diem.*

After tea, my brother-in-law, who had watched my conversation with Anna, with evident satisfaction, (I kept it up the more diligently because I am of course anxious to encourage the high estimation in which I find that he holds me, and because I observed that he was pleased to see that I was likely to assist his daughters in their studies,) drew his chair forward and addressed me in his blandest and most cordial manner. "I like," said he, "to encourage and keep up all the old-fashioned customs connected with this season of the year. I am no enemy to merry-making in proper place and time, and among the other innocent amusements with which our grandfathers and grandmothers were accustomed to while away the long winter evenings, I, for one, see no objection to a good game of cards." His voice assumed a tone half inquiring, half congratulatory, as he closed his speech, and slightly rubbing his hands together, he looked pointedly at me, as much as to say, "Here 's a tolerant, benevolent, cheerful, benignant brother-in-law and father of a family for you." The plain English of these words and looks of deferential self-approval, was, that Colonel Harwood chose, on every winter's evening to play whist for two mortal hours, and that I was expected to supply the place of the Dumbie who ordinarily held the fourth hand in the rubber. I positively detest cards, and am generally in the habit of making all sorts of mistakes, even in the simplest games; this evening, however, in pursuance of my plan of establishing myself in my brother-in-law's good graces, and maintaining him in that good opinion of me which he has chosen to adopt, I assumed my place at the table very amiably, and gave my whole attention to the matter in hand. And as, happily for me, I was Janet's partner, my want of skill passed unnoticed, for the colonel was too well pleased to win, to depreciate the abilities of his antagonists, and we parted for the night, the best possible friends. And now, before I lay my head on my pillow, one more look upon those skies of dark, clear frosty blue, on which every star stands out like a hewn projection of glittering diamond. Oh, perpetual reproof of the littleness of man! Is it not marvellous that he has walked beneath you for five thousand years, and has not yet received the placidity of your greatness into his soul!, Would it not seem as though one glance upon the majesty of the midnight heavens were enough so to subdue, calm, and humble the spirit of a mortal, that all strifes, envyings, and jealousies, all vanity and all meanness, should depart from it, never to return, giving place to noble shame, and assured though reverent hope!—Surely he who should ask his bitterest foe to forgive him, amid the silent magnificence of night, could never be repulsed!—Poor Charles! My last thought before I sleep is of you—my last prayer is for the reconciliation of the father and son, and a voice within assures me that it shall not remain unanswered.

December 15th.—What a simpleton have I been! I could beat myself for very vexation! My ridiculous vanity has been at the bottom of it all—I am ashamed to look back at the pages of my journal and see how I had worked myself up into believing that I was appointed to heal the wounds and soothe the differences of this family. It is astonishing that I could so deceive myself. And now I have done harm instead of good; and I wish my tongue had been cut out before it exposed itself and me by such uncalled for absurdity. Well, it is fit that I should narrate all the particulars of my unhappy failure, as a punishment for the past, and a lesson for the future. I found no opportunity in the course of the morning for introducing the important subject. I had weighed the matter well in my mind, and decided that the presence of my nieces would be an obstacle to my success, and that I must choose some occasion when I should be alone with their father for making the attempt. This view I founded upon my supposed comprehension of the colonel's character, and I plumed myself not a little upon the penetration wherewith I imagined that I had estimated his various peculiarities, and the skill wherewith I believed myself to be suiting, allowing for, and taking advantage of them. Poor, silly aunt Peggy! you are fit for nothing but worsted-work, letter-writing and small talk! It seems to me, now, as though Charles and Janet were mad to give me such a commission—but theirs are young heads—what is to be said of the discretion of their mature confidante and agent?

To proceed, however—I passed the whole day in studying to please and oblige my brother-in-law. At breakfast he amused himself by giving me, in a style at once elevated and colloquial, sublime and familiar, a sketch of the habits and pursuits of himself and his household. Had not every tone and gesture so completely expressed "this is the picture of a rational and happy family!" I believe I should have responded to his description by that very remark; but this incessant modest consciousness, and candid confession of great merit, effectually checks all disposition to admire. I found that he considered it part of his duty as a father, to exercise a certain sort of superintendence over the education of his children; at present he was engaged

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in reading Italian with Anna, and giving Janet lessons in history. After all, he is really a well-read and accomplished man, and I have no right to ridicule him. His system of historical instruction seems to be a particular hobby; all his information is imparted by means of tables which he draws up, and which Janet has to study till she is thoroughly mistress of the dates and succession of incidents for the period under consideration. It is then her business to compile from books, with which he supplies her, an abridged account of all the events noted in the table, according to the order of their occurrence. The colonel is exactly the kind of man to reduce all knowledge to a matter of tables, systems, and abridgments. Nothing that exceeds the limits of a book of reference appears to him worthy of acquisition; and I could fancy him giving a "Tabular view of the characters in Shakspeare's plays, forming a key to a condensed edition of his works, in which all the similies are omitted, and every phrase, scene, or allusion, which has no direct reference to the evolution of the story, carefully expunged." In the plenitude of my amiability on this unlucky day, I offered him my assistance in drawing up the parallel tables of the histories of France, England, Spain, and Italy, during the first half of the thirteenth century, on which he was then employed. He seemed greatly pleased at the idea; and I worked for a couple of hours under his direction. When the tea-things were removed in the evening, it appeared that poor Anna was suffering from so violent a headache, that she was unable to take her place at the whist-table, and the colonel, with a vivacity that surprised me, proposed that he and I should adjourn to his study, and finish the business of the morning—a suggestion in which I, of course, readily acquiesced. He seemed quite eager about it; it is amusing how rapidly the primness and pompousness of a man will evaporate under the influence of a real, downright hobby—for all men have their hobbies, even the prim and the pompous. He lighted a candle himself, and conducted me to his sanctum, moving, however, with the staid dignity which his gout rendered necessary, and which, on the present occasion, seemed more burthensome to him than usual. We there spent half an hour in hunting for authorities, after which we were to return to the drawing-room, to work upon the materials we had obtained. But, alas! my head was full of poor Charles, and my own enterprising determination. Instead of being an assistance to him, I was the greatest possible drawback; I turned over the leaves of a kind of dream, gave every date wrong, fitted the personages of one country into the history of another, violently compelling them to assume the costume of a third, and winding up my description with an abridged account of the arts, manufactures, and literature, of a fourth. The colonel is not a bright man, and his confusion was boundless.—"What is your authority," asked he at last, with much politeness, as he held my rough sketch in his hand, "what is your authority for attributing the social state of Spain in the thirteenth century, to the effect of the Norman invasion in the twelfth? You have mentioned it several times, and here, I see, you name 'the Conqueror,' but without designating more particularly the leader of this Norman invasion."

"You have got the sketch of England," cried I, in some perturbation. "No indeed," he returned, showing me the word *Spain*, in large letters, at the head of the unlucky sheet. "Will you have the goodness to let me look at the volume from which you have drawn up this little account."

In a kind of bewilderment, I handed him Adam's Roman Antiquities, which happened to stand next Rapin, and he spent at least five minutes in hunting through the index with knitted brows, and a face of increasing surprise, before it occurred to him to look at the title. Then his patience did seem a little disturbed, and I even thought I heard him mutter to himself the words, "Confound the Roman Antiquities!" However, he speedily recovered his usual courtesy, and proposed that we should return to the drawing-room, adding with a smile, that he thought I had had work enough for one day. He rose as he spoke, and I felt desperate. It is clear, that I could not have chosen a worse moment for my experiment than this, but some spirit of evil judgment possessed me, and I plunged into the dilemma headforemost, without pausing to consider.

"I wished to speak to you, Colonel Harwood," said I, getting extremely hot, and feeling, at the instant, as if I were pronouncing my own sentence of transportation for life.

Standing still in his progress towards the door, he turned towards me with an air of polite interrogation. He said nothing, and I was compelled to proceed, though I felt that it was an abrupt and unpromising beginning.

"I have a great favor to ask—or rather, it is not a favor to me, but to your dear girls—your dear children I should say, and even to yourself." His brow visibly darkened, but, by this time, I had warmed with my subject, and went on fluently. "Ah, my dear brother, it is so grievous that there should be a disunion in your family—now at this joyful time of year, when, as you say yourself, all those who love each other ought to draw the bonds of their affection more closely, and feel that the one great cause for common thankfulness and common humiliation should heal all wounds and reconcile all differences: do not be angry with me for imploring you to forgive poor Charles, and take your son back to your heart again. He is sincerely penitent; that I know—and surely he has suffered long enough, and bitterly enough. If his dear mother were alive, how earnestly would she join my entreaty; for her sake, if for no other reason, grant him your forgiveness, and let us celebrate this Christmas by a happy meeting of the whole happy family."

While I spoke, the expression of my brother-in law's countenance had changed from boundless astonishment to extreme indignation, and it was only the strong effort which he made to restrain his passion and behave with becoming calmness, which prevented him from bursting in upon me, ere I had concluded. As it was, he did hear me to the end, though I am quite certain, that from the moment in which he became aware of the purport of my speech, he neither listened nor heeded, but was solely employed in subduing his wrath, so as to be able to cut the matter short at once with due dignity, but at the same time with a proper degree of politeness and composure. It was in this spirit that he answered—

"You must pardon me, my good lady, but this interference in family matters is scarcely well judged. I should be very sorry to speak harshly to you, and I am quite sure that you have the best possible intentions. After I have once put it clearly before you, that I am the sole judge of my own conduct, and that your position as a greatly esteemed sister,

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does not exactly entitle you to direct or advise me in the management of my family, I feel sure that your own good sense will show you that you have been in error, and that delicacy and propriety will induce you to avoid mentioning the subject to me again. Let us therefore forget the last five minutes, and return to our former friendly intercourse as if they had not occurred."

He thought he had done it to perfection. The mixture of authority, gentleness, and resolution, could not have been better contrived to overwhelm me with shame and reduce me to silence. But, as he uttered the last gracious words, and was advancing with a slight and dignified wave of the hand to quit the room, that spiteful little demon who seemed ever on the watch to convert his sublimity into absurdity, caused him to stumble against a footstool, and, in order to save himself from falling, he was obliged to sit down with extreme suddenness on a chair which happened to stand near. As he did so, however, he maintained an air of unconsciousness, though his face flushed a little, and he looked boldly at me, as much as to say, "Will you presume to think for a moment that I did not intend to sit down in this chair?" And now, what can I say for myself? At my age, under my circumstances, with my whole heart full of interest for poor Charles, and indignation against his father, was it not inexcusable that I was unable to restrain my sense of the ludicrousness of this little incident? I could *not* restrain it, and I laughed aloud, though his eyes were full upon me. No offence could be greater than this. Actually pale with passion, he turned from me, saying in a suppressed tone of voice, "This levity, madam, is wholly unaccountable, unless I am to suppose it a premeditated insult." He struck his hand vehemently and angrily upon his writing-desk as he spoke, and the historical tables flew upwards with a great flap, and put out the candle. The scene was now complete—or rather it attained perfection in the next minute, when my stately and furious brother-in-law, finding himself in the dark, and at an equally great distance from the door and the bell, was literally obliged to solicit the aid of my arm to return to the drawing-room, having twice struck his gouty foot against some obnoxious chair or table, in his attempt to complete the transit unassisted. "Will you have the goodness to give me your arm as far as the hall?" said he, in a short, snappish, sulky tone of voice, as unlike as possible to his usual dignified suavity. I hastened to comply, and happy was it for me that he could not see my face, for, as we cautiously traversed the study floor, and I felt the pressure of his arm upon mine, and knew all the while that he was absolutely boiling over with rage against me, it was all I could do to keep from laughing in his face a second time. Anna's headache was a great comfort to us during the awkward hour and a half which passed ere we separated for the night. It was a sufficient reason for the profound silence which prevailed. The sufferer lay on the sofa and never spoke; Janet and I sat side by side, engaged with our embroidery, and occasionally conversing in suppressed tones, and my poor brother-in-law leaned back in his easy-chair, and pretended to read. Never was a man so thoroughly confounded and thrown out of his usual mode of action as he was that evening. I suppose such a thing had never occurred to him in his life before, nor had the faintest vision of the possibility of such a thing ever crossed his mind. And he really was quite at a loss, and did not know how to behave under it. This too was one of the most annoying facts of his position to him. Under all circumstances that had hitherto befallen him, he had preserved his conscious and elaborate dignity unruffled—whether he were acting the gracious host, the kind father, the stately master, or the severe disciplinarian, he had been decided, self-contemplative, and self-satisfied in all. The bursts of passion to which he had occasionally given way, had frightened those with whom he had to deal, and left him sole master of the field, with his foes flying on every hand. But he now found himself in the situation of the Chinese general, (pardon the anachronism!) who painted his soldiers' faces, and made them clatter shovels and tongs together in order to scare the English—the English did not run away, they stood still and laughed—and the baffled general, not knowing how to make his mode of attack more awful, tore his pigtail for very vexation. My poor brother-in-law! How guilty I felt as I stole from time to time a peep at his flushed and troubled countenance, and perceived clearly that he was quite incapable of attending to the newspaper which he held in his hand, but that his angry and bewildered mind was employed in recapitulating to itself my heinous offences, and musing over the possibility of inflicting adequate punishment. I wished him good night like a culprit, and from the brusque and (to use an unclassical but most expressive word) grumpy manner in which he replied, I knew that he had not yet recovered himself. I wonder on what line of conduct he will determine. I should not be much surprised at receiving notice to quit to-morrow morning. And now to bed—but scarcely, I am afraid, to sleep. The colonel cannot be more provoked with me than I am with myself, and the recollection of Charles and Adèle banishes all disposition to slumber, and seems to put me into a fever.

CHAPTER III.

Dec. 16th.—The colonel has chosen his line of action, and I have discovered it in a manner which precludes the possibility of mistake. As I descended to breakfast this morning, I heard him talking to his daughters, and paused for a moment on the threshold of the room. "Your aunt Margaret, my dears," said he, in a sustained and complacent tone of voice, "is a very good, but a very weak woman. I should wish you to show her every possible kindness during the time of her stay with us, but at the same time I would have you very careful not to suffer her thoughts or sentiments to have any influence over your own." "That is exactly what I thought of her, papa," responded Anna, with alacrity. In I walked, as demure as possible, and quite contented to be forgiven, because I was counted for a fool. Here is the end of all my secret self-congratulations on the high place which I held in my brother-in-law's good opinion! I am properly punished for my vanity. And now we all go on very peacefully, though in a strange manner enough. The colonel tacitly avoids me as much as possible, but is very civil to me when we come in contact; there is an air of good-humored condescension about him, and an evident endeavor to let himself down to my level when he does speak to me; nevertheless he seems half conscious that his superiority is not genuine, and never meets my eye if he can help it. He no longer treats me to orations of labored ease, on his ways, thoughts, and principles; but this is manifestly a great restraint to him, and more than once he has

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begun involuntarily, and got as far as "My position as father of a family——" but here *ought* to come the affable little bow to me, so here he stops, clears his throat with an air of vexed recollection indescribably comic, glances towards me with a half alarmed expression, to see whether I am laughing, and suffers the premature speech to die a natural death, one scarcely knows how. Anna follows his lead very closely, and is as cool and civil as she can be. The only difference between them is, that she sometimes brings me a difficult passage in her German studies, and looks a good deal provoked when she finds that I am able to explain it. Sweet little Janet continues faithful and fond, and wins every day on my affections. I told her simply that I had made the effort to soften her father, but had completely failed; and though she cried bitterly, she was so grateful to me for my zeal in her brother's cause, that she seems to love me all the better for it. If it were not for her, and for my great anxiety to see Adêle, who is to arrive the day after to-morrow and to discover what the colonel's intentions are with regard to her, I think I should bring my visit to a very speedy conclusion. As it is, I shall stay to the end of the month for which I was originally invited; but I cannot help thinking that I shall not soon receive a second summons to Duncombe Park.

Dec. 18th.—Adêle is here. She arrived from Exeter at about 12 o'clock to-day. I scarcely know whether I like her or not, and at present I certainly do not understand her. I must begin at the beginning, however, and write down all that has taken place, and perhaps, in so doing, I may attain a clearer comprehension of my own thoughts concerning her. Anna and I were at work in the drawing-room when she arrived; a little confusion in the hall, and the pleasant sound of a young child's voice, announced her, some five minutes before she actually made her appearance. I longed to run out and bid her welcome; indeed, I was in the very act of doing so, but Anna sat perfectly still, and I felt as if I had no right to be more *empressée* than she was. Janet was in the schoolroom taking her French lesson; so altogether there was an awkward, chilly pause, during which I looked wistfully at the door, and pitied with all my heart the young stranger whose entrance I expected every minute, and whose feelings I could well imagine. I consoled myself by remembering that she was a Frenchwoman, and therefore was not likely to lose either grace or presence of mind, even under these most trying circumstances. I was not mistaken. She entered and received Anna's cold embrace without the slightest appearance of embarrassment, lifting her large, dark, brilliant eyes to her face with so fixed and penetrating a gaze, that the hostess was abashed rather than the guest. She held by the hand her little boy, a lovely child of three years old, and the nurse followed with the baby. I was touched, and even overcome, but so repelled by the mother's manner, that I was glad to hide my emotion by stooping to caress the little ones. Adêle is not regularly handsome, but her eyes are magnificent, and when she lifts her full, wan eyelids, the radiance absolutely astonishes you. She is small, and very fragile in figure, and her pale olive complexion gives the idea of delicate health. Her dress, and her whole aspect, had the painful air of poor gentility—telling clearly of an effort to make the smallest possible expenditure produce the best effect. Thus her gown, a common print, such as maid-servants wear, fitted her with the most scrupulous precision, and was made in the last style of fashion, her snowy cuffs and collar were embroidered by her own hands, and her coarse straw bonnet was put on with the grace of a true Frenchwoman. The fairy proportions of her feet and hands, and the quiet elegance of her whole deportment, might have become a duke's daughter. She said very few words, and her foreign accent was markedly perceptible. I could not make out at the time, neither can I tell now, whether she felt the meeting as she might be expected to feel it; one thing is certain, she is either very callous, or very accomplished in the art of controlling the emotions. Had I been in her place, I am sure that I could not have restrained my tears for a moment.

After the first greetings were exchanged, Adêle stooped to untie her little boy's straw hat, and she was thus engaged when the colonel entered the room. Now, thought I, comes the great trial; and, fully expecting her composure to give way, I advanced sympathizingly to her side, and said in a low voice, "Here is Colonel Harwood." I wanted to give her a moment's preparation for the encounter. Her face did flush a little, and she kept her eyes resolutely fixed on the ground; but, to my surprise, she very quietly finished releasing her boy from the confinement of his hat and large fur tippet, and then led him forward to his grandfather, whose salutation she received quite calmly, but in silence, and without raising her eyes for a moment. The child looked splendidly handsome; his cheeks glowing with the keen frosty air, and an abundance of rich brown curls falling around his bright innocent face, and resting on his plump white shoulders. Even the colonel seemed to be somewhat moved at the sight of his grandchildren; he twice cleared his throat, and his usual fluency forsook him. Nothing could be more painful than the silence and awkwardness of the whole party, and everybody appeared to feel it, except this inexplicable Adêle, who was quite placid and composed, though more silent than all the rest.

"What is your name, my fine fellow?" said the colonel, drawing his grandson towards him, and making a desperate effort to shake off the influence of the embarrassed faces around him. The child turned with an impulse of timidity to his mother, who put her hands upon his shoulders, and slightly urged him towards the questioner, without herself speaking. Then the little fellow lifted his cloudless blue eyes to Colonel Harwood's face, and replied in that grave, doubtful manner in which a young child strives to repeat anything that has been taught to it—"Everard, grandpapa—your own name;" then clinging to Adêle, with a fresh access of shyness, he added, in a loud whisper, "Is that right, mamma, is that right?"

Colonel Harwood walked abruptly to the window, and at this moment Janet entered; Anna introduced her to Adêle almost as if she had been an ordinary morning visitor, and it was a relief to the poor girl's overcharged feelings to turn to the baby, a sweet fair creature of eleven months old, which in five minutes she was nursing as though she understood the business scientifically, and had practised it all her life. Indeed, had it not been for the children, I do not know how we should have got through that interminable morning; the five hours which elapsed before we went to dress for dinner seemed longer than any hours that I ever passed in my life. Knowing, as I did, all the feelings which ought to have been, which *must* have been, burning with different degrees of intensity

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into the very heart of every member of the party, never did the ordinary etiquette and decorum of society appear so misplaced, so utterly senseless, so indescribably burdensome. But *I* certainly was not the person whose business it was to throw them aside, and, much as I longed to clasp my arms around Adêle, and tell her how completely she possessed my sympathy, and how ready I was to love her, a single glance at her cold, inanimate countenance effectually deterred me from any exhibition of the kind, and I was as quiet and well-behaved as the rest. Janet had all the natural shyness of a very young girl, who, not having sounded the depths of her own or of any other heart, scarcely comprehends what she finds there, and fears to express any feeling without a certain degree of encouragement. So we first walked a little in the grounds, and looked at the improvements, and admired the prospects; and then we talked of the weather, which certainly one would have thought was quite a safe theme; however, it naturally led to a comparison of the climates of France and England, and then we dropped it with one accord as leading us dangerously near the subject of Adêle's former life. Indeed, the one thought which must have been uppermost in each mind seemed to start up at every turn of the conversation, like a ghost, to scare us into silence. Scarcely a word was said that my busy fancy did not interpret into some possible innuendo, or allusion to things forbidden. It really was wretched, and my relief was boundless when the first dressing-bell sounded, and the restrained and uncongenial party who had been so long keeping up the mockery of politeness, had leave to separate.

As soon as my toilette was completed I went to Adêle's room to offer my assistance to her, thinking that her one maid must be sufficiently employed in unpacking the wardrobe and attending to the children. I tapped at the door, and receiving no answer, opened it to ascertain if the lady had already descended. Adêle was lying on the bed, her head thrown back, and her eyes closed. She was still in her morning dress, and I advanced in some alarm, inquiring if she was ill. At the first sound of my voice she started up, and her naturally pale cheeks were flushed with the deepest crimson as she hurriedly answered that she was a little tired with her journey, but quite well, and would dress immediately. In another moment she had recovered her calmness, and the manner in which she thanked me for my offered services, showed so clearly that she would rather be left alone, that I had nothing to do but to withdraw, which I did immediately, feeling that my intended kindness had been repulsed. Yet her manner was too gentle to give offence, and I could not divest myself of the idea that she was very unhappy. Even now I see her face before me, as it appeared when I entered the room unawares—the expression was that of exhaustion and acute suffering. Why does she thus withdraw from my sympathy? Surely she must see that, among these cold hearts, mine, at least, is ready to open to her with affection, if she would only let it. But there is that about her which effectually checks every demonstration on my part, and the more I warm towards her, the more resolutely and effectually chilling does she become.

The evening was as comfortless as the morning. Conversation was chiefly kept up by the colonel and his eldest daughter; I joined occasionally, rather because I felt the awkwardness of being silent than because I had anything to say. Janet was quiet and timid, and Adêle maintained the composure and reserve of her manner unaltered, scarcely lifting her eyes for a moment, and acquiescing in everything that was said, in as few words as possible. Sometimes I think she is excessively afraid of the colonel, which is not wonderful, considering their relative positions. Sometimes I think she is really and truly very dull, and has no opinion of her own about anything. Indeed, this latter supposition appears highly probable, from her total absence of interest in every subject that was discussed. Whether Anna spoke to her about the shortness of the days at this season of the year, or about the beauty and intelligence of little Everard, there was the same unmoved, unbrightening countenance, and the same unmeaning and polite affirmative. She has none of the volubility said to be so characteristic of her countrywomen, and I do not think she could bring herself to utter more than ten words in succession. Yet this is not from any difficulty of expressing herself in English, which she speaks with perfect ease, though, as I before observed, with the accent of a foreigner. The colonel is evidently observing her closely and forming his estimate of her character. I wonder whether he finds, or fancies that he finds, the problem easier to solve than I do. After tea, music was proposed by way of varying the entertainment of the evening; Anna and Janet played some duets very nicely, and Adêle performed a fantasia by Doehler with wonderful precision and brilliancy. The colonel, who has some taste for music, kindled into admiration, and pressed her to sing, which at first she very decidedly declined. When he reiterated the entreaty, however, appearing to imagine her refusal a piece of conventional young ladyism, she hesitated, colored, and finally moved to the piano, with the air of a victim, struck a few chords, and began Beethoven's exquisite "Kennst du das Land;" but her voice was hoarse and feeble, and scarcely carried her through the first page; when she attempted the accelerated time of the second, it failed her completely, she broke down in trying to reach the higher notes, and rose in some perturbation ere she had finished the verse, professing her total incapacity to continue. We were of course very civil in our regrets, but her want of power was so manifest, and her vexation at it so irrepressible, that the matter was immediately dropped.

Dec. 22nd.—The same state of affairs continues. I do not think that a single member of our party is more intimate with Adêle now, than when she arrived on the 18th; yet I have done my utmost to penetrate her reserve, and so has Janet, in her own innocent manner. Every morning directly after breakfast Adêle retires to her apartment for two hours, "in order," she says, "to carry on the education of her little boy." Of this the colonel highly approves, though, if the urchin, who is only three years old, were really pursuing his studies at the rate of two hours a day, I should consider it one of the most shocking evidences of the march of intellect that has ever come under my notice. I do not believe a word of it, however, and think it is only a pretext to obtain a short time of freedom during the day. At about twelve o'clock the lady appears, and stitches diligently at her worsted-work till luncheon; I have watched her, and I do not think she once lifts her eyes from the canvass. Such excessive industry is in itself a bar to conversation, and ours accordingly flags; five minutes being the average interval that elapses between the remarks that we respectively contrive to originate. After luncheon the carriage is ordered for a drive;

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Adêle and Anna invariably form two of the party, and I am sometimes a third, but more frequently the colonel drives out with them, and I take a long country ramble with Janet, which I thoroughly enjoy. I pity Adêle for these drives; if she has any feeling beneath that frigid exterior, how intolerable must they be! And so passes the day; the evening being generally occupied by music or cards, for the colonel has descended to vingt-un and speculation, now that we are too numerous for his rubber. And all the day through Adêle is quiet, cold, and complying as at first. The only symptom which she gives of having "that within that passeth show," is an occasional low, long sigh, so suppressed indeed, that you would not notice it unless you were close to her, but indescribably painful to hear, because it seems to come from an overcharged and worn-out heart.

Later on the same day—The colonel has done me the honor to impart to me his opinion of his daughter-in-law. He thinks her a very sensible, well-behaved young person, fully conscious of her own position, and very grateful for, what he is pleased to denominate, the kindness which she has received. He thinks, too, that she appears to possess a most docile and gentle disposition, and he added that he had no doubt that the purpose for which he had invited her here would be completely answered. I looked as I felt—curious; but he did not deign to enlighten me, and left me with a slight bow and a benignant smile. There is profound peace between the colonel and me at present. I think, however, that we owe it rather to the deep interest which we have both been taking in our new inmate, and which has absorbed all minor feelings, than to any more congenial dispositions in ourselves. Whatever the cause be, the result is that the colonel is himself again, and to-day at dinner he treated us to one of his best-turned periods on the subject of domestic life, illustrating his theory of perfection by a modest appeal to the practice of himself and his daughters. Warming with the theme as he went on, and thinking only of his *daughters*, he said: "I have always reflected that, in the intercourse between parents and children, the utmost possible independence should be allowed on the one hand, the utmost possible deference maintained on the other. I have endeavored, to the extent of my ability, to carry out this principle, and I flatter myself, Miss Forde, (he was in full swing now,) that it would be difficult to find three persons more thoroughly happy in each other's affection than myself and my girls." Self-deceived as he was, and strange as it seemed that he should really be able to reconcile to his own practice a theory such as that which he had just enunciated, he was positively amiable at this moment. There was such genuine affection in the glance with which he regarded Anna and Janet, that one felt disposed to overlook the little strain of triumph in which he was indulging, and to forget that, in applying his principle, his mental vision was affected with an unconquerable squint, so that while he thought he was looking at the "utmost possible independence allowed by himself," he was in reality only seeing the "utmost possible deference," which no one could deny that he exacted from his daughters. But I had scarcely time to observe him, for my attention was riveted to Adêle's face of irrepressible wonder. When he commenced his allusions to domestic felicity, she had stooped a little more forward than usual, and appeared intensely interested in dissecting the chicken-wing which lay on her plate. As he proceeded, she lifted up her splendid dark eyes—I declare it is the only time I have fairly seen them since she entered the house, and literally *stared* at him, with an expression of inquiring amazement, as though she thought he were a singular sort of phenomenon which it was really worth while to investigate. Then she colored violently, cast down her eyes again, struggled to resume her usual manner, but as he concluded, answered him, as if she could not help it, in a low and bitter voice, "You are very sarcastic."

The colonel turned towards her in unfeigned surprise, but she stopped the inquiry which was on his lips, by saying hurriedly, "I beg your pardon for my bad English, I meant very successful."

"Yes," replied he, with an air half puzzled, half uneasy, "I believe I may flatter myself that I have had some success."

There was an awkward kind of pause, during which the blush which had overspread Adêle's features seemed rather to deepen than to diminish, and it was a relief to us all when Anna gave the signal for withdrawal. Adêle, as we passed through the hall, said something confusedly about having a bad headache, and ran up stairs to her own room, from which she did not emerge till we were assembled at tea. It had seemed to me that she ran away because she was unable to restrain her tears, and my opinion was now confirmed by the sight of her flushed cheeks and red eyes. I do not understand her, though it is plain that she feels a great deal more than she chooses to exhibit. If she would but let me comfort her!

Dec. 27th.—It is long since I have opened my journal, for the events of the last few days have absorbed me so completely, that I have found neither time nor inclination for writing them down. I must now, however, attempt to narrate them in due order.

During the first four days of Adêle's sojourn amongst us, it was evident to all that little Everard was making rapid progress in his grandfather's affections. There are few hearts that can resist the fascinations of a child at that most charming of all ages, (just three years,) and the mixture of perfect unconsciousness with perfect confidence is as amusing as it is irresistible. Whether from previous instruction or from natural inclination, the little fellow took a decided fancy to his grandpapa, and used to climb the colonel's knee and pull away his newspaper with an audacity which made his aunt Anna's hair stand on end, but which generally obtained a caress rather than a reproof. Adêle watched the progress of affairs quietly, but with manifest satisfaction; I too had begun to grow sanguine, though an idea which sometimes crossed my mind, that the colonel intended to disinherit his son in favor of his grandson, prevented me from indulging hope with any degree of confidence. Thus did matters stand, when, on the fifth day, Colonel Harwood stopped us as we were leaving the dining-room, (this seems to be his chosen time for family scenes,) and expressed a wish to speak with Adêle. All the poor young lady's assumed calmness forsook her in an instant. She became as white as the dress she wore, trembled, and grasped my arm for support, with a most appealing glance that seemed to express her confidence in my sympathy, and to implore me not to leave her. The colonel perceived her trepidation, and apparently not sorry to have a female auxiliary at hand in case of hysterics, for which he entertains a peculiar horror, (at least, thus I interpret his conduct,) requested me also to remain, with his blandest smile. The door closed behind Anna and Janet, and we were left alone. Adêle sat

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down, breathing quickly, and struggling for composure. The colonel stood before her, cleared his throat slightly, and after a moment's pause, thus addressed her.

"You can hardly have supposed, Mrs. Harwood, that I had not some ulterior motive in inviting you to my house. Pray do not be distressed. I entreat you not to agitate yourself," (how coolly, when your very heart is bursting, do friends entreat you "not to be agitated," as if it were a matter of choice, and you were doing it on purpose because you liked it!) "I wish now," proceeded the speaker, "to explain to you as briefly and as kindly as possible, what are my present intentions, and I shall then hope for your answer, though I would by no means hurry you to a decision."

He paused, and Adèle bowed her head in reply. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes sparkling, her whole countenance joyful with the radiancy of hope, but she really did not seem capable of articulating. I thought her absolutely lovely at that moment.

Colonel Harwood continued; "I intend to make Everard my heir; the boy has every promise of talent, and an excellent disposition. It is natural that, entertaining these intentions towards him, I should wish to have him under my own eye, as much to afford him those advantages which are suitable to his prospects, as to remove him from those influences which I should consider injurious to his character while it is in process of formation. I therefore propose to receive him as a member of my family, to be treated in all respects as if he were my own son. But I have more to say to you. During the last four days, I have had some opportunities of becoming acquainted with you, and I can assure you that they have afforded me unmixed gratification. The deference of your manner towards myself proves abundantly that you feel and regret the offence committed against me by another. I wish, as I said to you in my note, to distinguish —I should be sorry to involve innocent and guilty in the same condemnation—in short, while there are offences which I feel that I can never pardon, there are errors towards which I would fain be indulgent. I feel that a permanent separation between yourself and your child would be a great drawback to my present scheme, and I consider you in all respects a fit companion of my daughters. I should therefore wish yourself, and both your children, to become inmates of my household, and I need scarcely say that I am ready to take upon myself the whole expense of your maintenance, and of the education of the little ones. And although I stipulate that all intercourse with my—that is, with their father should cease, I am quite ready to allow of an interchange of letters at stated periods. It may be as well, perhaps, to point out to you, in conclusion, the advantage which will accrue to that person, by the proposed arrangement; he will be relieved from much expense and great anxiety—moreover, I would pledge myself, under such circumstances, that his interest should be properly cared for."

He ceased. Adèle had listened to him in speechless and wondering attention, as though she scarcely trusted her ears, or comprehended what she heard. Twice or thrice she passed her hands over her eyes and forehead with an impatient movement, as though she would fain get rid of some oppressive weight or film which impeded her perceptions. As he concluded, however, she started from her seat, clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, with a vehemence of agitation which defied all restraint, "Good God, is it possible? What have I been listening to? My own Charles—my beloved, injured, suffering husband—is there, can there be, such a cold, hard heart in the world as to ask me to leave him? I could not have believed it. And you are a father! Oh, you unhappy man, you who have never known, who have never felt, who cannot even understand, what a true, deep, fond affection is, how it brings happiness in misery, and strength in weakness, learn that I would rather live in the extremity of want, that I would work, starve, die, sooner than deprive myself and my children of the delight of their father's presence, or take from him the comfort of our society. Learn that no temptation should induce me—no, none—to give my little ones such an example as yours, instead of such an example as his. Learn that I hold the poorest beggar who loves his children, and who does his duty by them, for a better and a happier man than you are. And is it possible to have such a cold heart? Separate wife and husband, father and children—I would sooner send my son to a charity-school, I would sooner take him to a workhouse, than give him to be chilled and hardened by you. And all these four years that we have been so miserable, that we have lived in actual want; that our days have been days of labor, and our evenings evenings of weariness, and our nights have too often passed in the sleepless woe of those who knew not how to provide for the morrow; when each has lain through the long sad hours scarcely daring to breathe for fear of disturbing the other, and daylight has come and shown that both were still waking; even that very anxiety has been our happiness, while it has deepened our misery, because it rose out of the depth of our love. My own dear Charles! and through all these long melancholy years he has endured in patience, and not once, never once has breathed one syllable of complaint against his father. His reverence and his affection have never failed him for a moment—if he grieved, it was for your displeasure, not for his own suffering; he has hoped, longed, lived upon the idea of your forgiveness, he has taught his boy to love your name, and tried to teach the same lesson to his wife; he has condemned himself, but never you, and forgotten all your harshness to think of your old kindness, which must have been fancy, and your former affection, which could be nothing but a dream. And he sent me here in hope, and urged and entreated that I would suppress my indignation, and forget his wrongs, and wait patiently; and for his sake I have borne it, for the love of him was able to subdue the feelings which had arisen out of itself; but I have scarcely been able to bear it—and he is hoping still —waiting for the happy news—and *this* is what I have to tell him. This! God forgive you, and God comfort him!"

She had poured forth these burning words with an impetuosity which precluded the possibility of interruption, and she now stopped because utterance failed her, and burying her face in her hands, gave way to an agony of tears. Colonel Harwood stood absolutely silent; the voice of truth and nature was too strong for the man of conventional principles, who had built up in himself a fabric of imaginary virtues, and gazed upon it and exhibited it, till both he and others had forgotten that these very foundations were rotten, and that a breath would blow it away. It seemed as though the lie of his whole life stared him in the face for the first time, and he was struck dumb by the vision.

Adèle now struggled to compose herself, and

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grasping my hand, continued to speak, though in an interrupted and faltering voice. "Dear, dear aunt Peggy, forgive me—how I have repulsed your kindness, and put away your sympathy! Indeed, indeed, I could not help it. And my sweet Janet too, what must she think of me? But I had been schooled into calmness and moulded into submission; I had promised him that nothing should induce me to show what I really felt, and the only means of doing this was never to give way for a moment. I dared not even meet the kind eyes that I knew were looking upon me, or it would have been all over with my self-command. Four wretched, wretched days! and how have they ended! But I will go—this very night—I will not sleep under the roof again—I will go back to him, to my deceived, hoping, desolate husband, and bring him, at least, the comfort of one loving heart that could never turn from him. But ah! how shall I tell him—how can I crush his hopes? It will kill him, I know it will! And it is his own father!"

She turned away as she pronounced the last agitated words, and was hurrying from the room. So excited was she, that I believe she would have been out of the house in another half-hour, children, trunks, and all, on the road back to her darling husband. Her hand was on the lock of the door, but Colonel Harwood called her back. "Adêle," said he, in a low, strange, disturbed tone of voice, "do not go. Come here—I did not know that Charles, that my son—" He stopped speaking. Adêle was so absorbed in her indignation that she scarcely listened or comprehended, but I seized her hand, and yielding to the impulse of the moment, exclaimed, "Go back, go back—he is going to forgive him." She gazed first in my face, then in the colonel's, with a wild look of amazement; then forgetting her anger in an instant, in the return of hope for Charles, she darted back, threw herself on her knees, and covered Colonel Harwood's hands with tears and kisses. I was not mistaken. In the bottom of every man's heart there is, there must be, a stream of true natural feeling; the difficulty is to penetrate deep enough to find it. Often, as in the present case, the rock must be stricken ere the waters will flow; and, certainly, it must be confessed that the stroke had been no light one. The idea of his son, suffering, repentant, but still loving and revering the father from whose displeasure his misfortunes proceeded, had unclosed the gates of the old man's heart. It had taken him by surprise. All this time he had looked upon Charles as a disobedient and rebellious child; upon himself as a justly severe and injured parent. The tables were turned, and he found himself the hard-hearted oppressor of one who had never ceased to deplore a fault for which he had already been bitterly punished. A thousand softening recollections had been called up by Adêle's vehement words—in short, he had been taken by storm, and was compelled to surrender at discretion. But the revulsion of feeling was too much for the young wife; she fainted, and was carried to her room, but not before she had mustered self-command enough to tell me to write to Charles, and to give me his address, which, somewhat to my surprise, was in Exeter. He had accompanied her to England, and was holding himself in readiness for the summons which he could not help hoping to receive, and which, I write it with joy, he received that very evening.

He arrived by daybreak the following morning. His father received him alone, and what passed between them, I know not; but the reconciliation was evidently complete. The young man's joy was absolutely rapturous—he could not contain himself. He folded his sisters in the closest embrace, kissed his aunt Peggy a dozen times in a minute, tossed up his boy, and flew at his baby, till even the pale Adêle lifted herself from the sofa where she lay, exhausted both in mind and body, to implore him to "take care of the children." And then, sobered in a moment, he stole to her side, and wound his arm around her, looking at her with an expression in which the love of years was concentrated, and calling her "his own sweet wife, to whom he owed it all." I was surprised to see how completely all Colonel Harwood's absurdities vanished beneath the refining and elevating touch of nature. He now *was* what he had before professed himself, a father in the highest sense of the word, and the deep and affectionate respect with which Charles evidently regarded him, did not seem misplaced or exaggerated. When we separated on that happy Christmas night, the expressive manner in which he uttered the few simple words, "God bless you, my son," went to the hearts of all; and Charles himself involuntarily dropped on his knees, and kissed his father's hand, while his eyes overflowed with tears.

I felt that the sincere repentance, and open acknowledgment of error, visible in my nephew's whole deportment, effectually connected the view of the case which Adêle's excited feelings and passionate love for her husband had given, and made the moral of the story as true as the end of it was beautiful. No one who saw or heard Charles could forget that he felt that he had offended deeply, and suffered justly, and the gratitude with which he received his father's forgiveness, showed clearly that he did not think that four years of poverty and unhappiness had been too hard a punishment for his disobedience. What a joyful fortnight was that which followed! Even Anna warmed into amiability—and, as to the colonel, I actually learned to love him, and to consider those foibles, which I had before found so annoying, as the most innocent peculiarities in the world.

And how did I feel as I drove away from Duncombe Park, when my visit was concluded, and I recalled that sentiment which I had inscribed in my journal, namely, that I never liked to leave a house without being able to reflect that I had done some good in it? What good had I done here? Little enough—but I had received much. The reconciliation of father and son had indeed been effected, but not by any of my judicious contrivances and ingenious manœuvres—it had been the straightforward work of genuine feeling, without any contrivance at all. And though I cannot but feel a little humbled when I recollect my anticipations of success, I have received a useful lesson, and one which in nowise diminishes my exceeding happiness in the result. Colonel Harwood and I parted excellent friends, and I am engaged to spend another month with them in the autumn of next year, to celebrate my favorite Janet's seventeenth birthday. To this visit I look forward with great interest. I am very curious to see how those various characters will assimilate, after the tension of feeling consequent upon the reconciliation has subsided sufficiently to allow their respective peculiarities to resume their usual prominence. I want to study Anna, who is still a mystery to me, to prosecute my intimacy with the interesting Adêle, to become as great a favorite with the baby as I

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already am with little Everard, to enjoy the society of Charles and Janet, who both love me, and towards both of whom I feel more as a mother than as an aunt, and to do my best to regain the ground which I have lost in my brother-in-law's estimation. I must close my description of my first visit to Duncombe Park, by heartily wishing a happy new year to all its inmates—and I shall be at least as much disappointed as grieved, if the wish does not attain fulfilment.

ITALY.

ITALY has become a standing subject in the newspapers, and the interest in her position by no means diminishes. Austria seems to have reöccupied Ferrara; an act of hostility for which the pretext does not yet appear.

In the provinces of Naples there are immense military expeditions, professedly directed to quell banditti. It is reported that the excesses of the banditti have nothing to do with politics; but it is incredible that whole armies should be directed against mere thieves. The military movement is conjecturally explained by two suppositions—that the pretended robbers are really rebels; or that the banditti are a pretext for advancing troops to the Roman frontier in secret concert with Austria. There may be truth in both suppositions. In the capital of Naples, the educated classes show an unmistakable disposition to sympathize with the cause of national freedom.

Meanwhile, the pontiff is strengthening his government by secularizing many of the officers; he is replacing old effete intriguers by honest and vigorous men; and he has with him the very hearts of the people.

We observe that in Switzerland, as it is stated, Lord Palmerston has sent a verbal message to the president, through the British representative, Mr. Peel, promising to respect the independence of the Swiss, and recognizing their right to modify their federal relations. But the terms are equivocal, and the actual note addressed to Mr. Peel has not been published.

It is to be presumed that, à fortiori, Lord Palmerston must be prepared to make a similar declaration to the Italian powers. The case of the Italian states is very different from that of Switzerland, and much more deserving of such support. There is no question of violating established sovereign rights—of deposing sovereign authority: no one state pretends to dictate to the rest. It would be a great mistake to suppose that Italy presents an example of mere revolt; nothing can be more opposite. It is rather that she has *regained* her ancient strength, her ancient self-reliance, and knows that she has done so. She, once the mistress of the world, is about to put in her claim to take her place among the nations. It will probably be a consequence that she will shake off any alien rulers who may refuse to become thoroughly Italian, and continue to enforce their hold on Italian territory by an oppressive grasp; but that is not the object of the present movement in Italy: the object is, gradually to set free the intellect and independent powers of the people, and to endow them with institutions such as they have known before—institutions suited to a great people.

A suggestion often made has been revived by an intelligent writer in the *Times*, who lives at Rome—that the British government should give an invaluable moral support to the noble efforts of the Italian patriots, simply by sending a representative to Rome. Even if he went without a formal diplomatic style and title, but were deputed notoriously "for a purpose," this writer, "Anglo-Romanus," thinks that the effect would be attained.—*Spectator*, 21 *Aug.*

AUSTRIA has strengthened her grasp on the Roman territory; instead of merely throwing a garrison into Ferrara—which she had under certain treaty stipulations a right to do—she has taken military possession of the whole city. Although on a general view the object of Austria is quite plain, her immediate object and specific pretext do not yet appear. Some impute the demonstration to the dotage of Metternich; others to distraction of councils among the local authorities in the absence of sufficient instructions from Vienna. The advance looks at least premature. It is probable that Austria may know that an explosion is imminent in her own territory, and that the demonstration ostensibly directed against Rome may really be meant to overawe Milan. But if so, there is the indiscretion as well as the foresight of fear in the sally. Austria has yet no sufficient reason to allege for her violation of Italian territory; for her allies in Rome and Bologna failed to get up a pretext. The aggression has only served to call out remonstrances from Rome, the most multitudinous offers of volunteer service from the young men of the Eternal City, and the sympathy of foreign powers. It is even said that French and English fleets have been ordered to move up the Gulf of Venice. Events have happened that were more improbable and more untoward than that would be.

If obscure signs in the London press may be trusted, our government is on the right course, and England will not fail in her duty to Italy.

A well-written letter to the *Times* calls to mind technical difficulties to a direct diplomatic intercourse between the courts of London and Rome. Up to this hour, says "Ignotus," the legitimate title of the British sovereign to the throne is unrecognized by Rome; sentences of excommunication and deposition put forth by the predecessors of Pius the Ninth against the Queen of England and all her adherents are unrevoked; and these include the bull "in cœnâ Domini," renewing every year anathemas of excommunication against the British sovereign, clergy, nobles, and people, for disobedience to the pontiff. It is suggested that Pius should revoke these obsolete acts. But, however reasonable such a step would be, there are obvious difficulties. It is hardly for Pius to go prying into the misdeeds of his predecessors, which have not been formally and specially brought before him. As compared with England, he is much the weaker party; and if he were to make the first advance *proprio motu*, and to take nothing by his motion, he would be left most awkwardly in the lurch. England can better afford to make the first advance; which might be done quite easily and decorously. A confidential messenger could be sent to Rome, with the powers but not the formal style of an envoy, to negotiate the renewal of diplomatic relations; offering an alliance, if the pope himself would remove those obstacles of which England has a right to complain. Such a mission would answer every purpose without in any way committing England.—*Spectator*, 28 *Aug.*

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FRANCE.

The French Chamber of Peers has been convoked by King Louis Philippe to try a peer for murder; but the prisoner has escaped from gaol and judge, by committing suicide.

Never perhaps did any atrocious crime excite more indignation than the butchery of the Duchess de Choiseul-Praslin. From the first, the wishes of the public anticipated the issue of the trial; and the execution of the suspected husband was demanded with such bitterness as amounted to intimidation of the judges. The government and the Court of Peers were threatened with the consequences of acquitting the accused. The public had altogether prejudged all the parties concerned. The injured duchess was worshipped as a faultless woman. The duke would be called a demon, but that it suffices the popular wrath to remember that he was a peer; his guilt was settled without extenuation of any sort. A governess, whom he is suspected to have admired too ardently, is adjudged to have been an accomplice. It is not, indeed, established on any known evidence that the duchess' jealousy of this person was well founded; that the dependent felt more than a reasonable attachment to her pupils and their father; or that the duke may not have had some provocation in the high-toned upbraidings which he is supposed to have received from his wife. The public has settled, without the trial, that she was spotless, the governess sinful, and the duke without a redeeming motive. His escape, though by a mortal and torturing way, is the signal for a shout of anger so bitter that it takes the shape of scornful jests. It is all but openly asserted that the government, by leave or wish of the king, must have permitted the police to supply the duke with poison, in order to spare shame to him who was their companion, and to save the institution of the peerage from the disgrace which the trial would have entailed upon it—such a trial at such a time! If these suspicions are correct, the indulgence extended to the duke is not more revolting to the notions of morality on this side of the channel than it was impolitic on the French side.

The manifest and general sense of contempt and hatred for those high in station or office has been only aggravated, not caused, by this incident. Already the charges of official corruption had provoked such a feeling that the sight of a minister in the streets raises a shout of "Au voleur!" That this feeling, however, has now been worked up to a most dangerous pitch, is a fact corroborated by the demeanor of the royal family and the upper classes. The private murder is regarded as a public calamity, which *must* have ulterior consequences. Poor Queen Amélie, always so anxious for her husband, has fainted several times. The duke now accused of wife-killing was a friend and frequent companion of the Duke de Nemours; an awkward intimacy, and one which would make the suspected connivance at suicide only the more impolitic.

But the French government seem to have been exasperated by their reverses and difficulties to a pitch of desperation beyond all thought for policy. While this ferment goes on, the officials wage open war with the press. Seven journals have been seized; one for a licentiousness in a story—though the license, it is said, was not greater than has often passed; others for sneering at the demoralization of the privileged classes, for significant but generalizing exhortations on honesty, or for copying such remarks from other journals; and some for anticipating the stages of these strange proceedings with too much probability. A more uneasy and dangerous state of feeling has not existed in France since July, 1830.—*Spectator*, 28 *August*.

ROYAL ABDICATIONS.

We hear on all sides of monarchs disgusted with the exercise of sovereignty. King Leopold of Belgium, one of the shrewdest and ablest of men, who has managed his most uneasy people with a success that few could have rivalled, is said to be at last weary of their exigencies. He has just given them a liberal or ultra-liberal ministry, but seeming to think they were foolish to insist upon such things. His majesty has yielded to his people's wishes, but not without a feeling of impatience and disgust, natural enough to sovereigns put out of their way.

There is a story of the Prince of Orange meditating an abdication of his rights as heir-apparent, and for the most singular of all reasons that ever entered into the head of prince—viz., to spite his wife, and prevent her ever becoming queen. The story is scarcely credible, though the mutual piques of the spouses is but too true.

Then we have the Emperor of Russia, whom report declares to be sick of reigning, and only anxious for Italy, and the *dolce far niente* of private life. When he sent so much gold to purchase funds in France and England, it was said to be for the professed purpose of having the exchanges and the credit of the two countries in his imperial power. It is now said that all this gold is merely to avoid the old mistake of Charles the Fifth, who left himself at St. Just at the mercy of his son and successor, and was left penniless and provisionless by him.

As the czar sighs for the south, Isabella of Spain sighs for the north. She is weary of that continual intermeddling of public interest with her private happiness. The genius of politics, Louis Philippe, began by sacrificing her to a Cretin husband, and the same genius now excites this same husband to render his wife as uncomfortable as possible; so that the girl-queen is driven to say—"Take my throne if you desire it, but leave me at peace."

The pope is at times in similar doubts as to the happiness of wearing a crown. His, to be sure, is a triple one, and proportionately heavy. Poor Pius! his delight is in being liberal and doing good. But this amiable taste has thrown him into a sea of troubles. He has Austria, France, and his own cardinals plotting against him—his people impatient and hard to satisfy. The good father is frequently perplexed between them, and his instant thought at such moments is resignation.

Examples of such a feeling and such a purpose, were rare in the olden time, and betokened a very philosophic or pious spirit—a desire similar to the prevalent one of quitting the world for a cloister. But now it is not love of asceticism, or a wish to exchange the excitement of courts for the excitement of ultra-devotion. It is simply that the comparison between public and private life becomes yearly and daily more and more in favor of the latter. More people forswear ambition than used to do so; and the freer the country, the more general is this disgust. In America a man of refined intellect or mind would scorn to enter upon public life. In England we have not gone so far. In despotic countries the great public personage is the sover-

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eign. And we see instances multiplied of the wish to escape from it.

Private life is certainly becoming too comfortable—too secure—too much unmixed with doubt and care; whilst the means of amusement, of exerting the mind, and even illustrating one's name, independent of public life, have increased in a degree unknown and inconceivable to those who lived two centuries back. And we are coming to the day when thrones will want occupants—when ministerial portfolios will go a begging—when our chief anxiety about a king will be how to catch one—when people will run away from cabinet office as if it were a conscription, and eschew parliament as if it were the plague. We are certainly not so far gone as the Americans. But there were strange symptoms on our hustings, as there are singular ones in the courts of Europe.—*Examiner*, 28 *Aug.*

THE QUEEN'S VOYAGE AND CHILDREN.

NEVER certainly were the habitual life and disposition of a sovereign exhibited to a nation in more favorable guise than those of Queen Victoria during her sea-voyages. The history of the cruise to Scotland, in our present number, is like those which have preceded it. It displays the chief traveller in the most engaging light. We see her, the ruler of a maritime people, recurring for her holyday pleasures to the enjoyment of the sea; riding the waves with a fearless familiarity that yet has in it nothing unfeminine. The sovereign is pleased to gratify her people by going among them and reciprocating courtesies. Less reserved than some of her predecessors, Queen Victoria, surrounded by her family, still seems attended by a thoroughly English spirit of domesticity: the manner in which the children accompany their parents, share the walks of their father on shore, and enter into the whole spirit of the voyage, is simply a model of the national manners according to their best type. And while her husband and the children are "stretching their legs" on shore, the accomplished lady is seen with her pencil exercising her talents by sketching the scenery around.

These sea-voyages and progresses have their practical uses. They make the sovereign and country mutually acquainted. While they familiarize the sovereign with the aspect of naval life, they set to the people a good example of trust in the native element. Whereas too many crowned personages, forgetting alike the responsibilities of royalty and of paternity, have wasted their time and health in forbidden pleasures, the Queen of England, mother of a line of kings, seeks her pleasures from the gracious hand of Nature; borrowing renewed vigor for the imperial life-blood of her race from the elements in which they are to maintain the glory of the nation.

It is the same with the children, now of an age to share their parents' healthful excursions. The Prince of Wales for the first time joined the tour to the lands whence he derives two of his titles, as Duke of Rothsay and Baron of Renfrew. It is hundreds of years since Scotland saw an infant Duke of Rothsay; such a phenomenon is perhaps totally unprecedented in some of the wilder regions visited. The young prince and his sister the princess royal are made to learn the enjoyments of natural beauty; *such* enjoyments forming a most valuable part of moral education. The excellent training, begun by that estimable woman the Duchess of Kent, is worthily continued by her daughter in the third generation.—*Spectator*, 21 *Aug.*

QUEEN VICTORIA has set herself down in her Highland lodging at Ardverikie, among the Macphersons. She was welcomed by Cluny Macpherson and his kilted clansmen, a host of mountaineers, and a Scotch mist. The district is not only remote, but wild: the very house she lives in, compared even to her abode at Blair Atholl, seems to be simple to the degree of almost Spartan bareness. It is as if she had sought the wildest and remotest spot, in order to get, not only the most robust deer-stalking for the prince, but for her majesty absolute seclusion, beyond the reach of tourists and "gentlemen connected with the press." No hope of it: the newspaper reporters are there, describing might and main; and Ardverikie will probably become a cockney jaunt.

But civilization was already struggling with the wildness, vigorously as that survives. The aborigines, it appears, have not yet coined a name for "queen," whom they can only designate by the inappropriate periphrasis of "the king's wife." How can they compass the designation of the prince consort? must they call him "the king's wife's husband?"—But they are awakening to modern sentiments. Although the district is one in which stronger traces of Jacobite loyalty remain than anywhere perhaps in the uplands of Scotland, the mountain rigor unbends to the youthful sovereign; and the Highlanders think it necessary to signify that they waive obtruding the exclusive claims of the pretender: they notify this in an inscription of "Two in one"—signifying that in Queen Victoria's person they obligingly recognize the house of Stuart as well as that of Brunswick. Another sign of the times was a copious admixture, among claymores and shields, of cotton umbrellas. In London the fashion of carrying the umbrella has visibly declined: the effeminate convenience has passed to the hardy Lochaber men. It will next come to the navy, and no sailor will go aloft in a shower without his "four-and-sixpenny cotton."—*Spect.*, 28 *Aug.*

From the Spectator, 28 Aug.

THE DISEASE OF FRANCE AND ITS SPECIFIC.

THE morbid state of France is too apparent and too serious not to indicate an approaching crisis; and the root of the disease is to us scarcely less apparent, in the want of a truly national policy—a vocation for the people—something worthy to concentrate their desires, their convictions, and their energies. It is true that in England, by a dull kind of coxcombry, which it is to be hoped we are outgrowing, we are prone to regard as disease all that is not natural to our own state when healthy, and that we have a silly habit of using the word "French" as an epithet indicating certain kinds of vicious frivolities; as though there were but one standard of manners, and we had monopolized social perfection. But the symptoms of the disease in France are not confined to the ordinary national characteristics which we so readily set down as "morbid;" the sweeping extent of official corruption, the alienation of the royal family from the affections of the people, the criminal tendencies among the high-born and wealthy, of which the world has just had so flagrant an example, are evidences of the social disorder. Still more unmistakable proof is the manner in which the people treat those overt acts. Princes are assailed with scandalous reports which the whole people circulate with a relish; the reverses and disappointments of royal persons are noted with glee; to be a minister is to be hailed in the streets with cries of "Stop thief!" a murder committed by a peer is denounced as no more than

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the turpitude generally characteristic of his class. And if there were a doubt as to the gravity of these popular manifestations, it is removed by the bearing of the government; the "laws of September," a glaring infraction of the compact of July, are enforced with the lavish frequency of reckless desperation. If the people have lost confidence in the institutions under which they live, the administrators of those institutions have lost confidence in the public opinion by which they exist. It is well said by the *Morning Chronicle*, that the cement of the social fabric is gone.

We believe that the primary cause of this disorder in society has been for some time at work, and that it is the absence of any settled purpose for the national activity. Nations, as well as individuals, demand a purpose to keep them in a safe and healthy state of moral activity. The man who lives without an object for the exercise of his tastes, energy, and ambition, is not only useless, but is ever open to temptation, and is almost certain to take to mischief for "something to do." With nations, the temptations are still more manifold and vast; the energies that must be turned to some action, to mischief in default of anything else, are proportionately gigantic—the need for action commensurate. Accordingly, all nations, so long as they were great, have had some determined work chalked out for them. To Greece fell the task of developing intellectual civilization in the early days of history; self-development, philosophy, and art, were national objects, the more vast and glorious for the rudeness and imperfection of the means at hand. Rome set herself the task of conquering the world, and began to decay when her work was done. From mythic ages, India and Egypt have handed down to us immense monuments, the product of some vocation, which, dark and rude though it may have been, must have been national in its scope and influence. The propagation of creeds and conquest of territory have been common objects which have excited the nations, Christian and Mussulman; have exalted great powers like that of Christian Rome in Europe, of Islam in Turkey, of the Moors in Spain, of the Normans in England, of the Spanish and English races in America. Even under the corrupt monarchy of France, a national worship of "la gloire" maintained a certain unity of action, which enabled the dominant classes to continue that incredible oppression of the bond classes until the day of its ceasing was regarded as the thing incredible, and the master sneered at the threat that his extravagant refinement of tyranny would make the slave rise. When the fact did come, he would not have believed his senses under evidence less than that of the horrible revolution.

But the monarch is no longer the state; and circumstances have combined to debar France from having any recognized national purpose. The present monarch, appointed as the representative of a national policy, as the deputy of a distinct popular opinion, has forgotten the duty which he undertook in the presence of the people, to maintain that policy and opinion, and has at last compelled his most sincere admirers to confess that the business of his old age has shrunk to purely family objects and interests. Nodding with the drowsiness of the tomb, the old man thinks now of nothing but keeping quiet in his palace and settling his sons.

As to the minister, the progress of time, the very success of his own policy, has developed a serious defect in the political theory of the philosophical historian who rules France. His main object is to preserve; to improve if forced, but less as a means of preserving institutions than as a means of contenting the restless. What the king desires for family purposes, is the same thing as the principle of M. Guizot's administration—quiet, mere passive quiet. The last session was a triumph of his policy; nothing was done—all was neutralized, hushed, postponed, shelved, set at rest. Algeria is a mere vent for the vulgar restlessness; too paltry for a truly national object, it makes a place for one of the king's sons, a subject for the annual speech, patronage for the ministers, and a road for those loose fish who like to "go to the devil" their own way, and who would make a noise if prevented. M. Guizot hates a noise. His policy seemed excellent, and so far was excellent, while war was the shape of danger which most threatened France and Europe. The war that was threatened in 1840 was a contest between the powers which must lead Europe in all peaceful advancement, and would have been nothing but calamitous. The danger to France now is the internal corruption incident to political inertia. France has no vocation; her king is thinking only of family interests; her minister wants only quiet; her statesmen are bribed and corrupted; great interests are compromised to purchase silence; paltry interests and corrupt intrigues supersede political activity; her writers cannot speak, for they are silenced by "the laws of September." The philosophical historian understands the people among whom he was born less than the mongrel adventurer from Corsica; when Napoleon planted the standard of France on the Po, on the Rhine, amid the snows of the Alps or of Moscow, and told his people to march, he proved himself more of a Frenchman than M. Guizot. He too might say "L'état, c'est moi"—until in personal objects he forgot the national objects, and left the nation without a purpose that engaged its own affections. M. Guizot's very aim is to keep the country without an active purpose. And he has been so far helped by circumstances—by the inferiority of his opponents, the levity and triviality which prevail among the statesmen of the day—that public opinion itself is effectually unsettled and distracted. It is not that the favorite purpose of France is thwarted by her rulers; she has no great and determined purpose. Hence political scepticism, official corruption, and popular revolution—for that is what it amounts to.

Nor is it that there is no great work in Europe worthy of the enlightened active intellect of France and her vigorous energies. To mention one alone, there is the emancipation of Italy. Were a Napoleon to arise—still better, were a statesman animated by the love of his race, instead of mere military ambition, to declare that France would once more gather her faculties and strength to assert and vindicate the opinions of Western Europe beyond the Alps—were France to help in establishing once more a "regno d'Italia," but *not* as a French province, to guarantee the monarch of Rome not in the person of its emperor's son, but in that of the great man who is so popular with the people of France, to give support wherever the Italians claim it, in a spirit worthy of the July of 1830, for Italian objects—France would again recover her healthy activity, her generous loyalty. Corruption would once more be left to the base alone; and revolution would be forgotten.

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PUNCH.

A CHANCE THAT DOES NOT OCCUR EVERY DAY.—In the event of Holland, or Belgium, or Russia sending over to England for a king, the question is, whom can we send? There is old King Cole, but he is a merry old soul, and would almost die of *ennui* in such low countries. His pipers would have nothing to pipe but their eyes, and his fiddlers would find it rather hard work playing with the fear of the bowstring before them. There is also King Death. We could well spare him; but we imagine he is too busy on the railways, to seek for any other line just at present for the exercise of his peculiar talents. What other kings are there?—not one, excepting the Railway King, and he is wanted to open the railway parliament next year. We are afraid the only representatives left for the kingless countries above mentioned, will be the kings of the drama. There is Diddear, who has long played the *King* in *Hamlet*, and he is very perfect in the words; and there is George Bennett, also, who has never played *Duncan* without getting three rounds of applause; and there is Charles Kean, whose *Richard* would do admirably for Russia, where his great point of "Off with his head," would be taken as a proof of his great natural ability for the part of emperor.

These new kings could be imported at a very trifling cost, for they have each got a good stock of royal robes, with ermine collars, which would only require looking up a bit, just to clear them of the moths, and they would be ready to start to-morrow. They could find their own crowns also, and would have the advantage over a Coburg, of knowing how to start, and frown, and command, and "blessing the people," exactly like a real sovereign. We really do not see where better kings can be got for the money, and we do not think that England would cry her eyes out at parting with any one of them.

Supposing these talented gentlemen, however, do not accept the above engagements, there are the three ex-kings of Somerset House, who might find the offer a tempting one for carrying out in foreign countries the beautiful supremacy of the Poor Law, which they failed to establish in England. Siberia is just the sphere for royalty so cold-blooded as theirs.

DREADFUL SCARCITY OF KINGS.—Kings are as little given to resignation generally, as a whig minister; but somehow, the fancy is seizing, at the present moment, all the monarchs to resign. In addition to the list we gave last week, there is now the King of Holland, who is dying to be a plain Mr., and we expect hourly to receive the news of the resignation of the Emperor of China. If this rage for private life continues, it will be necessary to start a society, to provide monarchs with substitutes. The throne will be as much dreaded as the conscription, and we shall not be astonished to see a crown dangling out of the window of a palace with the following inscription:—"*Ici on demande un remplaçant.*" We wonder what the particular blight is this year, that there threatens to be such a scarcity of kings. However, we are happy to state that there is very little fear of the crop in England failing. Our royal "Champions" are in the very finest condition, and the nursery at Buckingham Palace is planted full of them.

A PROLIFIC CONTRIBUTOR.—What would the newspapers do if Rumor was to strike, and declare she would not write another line? Take away Rumor, and scarcely a newspaper would live. The fashionable papers, especially, would be left without a paragraph. What would become, too, of "Our London Correspondent?" He would not have a thing to write about. As it is, with Rumor to back him, he writes as with a hundred pens. By-the-bye, if Rumor was paid for everything that appeared in her name, what a deal of money she would make at penny-a-lining!

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 178.—9 OCTOBER, 1847.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WALTER SCOTT—HAS HISTORY GAINED BY HIS WRITINGS?

We have been informed by our elders, that the present generation, brought up under the shadow of a Bulwer and a Disraeli, a Mr. James, and a Mrs. Trollope, is quite incapable of appreciating the particular kind of success which the early novels of Scott obtained. Every one of us has, probably, a distinct idea of what a novel is;—a book, which in the embryotic state of preliminary puff and advertisement is of neither good nor evil name, but which must be finally brought up for sentence before every man who belongs to a book-club, or subscribes to a circulating library. But thirty years ago, neither had the machinery which diffuses Mr. Colburn's publications over the face of the country come into existence, nor was this *primâ facie* character of theirs, or rather this absence of character, at all acknowledged. In fact, every novel came into the world with a brand upon it. The trail of the "Minerva Press" was over all. In writings intended more especially for the lower and middle classes, the good old cottage tracts, which used to enforce order and morality with edifying stories of rustic worthies and their miraculous success in life, we remember to have seen the respectable and decorous effusions of Mrs. Barbara Redgauntlet, and such small deer, denounced in language which one would, now-a-days, think strong if applied to Paul de Kock or Pigault le Brun; while essayists, the forcible-feebles of higher pretension, over whose dreary pages many of our readers have doubtless yawned in the countless editions and imitations of the *Elegant Extracts*, sneered magnificently at fiction, as unworthy to occupy the time which a man of intellect must spend in reading, much more in writing it. A few might still cling to a belief in Fielding and Smollett, and the world did actually make clear exceptions in favor of Miss Edgeworth and Mackenzie; but, in glancing at the contemporary criticisms on these last writers, one can hardly help being amused by the evident anxiety shown to separate them from the class to which they belonged, and the undaunted chivalry with which the critic insisted on saving his author's fair fame, at the expense of a total abandonment for the nonce of the common meaning of the most common words. In short, to the largest part of the reading public, including, perhaps, the worthiest portion of it, it must be confessed that the novel, like the pole-cat, was known only by name and a reputation for bad odor.

This state of things was completely changed in less than two years by the irresistible popularity of Scott. Alike intelligible to all, and appreciable by all, he became at once as much the darling of the milliner's apprentice as of the *bas bleu*; and the overflowing stream of refreshment found a thousand channels, conducting it to regions where nothing so exhilarating, so fertilizing, had been known or felt before. But men's prepossessions, though easily enough overruled by a sense of new gratification, do yet, in some degree, demand to be explained and accounted for. There were not wanting persons—among them men of the most various bents, dandy *littérateurs* like Rose; cool, clear-sighted analysts like Jeffrey—who set themselves energetically to speculate on the strange vicissitude in taste through which that department of literature, which was of late shunned by all, had now become the resort and delight both of the undiscerning public and of their critical selves. We must remember that but slender count was taken of Scott's peculiar merits—that few would admit his strength to lie in the liberality with which he had drawn on the common and patent stock of every-day life. No break in the continuity of fiction was discerned; the novel was the novel still; and accordingly the change from disgust to admiration looked very much like an impeachment of former tastes and preferences.

The device lighted upon to reconcile the contradiction was characteristic of the day—characteristic of that school of criticism, which, professing the keenest relish for the new-born literature it had undertaken to review, persisted meanwhile in the constant endeavor to explain its excellence by a reference to recognized standards, *generally* but slightly applicable—*frequently* governed by conditions of thought and feeling entirely different. The process seems to have been something like this. There is apparent on the face of the *Waverley Novels* a certain connection with and dependence on history; that is, in many instances the characters introduced are the representatives of men who in their day existed—of what are called historical personages; and the dramatic action and business of the plot frequently profess to proceed in periods, whose chronicles it is the province of history to examine, explain, and develop. This gave rise to the presumption, that it was the deliberate design of Scott to create a literature which should be strictly ancillary to history, and, though filling a subordinate office, should promote the same philosophy and contribute to the same ends. Accordingly, the term "Historical Novels" was invented—an appellation which Scott himself, who certainly was not ignorant of the real character of history, never, (such is our impression,) in one instance, countenanced. Now, history was a good thing; for had it not been so said by them of old! and a Waverley Novel was a good thing, in virtue of one of those facts on which it was impossible to reason. It followed, therefore, that Scott's merits were exactly measured by the degree in which the inherent value of history overbalanced the intrinsic worthlessness of novel. We are here inventing no imaginary paradox. In proof of what we have stated, we might refer our readers to the *Critical*, *Monthly*, and *Quarterly Reviews*—in short, to almost all the constituents of contemporary criticism. There is now open before us an article in the *Quarterly*, the writer of which—supposed to have been Lord Dudley—cites in proof of this identical position, not without much jubilant exultation, an edition of *Philippe de Comines* which appeared soon after the publication of *Quentin Durward*.

We believe it may be shown to demonstration, that in these views, frequently urged on a public completely enslaved to the periodical critics, originated this belief in Scott's services to history. We

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need scarcely add, that the same theory, advanced by abler, or at least more unprejudiced, men, and supported by better arguments, has, in our own day, obtained so widely as to have almost passed into a literary canon. It is, for instance, a leading tenet of Macaulay, who, in several passages, has contrasted the meagreness of history, as long as it was entombed in chronicles, with its vivacious energy after Scott had breathed into the dead bones the breath of life. At the same time it is necessary to remark, that this question of Scott's furtherance of history is quite distinct from that of his influence on it. The first we are heretical enough to doubt, but we think that no one can reasonably hesitate as to the last. For good or for evil, it was an important day for history when Walter Scott first decided on translating from the German, *Götz with the Iron Hand*, the prolific origin of a world-famous progeny. It is true that, properly speaking, there is not at present in England anything like systematic history written; at the same time, the ground, which in an age more earnest and less accustomed to loose habits of thinking would be filled by the historian, is now occupied by a swarm of essayists, article-writers, and inditers of historic fancies—which last term shall at present only tempt us to remark, that it indicates great confusion of idea in the era which countenances its adoption. The whole of this scattered literature presents, more or less, the characteristic peculiarity of Scott's influence, the substitution of life-like portraiture and clear, intelligible description, for philosophical comparison and analysis. Look abroad, too, to the schools of literary production which are rising on the Continent. In France, which up to the Revolution was singularly barren of historians, the new generation has applied itself to vigorous labor in the unoccupied field, and a school of writers has arisen which looks to Scott, principally, if not solely, as its teacher and master. The avowed ambition of Michelet is to write French history as Scott would have rendered it, in a series of romances. In the same spirit De Barante has written his *History of Burgundy;* and all the ingenuity displayed in Thierry's *History of the Norman Conquest* would have been lost to the world if the author's attention had not been rivetted by a single passage in *Ivanhoe*, wherein is delineated in a few bold lines the Saxon hind, Higg, the son of Snell.

This notorious influence exerted by Scott on the whole productive intellect of our period, must necessarily give importance, as his vast celebrity must always give interest, to any inquiry like the present. To exhaust the subject would call for an effective definition of the province and offices of history, as well as a critical examination of Scott's merits and method. We will not even endeavor to answer these demands. It will be enough for us, if the few considerations which we throw out serve to clear the ideas of our readers respecting the real bearing of the question we propound, namely—Did History gain by the writings of Walter Scott?

We shall, perhaps, be pardoned for saying a few words regarding the sources from which Scott's mind derived its nourishment, and the artistic treatment, in conformity with which he developed the results of his mental experience. His intellectual capacities had, we think, this peculiarity, that their difference from those of men in general was not one of kind but of degree. He had a genuine love of the beautiful—not, perhaps, of moral beauty, but of that lower form which we denominate the picturesque—a love which he possessed in common with many ordinary men. But the development in Scott was enormous. He had strong prejudices, so strong, that it is sometimes hard to distinguish him from the fossil tory of the October Club; though in no instance did his dislikes weaken his appreciation of the beauty and reasonableness, or, to speak more correctly, of the fitness and self-consistency, of his adversary's views. He was the most catholic admirer one can conceive. Witness his Balfours and Macbriars, who, in the hands of a man equally prejudiced, and less singularly organized, would inevitably have become mere caricatures. And this acute relish for the beautiful extended to immaterial objects, if indeed it was not especially whetted by them. To whatever thing there attached a chain of associations, however slight and meagre, and however imperceptible to most men, that thing was endeared to Scott. Of this sort is the *vertù* with which his house at Abbotsford is crowded; but, unlike most virtuosi, he prized nothing that was simply rare or curious, while all that bore the faintest relation to persons or events he loved as the apple of his eye. And this idiosyncrasy embraced all existences, which are really the subjects of antiquarian zeal, words, sentiments, and tunes. Like the Florentine academicians, who were said to mix disguised with the market-people for the purpose of collecting the *riboboli*, the rounded idiomatic sayings of the Tuscan peasantry, so of words, phrases, and turns of expression, indicative of the smallest peculiarity in the speaker or the class to which he belonged, Scott was an indefatigable collector and chronicler. Further, he was a subtle observer of human nature—as are many provincial attorneys. But here again his special singularity lay in degree. Indeed, his retentiveness of personal peculiarities seems almost to have amounted to disease. It was not that he had great power of looking into the deeper springs and sources of character—here certain individual deficiencies obstructed his vision—but looks, movements, singularities, and eccentricities of habit or manner he never forgot. And all this can easily be accounted for by the accidental circumstances of his life and education. His physical misfortune had from childhood made him a sedentary observer, and it had been his lot from his earliest years to reside alternately in Edinburgh, then intensely provincial, and consequently a mine of character, and on the Scottish border, a country where the very scantiness of surrounding objects contributes in a remarkable degree to give clearness and definiteness to the associations connected with them.

These, then, were the qualifications which Scott brought to the exercise of his art—common ones enough, but in him almost preternaturally developed. Against these available excellencies we must set various deficiencies, which, were his character as a novelist only in question, it would be mere cavilling to mention. We allude to charges which have of late years been not unfrequently urged against him; as, for instance, that his perception of moral right was not extremely vivid—that his personal and peculiar ambitions marred the growth of many of the higher and finer aspirations—that his memory and imagination often, and especially as he grew an older man, were allowed to confuse each other—that he was not accurate, and that he was quite incapable of philosophical analysis or combination. But though his reflective powers were, comparatively speaking, weak, his perceptions and sympathies were preëminently strong; and when to all this is added the charm of his style, we need not wonder at the witchery he exercises

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over us, and indeed over the age. The unreflective reader he never tasks, the most cultivated critic he never disgusts; and then all is conveyed in language clear, flowing and coherent, sometimes most racy and original. It is a free, bold, decided handling, which is and must be delightful, as long as men are men. The whole process is eminently what Carlyle has called "intellectual shampooing:" and beside this, we must allow that his artistic method, when confined to its legitimate sphere, is almost perfect. What was this method, and how it has affected history, it is full time for us to inquire.

We conceive it will be admitted that Scott's treatment of a subject was very much as follows:—He drew on his own stores of observation for the characters he required; these characters, so obtained, he transferred bodily into the scene and action of the novel, generally unaltered, sometimes slightly modified by an interchange of individual peculiarities: then he arrayed them in the costume necessary to perfect the illusion, and arranged and disposed them according to his own exquisite appreciation of grace and fitness. In thus stating the case, we have included in the term *costume*, not only dress, but also language and other adventitious appliances; for in the Waverley Novels the trick of speech, borrowed from contemporary chronicles or ballads, is as thoroughly adventitious as the buff-coat or the cuirass. The propriety of this treatment is on most occasions unimpeachable. When Scott depicted the Lowland Scotch and his scene was laid in comparatively modern times, the result of his method was full of natural and artistic truth; for in his younger days real Jacobites were not extinct: the Edinburgh lawyer, and the Lowland laird, were what they had been in the beginning of the century; and at this very moment the Scotch Presbyterian peasantry have altered surprisingly little from the typical Cameronian and Covenanter. But then, when his rapid exhaustion of old ground had forced him to change the field of his labors, and he was tempted to thrust his characters further back into the past, he continued precisely the same process. Scott's early acquaintance, Janet Gordon, not only figures as Meg Merrilies, but also passes into Norna of the Fitful Head, and beyond into the prophetess of Front-de-Bœuf's castle; and the adventurous Scotchman, who is the staple of his heroes, goes through the separate avatars of an advocate of George the Second's reign, a cavalier of the Revolution, a courtier in the time of James I., a Borderer of the reign of Henry VIII., and a *preux chevalier* of the era of the Crusades. But we need not stay to discuss facts so notorious.

That a great and romantic effect was thus produced, is evident. There is all the semblance of a genuine historical *tableau;* the elementary characters are living, breathing men, and they offend us by no discrepancies of manner or costume. But is historical truth preserved? We confidently answer that it is not, and that there is no surer way of contravening the realities of history.

We know no more difficult branch of historical science than that which professes to determine the action of an individual on his age, and the reaction of his age on him. The investigation is infinitely complicated, since the character of its subject varies constantly with the varying influences exerted on it: the man of this year is not necessarily the man of last year, any more than the events of this year are those of the last. The lord-protector Oliver is not the same with the parliamentary general, nor the parliamentary general with Colonel Cromwell. Now if this is partially true of an individual life, it is certainly true of periods and generations. Each generation can only be the same with itself. Myriads of coöperating agencies—law—custom—literature—have joined to make it what it is, nor could the same result be obtained except under a perfect identity of conditions. Let us test the truth of this by looking to our own characters. Their growth has been determined by circumstances which only a miracle can enable us to recall and enumerate. Every book we read, every conversation we hold, modifies us in some way; and there must be some men whose characters, like coral islands, are built on the foregone labors of millions of their kind. Can we, then, by any effort of thought, suppose ourselves existing wholly in a period other than the present? Scott transported bodily the men of the nineteenth century into the fifteenth. Can *we* do the same with ourselves? We can easily imagine ourselves placed among all the *external* peculiarities of the feudal age. We can picture ourselves blessed by the priest or unhorsed by the knight with a vividness almost sufficient to rival truth; but no strain of the imagination can transform us into men, accepting all this in the light of common every-day incident and accident; living continually under the influence of the universal church, and looking on the iron circle of feudality as the unquestionable dispensation of nature. It is just as impossible for the most imaginative among us to substitute for his own the sympathies and antipathies of a past age, as it was evidently then for the most resolute and advanced thinker to exhibit conclusions, tallying even distantly with the views we are in the habit of accepting as common-places. They can never come to us, and we can never return to them.

We are aware that it may be urged, in reply to these arguments, that, although we have not gained by Scott's treatment in the way of absolute truth, we are yet gainers by the removal of absolute error; and that though his tableaux do not give us the real men of the age they present, they have yet a sort of negative reality, in that they serve to weaken a besetting tendency to look on historical characters as mere names and abstractions. There is weight, no doubt, in this reasoning; and, so far as it goes, we gladly acquiesce in it; but we are not the less convinced that Scott engendered a large amount of new error to be set against that he removed. The novelist will almost necessarily, in the spirit of his art, depict scenes and characters which, although for the sake of verisimilitude there must be in them some admixture of error, will yet, on the whole, be interesting and attractive. The consequence is the introduction of a kind of rose-colored medium which, by harmonizing all objects, produces deception just as much as if it distorted them. We are the more anxious to insist on this, because we are convinced that what are called Young England views have originated in these falsifications of history; and, indeed, the birth of these theories is in itself sufficient to prove that no one can tamper innocently with historical truth. Representations, purely and avowedly imaginative, are not without a peculiar danger of their own, and much more dangerous are those but partially so. Fiction cannot border on reality without creeping under its robe: indeed, men will do violence to themselves for the purpose of investing the first with the dress of the last, in much the same spirit as that in which the English yacht-voyagers to Copenhagen have determined the position of Ophelia's grave, and of the pool in which she drowned

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herself. And, after all, the advantages conferred by Scott's treatment are but equivocal gain, if we are compelled to accept with them intimate and substantial misrepresentations of historical periods. It was, no doubt, somewhat of an absurdity to see Garrick acting Richard the Third in a court-suit and powdered wig. But we should very dearly purchase our present attention to the proprieties of theatrical costume, if we were compelled to retain Colley Cibber's alterations in the text of the same play, in which the stilted rhetoric of the eighteenth century jostles the racy eloquence of the Elizabethan period, and 1750 and 1600 go hand-in-hand.

We said that we did not mean to hazard a definition of the historian's province. We will, however, venture thus far, and assert that his office is to note and comment on the *differences*, not the resemblances or the peculiarities of successive ages. If the experience of the past is to benefit us at all, for doctrine, for example, or for reproof, it must be in virtue of a power to make allowances and deductions for the discrepancies which hold between it and ourselves. Otherwise, each separate period is insulated in time, and has no connection with, or relation to, the ages which precede or follow it. Now for this branch of thought Scott was peculiarly unfitted. Our readers may, perhaps, remember a celebrated passage in Bacon, in which he distinguishes between *ingenia subtilia* and *ingenia discursiva* and then adds, "*utrumque ingenium facile labitur in excessum, alterum prensando gradus rerum, alterum umbras.*" To the first class belonged the intellect of Scott. He loved to linger on the *gradus rerum*, on those small particulars, which, at some period in the mental experience of all, are full of interest and even of beauty. But to the last division we must emphatically assign the intellect of the man who possesses what is called in German the "historical sense," and we know no better example of a writer so endowed, than David Hume. With some remarkable deficiencies, as for instance his incapacity for appreciating enthusiasm and religious faith, he had yet a distinct historical theory, and a full comprehension of national progress and social advance. He has in his day done more than any other man to show how the mere indications of one age become the sharply-defined characteristics of the next, and to demonstrate the fore-ordained aim and ultimate union and convergence of those innumerable, seemingly irreconcilable particulars which Scott and his school treat as distinct and isolated facts.

It is very difficult to take up a volume of Scott in anything like a spirit of critical examination. One cannot read him in cold blood. He sets all one's tastes and sympathies working at once to the dire distraction of the reason. Flooded by his humor, and exhilarated by his heartiness and freshness, one lingers in the company of his gloriously life-like creations about as much disposed to question their title to the name they bear, as an opium-smoker to doubt the existence of his imaginary houries. And here again Scott's admirable tact throws us at fault. We are never *taken aback* by a virtual paradox. Even in his delineations of single personages, where no more than an ordinary acquaintance with history at once convinces us that there is a misrepresentation somewhere, its exact nature is most difficult of detection. The dark side of a character, the remorseless cruelty of a Claverhouse, the mean-spirited selfishness of a Leicester, is always indicated—subdued, it is true, in tone, but still never wanting altogether. By this appearance of fairness, one's ideas on a broad question of right and wrong become strangely biassed in the teeth of oneself and one's convictions. There is a fallacy, certainly; it lies in the balance of motives; the writer has deceived us by his crafty adjustment of the scale; but not one reader in a hundred has the courage or the inclination to look further than the conclusion of the process. And, if Scott can thus mislead us in cases where it was probably his deliberate intention to produce a certain and given effect, the danger of deception is much greater in instances where he himself sinned unknowingly and unconsciously against the truth, in his transpositions and translations of scenes and characters whose nature and peculiarities were due solely to the influences of his own age, upon the discordant world of the past. Even more deceptive, as well as more untrustworthy, is the general result, when such methods are applied to the description of whole states of society and periods of history, with their complicated enginery of agency and consequence. We know but one way of keeping our eyes open. Let us not look to Scott, but to his imitators. Coleridge has somewhere said that pathology is the test of physiology. Examine things in their *diseased* form, and you will learn their true nature. Now we presume no one imagines Mr. James' novels to be real presentations of the past. If the eternal couple of knights, who open the tale by riding through impossible scenery at sunset, if the unnatural incident, the commonplace morality, the dialogue forced into stilted quaintness, if all these, as brought out in the inimitable Barbazure, constitute a genuine historical picture, then is history something more uninstructive than an old almanac. And yet detach a Waverley novel from its accidents, and the *caput mortuum* is a tale of Mr. James. Apart from Scott's taste, from his accuracy of detail, from his wit, from his humor, from his knowledge of human nature, these absurdities represent not unfairly those elements of his productions which bear directly on history.

God forbid that we should detract from the true fame of this great man. A veritable Nemesis would avenge so ungrateful a return for the hours of delight we owe to him. But we have distinctly said that the novelist, as such, is not the object of our strictures. We only lament that his method should have proved so fruitful of questionable consequences. In our opinion he might have adopted a different treatment without detriment to his peculiar excellences. He might have written always as he wrote occasionally, that is, he might have bestowed the additional pains necessary to give an artistic form to the materials with which he was so freely provided, without resorting to the deceptive illusion of a pseudo-historical garb: or perhaps he might have emulated the far more difficult achievement of describing the past as it really existed, and of illustrating, not creating it, by his acquaintance with the present: or he might at least have kept the subject and its accidental vehicle so far apart as partially to obviate all danger of misrepresentation. This last appears to have been the method of Shakspeare, who almost takes pains to separate the characters introduced from the scene of introduction. The existing laws of the stage compelled him to transact his stage-action at Verona, Venice, Padua, Athens—anywhere but in Elizabethan England. But his Veronese gentlemen belong to Paul's and the Temple, Iago and Cassio smack somewhat of Alsatia, Dogberry and Verges are redolent of the Fleet, and some Stratford weaver

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certainly sat for the Athenian Bottom. Moreover, in the historical plays, in which nothing but the bare skeleton of fact is present, all historical consistency is systematically neglected. With Scott, on the contrary, there is a deliberate effort to identify the fictitious with the historical scene.

But we will not be tempted to mingle questions, which are in reality distinct. From taking Scott as our guide and instructor, we are learning to prefer to patient thought and candid investigation, an easily-induced attention to the imaginary graces and prettinesses of the past—

"*Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,*
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese,"

and the consequence is, that Mr. Smythe is likely to be the exponent of our opinions on history, Mr. Pugin of our views of religion, and Lord John Manners of our statesmanship.

Imitative Power in Birds.—So strong is the imitative power of birds, that a canary who had been taught to pipe, having heard a chaffinch that daily sung in a tree near the window where the cage was hung, learnt his note in a few days, omitting at that time the air he had been accustomed to sing. At the end of the spring, after having been removed from the neighborhood of the chaffinch, he resumed the air as before. A nestling nightingale also learnt the notes of a hedge-sparrow that sung near it, for want of other sounds to imitate; and it was extraordinary to hear the gentle, although agreeable warble of the latter, attuned to the full compass and power of the nightingale. The effect was most pleasing, although of course not equal to the natural notes of this bird, not one of which he retained. Indeed, many birds are almost, if not entirely, imitative, and, in default of hearing the parent bird, borrow notes of others; soft-billed birds always prefer the song of soft-billed birds, and *vice versa*. It is hoped, from what has been said on the above subject, that persons who are in the habit of keeping caged birds will be induced to educate them in the manner suggested. Then, instead of hearing the shrill, deafening natural notes of the canary, they will be delighted with those of the nightingale, the blackcap, and other warblers. "They will then breathe such sweet music out of their little instrumental throats, that it may make mankind think that miracles are not ceased." So said the good Izaak Walton.—*Jesse's Favorite Haunts.*

A Friend in Need.—An instance of animal sagacity and humanity, unequalled in our remembrance, took place before our door on Saturday. An unfortunate dog, in order to make sport for some fools, had a pan tied to his tail, and was sent off on his travels towards Galt. He reached the village utterly exhausted, and lay down before the steps of Mr. Young's tavern, eying most anxiously the horrid annoyance hung behind him, but unable to move a step further, or rid himself of the torment. Another dog, a Scotch colly, came up at the time, and seeing the distress of his crony, laid himself down gently beside him, and gaining his confidence by a few caresses, proceeded to gnaw the string by which the noisy appendage was attached to his friend's tail, and by about a quarter of an hour's exertion, severed the cord, and started to his legs, with the pan hanging from the string in his mouth, and after a few joyful capers around his friend, departed on his travels, in the highest glee at his success.—*Galt Reporter.*

Bad Arrangements in our Criminal Courts.—If all who have to attend criminal courts were criminals, hardened to shame and corruption, worthless to shield from physical suffering and injury, the arrangements in those courts would be merely cruel; but as criminals are only a small fraction of the number, the authorities responsible for mixing up the most innocent with the most depraved, and for torturing the guiltless, incur the gravest censure.

To take the principal alone, look at the Central Criminal Court. It is filled daily. Those whom the law or the need of redress obliges to fill it are not classified according to their condition, but according to the arbitrary distinctions of a court, into prisoners, judges, barristers, jury, witnesses, and "public:" they are separated merely into penfolds. The unventilated atmosphere is fetid with vicious squalor. The prosecutors and witnesses have no proper place of retreat, but must sit in court, or wait in the lobbies. Thus the refined and the brutal, the innocent and the depraved, are huddled together: decent matrons are squeezed between policemen and ragamuffins; modest girls are jostled by the boon companions of the prisoner, indecently swaggering in to "speak to character." It is filthy. So long as you may be "wanted," you must sit in court and hear all that goes on, however tedious, however disgusting, however improper for many ears around. The very arguments of counsel on the revolting cases with which the court is familiar defile the ears. The bodily fatigue incidental to attendance in the Central Criminal Court is no small evil: but physical suffering can be endured; it is the sight of the unstricken countenance of youth amid the base and the brutal, in an atmosphere of vice and disease, within hearing of allusions so vile as to be sometimes harmless because unintelligible, but too often carefully made intelligible—it is the sight of innocence forced by "the majesty of the law" into hideous contact with depravity, that is intolerable.

Incessantly are complaints made of these evils; and periodically does some judge at the Central Criminal Court reply with a hope that the "corporation" will look to it. The whole arrangement is disgraceful to all concerned—not omitting the judges and lawyers. All the public buildings of this country, with scarcely an exception, are unworthy of their objects, especially in size. The ancients, with far slenderer resources, raised structures which put ours to shame. We, with immense population and proportionate need of space, with immense wealth and immense advance in the mechanism of the arts, are content with public buildings ugly, mean, and small. A high sense of art would instinctively dictate a style more befitting its objects: our instincts in that direction are not very sensitive; our trading spirit makes us pare down everything public—except feasting—to bare necessity; and it is only when we find justice and innocence shut up in a reeking hole with vice and crime that we discover our mistake. This Central Criminal Court ought not only to be larger than it is in the body of it, but ought to be surrounded by convenient retiring-rooms for those who have to wait, sufficiently spacious and numerous to obviate revolting associations. The want of decency detracts from the boasted "majesty of the law;" and we wonder that the bench and the bar have so long been content to administer their high functions in places which would turn the stomachs of their humblest menials.—*Spectator.*

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From Chambers' Journal.

AIDS IN SWIMMING.

Some persons have supposed that the only reason why a man, however unaccustomed to the water, does not swim as well as one of the lower animals, is, that the former has more dread of the foreign element; and they assert that all we have to do, in order to float, is to discard fear, and trust implicitly to the natural buoyancy of our bodies. But this comfortable theory is at most not more than half true. When one of the lower animals finds himself in the water, he is in his natural posture for movement, and plies his feet to escape from the danger, just as he would on land in the action of running. Man, on the contrary, if he would use the four paddles with which nature has provided him, must throw himself prone on his face, abandon all his usual habits of motion, and attempt to push himself on against the water with his palms and soles, and at the same time manage in such a way, when drawing them in for a new stroke, as to prevent the preceding effort from being neutralized. Swimming, therefore, is an instinct with the brute, but an art with the man. That fear, however, impedes the progress of a man in *learning* to swim, is perfectly true. It deprives him of the presence of mind necessary for acquiring an art in circumstances of apparent danger; while the very same feeling gives added energy to the instinctive motions of the brute. Many tribes of horses and dogs are vastly more timid than man; and the only reason why the former move with comparative safety in the water is, that in the action of swimming they have merely to obey a natural impulse. When the writer of these lines was a boy, some pains were taken to teach him to swim, and he acquired without much difficulty the theory of the art. But the practice was quite another thing: he no sooner raised his feet from the ground, than down he sank like a stone, till he at length believed that some physical peculiarity rendered swimming an impossibility for him. The peculiarity, however, turned out to be moral, not physical. One day, on the shores of one of the Western Islands, he was bathing in the company of a huge Highlander, and having laid his clothes upon the cliff, was about to descend to a little creek, where the water was smooth and shallow, and the sand soft and white. In front of the rocks was a natural basin, in which a frigate might have swam, with the circling sands of the beach at some little distance beyond; and into this basin rolled the smooth majestic swell of the Atlantic. When about to descend, he was caught up by the giant, and pitched over the cliff like a clod, and found himself, with a shout of mingled wrath and terror, struggling in the hitherto impracticable element! Now, had he not previously learned to swim, he must have sunk, or owed his extrication to his well-meaning friend; but being acquainted with the art, he did swim, like a duck, to the opposite sands—although so little grateful was he for the lesson he had now been taught, that his supposed inability was mere cowardice, that the first thing he did, on regaining his feet, was to fire a volley of stones at his instructor.

Everybody knows that to persons well acquainted with the art, it is possible to rest for a certain time in swimming, by lying upon the back; but this can only be done in perfectly smooth water; and in other attitudes, the body, however great its buoyancy, must be kept constantly trimmed by the motion of the hands and feet. It is not surprising, therefore, that so many plans have been tried for obtaining an independent buoyancy. Every season we hear of some new invention with reference to this grand desideratum; for the attempts that were formerly made to increase the force of the swimmer's movements appear to be abandoned as chimerical. The gloves, for instance, with web fingers, are quite unsuited to our muscular power, which finds the resistance offered by the water to our naked hand quite great enough. The same thing may be said of the attempts to provide the feet with similar contrivances, intended to expand when shoved against the water, and to close at the return. But we are not sure that the "swimming skate," invented in France a few years ago, has attracted so much attention as it would seem to deserve, from the circumstance of its being the only contrivance (so far as our knowledge of the subject goes) the effect of which is to place man, when swimming, in his usual walking attitude.

The swimming skate is a piece of wood, furnished with two parallel rows of plates, folding over each other, so as to resemble in some degree the laths of a blind. These open or shut, according as the foot to which the skate is attached moves downwards or upwards; and the swimmer advances by the alternate motion of his limbs, as in mounting a stair, keeping the head and body a little forward, as in skating. By the aid of this instrument, he is able, it is said, to remain stationary in the water; but we presume this can only be for a short determinate time. At any rate, he can turn in any direction he pleases, raise himself out of the water as high as the girdle, and continue the exercise almost as long as that of walking. In order to plunge to the bottom, he has only to raise himself, by quick motions of his limbs, as high above the surface as possible, and then point the toes downwards.

We presume it is some instrument like this which assists in the exhibition, not uncommon in this country, termed "walking in the water;" but the experiment of *adding* to the swimming skate the inflated cape or belt might be worth trying. The latter, and all similar contrivances, however valuable, as affording the means of floating, rather diminish the facility of motion than otherwise, from the addition they make to the volume of the body. The grand thing to be sought after is the power of movement through the water, in union with perfect safety in the water: the latter we cannot think derivable from the skates alone, while without them, the accidental rupture of the air-vessels would be fatal.

The part which the lower animals take in this question reminds us that, as among them there are tribes even of the same species better adapted for swimming than others, so there may be families of mankind that take to the water as naturally as Newfoundland dogs. This is affirmed by Sir George Simpson of the Sandwich islanders, who, he says, "may almost be said to be born swimmers; for they actually take the water before they leave the breast. At Lahaina, in particular, I was highly amused with the early development of this innate talent. Through the town there runs, or rather creeps, a sluggish streamlet, into which urchins that were hardly able to stand used to crawl on all fours; but no sooner did they gain the congenial element, than they struck out like a young fish, diving, and ducking, and performing a variety of feats with confidence and ease." The art, thus early learned, is highly important in after-life; for if an islander founders at sea, he is quite undisturbed even if he

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should find himself in the midst of a shoal of sharks.

In what has been said regarding artificial aids in swimming, we would by no means be understood to advocate the use of such instruments by those who merely enter the water for healthful exercise. Nothing can be better for the purpose than swimming as it is usually practised; and as the accidents that expose us to drowning do not commonly come at convenient times, it would be folly to trust to our having the preventive apparatus always ready. A man is much more likely to have it in his power to save his life by swimming, than by belts and skates; but appliances like the latter possess the same kind of scientific interest we attach to balloons, with a greater probability, as knowledge advances, of becoming practically useful.

From Chambers' Journal.

ARTIFICIAL COLD.

Since the days of that dissipated heathen who, in order to cool the air during an oppressive summer, caused mountains of snow to be piled up, and suffered them to melt away, down to the present era, in which there prevails a rage for the thing, mankind has been incessantly in quest of refrigeratives. In those regions where ice and snow are found during winter, it became an easy expedient to store up such treasures of cold for use in warmer seasons; but where, if formed at all, they could only be of a momentary existence, it is manifest that some other means must be devised to supply the luxury of coldness to the noble and wealthy; and thus the art of artificial refrigeration—an art which has to boast of the elaborate researches of the ingenious Robert Boyle, and has occupied much of the consideration of other philosophers before and since—took its origin. We have already taken notice of the now prevalent use and means of procuring beautiful ice for the table: we shall here present a brief sketch of the history, and a short notice of the methods, of producing cold artificially.

Cold, as a luxury, was far from being unknown to the ancients. The winter's snow or ice was rudely gathered up in heaps, or buried in pits, and covered with straw or chaff. But this was a wasteful, and grew to be an expensive method; and it became desirable to have ready means at every season, and independently of the accidents of the skies, for obtaining the same end. The simplest of these proceeded on the principle of loss of temperature, as a result of rapid evaporation. The Egyptians were accustomed to cool their water by placing it in earthen pitchers, the exterior of which was kept constantly wet by being sprinkled with water by slaves. It was the habit of one of their luxurious monarchs to have several servants for this office alone, whose duties were to expose the water to cool on the summit of the palace, and constantly supply the royal table with the beverage. Cooling pits were also dug in the earth, into which the water-vessels were placed during the daytime; the exterior being well soaked with water, and then surrounded with the fresh leaves of a vine or other plant, evaporation rapidly went on, and the liquid became most agreeably cool. Another method is said to be mentioned by Plutarch, which was by casting into the water a number of small stones, the agitation and consequent evaporation produced by which would probably exercise a slightly frigorific power over the water. It was probably an accidental observation of what could not have failed to have been an every-day occurrence, that led to the next improvement in this method of refrigeration. Many of the earthen vessels of the Egyptians are made of unglazed ware: water placed in one of these was found to be considerably cooler than when kept in other vessels; and the more open and porous the material, the more rapid the transudation of the water, and its evaporation from the surface of the jars, and the greater the degree of cold obtained. Water-vases were then formed for that purpose solely; and the invention, unaltered in principle, has come down with increasing usefulness to the present time. Illustrations of the second great chemical law—that liquefaction produces cold—next followed. For ages in India, it had been the practice to cool beverages in that burning climate by dissolving saltpetre in water. From India the practice made its way into Europe; and Beckmann states that a Spanish physician, Blarious Villa Franca, practising at Rome, first introduced this method of producing cold in Italy about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is related that wine, placed in this mixture, was cooled to a degree making it almost intolerable to the teeth; and this was a considerable step in the history of artificial cold. Other saline substances came into use, and pits were formed, into which, on the large scale, the water to be cooled was put in vessels, surrounded by the cooling mixture. Finally came the important discovery, that an intensely freezing mixture was capable of being formed by mixing snow or ice and salt together. A celebrated physician electrified a large audience by exhibiting its effects upon a bottle of wine, which he actually froze into ice; and "this new method of freezing water" is also mentioned by Lord Bacon. Such are the conditions under which this subject has been handed down to existing posterity.

A little consideration of the processes described in this cursory sketch, of the chemical progress of the luxury, will show us that they are all reducible to the two axioms—that evaporation and liquefaction create cold. The philosophy of which fact is simply, that in the change of condition from a fluid to a vapor, and from a solid to a fluid, there is a change in the capacity for caloric. If a certain measure of water is to become vaporized, or if a certain weight of salt is to become a solution, these changes cannot occur without the water and the salt receiving an additional supply of heat, which is of course abstracted from all surrounding bodies; and the abstraction of heat being an equivalent expression to the production of cold, we are brought back to the truths with which we commenced, and have seen how evaporation and liquefaction produce cold. Caloric disappears in both cases, and, burying itself among the particles of the new product, is said to have become *latent*. There are some facts connected with the production of artificial ice which deserve mention here. The congelation of water is materially promoted by rapid motion. Water has, in fact, been cooled, and yet remained quite fluid, many degrees below the temperature at which it generally becomes ice; but the moment a little movement was communicated to the liquid, instantly the temperature rose to 32 degrees, and the mass became ice, needle-like crystals flying through its substance in a most curious manner. This fact was seized upon by the refrigeratists, and repeated accounts of making artificial ice are extant, in which much stress is evidently laid upon the act of stirring the fluid to be frozen rapidly round with a stick. The experience of mankind also appears to have discovered

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that water, after it has been boiled, freezes more rapidly than otherwise. It is a custom among many nations of warm climates either to warm the water in the sun, or to boil it, previous to attempting to reduce its temperature. Dr. Black of Edinburgh published some experiments undertaken to determine the question; and his results were, that boiled water does freeze a little more rapidly than unboiled. The act of boiling expels the air; and as in freezing a similar expulsion takes place, a step is gained in advance of the unboiled liquid.

The means in present use for artificial refrigeration are very various, some of them very interesting. Among these, the employment of porous earthenware may receive an early place. The Moors introduced into Spain this article of luxury, in the shape of very elegant vases, wonderfully light and porous. Water kept in these became rapidly deliciously cool, and, from some peculiarity in the process of the manufacture of the vessels, it acquired, in addition, a very agreeable flavor. In Egypt, and in India, and in most sultry regions, this expedient is at the present time a very prevalent one. It has also for some time been extensively employed amongst ourselves—porous wine, butter, and water coolers, of many elegant designs, being now produced at our potteries. But porous ware keeps water coolest where the clime is hottest, the very increment of heat being made to react in the production of cold by rapid evaporation. The Moorish name for their earthen jugs was *Alcarrazos*, or *Bucarros*. The Arabs, burnt up with the eternal fire of their scorching country, make use of goat-skins for their water-vessels, which suffer a little water slowly to exude, and thus keep the remainder comparatively cool. A common method of cooling wines in India is one which will almost appear a paradox: the bottle is wrapped in flannel wetted with water, and placed directly in the rays of the sun: violent evaporation ensues, and the wine actually becomes very cold. It is a common plan, too, for sailors, in warm latitudes, to cover their wine with cloths constantly wetted. Apartments are cooled on a similar principle, and an abundance of water is frequently dashed against the walls of the room with the most grateful effect. In India, also, the cold, so dangerous and penetrating on a clear night, is applied in a peculiar manner for the purpose of freezing water. Near Calcutta, in an open plain, there are large shallow excavations made in the ground, and filled with straw; upon this many rows of small, shallow, porous pans, filled with water, are placed at sunset. During the night ice forms in thin cakes upon the surface of these pans: it is carefully removed before sunrise, carried to a proper repository, and pounded into a mass there, and then covered over with blankets. This manufacture can only be pursued during the months of December, January, and February; and in the districts where the ice is formed in this manner, it is never produced naturally. This ingenious process must wholly disappear before the new import of Wenham Lake ice. What a revolution has commerce effected in India, when we remember that early travellers in that country were looked upon as liars and impostors for asserting the possibility of solidifying water into ice!

Where saline substances are cheap, the more powerful mode of refrigeration has been the use of the frigorific mixture. Some of these mixtures are capable of producing the most intense cold known to philosophy.* Dissolving saltpetre in water creates a very useful degree of cold; and where the salt is plentiful, as in India, it has long been employed for this purpose. It was the peculiar duty of one domestic to cool beverages for the table by this means, who received the impregnated solution for his perquisite. Where, however, snow or ice is procurable, the intensity of the freezing mixture rises to its higher points. Snow and salt produce a mixture which was deemed by Fahrenheit to be of the greatest possible degree of cold. This was the temperature of his zero. Our confectioners are in the habit of using for their craft a mixture of pounded ice and salt. The substance known as chloride of calcium, mixed with snow, produces a most severe cold, sufficiently great to freeze mercury. Mr. Walker, to whose interesting experiments upon this subject it stands much indebted, was on one occasion able, by successive coolings, to attain a depth of cold equal to 91 degrees below Fahrenheit's unhappy zero. In the laboratory of the chemist, great degrees of cold are procurable by the use of highly volatile liquids for evaporation. Every juvenile chemist's ears have tingled with the startling enunciation of the possibility of freezing a man to death in the height of summer, by wetting him constantly with ether—which is, however, a fact hitherto undemonstrated. The sulphuret of carbon, and, more recently, liquid sulphurous acid, both of them exceedingly volatile fluids, create intense cold by their evaporation. The almost magical experiments of M. Boutigny, in which water was frozen in a red-hot crucible, were effected by the assistance of sulphurous acid in the liquid form. The remarkable substance, liquid carbonic acid, takes the highest rank as a refrigorific agent known. Mr. Addams of Kensington actually manufactures this curious liquid as an article of commerce, and has occasionally as much as *nine gallons* of it in store. In drawing it from its powerful reservoirs, it evaporates so rapidly as to freeze itself, and it is then a light porous mass, like snow. If a small quantity of this is drenched with ether, the degree of cold produced is even more intolerable to the touch than boiling water! a drop or two of the mixture producing blisters, just as if the skin had been burned. Mr. Addams states, that in eight minutes he has frozen in this way a mass of mercury weighing ten pounds.

There have been some mechanical contrivances for the manufacture of ice. Evaporation may be accelerated mechanically to a degree so great as to produce ice in considerable quantities; and this is the principle of Sir John Leslie's celebrated freezing apparatus. In conducting some experiments upon the rarefaction of air, he was led to conceive the idea of manufacturing ice on the large scale from a little phenomenon observed in the receiver of his air-pump. Introducing a watch-glass full of water, and in contact with sulphuric acid, into the receiver of his air-pump, and on making a few strokes with the piston, the water was converted into a mass of solid ice! With a body of parched oatmeal instead of the acid as the absorbent of moisture, he froze a pound and a quarter of water into ice. Experiments on the large scale followed; powerful machines were constructed, and various improvements were adopted in the apparatus, all tending to facilitate its application to the wants or luxuries of mankind. Several of these machines have been exported into hot climates. Dr. Ure suggested steam as the

* It will be noticed, that throughout this article the term cold is made use of, for convenience' sake, as if it indicated a positive principle, and were not, as it is, a mere negation.

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vacuizing power; and the idea has been conceived, that wherever a steam-engine is employed, there an ice apparatus might be erected and sustained at a trifling cost, with great prospect of productiveness.

The most recent ice-machine is "Masters' Apparatus," the principal feature of which is, that a metallic cylinder is made to undergo rapid rotation in a freezing mixture, the motion appearing in a singular manner to expedite and facilitate the process.

Some account of the applications of artificial cold may perhaps suitably conclude our paper. For some time the ingenuity of men in this particular developed itself no further than in simply cooling wine and other beverages; but a more refined and even elegant mode of doing so was afterwards discovered. In Boyle's "History of Cold," it is stated that he was accustomed to make wine-cups of ice, by means of tin moulds, for use in hot weather: pleasant trifles, as he calls them, which imparted a delicious coolness to the wine poured into them. In an old romance, named the "Argenis," a dinner in summer is described, at which fresh apples half-incrusted with ice, and a basin of ice filled with wine, were among the curiosities upon the table. Then came the invention of water-ices by one Procope, an Italian, who had an immense sale for them in Paris. Cream ices, and the iced juice of fruits, were then made, and found a rapid consumption. More recently, the art of the confectioner has applied this process to imitate many kinds of fruit and peaches—apricots and nectarines of ice—copying the originals with curious fidelity.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF NAMES.

Our readers are aware that the strange thesis has been maintained before now that "private vices are public benefits;" and some may have wondered at the desperate ingenuity which could work evil into good by the simple rule of multiplication. But we live in a world of seeming anomalies; and however difficult their reconciliation may be, there is no doubt that the errors of individuals are overmastered in their collective tendency, and that we all, good, bad, wise, and foolish alike, cöoperate unconsciously, in the great work of human progress.

As a familiar illustration of what we mean—the philosopher smiles at the enthusiasm of the vulgar in their aspirations after an undefined and undefinable good they call the Genteel; but the philosopher may smile on, for the wisdom of the learned Theban is foolishness. Such aspirations are the beginning of all refinement. They lead, it is true, to the perpetration of innumerable caricatures; but these in time correct themselves, or are corrected by collision, till every day some individuals, rising gradually above the mass, ascend into the region of true taste—or what is taken for such by the present generation. And what is true of individuals, is true of nations, and of society at large. The history of manners and costume, or, so to speak, Fashion, is the history of virtue and intelligence. How many revolutions have we passed through, before reaching our present simplicity of attire! And how many horrors have we encountered, before subsiding into our present condition of comparative charity and peace! Our contemporaries are better, as well as better dressed, than their ancestors; and our posterity will be better, and better dressed, than ourselves. Already our women have more elegance, and less bustle; and already our men have grown ashamed of their pig-tailed coats, not a thread of which will survive for their heirs at law. Already, in like manner, do we begin to pick up little thieves and beggars from the streets, to imprison them in schools, instead of contaminating them in jails; to turn them to knowledge and industry, instead of confirming them in ignorance and crime; and to lead them on to public usefulness, rather than the hulks and the gallows. Condemn not, therefore, the vulgar-genteel, any more than our ancestors, for, like the latter, they are pilgrims on the road, and their very errors are paths that lead to truth.

But there is one thing in the general bearing and tendency of the present age towards the Genteel which is a little puzzling—not that we think the thing unnatural or improper in itself, but we cannot well see in what way the result is to benefit society. Gaudy or ill-matched colors betray a mental struggle, which may end in advancing the individual in the path to taste; and a control, however rude, of the language and movements of the body, may in like manner result in an approach towards politeness. But of what utility in our social progress is the present chronic revolution in proper names? Suppose, for instance, the whole race of Smiths get on to writing their name Smyth, or even reach the *ne plus ultra* Smythe, *cui bono?* Smythe is not intrinsically better than Smith; it is only more uncommon; and every advance the multitudinous tribe makes in this direction defeats its own object. If Smythe were a good, or a beauty in itself—if it were the *beau ideal* of Smith—that would be another thing; but it does not even make the name a dissyllable—it leaves it the same short, squat, *ruturier* word as ever. Nothing, in fact, can be done for Smith but giving it an amiable prename, or, better still, a title. Sir Sidney Smith, for instance, has a decidedly aristocratic sound; and this has no dependence upon its personal associations, otherwise Adam Smith would be recognized as the legitimate chief of the clan. Without a prename at all, Count Smith, and Baron Smith, so common on the continent, are highly respectable; and if a suggestion had been adopted, which was kindly and happily made, on the occasion of the marriage of an Irish beauty of the name with a scion of Italian royalty, Smith would have become one of the most distinguished patronymics in the kingdom. The match alluded to was reckoned a *mesalliance* on the part of the lover, who was accordingly threatened to be discarded by his family; and he was therefore advised to confer upon the name of his lovely bride his own title, and call himself Prince Smith.

But even a prename alone may be of great advantage. There is one of the novels of Miss Edgeworth—we forget which—in which a gentleman of the name of Harvey figures as the hero. Harvey! Only fancy John, Peter, or even William Harvey as the hero of a novel! But Miss Edgeworth was too well acquainted with the philosophy of names to commit such a blunder: she made the individual Clarence Harvey; and the name has never to this day been objected to even among the female teens. Our own attention was first attracted to the importance of names by the case of an adventurer in London whom we knew personally. He was a countryman of the Princess Smith alluded to, and had come up to push his fortune in the musical line. Being really a person of fair abilities, he obtained a few pupils, and had even a couple of little songs published by the music-sellers; but it would not do.

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He did not make enough to keep his family, (for he had brought his wife and child with him,) and when want began to stare them in the face, and pinch too, as well as stare—he at length made up his mind, though with many bitter regrets, to go back to Connaught. What could he do? Nobody cared about songs by R. A. R——; and to this day their merits remain an impenetrable mystery. We were in the music shop when he was closing the publishing transaction, and he had occasion to sign his name—we fear not to a receipt. The publisher stared at the document, in which the signature was given at full length, and then at him.

"R. A.!" cried he. "Why, your name is Ralph Abercromby!"

"You may say that. Was n't it after the gineral I was christened?"

"Goodness gracious! Ralph Abercromby! Why did you not mention this before? And are you really off now—with a fortune in that name?"

"Sure it 's time to be off, when I have paid the fare, and forgotten the rint. Bad luck to the name! If the initials have brought is to this, would n't the rest of it have starved us entirely?"

"The man is an ass!" mused the publisher aloud, as our friend flung out of the shop. "But Ralph Abercromby R——! that name would have carried him through, if he had brayed *worse* than a donkey!"

Sometimes it is considered advantageous to give one's name a foreign air; as if we were valuable exotics naturalized in the country, but still looking brown and yellow, as it were, in honor of our origin. Thus plain Miller is homely and sturdy (though not overly honest) till it is improved into Muller; but when this again becomes Mühler, it is quite a molendinary curiosity. We fancy Mr. Mühler was some centuries ago Herr Mühler, and we long to ask him, When did you come over? This expression, by the way, *come over*, is very captivation. Some came over with the Saxons, some with the Normans—it matters little which; the thing is to get back one's origin till it is lost in the morning twilight of history; and the breadth of the ocean counts to our imagination like an additional space of time. A foreign miller, besides, is a more poetical personage than an English miller. In England, gentry of this profession may be thieves, (as it used to be the fashion to represent them,) but abroad they are banditti; and in Germany, some of the wildest scenes that followed the Thirty Years' War, were enacted in a mill. Most people, in fact, have a strong objection to names that are associated with the vulgarities of a common trade. An aspiring Mason, by simply doubling the *s*, so as to make himself Masson, laughs at detection; although a Tailor has less facility of escape—and more need of it; he tries Taylor, and probably shakes his head; then the other syllable, Tailour; and if still appalled by the horrors of the name, he makes it, as a last resource, Tailyour.

But there are other associations still more frightful, as in the Scotch name Boag, which is identical, at least in sound, with that of the insect called by the English, bug. The desperate efforts made here by the hereditary victims are truly alarming. Some write the word Bogie; but finding that they have thus got into the spiritual world, they rush madly into Bogue, and sometimes Boog. When a name, on the other hand, has a meaning complimentary to its possessor, the grand desideratum is, to make it as plain as possible. Thus Archibald is somewhat equivocal as it stands; and it is neatly and decisively modernized into Archbold. Frequently the only fault complained of is the want of euphony—as in Mucklewham. Somebody says, in the Waverley novels, that he could not think Venus beautiful if announced in a drawing-room as Miss Mac-Jupiter. What would he think, then, if presented for a quadrille to Miss Mucklewham? But thanks to the taste of the times, the name is nearly obsolete, and our fair partner is now Miss Meikleham.

A familiar object, even when its associations are good, is not approved of for a name. Burn (a stream) was sought to be made a little grander, by being given in the plural, Burns; but personal associations, as we have already observed, having no effect in this species of mania, some diverged into Burnes; while others, determining to sever definitively all connection with poetical immortality, called themselves Burness. Mill, in like manner, was made Mills, and was then sunk entirely in Milne; and Home became Hume; and Hume, Hulme. John, on the same principle, is pluralized Johns, and this made into Johnes, and Jones.

But personal associations are only ineffective when modern. It is considered a great attainment to get back Cumming to its probable origin, Comyng; and those who are not satisfied with elongating Graham into Grahame, rest with delighted pride upon the Celtic Graeme. The colors, we need hardly add, are always sought to be washed out. White becomes Whyte, and is then entirely obliterated in Wight; and Brown, after passing through the intermediate Browne, relinquishes its identity in Broun.

In all these transformations the aim is the same—distinction. We wish to divorce ourselves from things common and vulgar, and fancy—oddly enough—that we in some measure accomplish this by misspelling the name we have received from our parents. We once knew an instance, and rather an instructive one, in which this nominal distinction was carried progressively on with the advance of the fortunes of the individual. His original name was Cuningham; and he was born in a station in which people think very little, and frequently know very little, about their patronymics. He was an errand-lad and porter in a draper's shop in one of the larger towns on the west coast of Scotland, and being a smart fellow, was on some occasion promoted to a station behind the counter. This was a great advancement for the errand-lad, and he became all on a sudden prodigiously genteel. What first put it into his head, it is hard to say; but certain it is, that a little twirl at the end of his written name subsided gradually into an *e*, and at last, to all intents and purposes, he was Mr. Cuninghame. In two years after this consummation, he was left very unexpectedly the sum of £200 by a distant relation, and Mr. Cuninghame determined to retire from his employer's counter, and take one of his own. While looking out for a proper place for his intended establishment, a new change occurred in his name corresponding with the expansion of his ideas in other respects; and he became now, to the great surprise of his acquaintance, Mr. Coyninghame. But it so happened that, before he had quite fixed upon a site for his "warehouse," he was quite fixed himself in admiration of a young lady, the heiress of a tallow-chandler; and as she was much struck with his person, and the uncommon gentility of his name, he abandoned his present pursuit, and laid siege to her as the more promising speculation of the two. In the course of his courtship a new change occurred in his name, and he

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was now Mr. Coynynghame. It is supposed that this was in homage to the taste of the heiress; and the supposition receives some color from the fact, that after she proved faithless, he knocked out indignantly the additional *y*. It was not so easy, however, to place himself in other respects *in statu quo*. His capital was by this time nearly all gone; and after a dreadful struggle with his pride, he was compelled to step behind the counter once more as the shopman of another. With a stern philosophy, he signalized his fall by the sacrifice of the remaining *y*: but the Furies were not yet appeased. The great monetary crisis took place at this time, which reduced most of the establishments in the town, and among a multitude of others, threw Mr. Cuninghame out of work. His remaining funds were quickly exhausted. What was to be done? He had the good sense to take a porter's employment again, and became once more plain John Cuningham.

In this history we see movement without progress. The mistake was to suppose that a change of position rendered a change in the name an advantage, or that any additional dignity could be derived from spelling it with one letter instead of another. It was very proper for the porter to abandon his jacket in favor of a coat when he became the shopman; but a name is no indication of rank, any more than rank is an indication of virtue. After all, we believe the most frequent revolutions in names have been the result of mere accident, such as the ignorance of the parties of the mystery of orthography, and the disregard in which such niceties were held before the language had attained its present fixed and regular form.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Cultivation of Conscience.—As we cultivate taste, or our susceptibility to beauty, by meditating upon the most finished specimens of art, or the most lovely scenery in nature, so conscience, or our moral susceptibility, is improved by meditating upon anything eminent for moral goodness. It is hence that example produces so powerful a moral effect; and hence that one single act of heroic virtue, as that of Howard, or of illustrious self-denial, gives a new impulse to the moral character of an age. Men cannot reflect upon such actions without the production of a change in their moral susceptibility. On the contrary, the discriminating power of conscience may be injured by frequent meditation upon vicious character and action. By frequently contemplating vice, our passions become excited, and our moral disgust diminishes. Thus, also, by becoming familiar with wicked men, we learn to associate whatever they may possess of intellectual or social interest with their moral character; and hence our abhorrence of vice is lessened. Thus men who are accustomed to view, habitually, any vicious custom, cease to have their moral feelings excited by beholding it. All this is manifest from the facts made known in the progress of every moral reformation. Of so delicate a texture has God made our moral nature, and so easily is it either improved or impaired. Pope says truly,

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be dreaded, needs but to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

It is almost unnecessary to remark, that this fact will enable us to estimate the value of much of our reading, and of much of our society. Whatever fills the memory with scenes of vice, or stimulates the imagination to conceptions of impurity, vulgarity, profanity, or thoughtlessness, must, by the whole of this effect, render us vicious. As a man of literary sensibility will avoid a badly-written book, for fear of injuring his taste, by how much more should we dread the communion with anything wrong, lest it should contaminate our imagination, and thus injure our moral sense!—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

Porridge.—Oatmeal is likewise used, and deserves to be much more used than it is, in the form of what is called stirabout or porridge. This is made by gradually stirring oatmeal into boiling water, until enough has been added to give the required degree of consistence—continuing the boiling until the meal is sufficiently cooked. It is commonly eaten either with milk or with butter-milk. This is usually a very unirritating kind of food—an article of diet which is well adapted to the case of children, and little less so to that of dyspeptics; and for the laboring population it forms a breakfast that is much more nourishing and wholesome than the tea and the bread and butter, or bread and dripping, which are in England so much more generally made use of. Flour bread and milk, although certainly well suited to the stomachs of most children, is nevertheless found to disagree with some; and as a general breakfast for children, I think that oatmeal porridge and milk deserves to be preferred. It is an unstimulating diet; it is very easily digested; it contains a very considerable proportion of nutriment; and it seems usually to act slightly on the alvine excretions—while in many cases a continued use of milk renders it necessary to take an occasional dose of aperient medicine.—*Dr. Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

A little boy of the commune of Hery-sur-Alby, in the canton of Geneva, was lately seized by an eagle at the moment at which he had taken some eaglets from a nest. The bird carried him to a height of upwards of 600 metres, to the summit of a rock; luckily, some shepherds saw what was passing, and rushed to the rescue. The poor boy escaped with a fright and the deep impressions of the eagle's claws in his flesh.

At Croydon Assizes, last week, Mrs. Armsworth, the widow of a laborer, brought an action against the South-eastern Railway Company, for compensation on account of injury sustained by the death of her husband. In January last, there was a fall of chalk on the railway at Merstham; deceased and other men were employed to clear the line, the rubbish to be conveyed some distance from the spot; the men rode on the train, that they might shovel out the chalk at the appointed place; in one of these trips Armsworth rode in a wagon filled with chalk; the signal being given to shovel out the chalk, he began the work, but just then the engine gave a plunge forward, Armsworth was thrown off, and crushed under the wheels. This was the plaintiff's case. For the defence, it was shown that the man had no business on the chalk-truck; a wagon was attached to the train specially for the laborers to ride in, but Armsworth and others would get into the chalk-trucks that they might set to work more quickly. It was denied that any signal had been given to the men to begin unloading when the engine was put in motion. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, 100*l.*; 50*l.* for the widow, and 25*l.* for each of two children.

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From the Examiner.

Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks, and on the Shores of the Danube. By a Seven Years' Resident in Greece. Chapman and Hall.

THIS book will bear comparison with the cleverest of the clever books that have been lately published on the east. It is written by a lady, and has the best and worst characteristics of feminine genius. The logic is terribly vague, and the rhetoric of a very questionable order; but the general ease, vivacity, and sportful observation, the brilliant touches of description, the lively humor, the quick good sense, and the delightful under-current, all through, of womanly grace and sprightliness, have charmed us very much indeed. In some passages we seem to have a vision of Lady Mary herself. But what would Lady Mary have said to the writer's denunciations of the harem? And what will Mr. Milnes say to it?

The writer introduces her sketches, which seem to have been taken in a voyage home from Greece by the Danube, with a well-written account of the result of her impressions of a seven years' residence in Greece; and this gives a tone to the volume which is preserved throughout, of more thorough information than ordinary travellers possess, and of a certain previous knowledge of eastern life and custom which communicates substance and reality to what she afterwards relates. She is not a mere maker of paragraphs, and there is little of the dead life of the hand-book in her volume. We doubt if Eothen himself is more real at times, more full of personal incident, more amusingly life-like. The lady has not a little comic talent; and her sketches of fellow-travellers from Europe or Kentucky, as well as her pictures of gluttonous Turks, wise dervishes, Bulgarian pachas, Rabbins' houses, and Mahometan harems, give very free and pleasant scope to this love of comedy. We recommend the book to the Dramatic Authors' Society. It is full of character and incident, and tells a great many pathetic little stories, as well as tales of a comic cast. We must say, however, that we prefer the latter. Her fine writing is too fine. She gets into oriental folds and amplitudes of phrase, and has to make the most awkward twists and turns to effect her escape from them.

We cannot stop at her introduction for more than one brief extract. But its account of Greece contains matter more favorable to the Greeks and to the prospects of their condition than we have been at all accustomed to receive, even in the late thoughtful and intelligent travel of Lord Nugent; and describes the people, in their kindly, genial, and (above all) *improvable* qualities, grievously to the disadvantage of the Turks.

THE LITTLE SILK-WINDER, KATINKO.

"Katinko was more like the most exquisite statue than a human being—the repose of her matchless features, and the marble paleness of her complexion, were quite unequalled. We soon found, however, that she shared in a deficiency common to all inanimate pieces of sculpture, and more general among living beings than we are disposed to admit. The mind, the intellect, that should have illuminated that perfect countenance, existed not, and she was a very child in capacity and in tastes. Still we took a great interest in her; and our distress was extreme when we discovered, after she had been with us two years, that she had consented to enter on a new line of life very different from that we could have desired for her.

"Just at this time some young men, returning from their colleges in Europe, full of enthusiasm for their country and its departed glory, determined to revive several of the ancient tragedies, and have them performed at the little theatre at Athens.

"A *prima donna* was, of course, indispensably requisite, and some one had, most unfortunately, caught a glimpse of Katinko, wandering among the vine walks of our garden, when the evening breeze had lifted from her beautiful face the long folds of the floating veil, which completed her native costume.

"She was not proof against the golden offers which were instantly made to induce her to go on the stage, and she left us almost secretly for Athens, where she was to be instructed in her new calling. It was in vain we remonstrated; nothing we could offer could compensate to her ambitious old mother for the delight of seeing her child figuring as a princess or queen, were it but for an hour.

"Katinko shed many tears at parting; but, nevertheless, she went; and it was the last we saw of her, with her simple, child-like manners, and her picturesque Albanian garments.

"About a year after, I was accosted in the street by a young woman in the European dress, whose appearance was decidedly remarkable, from the outrageous violation of all good taste which characterized her attire. Not only was she loaded with feathers and ribbons, but her face was positively masked in paint, applied seemingly without any attempt at concealment! It was actually not until she turned towards me the exquisite profile, which nothing could change, that I recognized our once beautiful Katinko!"

The return from Greece described in the volume was by Smyrna, Constantinople, the Black Sea, and the Danube. But before the writer and her friends left their seven years' home, there were great lamentings and farewells.

"The villagers crowded round us to take leave; even the old woman who is the wonder of the country round for her great age—for it is known that she has passed 110 years—hobbled down to see us for the last time. We were much amused at the look of profound disgust with which she assured us, that if ever we came back, we should be certain to find her still alive, for that she had given up all hopes of dying. She has a curious idea on the subject; she thinks it a judgment on her, for some sin she has committed, that she is thus condemned to live; and grumbles much at the severity of the punishment."

We suspect an occasional disinclination in the writer to do justice, in her general remarks, to the Turks. She exhibits a sectarian zeal against Mahomedanism, and tries the mosque with the measure of the kirk. We have often reason (not questioning her object, or the excellence of it) to except to her *tone* on this subject. But we make the necessary allowance as the volume goes on, and do not find that this ultra-religious zeal affects anything very seriously but her logic and her rhetoric.

Passing several most charming sketches in Smyrna, we must visit a very grave and learned dervish, Abdul Mesrour, living in the suburbs. He is an astrologer, and must be visited with the morning star; at any rate before six in the morning. He has, for his porter, a little negro slave, who is as good as a page from the *Arabian Nights;* but we

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omit all preliminary description, excellent as it is, and come to the conversation.

"He commenced by asking me how old I was? when I told him, he ejaculated 'Wonderful!' whether in allusion to my extreme old age, or in astonishment that I should have travelled so far, I cannot say. He then inquired after the health of my husband, and as I knew by experience how impossible it is here, where no young lady is unmarried after twelve or fourteen years of age, to convince him that no such person existed, I merely bowed in return, which he took as an intimation that that imaginary gentleman was in good health, and expressed himself much gratified thereby.

"He now desired to be informed what country I belonged to, and I perceived, from the rather singular ideas he had formed as to the geographical position of Great Britain, that his profound astronomical researches had led him to treat the details of our own little planet with much contemptuous indifference. This, however, he seemed to think a good opportunity for obtaining some lighter instruction in an easy and familiar manner, and he therefore requested I would give him a full and particular account of the government, laws, religion, and civil institutions of England, with which he modestly acknowledged himself altogether unacquainted. Monsieur V—— laughed heartily at my look of despair when this herculean task was proposed to me; but happily I broke down at the very outset, for I failed signally in my first attempt to convince him that England was governed by a female monarch, and he was so disgusted at my trying to impose on him in this manner, that he gave up any further inquiries."

Our next extract is from a scene in

THE SLAVE-MARKET OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

"A most interesting group presented itself before us: two young female slaves, both with most pleasing countenances, stood together closely embraced, the arm of the one round the neck of the other; their attitude, as well as the strong likeness between them, pointing them out at once as sisters. By their side was an African slave-dealer, in whose ferocious countenance it seemed impossible to discern a trace of human feeling. He was armed with a large heavy stick, with which he drove them to and fro, literally like a herd of animals. Three or four Turks were discussing, with considerable animation, the price of one of the women; but the bargain had been struck just before we came in, and one of the party, a stout, good-looking man, was paying down the money. When this was completed, with an imperious movement of the hand, he motioned to his newly-purchased slave to follow him. It was the youngest and the most timid of the two sisters whom he had selected. Nothing could have been more painful than to watch the intense, the terrified anxiety, with which both had followed the progress of sale; and now it was concluded, and they knew that the moment of separation was arrived, she whose fate had been sealed, disengaged herself, and, turning round, placed her two hands on her sister's shoulders, with a firm grasp, and gazed into her eyes. Not words, not tears, could have expressed one half of the mute, unutterable despair that dwelt in that long, heart-rending gaze. It were hard to say which face was most eloquent of misery; but the Turk was impatient; he clapped his hands together. This was a well-known signal. A slight tremor shook the frame of the young slave; her arms fell powerless at her side, and she turned to follow her master. The voiceless but agonized farewell was over. In another moment, we could just distinguish her slender figure threading its way through the crowd, in company with the other slaves belonging to the Turk. Her sister had hid herself behind her companions, and now sat on the ground, her head sunk upon her folded arms."

Other sketches of like dreadful incidents in that horrible human market are even more powerful. The examination by a fat phlegmatic Turk, of the teeth, the arms, the flesh, and general condition of a group of handsome young Circassians, not unconscious of their misery and degradation, but looking at the girl from Europe "with unutterable sadness," is very painfully affecting.

A NIGHT ON THE BLACK SEA.

"Directly below me, an unfortunate lady was extended on a mattress on the floor, which was inlaid with polished wood; every time the vessel rolled, the mattress and its burden slid down the room to the opposite wall, where the lady received a violent blow on the head, and then, as the ship righted again, returned slowly to their place. There was a species of fascination in this slow torture, which occupied me the whole night; and such was the state to which we were all reduced, that although the lady who thus helplessly acted the part of a living pendulum, was my own mother, I lay composedly watching her sail away to the other side, and waited till she should come back and knock her head, without even making an effort to relieve her. Daylight brought no improvement in our position, and I alone had strength enough left to creep on deck. I managed to crawl round to offer my assistance to the inmates of the respective berths before I left the room; but I received no other answer from any, than an entreaty that I would put a speedy termination to their existence."

Here is a description of some of the writer's fellow-voyagers, a party of Turks at supper on deck.

"I found the whole party seated round a large bowl of pilaf, into which they were digging joyously and savagely; nodding their turbans over it, with solemn ejaculations of Mahomedan piety, and cramming it down their throats with a celerity which seemed to have no other object but a philosophical desire to ascertain how much they could swallow in a given time, without any reference to the nourishment to be derived therefrom. I wished them a good appetite, in Greek, which is a set phrase I knew they would understand; and they were all so delighted with this proof of intelligence on my part, that I narrowly escaped being choked by the great bullets of rice which they speedily rolled up in the palms of their hands, and would have jerked down my throat with singular dexterity, had I not earnestly deprecated so oriental a proof of good-will. One corpulent old gentleman, who seemed to have had a superior education, sat looking at me with profound disgust, and affectedly stroked his yellow slippers whenever they even came in contact with my dress. I specially addressed him with a polite invocation for the increase of his appetite, already so voracious, that had my wish been fulfilled, I doubt if any amount of food would have satisfied him; but though he gravely responded, I saw it had no effect in subduing the savageness of his feelings towards me; I was still a ghiaour, and a thing without a soul, and therefore to be despised; seeing this, I went to my father and begged a little tobacco from him, with which I returned, and silently pre-

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sented to him; 'Mashallah,' he exclaimed, this was quite another story; the soulless thing had a wonderful instinct for comprehending his precise tastes, and he instantly became the most affable and talkative of old gentlemen."

A haughtier specimen of the Turk subsequently presents itself. He is going on a mission to Belgrade, and will let nobody but his pipe-bearer approach his sofa of state. But he relaxes into a game of chess.

"In the evening when candles were brought in, Monsieur Ernest proposed to me to play at chess, and we were just sitting down, when the haughty Turk, who seemed rather tired of his solitary grandeur, on the state canopy, from which he had driven all others by his surly looks, suddenly shuffled down, and coming towards us, very coolly set Monsieur Ernest aside, and intimated that he himself would do me the honor to play with me. There was something rather comical in the idea of playing chess with a Turk, and although the technical terms of that game in the Turkish language had certainly formed no part of my education, I thought, with the help of a few of the wonted exclamations, it might be managed, so we sat down with all due solemnity. His head with the turban and long beard certainly did look uncommonly fierce over the chess-board, but we found no difficulty as to the science of the game; for the word 'check,' or 'ehec,' seemed to have been converted into Turkish as 'chok,' and the king he called 'pasha;' and as he was a first-rate player, he beat me in about ten moves, repeating 'chok, pasha,' pertinaciously, till he check-mated me outright."

Monsieur Ernest himself, however, and his worthy uncle, must not be omitted from our extracts. They are fellow-travellers with the author, and become great favorites with her. Very deservedly; if they helped to amuse her, as much as, with their help, she certainly amuses her readers.

"Monsieur de B—— had always informed us that his nephew had gained a prize at college, destined to reward a perfect knowledge of the German language, and it is probable that he can, indeed, read it very well; but his accent is very peculiar, and as he has never attempted to speak it before, no waiter has yet been found capable of understanding him; so that, when he gives his orders, their interpretation of his carefully-prepared speeches, invariably appears in the shape of some strange breakfast or dinner, altogether different from what he has asked and expected; and then Monsieur de B—— invariably exclaims, with a look of surprise, '*et pourtant*, Ernest, you gained the prize for,' &c.: the climax, however, was put to his discomfiture, to-day, in the most amusing manner.

"We had agreed to play at chess, and he volunteered to ask for the chess-board, refusing all offers of assistance. Presently he came back, most triumphantly, to say that the man had perfectly understood him, and was to bring it immediately. He prepared the little table between us with great animation, and called for all our companions who were in the habit of watching our play. We waited some time, but the chess-board did not appear, and at last the waiter happening to pass through the room, Monsieur Ernest asked if he were not going to bring it? His answer was prompt but mysterious; he said that it was not yet heated. We had heard of heated chess-players, but never of a heated chess-board; and Monsieur Ernest began to look very uneasy, when suddenly the door opened, and the man appeared with a large leg of ham, smoking hot, which he placed on the table between us, with plates and everything requisite, for a comfortable *dejeuner à deux*, which he supposed we meant to enjoy together. There is, in fact, a considerable similarity between the words which express in German a ham and a chess-board; and amidst the rage of Monsieur Ernest, and the infinite amusement of every one else, the voice of Monsieur de B—— was still heard wondering 'et pourtant, Ernest, tu as gagné,' &c."

They reach the Hungarian town of Buda, and Monsieur Ernest is in great excitement and anxiety to see the famous crown of St. Stephen, which is kept in the palace of the Prince Palatine there. But obliging as a Swiss guide is disposed to be, he cannot make M. Ernest out.

"Sometimes he put on an expression of the most hopeless despondency, and turned to me as though he thought I should have been able to understand him, saying, piteously, 'What does the little gentleman want!' At last, when he seemed about to usher us out without having seen the famous crown, Monsieur Ernest became highly excited, and his impatience rendering him still more incoherent, the poor man grew quite bewildered, and not having the smallest idea of what he was asking for, the conversation which followed between them was most ludicrous. 'Sie haben ein Kron!' (you have got a crown!) said Monsieur Ernest to him, very decidedly. 'I! Armer mensch!' 'I have got no crown.' 'Yes, you have—you have got a crown and a sceptre.' 'Holy Saint Nicholas! I have neither crown nor sceptre—I am a poor man with a large family.' 'A king's crown,' shouted Monsieur Ernest, 'and a sceptre and a mantle.' 'Ich bin kein könig,' he said, doggedly, 'and I have not got a sceptre, I keep the keys.' At last, catching at a word, he made out his meaning, and told us the crown was at Vienna; when Monsieur de B—— wound up the whole by remarking, 'Et pourtant, Ernest, it is very strange that you should have gained,' &c."

We shall close our extracts with one of the best descriptions of a harem that we have had from a modern traveller. It is the harem of the Pacha of Widdin, one of the most populous towns of Bulgaria. That grave and important personage had been so much struck with the solemnity and politeness of the European lady-traveller as to order her admittance to even the sultana's apartments, and she was conducted by a duenna to her highness' chamber.

"We were interrupted by the arrival of some fifteen or sixteen young slaves, who came running into the room, laughing and talking like a party of school girls, each one pausing at the door to make me the usual salutation, and then clustering together in groups to gaze at me with the most eager interest. They all wore the same dress, and certainly it looked on them most singularly graceful, as they stood in a sort of languishing, indolent attitude, with their arms folded, and their long almond-shaped eyes, half closed. It consisted of a loose silk jacket, reaching to the waist, another underneath, of a different color, falling below the knee, and finally a pair of enormously wide trousers, either wholly red or a mixture of gay colors, which almost covered their little yellow slippers. A silk handkerchief and various other ornaments were twisted in their hair with quite as much genuine coquetry as is to be found in more civilized countries. Of all the number, only three struck me as having any great claim to beauty; but cer-

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tainly creatures more lovely than they were could nowhere have been seen. Two of them were Circassians, with long fair hair and soft brown eyes; the other was, I think, a Georgian—very dark, with beautiful features, and the most haughty expression of countenance. It was evident that she was held in great respect as the mother of a fine little boy, whom she had in her arms. All of them had their nails dyed with that odious henna, with which they disfigure their hands and feet.

"Presently there was a strange shuffling noise heard without, a prodigious rustling of silk and satin, and the interpreter, hurrying in, announced the sultana. The slaves fell back, and arranged themselves in order. I rose up, and her highness entered, preceded by two negro boys, and followed by half a dozen women. She was a tall, dignified-looking person, of some five and thirty, and far from handsome. Nothing could be more splendid than her dress, or more perfectly ungraceful. She wore a pair of light blue silk trousers, so excessively large and wide, that it was with the greatest difficulty she could walk; over these, a narrow robe, of red cashmere, covered with gold embroidery, with a border of flowers, also worked in gold, at least six inches wide. This garment was about five yards long, and open at the two sides as far as the knee, so that it swept on the ground in all directions. Her waist was bound by a cashmere scarf, of great value; and from her shoulders hung an ample pelisse, of brown satin, lined with the most beautiful zibeline fur. Her head-dress was a silk handkerchief, embroidered with gold; and to complete her costume, she was literally covered with diamonds.

"She received me in the most amiable manner, though with great stateliness and dignity; and when I begged the interpreter to tell her highness how greatly I felt the honor she had done me, in inviting me to visit her, her features relaxed into a smile, and dragging herself and her load of finery to the divan, she placed herself upon it, and desired me to sit beside her. I obeyed, and had then to recommence all the compliments and salutations I had gone through at the pasha's, with still greater energy; for I could see plainly that both herself and her slaves, who stood in a semicircle round us, were very tenacious of her dignity, and that they watched most critically every movement I made.

"I was determined, therefore, to omit nothing that should give them a high idea of my 'savoir vivre,' according to their own notions, and begun by once more gravely accepting a pipe. At the pasha's, I had managed merely to hold it in my hand, occasionally touching it with my lips, without really using it; but I soon saw that, with some twenty pairs of eyes fixed jealously upon me, I must smoke here—positively and actually smoke—or be considered a violator of all the laws of good breeding. The tobacco was so mild and fragrant, that the penance was not so great as might have been expected; but I could scarcely help laughing at the ludicrous position I was placed in, seated in state on a large square cushion, smoking a long pipe, the other end of which was supported by a kneeling slave, and bowing solemnly to the sultana between almost every whiff.

"Coffee, sweatmeats, and sherbert (the most delightful of all pleasant draughts) were brought to me in constant succession, by two little negroes, and a pretty young girl, whose duty it was to present me the richly embroidered napkin, the corner of which I was expected to make use of as it lay on her shoulder, as she knelt before me. These refreshments were offered to me in beautiful crystal vases, little gold cups, and silver trays, of which, for my misfortune, they seemed to possess a large supply, as I was obliged to go through a never-ending course of dainties, in order that they might have an opportunity of displaying them all.

"One arduous duty I felt it was quite necessary I should perform, and this was, to bestow as much admiration on the sultana's dress as I knew she would expect me to feel; I therefore exhausted all my eloquence in praise of it, to which she listened with a pleased smile, and then, to my surprise, rose up and left the room. I was afraid I had offended her; but in a few minutes after, she returned, in a new costume, equally splendid and unbecoming, and I once more had to express my enthusiasm and delight, which seemed greatly to gratify her. She then returned the compliment, by minutely inspecting my own dress; and the slaves, forgetting all ceremony in their curiosity, crowded eagerly round me.

"My bonnet sadly puzzled them; and when, to please them, I took it off, they were most dreadfully scandalized to see me with my hair uncovered, and could scarcely believe that I was not ashamed to sit all day without a veil or handkerchief; they could not conceive, either, why I should wear gloves, unless it should be to hide the want of henna, with which they offered to supply me. They then proceeded to ask me the most extraordinary questions—many of which I really found it hard to answer. My whole existence was as incomprehensible to this poor princess, vegetating from day to day within her four walls, as that of a bird in the air must be to a mole burrowing in the earth. Her life consisted, as she told me, of sleeping, eating, dressing and bathing. She never walked further than from one room to another, and I can answer for her not having an idea beyond the narrow limits of her prison. It is a strange and most unnatural state to which these poor women are brought; nor do I wonder that the Turks, whose own detestable egotism alone causes it, should declare that they have no souls.

"Her highness now sent for her children, to show them to me, which proved that I was rapidly advancing in her good graces; and, as I luckily knew well that I must not look at them without pronouncing the wish that they might live forever, in case I should have an evil eye, she was well disposed to receive all my praises of them, and to allow me to caress them. She had four fine little children, and the eldest of them, a boy of six years old, was so perfect a miniature of his father, that it was quite ludicrous. He was dressed exactly in the same way, wearing even a little sword; and he came in bowing with so precisely the same dignified manner, that I really should as soon have thought of offering *bons-bons* to the pasha himself as to this imposing little personage."

The sultana's affection is quite won by admiration of the children, and, with one of those sudden thoughts which do honor to the female heart in Bulgaria as well as in Britain, proposes through the interpreter, that she and her new friend should be "sisters." So they swear eternal friendship, and in earnest of the compact the lady traveller is obliged to receive a handsome diamond ring. But if she made as favorable an impression on the sultana as her book is likely to make upon her readers, she deserved the sultana's gift.

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AFFAIRS OF HONOR.—A remarkable sequel to the Dujarier duel has engaged the Paris gossips, in the shape of a trial which exhibited the Viscomte d'Ecquevilley, formerly one of the witnesses for the defendant Beauvallon, now as a prisoner charged with perjury; M. Beauvallon taking his turn as a hard-swearing witness. The French papers are full of the proceedings; but for the English reader, the connected narrative supplied by the *Times*, which goes back to the original affair, will be at once more intelligible and more interesting.

"In a most equivocal society, composed of 'literary men and actresses,' Beauvallon [editor of the *Globe*] and M. Dujarier [editor of the *Presse*] quarrelled at a card-table, and a challenge from the former was the result. Beauvallon wished to fight with the small sword; a weapon which M. Dujarier, well aware of his own helplessness and his opponent's skill, declined, and selected pistols, as giving him, at all events, a better chance for life, though even on those terms he had to oppose the most utter inexperience on his own side to notorious excellence on that of his adversary. At six o'clock on the morning of the duel, Beauvallon repaired to D'Ecquevilley's garden; where by appointment he met a M. de Meynard, and commenced practising at a mark. So admirable was his performance as to elicit a compliment from Meynard; which he acknowledged by stating that the pistols belonged to his brother-in-law, and that he was well acquainted with their peculiar capabilities. After the practice, D'Ecquevilley and Beauvallon proceeded to M. Dujarier's seconds to arrange the conditions of the duel. The meeting had been fixed for nine o'clock, and M. Dujarier was punctual to the hour; his adversary, however, was not so; and M. Dujarier was kept waiting shivering in the snow till half-past eleven; when Beauvallon stepped out of a snug carriage, with his clothes wadded, and with a very reasonable confidence in his instruments and his arm. So palpably had the duel been forced on the unfortunate victim, and so little ground was there, even according to a Frenchman's code, for this combat à l'outrance, that M. Bertrand, his second, a son of the marshal, went to unusual lengths of negotiation on the spot, and actually 'supplicated' Beauvallon to proceed no further; an intervention which was cut short by the reply, 'No, I have not come here for nothing.' On this rebuff, M. Bertrand betook himself to his charge of loading the pistols; when he discovered, to his astonishment, that the barrel was actually warm in his hand; and upon inserting his finger in the bore, it was perfectly blackened from the soil of the recent discharges. He dropped the weapon instantly, exclaiming that the duel was impossible; when D'Ecquevilley reiterated his solemn word of honor that Beauvallon had never seen the instruments, and that the barrel had merely been soiled by a little powder flashed off (*flambage*) to air it. The combatants were accordingly placed on the ground. The shot from the shivering and unpractised arm of M. Dujarier passed full sixty paces from his antagonist, who was now in legal command of his victim's life. So gratifying was this crisis that he was reluctant to end it; and, instead of firing, stood 'looking full at M. Dujarier with a sort of pride,' till at length M. Bertrand called out, 'Dépêchez vous donc, M. Beauvallon.' He then did fire, and shot M. Dujarier through the brain.

"The origin and incidents of the last trial are equally striking. After the duel, D'Ecquevilley went to Meynard and made interest with him to conceal the facts respecting the ownership of the pistols and the previous practice. To a suggestion of D'Ecquevilley's that he should come into court and directly perjure himself on this point he demurred, saying it was dishonorable, but consented to absent himself while D'Ecquevilley swore to all that was required. He soon, however, began to babble, and was urged to retract his admissions; which he declined to do, but agreed to tell no more, and to do all that he could, consistently with his honor, to inspire a belief that the reports he had circulated were false. Unfortunately, his forbearance was tried beyond its powers; and the result was a formal deposition, which occasioned the present trial. His statements were confirmed by the seconds, by the surgeon in attendance, and by a multitude of indirect proofs, which left no doubts upon the mind of the court. Even the mistress of Meynard deposed that Beauvallon had called upon her on his way to the practice before the duel on that morning, had told her he was going to some pistol-shooting, and had endeavored to make an appointment with her for a ball in the evening; a mark of confidence in the result of the engagement which she afterwards could not help recollecting. On the trial, Beauvallon and Bertrand were confronted; and on the president's remarking that the evidence of the latter contradicted that of the former, 'You would have then,' exclaimed Beauvallon, 'a duel between M. Bertrand and myself?' When we add that Dr. Guise, the medical witness, deposed to his having been challenged by D'Ecquevilley, and that the brother-in-law, the owner of the pistols, actually challenged one of the witnesses in the witness-room of the court, our readers may form some idea of the uses of duelling in such society.

"It would be unjust to conceal that the judgment of the court on all these points was severe, and that public opinion did on this occasion side with the court. It is true that Alexandre Dumas and some other lights of literature tendered emphatic testimony to the honor, probity, and integrity of the accused. But the court sentenced D'Ecquevilley to ten years' reclusion; a sentence involving the severest labor and imprisonment for that period, and entailing civil degradation and indelible infamy as its sequel. Beauvallon, the voluntary witness for his 'friend,' is also placed under arrest for manifest perjury during this trial; an event which will at length bring some punishment home to him, but which will fall very short of securing him his deserts.

"One incident on the trial is both too extravagant and too characteristic to be omitted from its report. Here were two men who to a systematic life of the grossest profligacy, sustained by swindling and shielded by imposture, had added a deliberate and concerted murder, the fine for which they had evaded by absconding, and the facts of which they were laboring to conceal by cool conspiracy and unrepenting perjury. Yet when Beauvallon is told by the judge that he can no longer 'consider himself a gentleman,' he colors up with indignation, and can hardly restrain himself from a violent protest in the open court!"

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE MARTYRED TEMPLAR.

ALTERED FROM THE GERMAN OF SPINDLER.

It was a wild rocky coast; the gale was tremendous, and the waves ran high, so that a young fisherman who had been struggling for some hours to effect a landing, had the utmost difficulty in at last running his little vessel on shore in a narrow sandy cove, the entrance to which was almost concealed by the high cliffs. Here he proposed to remain until the storm should subside, it being too far away from his home to think of returning there by land, in darkness, and over a difficult pathway. His only companion was a boy, who, though not grown up, had strength enough to assist in adjusting the sails, and sometimes in rowing. The remains of a ruined chapel, dedicated to St. John, were about a quarter of a mile distant, and hither the mariners wended their way to seek shelter for the night. Strange stories were circulated with regard to the sacred remains; for the inhabitants of the north of Europe were quite as superstitious, when the incidents of our story took place, some centuries ago, as their descendants are now; and it argued some courage on the part of the young fisherman to venture there at all. They had scarcely reached the old building, and stretched their weary limbs under the part of the chapel still protected by a roof, when the boy started, and whispered to his master, "Hark! do you not hear the sound of men's voices? And there! see a light through the grating that covers the vault."

"Hush!" said the fisherman, "creep softly to the grating, and try if you can discover anything without being seen."

The boy obeyed, and informed his master that a great assemblage of men were gathered together below, who seemed to be consulting in a strange language, which he could not understand. They were clad in white mantles, and each carried a drawn sword in his hand; but the indistinct light prevented him discovering more. The young fisherman turned pale at this intelligence, and exclaimed, "God preserve us! These must be the great lords from France, that have taken refuge in our country. Some people say they go to St. John's Chapel to pray, and others that it is for wicked purposes they assemble here! At any rate let us depart, for it is not safe to remain, lest they discover us, and think we are spies."

So saying he took the boy by the hand, and dragged him away, but the noise of their footsteps, and the long shadows moving in the moonshine, betrayed them to one of the party, who was stationed outside as a sentinel. "Halt!" was cried in a loud voice; and an armed man in a white mantle advanced with threatening gestures towards them. The boy then threw himself on the ground; the fisherman, kneeling, begged for mercy, assuring his captor that his presence in the chapel was purely accidental.

"What weather, brother?" cried a second man in white, appearing at the door of the vault.

"It rains," said the first; and the questioner instantly disappeared. Had not terror obscured the faculties of the captives, they would have taken the strangers for madmen, as the storm had abated, and nothing could be clearer than the firmament at this moment; the stars were shining brightly, and not a single rain-drop was to be felt. A tall and stately man now stepped out of the vault, and began to question them. The fisherman related everything simply as it had happened, and the boy corroborated his narrative; so that it was easily seen that they were not spies, and that they had had no time to make any discoveries, while, from pure curiosity, looking down the vault. Upon this, the stately-looking chief dismissed the lad, ordering him to return home immediately, and, if he valued his life, never to breathe a word of what he had seen and heard. The boy promised all that was required; and, being set free, darted away like a frightened deer, leaving his master in the hands of the strangers.

"You are a fisherman, are you not?" asked the chief. "Do you think that you could convey a man, without luggage or other encumbrance, to the coast of France; set him on shore in the neighborhood of Calais; and after waiting till he had finished his business, however long that might detain him, convey him safely here again?"

"Why not!" exclaimed the fisherman, after a moment of consideration. "My boat is an excellent one, or it would not have survived this gale. I have gone to France before, so I understand very well how to steer my way through the high seas. There is nothing to hinder me, provided you give me a suitable reward."

"Do not be afraid," said the chief; "I shall take care you shall be handsomely recompensed. In the mean time go and get ready your little bark, for your passenger must embark without delay."

"I must go home first," said the fisherman, who had by this time lost his fear, "to provide food and other necessaries for the voyage."

"That you shall not," said the chief, with an oath. "Your passenger will provide everything; in the mean time you must be watched."

With these words he reëntered the chapel; and the sentinel in the white mantle accompanied the astonished fisherman to the cove where his little vessel was lying. They had not long to wait; for a fine-looking young man, in a dark dress, speedily followed them, and, after handing in a few necessaries, stepped lightly into the boat, and silently sat down on the plank laid across the middle for his accommodation. He took no notice of the sentinel, not even vouchsafing him an adieu; and, making signs to the fisherman to steer, leaned his head on the cross of his sword, and looked moodily at the waves over which the vessel danced merrily, the storm by this time having completely subsided.

The stranger appeared to be dumb, for during the whole of the following day not a syllable escaped his lips; and when the fisherman that evening put into a little seaport, he handed him money in solemn silence, making signs to him to purchase more provisions. While he rested along the bottom of the boat, during the man's absence, he was careful to conceal his face in his cloak whenever any one approached. On the return of the fisherman he betook himself to slumber, and the poor fellow once more laid hold of the rudder, cursing the stupidity of his companion, who never offered to assist him, nor even cheered him by friendly conversation. Sleep at last unloosed the tongue of the strange passenger; his dreams appeared to be troubled; words escaped from his lips, and were audible to the astonished fisherman, even through the folds of his mantle, which he had drawn over his countenance.

"Will it then be accomplished?" he muttered. "Will the noble building be completed? Shall I mix the cement, and build up the pillars? Oh! master, master! You might have spared your comrade

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this duty." Other mysterious words he continued to murmur, which were almost unintelligible.

"Oh, ho!" said the fisherman to himself; "the secret is out now! Well, how I have been mistaken! I thought my passenger had been something extraordinary, and now I find he is only a common mason, or hewer of stones. And these French gentlemen have probably come to our parts in order to repair, and build again, those chapels and churches which have been ruined by pirates, or during the wars. A most pious undertaking, and one highly to be commended!" At this moment the eyes of the fisherman were arrested by the sword which hung at the young man's side, and shaking his head, he continued, "Well, well! If I did not take the fellow for a noble knight! However, it does not matter; since a mason's gold is quite as good for my purpose as that of a man of quality."

In the same manner passed away other twenty-four hours, the young man still preserving the strictest silence, till at last they arrived at Calais, when, for the first time, he addressed the fisherman. "So this is the coast of France!" he exclaimed, as he stood up in the little bark; and looking towards the shore, sighed heavily. The fisherman assented, and asked him where he wished to be landed. The youth seemed overpowered with strong emotion; his breast heaved; his face was flushed; and he took off his hat, and tore open his vest to cool himself, although the rain was falling in torrents. The fisherman, after waiting in vain for an answer, turned the boat's head towards a secluded landing-place, at a short distance from the town; and running up close to the little quay, the stranger hastily leaped on shore. A small hut was near, but instead of taking shelter there from the inclemency of the weather, as the mariner advised, the young man told him to hold his tongue; and proceeded himself to inquire, at the cottager's, the road to the chapel of "Our Lady of Tempests." The inhabitants of the hut described the path to be long and difficult; the young man, however, had already taken his resolution. "By the third day, at furthest," whispered he to the fisherman, "I shall return." Then, wrapping himself in his mantle, and using his sword as a pilgrim's staff to support his steps, he proceeded along the wet and slippery track which had been indicated. By and by he reached a cross erected at the side of the road; and throwing himself on his knees, embraced the cold stone, while tears filled his eyes. "Mother earth! holy ground, where I was born!" he stammered forth, sobbing; "with what changed feelings do I now behold thee! Would to God it had been spared me thus to return as an assassin to the land of my ancestors! Alas! I must again flee from thee, beloved country, as soon as my vow shall be accomplished!——— Hail once more to the dear land of France; and, oh! dark night! shield me with thy dusky wings, that no one may follow on my track—no one watch the deed I am about to do!"

Having said these words, he rose, and walked manfully forward towards a distant field, from which a light glimmered faintly. The rain fell more and more heavily, and the way became more difficult; whilst the damp mantle of the traveller clogged his steps, impeding every motion with its weight. The storm raged without; but more tumultuous still were the feelings which contended within the bosom of the youth. By the time he reached the little church whence the light had proceeded, his strength was nearly exhausted; and he was obliged to sit down to recover himself, while he tried to distinguish the objects around him. "Here is the church," he murmured, "of which the master spoke. There to the right I can discern the large white cross, still visible through the darkness. On the left I hear the gushing of a brook;—all is, in short, as was described. Courage, then! Advance! If not deceived by the mist, I think I can trace the outline of a building, which I must shortly reach.—There is the goal of my labors!"

He was not mistaken, and soon reached the building; it was in the form of a square, and surrounded by a field inclosed by a stone wall, a small gate forming the entrance. The young man sprung over it, and passing by numerous implements of agriculture piled against outhouses, reached the entrance of the building, and climbing up the ruinous steps, gave two loud and quick knocks on the door, which he followed after a second or two by a third, long and resounding. A dog within the house now began to bark. No one came, however, and the stranger was obliged to repeat the signal, which he did in exactly the same manner. At length a man's voice was heard, asking what was wanted.

"I am a poor and hungry pilgrim, who has lost his way," replied the youth. "Can you give me shelter?"

After a short pause a light was seen through the window, steps approached, the bolt was withdrawn, and the door opened. The stranger had meanwhile laid his hand on the hilt of the dagger which he wore below his clothes; but his purpose faltered when he beheld the man who advanced to greet him. Benevolence and frankness were depicted on his countenance, as he welcomed the wet and weary wanderer. The hand of the youth sank powerless as he relinquished his dagger, and his tongue stammered as he inquired, if he were now in the presence of the proprietor Gilbert. The man replied in the affirmative.

"Then I greet you in the name of God, and of St. John, whom we both acknowledge as our patron," said the youth, holding out his hand. "And I call upon you to greet me at my entrance under your roof."

At this salutation, Gilbert staggered back astonished, while the mysterious grasp with which the unknown pressed his hand increased his fear and bewilderment.

"Why do you not respond to my greeting? Why not make the sign with your hand?" asked the stranger, boldly. "Brother Perrail, that is not right!"

Ashy pale, Gilbert supported himself against the wall. "Then you know—?" he stammered; but soon recovering himself, he continued. "Let us see," said he, "if some rogue is not mocking me. Your pass-word?"

"Notuma," replied the youth.

"Give me the word!" continued Gilbert, in an anxious and threatening tone.

"Tell me the first letter———I shall then give you the second," answered the stranger.

In this manner they made out the word. Gilbert had no longer any doubt. He clasped his hands together, and whispered, "Man, what wouldst thou in my house, that thou comest upon me like a thief in the night?"

"I want bread, salt, fire, and shelter," replied the stranger.

"Dare I trust you?" inquired Gilbert, with some hesitation.

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"Are we not bound by an oath!" said the stranger.

"Alas! the oath!———" sighed Gilbert, whilst his head sunk upon his breast.

"Calm yourself," rejoined the youth. "I am a runaway like yourself; therefore am I come to you."

Gilbert scrutinized him for some moments with attention, and then shook his head distrustfully. At last he closed the door, and led his singular guest into an apartment, in the corner of which stood a plain, but clean-looking couch. He then set bread and wine before him, and, stirring the fire, proceeded to dry his wet mantle.

"I wish you a sound and peaceful slumber," he then said to the youth, who in silence watched all his proceedings. "You are in perfect safety in my house. To-morrow we shall talk more."

"Gilbert!" cried a soft and pensive voice from an adjoining apartment. "Where are you! With whom are you talking?"

"I am coming," replied Gilbert, calmly, as he shook hands with his guest.

"Is that your wife, brother Perrail?" asked the latter, in a significant whisper.

"Yes! my wife," replied the host, in a firm voice, after a moment's pause; and then withdrew, saying Good night to the stranger.

The youth long remained standing before the fire, watching the burning embers, and plunged in contemplation. Now and then he pressed his hand on his breast, as though he would thereby calm the tumultuous emotions within. "And shall I bring death into this peaceful house?" said he to himself. "This man, upon whose calm brow is legibly impressed benevolence and truth, utterly incompatible with the perjury of which he is accused—shall I blot him out from the land of the living, and make his wife, whose soft voice so touched my heart, a widow?———Uncle! cruel, cruel uncle! what a price hast thou set upon my admission into thy order!" He now paced in great agitation up and down the apartment. "Shame on thee, Guy!" said he then to himself. "Dost thou shudder at the trial! Oh! wherefore did my arm tremble when I entered this abode! Wherefore did I not smite the perjured and accursed one to the earth, thundering in his ears, 'This is the last greeting of the grand master and companions, perjured brother of the order!'—then all would have been done. Oh, incomprehensible destiny! why didst thou restrain my arm! Why dost thou compel me to pay hospitality with ingratitude—nay, with *bloodshed?* for the deed must be done. Oh, that some friendly spirit would warn the unhappy wretch to take flight! If he only would make use of this night's delay! happy then should I be; my obligation would be fulfilled, and with pure hands I should return to the brotherhood. May God, and the blessed Virgin, and the holy St. John, direct me what to do!" Then, committing himself to the Divine protection, the agitated youth, overpowered by fatigue, forgot his perplexities, and fell asleep.

Late the next morning, a sudden noise awakened him from a troubled dream. He fancied that he beheld his host standing beside his bed with a drawn sword in his hand, and that he uttered these words:—

"Die thyself!—thou who camest to sound my funeral knell!"

Half asleep, and unable to distinguish imagination from reality, he started up with a loud cry, and grasped his sword. Then, for the first time, he became aware of the presence of a very beautiful woman, with an infant in her arms, who stood near his bed. He sank back confused, while the same sweet voice that he had heard the night before calmed his perplexity.

"Be not alarmed, dear sir," said the fair lady. "You must have had a frightful dream, since you are so agitated by the voice of a weak woman like myself, who now comes to bid you welcome. You have slept long; the sun is now high in the heavens; and I bring you your breakfast."

Heartily ashamed, Guy took a basin of rich soup from the white hands of his hostess, and inquired, hesitatingly, whilst he looked around, "Where is Perrail?"

"I do not know whom you mean," replied the beautiful woman. "Of whom do you speak?"

In some confusion Guy struck his forehead, and then spoke more firmly: "Pardon me, I mistook! I meant to ask about your husband, Gilbert."

"He has gone to the fish-pond to catch fish," replied Blanche, for that was the name of the fair lady. "You know this is maigre-day, and my husband wishes to provide you a good dinner."

"God be praised!" said Guy to himself, in the strong conviction that Perrail had guessed his errand, and was now saving himself by flight from the vengeance of the order. Joyfully he now raised his eyes towards his kind hostess, and sank them again, lost in admiration of her beauty. Her simple attire added nothing to her loveliness, but, on the contrary, borrowed charms from it; while, as she stood before the youth, with the innocent child in her arms, she seemed to him a living image of the Madonna. A rough dog, of enormous size, crouched humbly at her feet, and jealously watched every motion of his mistress.

"The soup is most excellent," said Guy, as he laid down the empty basin. "May God reward the hospitality you have exercised towards a stranger! And now, pardon me for asking, has your husband explained to you the business which has led me here?"

"I know nothing about it," replied Blanche. "He did not tell me whether he knew you before or not, and has not alluded in any way to the business which brings you here. It is more my duty to attend to our guest, than to ask questions concerning him."

"But has not———I mean Gilbert, explained ———in short, made you acquainted with the circumstances of his past life?" rejoined Guy.

"Oh, yes!" replied Blanche, with the simplicity of a child. "His occupation has always been known to every one. The life of a master mason is necessarily common-place, and without adventure, unless during the time passed in travelling to learn the trade. Gilbert's life has been like the rest. He was born in the city of Arles, and journeyed about in his youth, till he became a master. Then he took a fancy to revisit France, the land of his birth, and passing through Calais, got acquainted with my father, to whom this farm belonged, part of the former possessions of the Templars, the ruins of whose hospital can be seen from this window. My father and Gilbert formed a strong friendship, and, after a while, the latter gave up his trade, and took to agriculture, when he married me. My father did not long enjoy the assistance of his honest son-in-law. He died, and was consoled on his death-bed by the thought, that he was leaving me to a kind protector. Believe me, kind sir, Gilbert is one of the best of men, and is respected throughout the

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whole country. But perhaps you knew him before, and I am tiring you with my talk."

"On the contrary," said Guy, "you interest me greatly. But what is keeping Gilbert? He is very long in returning; perhaps the pond is at a distance."

"No," replied Blanche, "it is quite near. I begin to wonder also that he is so long."

"God be praised!" whispered Guy's conscience; for all conspired to confirm his previous conjecture. "God be praised! He has escaped, and I am spared the commission of an act which would have filled me with remorse to the end of my days. My errand is accomplished, and, to avoid any unlucky mischance, I shall instantly return to where I left my little vessel." Then, wrapping himself in his mantle, and grasping his sword, he strode towards the hearth, where Blanche was busily preparing some food. "Farewell, kind hostess!——" he hurriedly began, as though he feared to be detained; "accept my warmest thanks for your hospitality. I must depart immediately. Farewell!"

Blanche raised her eyes in astonishment, unable to account for this sudden resolution. "Are you obliged to go?" she inquired. "How? What is this? I know not what you mean. Is it possible that I have offended you?"

"On the contrary, you have gained my esteem and friendship," replied Guy, in great agitation; "and for that very reason I must depart."

"I do not comprehend you. My husband, Gilbert, will be very much grieved when he finds you gone at his return."

"I wish to go before his return," continued Guy. "I wish to spare both him and myself a painful meeting. Unfortunate woman, do not detain me! The happiness of your life is departed, should I remain." Once more he pressed the hand of Blanche, and turned towards the door; but started back as though annihilated—for on the threshold he met Gilbert.

"How? where are you going in such a hurry?" exclaimed Gilbert, after silently scanning the youth for a moment. "Return, I beg, my worthy guest. The weather is unpleasant. A cold wind blows from the sea, and the appearance of the sky is more like winter than summer."

"The gentleman wishes to leave us," interposed Blanche. "In my ignorance I have given him offence; or else our humble accommodation is not to his taste."

Gilbert gazed at the youth with a calm and steady glance, which penetrated to his soul. "Dear, sir," said he, at last, to Guy, who stood like a detected culprit before him, "you will not surely affront me before my neighbors, by thus suddenly leaving my house, without even explaining the business which led you here. See! I have brought you beautiful fish, which the steward of the estate has kindly permitted me to catch from the pond. Blanche shall cook them, and you shall have as good a dinner as the Templars themselves could have had."

With these words, he emptied the net in which he carried the fish, into a large vessel filled with water, and busied himself in assisting his wife in her preparation. Meanwhile, a sudden resolve darted into the mind of the youth, and earnestly he grasped the hand of his host.

"A word with you!" said he, in a meaning tone. "*Now* —— *instantly* it must be spoken! I wish to be without witnesses."

"As you please," replied Gilbert, calmly; and making signs to Blanche to remain behind, led his guest to a verandah, which opened on the garden and commanded a view of the desolate ruins of the hospital. "Here I think we shall be unheard," continued he to his moody and stern companion. "Speak on."

"I will," replied Guy, in constrained tones. "I dare not take a place at your table, eat your bread, and drink your wine, and afterwards do the deed which I am commanded to execute. Cast aside your disguise, brother Perrail; runaway companion of the Templars! I myself will do it. Grasp, sign and pass-word, have already revealed me to thee as a brother; hear now my name. I am called Guy de Montfort, and am the nephew of Aumont, the grand master of those who, escaped from the sword of the persecutor, have sworn once more to build up the Temple of Solomon, in defiance of the powers of darkness. I, who am yet but a neophyte, am sent here by our noble brotherhood to thee, thou perjured master of our order! Canst thou divine my errand?"

"You are to kill me," replied Perrail, with composure. "I know the punishment of perjury."

"You know it," exclaimed Guy, fiercely, "and yet you were guilty of it!"

"Young man," replied Perrail, with dignity, "judge me with the heart which God has implanted in your breast."

"But your oath!" interrupted Guy.

"Hear me," said Perrail, "before you unsheath your dagger, and avenge your injured brethren; for a noble fire gleams from your eyes, and I should wish you to compassionate, not to despise me. Driven by the cruelty of tyrants from our homes, and saving nothing but our lives, I sailed with Aumont, the successor of our murdered superior, to a more hospitable shore. These events occurred before I had taken the solemn vows of our order; and my doing so was deferred until Providence should send us brighter days. Meanwhile, on St. John the Baptist's Day, we swore to avenge ourselves upon our enemies. As the blood of the holy Baptist watered the foundation of the glorious temple of Christianity, so we hoped that ours should prove the cement of that new temple which should be built in place of Solomon's, in the land which had been the cradle of our order. Years, however, passed away, and all our enterprises failed. King, emperor, and pope, were all against us, and, with untiring severity, enforced the edicts for our annihilation. Even the people refused to sympathize with us, for the misdeeds of some of our more unworthy brethren; their pride and luxury had estranged the hearts of the poor. At this juncture I was despatched by our master to sound the popular voice, and gain information respecting the sentiments of the French nation towards us. The result of this mission proved our expectations hopeless. Sad and dispirited, I was preparing to return, when I chanced to make the acquaintance of Blanche, and her family. Now that I saw the hopes of our order utterly annihilated, and that my weak arm and small ability were powerless to help and assist it, the thoughts of returning to exile, far from the dear land of my fathers, to waste existence on some iron-bound coast washed by the northern ocean, became daily more and more insupportable. I decided then to remain and to marry Blanche; but I broke no oaths, for I had as yet taken none. An old priest, attached to the order of the Temple, being at this time about to visit our exiled brethren, I wrote a letter to the grand master, declaring my resolution, and returning my insignia, which I despatched by him. All

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these were received by Aumont, but he sent me no answer This is the amount of my offending; it is for you to judge of it. Against the order I have never sinned; for no living soul has learned from me its existence, far less its statutes, signs, or passwords. Even my wife is ignorant on these subjects; for never by a single syllable have I betrayed my brethren. You now see, Sir Guy de Montfort, that my transgression has not been very great; nevertheless, I am ready to suffer punishment. My wife, it is true, will become a widow, and my boy a fatherless orphan; but their sorrow will, after a time, pass away; and, meanwhile, I do not regret the five happy years I have spent with Blanche, even though I pay for them so dearly with my blood."

"You have deeply moved me," replied Guy, after a long silence; "and, for all you have related, I cannot blame you. I am sorry to say, however, that, in your defence, you have not alluded to the great crime with which you are charged, and on account of which I have been sent on this hateful mission. The priest faithfully conveyed to my uncle all that you had sent; but he added the intelligence, that you had been guilty of simony. At one time he had been chaplain to the hospital of the Templars, whose ruins we are now contemplating. During the cruel persecution, he and the bailiff of the establishment buried a costly treasure in one of the vaults. It consisted of pearls and precious stones, which a pious knight of the temple had brought from the east to adorn the statue of the blessed Virgin. The ruthless destroyers of our buildings never discovered the place of concealment, so well had the secret been kept. Several years passed away, and then the priest returned to the scene of his former ministry, and found you in possession of the ruins, which you had just then bought. In the silence of night, he revisited the spot where he had left the treasure, and, to his surprise, found it gone. Who could have been the robber, if not you?"

"The treasure is in my possession," calmly answered Perrail.

"You confess it!" exclaimed Guy; "now, then, repent, and pray God for mercy; for you must die! Strange it is, that you have not been annihilated by shame already! When you looked at these ruins, against whose noble possessors you so scandalously sinned, were you not afraid that the earth would open and swallow you up? Perjured and faithless master! worse than the beast of prey, for you have wounded the mother that nurtured you! By your robbery, you have profaned the sanctuary, and placed yourself on a level with those wretches who slew our martyred brethren. Pray, then, to that holy trinity whose blessed sign we bear, and be *obedient unto death!*"

"I am so," replied Perrail, in great agitation; "follow me, however, before proceeding to the last act, otherwise it will be done in vain, for you will have lost the treasure. Do not hesitate; you may indeed trust me."

Guy, astonished at his demeanor, followed him in silence towards the ruins, and down a dilapidated stair-case. They entered a vault, in the corner of which was a heap of rubbish. Perrail began to remove it, and Guy lent his assistance. A square black marble stone now became visible. With some difficulty Perrail lifted it away, and drew out of the cavity beneath a rich golden casket.

"The priest was mistaken," said he, solemnly, "when he maintained that he had searched the very place where he and the bailiff deposited the treasure. This is the spot, and the treasure never left its hiding-place. The bailiff died in my arms, and confided to me the secret, while I was still in exile, and before I revisited France. It was in order to preserve the riches of the order that I purchased these neglected ruins; and, finding the treasure still in safety, I covered the spot with yonder heap of rubbish, which, doubtless, served to mislead the priest, when he made his unsuccessful search. When the Lord of Craon, a valiant brother of our order, was about to sail and visit Aumont, on the rocky coast he had chosen for his abode, I gave him a letter to the grand master, announcing the existence of the treasure, and requesting he would send some confidential person to get it removed. It was some time after his departure that the priest visited me, and I considered it useless to repeat the information to him, particularly as I knew not how far he was to be trusted, and had no idea on what errand he had come. Since that time I have received no intelligence from Aumont; and the treasure has consequently remained undisturbed."

"You make me ashamed," replied Guy, whose cheeks were dyed crimson; "I must believe you, although my uncle never received your first letter; for the Lord of Craon perished at sea in a violent storm, and only one sailor escaped to convey the melancholy news."

"Now I am happy," said Perrail, leaving the vault along with Guy; "for you are convinced of my innocence, and will clear my character to my brethren. Take, then, this casket into your possession; draw your sword, avenge the order, and fly!"

"Man!" exclaimed Guy, deeply offended, "do you suppose I have the blood-thirstiness of the tiger? Would I murder you when my heart clears you of the guilt of apostasy, and my reason of the crime of simony? I could only execute my commission if I found you guilty. I was not sent to wreak vengeance on the innocent, and thus render myself unworthy of the mastership, which was to be the reward of justice."

"Youth, worthy of a brighter destiny, come to my arms!" exclaimed Perrail, as he pressed the noble young Templar to his breast; "I thank thee for these tears, and for thy kind compassion; but the laws of the Templars must be executed, otherwise thou wilt fall a victim to the displeasure of thy brethren. Do, then, thy duty."

"Art thou mad?" exclaimed Guy; "friend, husband, father, thus to summon the destroying angel!"

"Brother," interrupted Perrail, "my course upon earth is about to end! A sure presentiment tells me so; since for these three successive nights I have been warned by a heavenly messenger. Descending from the blue empyreal, a martyr's crown has been suspended over my head; and, with child-like peacefulness, I was awaiting it even when you arrived. Now, with the equanimity of a man and a Christian, I am ready to suffer death; therefore, brother, messenger of vengeance! strike, and do not linger. Here, amid the ruins of the house of my order, let me die by the hands of a friend and of a Templar."

"Away!" cried Guy, almost beside himself; "wilt thou constrain me to slay a righteous man? Trouble not thyself about my fate, whatever it may turn out to be. Banish thy gloomy anticipations, and live for thy wife and thy child. Pray for us, and be happy!"

At this moment they were interrupted by Blanche

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hastening, pale and breathless, towards them, scarcely able to carry her little boy in her trembling arms. "For God's sake, Gilbert, save yourself!" she cried, in her anguish. "The whole neighborhood is in an uproar; an armed multitude are approaching our dwelling. They say that a Templar is concealed here; and the magistrates have sent officers of justice to apprehend him. Neighbor Remy hastened to the house by a short cut to give us warning."

"Treachery!" thundered Guy; whilst a horrible suspicion crossed his mind, and compelled him to draw his sword from the scabbard. "Traitor, who with honeyed words of apparent honesty, allured me into the snare! Now all is made clear. What was it delayed thee so long this morning? Didst thou not inform the government of my concealment? Tremble, wretch! My arm can strike ere thy plans succeed!"

So saying, he aimed his sword at the head of Perrail; but Blanche darted between, in time to avert the blow; for the sight of her blooming loveliness, and the cries of the innocent babe, for the instant disarmed him.

"Calm yourself, brother!" said Perrail, "I am guiltless. The powers of hell have betrayed your secret, and not I. Think you I wish your destruction? No! I desire to save you. Follow Blanche through that door, which opens to the vaults of the temple-court. A narrow foot-path will thence lead you to the corn-fields at the end of my estate. May God's blessing accompany you, and save you from your pursuers! In half-an-hour's time you will reach the shore. Meanwhile I shall delay the murderous wretches. Fly then! and may you reach your bark in safety! Guard well the casket, and greet the brethren for me."

Guy, oppressed with shame and sorrow, cast himself on the bosom of the noble Perrail; and after embracing him, took the hand of the terrified Blanche, and accompanied her to the place of safety.

"What do you want, friends and neighbors?" said Perrail, advancing towards the excited multitude; "wherefore do you besiege my house?"

"Deliver up the blasphemer—the heretic—the Templar whom you have concealed!" shouted the enraged mob.

"I have got no Templar here," replied Perrail, fearlessly. "You are mistaken."

"Do not believe him! He lies!" cried Renaud, an envious neighbor; "I myself saw him walking with the miscreant whom the foreign fisherman talked about. They took their way to yonder ruins. Concealed behind a hedge, I heard them speaking of a treasure which they were going to dig up."

"A treasure!" shouted the multitude eagerly, whilst desire of plunder glared from their greedy eyes; "where? where?"

"Listen to me," exclaimed Perrail, in vain striving to calm them. "Control your unworthy passions, and remember that you are men and Christians!"

"We don't forget it," cried the ringleader; "we know we are men; but the Templars are the children of the devil, whom they do not scruple to call their father. We are Christians, while the Templars are heretics, who despise Christ, and wear idolatrous images on their breast. They must be burned, for king and pope have sanctioned it; and it shall be done."

"I do not care a straw for the Templar," growled forth Renaud, who understood the people he had to deal with; "but the treasure—it is the treasure that we ought to seek for."

"Yes! yes!" shouted the mob. "Go on, Gilbert, and guide us, or it will cost thee thy life."

Against his will, Perrail, with a few friends, who gathered round him, was pressed forwards by the crowd towards the ruins of the hospital. At the very spot where Guy had taken leave of Perrail they halted, and the multitude once more furiously demanded the treasure. At his refusal to answer, the most eager divided themselves into parties, and explored the crazy ruins and dilapidated vaults, in the vain hope of discovering gold and silver. Renaud alone kept his eyes fixed upon Perrail, determined that his victim should not escape. "Fly!" whispered the brave man's friends; "we will cover thy flight."

"I remain in the hands of God," replied he, with equanimity; and did not even change color when some of the ruffians returned with the intelligence that the place had been discovered where the treasure had been concealed.

"Dost thou deny it still?" thundered the voice of the malignant Renaud; "the empty nest is found, but where are the birds that were in it? where is the accomplice that carried them off?"

Perrail maintained an indignant silence. "The king's seneschal has the right to demand that question, and not you," replied the faithful Remy, in a tone of defiance.

"To unmask a secret sinner, is the duty of every honest man," replied Renaud, "and Gilbert is such a person, for no man knows whence he comes; doubtless he has been a dependent of the accursed Templars, who misled our youth, wrung from us the fruit of the soil which we earned with the sweat of our brow, and spent the profits of our weary labors in luxury and debauchery. Is there one of you who has not just cause to avenge himself on the detestable knights? Thy garden, Nicholas, was forcibly taken from thee by their bailiff. Thy son, Matthieu, used to be forced to watch night after night, after a weary day's labor, that the rest of a certain luxurious knight might not be disturbed. And thy grandchild, honest William, was whipped by their commands until he died, for the small offence of catching a hare and getting it roasted. These deeds of cruelty, and a hundred others, we have seen with our own eyes, and yet, here stands a man who gives shelter to one of the accursed brood whom the king has banished, and with him divides the treasures of their heretical society! Look at him, how like an honest man he stands! How he even dares to smile! Neighbors, will you put up with this contempt? Perhaps he himself is a concealed Templar! Perhaps the wretch even bears their secret mark on his breast."

So saying, Renaud seized Perrail to examine him, who indignantly pushed him back; but the insidious speech had already made a deep impression, and with a wild cry the enraged multitude darted on their victim.

Blinded by fury, a smith armed with a hammer struck a murderous blow on the head of Perrail. Bleeding, he sank to the earth, while the purple crown of martyrdom again hovered before his closing eyes. "Hiram!" he exclaimed, as his senses wandered. His lips moved perhaps once more to utter the hallowed name of Jesus; but in vain! Darkness obscured his vision—the dew of death glistened on his brow, and the seneschal, who a short time after arrived, found the multitude,

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ashamed of what they had done, standing in speechless consternation round the corpse; some of the more charitable striving to reänimate the unfortunate Blanche, who, returning at the fatal moment, had swooned away.

* * * * *

"Now, brethren, I have concluded my recital," said Sir Guy de Montford to the assembled Templars gathered together, as heretofore, in the vault of the ruined chapel of St. John, on the bleak and rocky coast from which the young knight had sailed a short time previously. "I could not slay him, because I believed him guiltless: let him, therefore, who believes himself without sin among you, cast the first stone at me! I now fearlessly place myself before you, my brethren and my judges;—do with me what seems best to you. I did not tremble when, with twenty swords at my breast you tried my courage in these vaults, ere I set out; and I do not tremble now before your poniards, for my conscience approves me, and I know that I have done right. If the rank of Master is only to be obtained by bloodshed, then I abjure it forever, and separate myself from this association of cruelty, whose members, under the mask of benevolence and brotherly love, conceal fiendish hatred; and who hide the assassin's dagger under the insignia of a peaceful handicraft."

Guy was silent, and there was for some moments a solemn pause, while the Grand Master sat in deep consideration, with his head leaning on his hand. At last, he raised his eyes towards the emblem of the Blessed Trinity represented on the canopy above his chair, and from the divine fountain of wisdom imbibed lenity and prudence.

"Brother Perrail undoubtedly left us," at length he said; "nevertheless we shall cherish no rancor against him on that account, for he did not break the oath to defend the rights of the order, but, on the contrary, lost his life in preserving Brother Guy from the destruction which threatened him. On another account also, we must still number Brother Perrail in our ranks; he has shown the perfection of human benevolence; and is not perfection the aim of our association?"

"So let it be!" exclaimed the brethren with one voice; while Guy replied, in altered tones, as soon as the uproar subsided, "My Lord and Master, your clemency has touched my heart, and filled it with gratitude. Let me now, however, conclude the story of the unfortunate Perrail, who fell a martyr to his fidelity to the order. Being detained by adverse winds, I had time to learn the melancholy news. In the night I returned to the house of mourning, and persuaded the bereaved widow to accompany me, along with the corpse of her husband, and her orphan boy. I promised that friends of Perrail should protect her and her child, and for that purpose I have brought them hither."

"You did well, De Montfort!" replied the Grand Master; "the noble death of Perrail merits all the poor recompense we can offer; let her therefore be conducted into our presence. And now, my brethren," he continued, turning towards the knights, "cover the emblem of the Blessed Trinity, and remove all our mystic symbols from the vault."

His orders were obeyed. Blanche was admitted. She seemed bowed down with care and sorrow, as, conducted by Guy, she approached the venerable Grand Master, and would have sunk at his feet, had not he, touched to the heart, raised her in his arms; then, gently laying his hands upon her head, he blessed her, and said: "Like thee, poor stricken one! we call from the depths of our affliction to the Lord of hosts, and hope for a new Jerusalem, and a bright future of immortality. God is my witness, that, from this day henceforth, I shall look upon thee as my daughter, and upon thy orphan babe as my son, and, after my death, my nephew shall take my place in fulfilling this duty."

After saying these words, Aumont commanded the poor widow to be led away, and the dead body of her husband to be brought. The knights, with one accord, lowered their swords as the corpse was carried in, and over the coffin of their martyred companion, was Guy de Montford, by grasp, step, sign, and brotherly kiss, received to the dignity of Master.

Near the chapel of St. John, the body of Perrail was deposited in holy ground. A heap of stones was his only monument, but, during many long years, his humble resting-place was visited with veneration by the members of the order.

PUNCH.

MUSICAL NOVELTY.—The spread of music in the metropolitan thoroughfares has become so general, that a company is, we believe on the point of formation, with a view of affording a regular supply of harmony to all the streets, squares and crescents, in London and the suburbs.

The company is to start with a capital of one thousand organs; so that the organization will be at once tolerably complete; and there will be a reserve fund of five hundred guitars, which will be available for special purposes. The shares may be paid for either in money or instruments—not legal instruments, such as bills, which suggest only promissory notes—but instruments of a metallic currency, such as trombones, French horns, trumpets, and cymbals, which are in fact symbolical of harmony. Any person may pay his deposit either in gold, silver, or brass, and the contributor of two *cornets à piston* will stand in the same position as a subscriber of one sovereign.

The source from which the shareholders will derive their profit will be a rate levied on all householders, in the style of the paving, lighting, or police rate; and in consideration of this payment every inhabitant will have a supply of music regularly laid on, before his door, either once, twice, or thrice a week, according to the wealth and respectability of the neighborhood. A numerous staff of itinerant musicians will be employed, and will be taken on duty to their respective districts by a regular superintendent, from a sort of central barrack in the neighborhood. Every square of consequence will be entitled to a troubadour, on alternate evenings with the nearest crescent, and by an arrangement with the company, on payment of an increased rate, two troubadours, or double service, may be laid on during the height of the season.

By private agreement a troubadour can be introduced on to the premises, for a limited period, once in each week; but, for this, the charge will, of course, be proportionate. In the more humble neighborhoods it is proposed that a lower class of professors shall do the musical duty; and for this purpose the staff of itinerant organists must be exceedingly large, as the demand is very extensive in the less wealthy localities.

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Arrangements have already been made to adapt "Marble Halls" to one hundred instruments, so that the inmates of two, three, or even four-pair backs or fronts, may have an opportunity of at once dreaming that they "dwell in marble halls," and are loved "all the same," notwithstanding the dinginess of their apartments, and the diminutiveness of their incomes. Should the scheme succeed, as far as we are justified in announcing it at present, a vocal concert will be added for laying on a continued series of popular songs throughout the entire metropolis. The poet of Cremorne will be placed at the head of the lyrical department, *vice* Bunn extinguished.

RATHER TOO NICE.—Our old friend, the *Herald*, commenced one of its leading articles the other morning with the words, "We are not very fond of interfering with other people's affairs." Surely our respectable contemporary does not mean to say that its own affairs are the only subjects it delights to write upon. A journalist who is averse to interfering with other people's affairs, had better retire from business at once, for he cannot expect that his prattle about himself would prove a source of interest to the community.

OUR FLIGHT WITH RUSSELL.

Up, up my Lord John Russell—'t is a fair night for a fly—
Be thou a new Cleophas—a new Asmodeus I!
Come, clutch my cloak—and thro' the smoke together let us mark
The life of London, huddled 'neath the blanket of the dark.

The moon-light falls on fair St. Paul's, on the Abbey, grim and gray;
Lo! the lamps, like fiery serpents, go winding far away;
Or, like glow-worms, scattered, twinkle and wink up from below—
But 't is not to gaze on this fair sight that thro' the night we go.

Not a builded brick, or stone, or stick, on those wide acres thrown,
But bears a tongue within it—hath a language of its own;
In street, and square, and alley bare, with its growth of human seed,
Is a great book spread beneath us—look down, my lord, and read!

In steeples upward springing read prayer, struck into stone;
In prisons barred and bastioned read crime, and curse, and groan;
In lighted west-end houses read mirth, and warmth, and show;
In foul St. Giles' hovels read squalor, want and woe.

There 's a homily—hark to it! 'T is the Voice of Saffron Hill:
"I suffer, how I suffer from my freight of human ill!
All is filthiness without me; all is ignorance within;
I ache with cramps—I shake with damps—Oh, the warmth of glorious gin!"

And now for proof—off goes a roof—Is that a house or hive?
Each bed 's a room, each room a town, so packed and yet alive!
Lo, the maggot life of London! And that hopeless, hapless horde,
In foulness bred, in foulness fed, is work for you, my lord!

Another and another, and the sight is still the same;
Suffering that knows no solace, and sin that knows no shame.
Hunger by thousand tables; savage life 'mid thousand schools;
Here are human hearts to frame anew—Bethink you of the tools.

But hark! another Voice is up, and pompously it booms
From well-spread tables, easy beds, and trimly furnished rooms.
"I am Respectability: things must not go on so;
There 's nowhere I can drive my gig, but something calls out woe.

"Then your sanitary meddlers, all agog for drain and sewer—
For my part, all I know is, I wish the drains were fewer;
Poor folks *will* throw things down 'em—as for unwholesome air,
I know our street 's extremely sweet, and that 's all my affair."

Whereon chimes in big Bumbledom, "You 're right my worthy friend;
'T is time this stuff and nonsense were brought unto an end.
There 's the Union Workhouse for the poor—you should see how we have broke 'em
Into temperance by short diet, into industry by oakum."

But hark! that hoarse and hollow Voice—'t is from a Newgate cell—
"Be silent, heartless blind-worms!—a different tale I tell;
I 've wrestled crime for centuries, and feeble all I feel,
Tho' my bones are bones of granite, and my sinews hammered steel.

"Ye little wot how hard and hot the tide of crime flows ever;
How it laughs my Canute talk to scorn, and mocks my stern endeavor;
How Law aghast aside is cast before that fearful sea
Which makes a plaything of the scourge, and a toy of the gallows-tree.

"Call Mother Church to help me; let Saint School do all she can;
Give them Child Crime to fight with, and leave me the full-grown man,
Or soon the evil saps my walls, and down forthwith ye fall,
Master Bumble, Sir Respectable, gig, mace, cocked-hat, and all!"

The stern sounds cease, the stars look peace on the streets so still and gray—
And now to Downing street, my lord, with what appetite you may;
And bethink you of the lesson of London, read aright,
When, with *Punch* for guide, you listened to the Voices of the Night.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

LE PREMIER PAS.

THERE appears to be something pedantical in criticising a popular proverb—something vexatious in calling in question the sort of ancestral wisdom it is supposed to contain—in disputing a truth, which has been formalized and accepted by the general assent and perpetual iteration, at all hours of the day, by all sorts of talkers. Besides, who knows not that a proverb is not a logical statement! It is always a one-sided view of the matter, so that the most opposite of proverbs may be equally true; it gains its currency, and its very force and pungency, by a bold exclusion at once of all that qualification, and exception, and limitation, which your exact thinkers require. We will not, therefore, enter into any profane or captious dispute of one of the most current of the whole family of proverbs, that which assigns so great a value to the *premier pas*, to the first step, in any enterprise or career of life, so that this once accomplished, all the rest is easy, all the rest is done, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*. We will not criticise, nor qualify, nor except; only this we *will* say, that many a first step has been made that led nowhere—to nothing; that a multitude of professional and other aspirants would allow, if they reflected on it a moment, that they had, all their lives long, at certain intervals, been making first steps, and never made any other. More glory, doubtless, is due to them for having overcome so many successive difficulties. Whilst, on the other hand, many who have advanced to eminence in their chosen career, would find it hard to distinguish, in that gradual progress which toil and talent had together commanded, any one first step, or stride, which set them going on their prosperous path, any step a jot more extraordinary than the rest, or that did more towards the completion of the journey than the first step one makes in walking from Edinburgh to Leith. They would have as much difficulty in describing the *premier pas* which started them on the road to fortune, as many a good Christian, well brought up from youth to manhood, would feel if called upon to answer a Whitfield or a Wesley, as to the precise day and hour of his conversion. The truth is, we apprehend, that in this popular proverb, two several matters are confused together under one name, thus giving to it a greater force than it should legitimately possess; the *premier pas* not only signifies that first step one takes on any of the high roads which conduct to wealth or honors, but under the same title is also included, we suspect, those startling turns and tricks of fortune, on which no human wit can calculate, and which raise a man suddenly into some new and unexpected position in the world. All kinds of fortunate starting points are mingled together in one view, and under one title; and thus, the *first step* becomes magnified into half the journey, as indeed it is sometimes the whole of it.

For instance—a Meinherr Tettenborn was passing the weary, half-employed hours at a merchant's desk, kicking his heels, probably, on one of those tall, uneasy stools, which, with strange mockery of disproportion, raise the lowest functionary to the highest footing, but which nevertheless contribute to preserve the due distinctions of society, by inflicting all possible discomfort on the elevated sitter. Perhaps there was some association of ideas between the military profession, and the equestrian position he occasionally found it convenient to assume; however that may be, Meinherr Tettenborn suddenly bethought him that he would bestride a high-trotting horse instead of his tall black stool. He threw away the pen for the sword. At this time all Europe was up in arms against Napoleon; so that, although he entered the service of the Emperor of Russia, he was still but enlisting in the common cause, in which his own Germany was more interested than any other country. He entered, as may be supposed, in the lowest rank of officers; and, as cornet, or with some such title, you may picture him at the head of a small troop of horse, despatched for forage or some ordinary service of the like kind. As he was thus conducting his little troop, he spied "something black" lying in a field by the side of the road. He cantered up to it. The something black was nothing less than a small park of artillery, sixteen guns, which the enemy had left behind them, perhaps in some false alarm, or for want of horses to draw them, but apparently for the very purpose of being captured by Meinherr Tettenborn. He ordered up his little troop, harnessed their horses to the guns, and rode back triumphant to the camp. The emperor himself was present. News was speedily brought him of the capture of a park of artillery, and the illustrious victor was introduced. Many questions were not asked of the how, or the when, or the where; the guns happened to be particularly welcome; the emperor took from his own neck the order of the iron cross, and suspended it round the neck of the fortunate young soldier, greeting him, at the same time, with the title of General Tettenborn! The general was a brave man, was equal to his new position, captured other guns in another manner, and rose, we will not venture to say how high in the imperial service.

Now this very anecdote we have heard cited as an example, illustrating the proverb, *ce n'est que le premier pas*, &c. Yet this finding something black lying quietly in the green fields, which proved to be a park of artillery waiting to be captured, cannot certainly be set down amongst the early steps of a military career, is not known amongst the means or stages of promotion, but is manifestly one of those joyous caprices which Fortune occasionally indulges in, for the express purpose, we presume, that castle-building in the air may never go quite out of fashion.

In a very amusing collection of anecdotes, entitled, *Fêtes et Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne, par le Comte A. de la Garde*, there is a good story told of one of these capricious visitations of Fortune, which came—where Fortune does not often play her more amiable tricks—to a miserable poet, releasing him at once from poverty and his jaded muse. We regret to be obliged to tell the story from memory. We ought to have preserved the book, if only out of gratitude—for it was the most pleasant travelling companion, the best fellowship for a diligence or a steamboat, we remember to have encountered. But the market-price of the small paper-bound volume (such was the shape in which it came to us) was so little—it being one of those editions which the journalists on the continent often print to distribute gratis to the subscribers to their journal—that no pains were taken to preserve it. Very absurb! We print books so cheap, that the book loses half its value: it is bought and not read; or read once, and thrown aside, or destroyed.

Poor Dubois was one of that unhappy class, which we are given to understand is dying out of Europe, (we hope for the sake of suffering humanity that this is true;) of that class which we in

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England used to call Grub-street poets. He *flourished* at the time of the empire, and had been flourishing during the whole of the eventful period that preceded the elevation of Napoleon. Poor Dubois had alternately applauded and satirized all parties, and written songs for all sentiments; but had extracted very little either of praise or pocket-money from any of the reigning powers, whether republican or imperial. He was quite in despair. Still young in years, but with worn-out rhymes, he was lamenting one day to his sister his melancholy and hopeless fate. This damsel was in the service of Pauline, the sister of Napoleon. "Write me a sonnet," said she, "about Pauline, and about beauty, and let me try what I can do." A beautiful sonnet, and a sonnet about beauty, are two very different things. Dubois made nothing of his task, but did it out of hand: his sister took the sonnet with her.

It was not long before she had an opportunity, in her capacity of *femme de chambre*, of speaking to Pauline about her brother the poet. She produced her sonnet about beauty. Pauline did not exactly read it; no one but the writer, and a few afflicted friends, and those heroic souls who do things to say they have done them, ever do read sonnets; but she glanced her eye down the rhymes, and saw her own name in harmonious connection with some very sweet epithets. Therefore she asked what she could do for the poet—what it was he wanted? Alas! everything! was the prompt and candid reply—some little post, some modest appointment.

Now it happened that Fouché at that time was doing his best to conciliate the fair Pauline, who, with or without reason, had shown a little humor against the minister of police. He had frequently entreated her to make use of his power in favor of any of her friends. "Well," said the good-natured Pauline, "this Fouché is always plaguing me to ask for something; give me my desk."

A lady's pen upon the smooth vellum—you know how fleetly it runs, and what pretty exaggeration of phrase must necessarily flow from it. The style, the very elegance of the note, demands it. Dubois was in an instant, and most charmingly, converted into a man of neglected genius and unmerited distress. What was the happy turn of expression is lost to us forever; but as Fouché read the note, he understood that there was a man of talent to be assisted, and, what was still more to the purpose, an opportunity of showing his gallantry to Pauline.

The next day the minister rode forth in state accompanied by four mounted *gens-d'armes*. Following the address which had been given him, he found himself in one of the least inviting parts of Paris, far better known to his own myrmidons of police than to himself. But, arrived before the enormous pile of building, which was said to enclose our poet amidst its swarm of tenants, he made vain inquiries for Monsieur Dubois. At last an old crone came to his assistance: she remembered him; she had washed for him, and had never been paid. If you do not wish to be forgotten by all the world, take care there is some one living to whom you are in debt.

Meanwhile Dubois, from his aërial habitation, had heard his own name pronounced, and looking out at window caught sight of the *gens-d'armes*. For which of his satires or libels he was to undergo the honor of prosecution, he could not divine; but that his poetical effusions were at last to bring him into hapless notoriety, was the only conclusion he could arrive at. That he was still perfectly safe, inasmuch as write what he would nobody read, was the last idea likely to suggest itself to the poet. He would have rushed down stairs, but steps were heard ascending. So much furniture as a cupboard may stand for, the bare walls of his solitary room did not display. There was nothing for it but to leap into what he called his bed, and hide beneath the blankets, always presuming they were long enough to cover both extremities at once. The minister, undeterred by the difficulties of the ascent, and animated by his gallantry towards Pauline, continued to mount, and at length entered the poet's retreat. Great are the eccentricities of genius, and lamentable the resources of pride and poverty, thought Fouché, as he gently drew the blankets down, and discovered the dismayed Dubois. Some conciliatory words soon relieved him of his terror. The awful visit of the minister of police had terminated—could it be credited!—in an invitation to breakfast with him next morning.

Judge if he failed in his appointment; judge if he was not surprised beyond all measure of astonishment, when the minister politely asked him whether he would accept so trifling a post as that of commissaire-général of police of the Isle of Elba, with we know not how many hundreds of francs per annum, with half a year's salary in advance, and all travelling expenses paid. The little condition was added that he must quit Paris directly, for the post had been too long vacant, and there were reasons which demanded his immediate presence at Elba. How he contrived to accept with any gravity, without a broad grin upon his face, can never be known. He would certainly have bounded to the ceiling; but by good fortune, or happy instinct, he had convulsively clasped his chair with both hands, and so anchored himself to the ground.

Off he started the very next day, happier than Sancho Panza, to the government of his island; for his post virtually constituted him the governor of Elba. Nor was the stream of his good fortune half exhausted. For immediately on his arrival he was appealed to for a decision, between two rich and rival capitalists, both desirous of undertaking to work certain mines lately discovered in the island. One offered him a large share in the future profits; the other a large sum of ready money. Our governor decided for the ready money.

When a gallant man renders a service, he does not run and proclaim it immediately. Fouché allowed a few days to transpire before he waited on Pauline. He then alluded to the appointment he had made; he hoped she was content with the manner in which he had provided for her client, Dubois.

"Dubois! Dubois!" said the lady, "I know of no Dubois."

The whole affair had entirely escaped her memory. Fouché assisted in recalling it.

"Oh, true!" she said, "the brother of my chambermaid; well, did you give him any little employment? What did you make of him?"

Fouché saw his error, bit his lips, and let the subject pass.

That very evening a messenger was despatched to recall Dubois—and home he came; but "with money in both pockets"—a little capital of solid francs. Poet as he was, the man had sense; he did not spend, but invested it, and the revenue enabled him to assume the life and bearing of a gentleman. We leave him prospering, and to prosper.

It is said that Fouché did all he could to keep this story secret. But Pauline discovered the truth.

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and was malicious enough to disclose it to Napoleon, who more than once jested his minister on his governor of Elba.

There is a sort of *premier pas* known, we believe, amongst gamesters—at least trusted to very implicitly, we remember, amongst schoolboy gamesters—that which commences a run of good luck. When the cards, or the dice, have been cruelly against us, if the tide *once* turn, it will flow steadily for some time in its new and happier direction. In the palace of a certain Russian prince, whose name of course it is impossible to remember, for it is one of those names you do not think of attempting to pronounce even to yourself—you *look at it* merely, and use it as the Chinese their more learned combinations of characters, where they pass at once from the visible sign to the idea, without any intermediate oral stage. In the palace of this prince, you are surprised to see in the most splendid of its splendid suite of apartments, suspended behind a glass case —a set of harness!—common harness for a couple of coach horses, such as you may see in any gentleman's stable. Of course, it attracts more attention than all the pictures, and statues, and marble tables with their porphyry vases and gold clocks.

"The thing you know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there!"

You inquire, and are told the following story.

The Prince of ———— was one night led into deep and desperate play. He had staked estate after estate, and lost them; he had staked his plate, his pictures, his jewels, the furniture of his house, and lost them; his mansion itself, and lost it. The luck would not turn. His carriage and horses had been long waiting for him at the door, he staked them and lost! He had nothing more; he threw up the window, and leant out of it in utter despair. There stood his carriage and horses, the subject of his last wager. He had now nothing left. Yes! There was the *harness!* Nothing had been said of the harness. The carriage and the horses were lost, but not the harness. His opponent agreed to this interpretation of the wager. They played for the harness. He won! They played for the carriage and horses—he won. They played for the palace, for the plate, the pictures, the furniture—he won. They played for estate after estate—he still won. He won all back again, and rose from that table the same rich man he had sat down to it. Had he not good reason to suspend that harness in his very best saloon?

There is such a thing as a *first step* most fortunately *adverse*, in whose failure there is salvation. There are some well-known instances where wealthy young noblemen have been rescued from the pernicious habit of gaming by a first loss, which, though it partly crippled them, sent them back from what might otherwise have proved the road to utter ruin. When a man would tamper with any species of vice, a happy misadventure, thoroughly disgusting him with his experiment, is the most precious lesson he can receive. In the collection of anecdotes we have before alluded to, there was one of this kind which struck us very forcibly. It is an admirable instance of the *biter bit;* but here the young man who wished to be *nibbling* at roguery (who in this instance happens also to be a Russian nobleman) got so excellent and so salutary a lesson, that we almost forgive the old and consummate rogue who gave it.

The first Congress of Vienna had collected together all manner of Jew and Gentile—all who could in any way contribute to pleasure, which seemed the great object of the assembly; for balls, fêtes, concerts, parties of every description were following in endless succession, till one fine morning news came that the lion was loose again. Napoleon had broke from Elba—and every one scampered to his own home. Amongst the rest was a clever Jew and a rich, who, being very magnificently apparelled, and having that to lend which many desired to borrow, had found no difficulty in edging himself amongst the grandees of the society. This man wore upon his finger a superb diamond ring. The Count of ———— was struck with admiration at it, and as a matter of pure curiosity, inquired what might be the value of so magnificent a stone. The Hebrew gentleman, with the most charming candor in the world, confessed it was *not* a stone—it was merely an imitation. A real diamond of the same magnitude, he said, would indeed be of great value, but this, although a very clever imitation, and as such highly prized by himself, was nothing better than paste. The count requested to look at it closer, to take it in his hand and examine it; he flattered himself that he knew something of precious stones; he protested that it was a real diamond. The Hebrew smiled a courteous denial. The count grew interested in the question, and asked permission to show it to a friend. This was granted without hesitation, and the count carried the ring to a jeweller, whose opinion upon such a matter he knew must be decisive. Was it a diamond, or not? It *was* a diamond, said the jeweller, and of the very purest water. Had he any doubt of it? None at all. Would he purchase it? Why —humph—he could not pretend to give the full value for such a stone—it might lie on his hands for some time—he would give 80,000 rubles for it. You will give 80,000 rubles for this ring? I will, said the jeweller. At that moment, the spirit of covetousness and of trickery entered into the soul of the young nobleman. Back he went to his Hebrew acquaintance, whom he found seated at the whist table. Restoring him the ring, he said that he was more persuaded than ever that it was a real diamond, and that he would give him 50,000 rubles for it on the spot. (A pretty profit, he thought, of 30,000 rubles.) The Jew, quietly replacing the ring on his finger, protested he would by no means rob the gentleman, as he knew that it was *not* a diamond. The count urged the matter. At length, after much insistance on the one part, and reluctance on the other, the proprietor of the ring appealed to his partners in the game of whist. "You see, gentlemen," said he, "how it is—the count is so confident in his connoisseurship that he insists upon giving me 50,000 rubles for my ring, which I declare to be paste." "And I declare it to be a diamond," said the count, "and, taking all risk upon myself, will give you 50,000 rubles for it." The bargain was concluded, and the ring and the money changed hands.

The count flew to the jeweller. "Here is the ring—let me have the 80,000 rubles." "For this! Pooh! it is paste—not worth so many sous—worth nothing."

The Jew had *two* rings exactly alike, with the little difference, that in the one was a real stone, in the other an imitation. By dexterously changing the one for the other, he had contrived to give this beneficial lesson to the young nobleman, which, it is to be hoped, prevented him, forever after, from entering the list with sharpers, or trying by unworthy means to overreach his neighbors.

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But to return to what is more generally alluded to as the *premier pas*—that first success which starts the aspirant on his road to fortune or to fame. It is the barrister and the physician who, amongst all professional men, have most frequently to record some happy chance or adventure that came to the aid of their skill, knowledge, and industry; and of the first brief, or of the first patient, the history is not unfrequently told with singular delight. The story we have to tell, and to which the above remarks and anecdotes may be considered by the reader, if he will, as a sort of preamble, regards the *first patient* of one who, commencing under great difficulties, rose ultimately to the head of his profession. It belongs to both those classes which, we observed in the commencement, are often mingled indiscriminately together. It has in it something of the marvellous, and yet afforded but a fair opening to genuine talent; it was a first step which the fairies presided over, and yet it was a step on the firm earth, and the first of a series which only true genius and worth could have completed. We are fortunate here in having the words before us of the French author from whom we quote, and we have but to render the anecdote—biography, or romance, whichever it may be—in whatever of the lively style of M. Felix Tournachon our pen can catch, or, under the necessity we are to abridge, we can hope to transfer to our pages.

THE FIRST PATIENT.

* * * He was not then the great doctor that you know him now. At that time he was neither officer of the Legion of Honor, nor professor of the Faculty of Paris. Hardly was he known to some few companions of his studies. The horses that drew his carriage were not then born; the pole of his landau was flourishing green in the forest.

He had obtained his title of physician, and lived in a poor garret—as one says—as if there were any garrets that are rich; and to accomplish this miserable result, to have his painted bedstead, his table of sham mahogany, two chairs wretchedly stuffed, and his books—what efforts had it not cost him!

He was so poor!

Have you ever known any of these indefatigable young students, born in the humblest ranks, who spend upon their arid labor their ten, their twenty best years of life, without a thought or a care for the pleasures of their age or the passing day!—youthful stoics who march with firm step, and alone, towards an end which, alas! all do not attain.

You have wept at that old drama, that old eternal scene which is recounted every day—yet not so old, it is renewed also every day:—the bare chamber, no better than a loft—the truckle-bed—the broken pitcher—the heap of straw—the sentimental lithographist will not forget the guttering candle stuck into the neck of a bottle. Thus much for the accessories, then for the persons of the scene; a workman, the father who expects to die in the hospital—his four children—always four—who have not broken their fast that day—and the mother is lying-in with her fifth—and it is winter, for these poor people choose winter always for their lying-in.

Oh! all this is very true and piteous—I weep with you at the cry of those suffering children—at the sobs of their mother. Yet there is another poverty which you know not, which it is never intended that you should know. A silent poverty that goes dressed in its black coat, polished, it is true, where polish should not come, and with a slaty hue—produced by the frequent application of ink to its threadbare surface. It is a courageous poverty which resists all aid—even from that fictitious fund, a debt—which dresseth itself as you would dress, if your coat were ten years old—which invites no sympathy—which may be seen in the sombre evening stopping a moment before the baker's shop, or the wired windows of the money-changer, but passing on again without a sigh heard. Oh, this poverty in a black coat! And then it enters into its cold and solitary chamber, without ever the sad consolation of weeping with another. No Lady Bountiful comes here. In the picture just now described, she would be seen in the background, entering in at the door, her servant behind loaded with raiment and provisions. What should she here? What brings you here, madam? Who could have sent you here? We are rich! If we were poor should we not sell these books?—all these books are ours; madam, we want nothing. Carry your amiable charity elsewhere.

Our young doctor had installed himself in the fifth floor of that historic street, *La Cloître-Saint-Mery*—a quarter of the town, poor, disinherited, sad as himself. Where else, indeed, could we have carried his mutilated furniture—which in other quarters would have only excited distrust! There was he waiting for fortune—not, be it understood, in his bed, but following science laboriously, uninterruptedly. His life was so retired—so modest—so silent, that hardly was he known in the house. On the day of his arrival, he had said to the porter, or rather porteress, "Madam, I am a doctor—if any one should want me." This was all the publicity of the new doctor—his sole announcement, his only advertisement. As his fellow-lodgers could gather nothing of him to gratify or excite curiosity—as his unfrequented door was always strictly closed, they soon ceased to concern themselves about him. His name even was forgotten; they simply called him *the doctor*—and with this title our readers also must be contented, unless their own ingenuity should enable them to discover another.

One night our doctor heard unaccustomed noises in the house, doors slamming, people walking to and fro. Presently some one knocked at his door—verily at *his* door. What was it? Was the patient come at last—that first patient, so anxiously expected? He was dressed in an instant.

"The countess is dying!" some one cried through the door. "Come directly!"

He was at her bedside in a minute.

The countess! Such was the title given in derision to precisely the poorest and most miserable old woman in the house. She had been at one period of her life in the service of a noble family, as *femme-de-chambre;* and as a woman who had seen something of the great world, she held unqualified strangers at a certain distance, and, to use a common phrase, kept herself to herself. This had procured her the ill-will and ill-opinion of several other old crones inhabiting the same house, who made her the subject of their perpetual scandal. Without doubt she had poisoned her last master, and could not look a Christian in the face; or at very least she had robbed him. Did you ask for proofs? She had a treasure stitched into a mattress. But she was nearly dying with hunger? Yes—the niggard! She starved herself, she could not spend her treasure.

Monstrous inventions! The poverty of the countess, as they called her in mockery, was complete. Niggard she was, and had good reason to be so, in

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order to subsist on the little annuity she had contrived, in the days of her service, to scrape together. For the rest, as we have no wish to disguise the truth, the countess was by no means an amiable person—bitter and selfish, hostile to all the world, as venomous as her detractors, and without pity for others, as those so often are who have suffered much themselves.

She was now stretched motionless on her bed. The old crones had come about her less from humanity than to discover the secrets of her *den*, the access to which she had hitherto strictly defended. She held in her left hand a small packet wrapped up in half a pocket-handkerchief, which she clutched convulsively. It was the *treasure*, they all exclaimed.

Her case was a grave one—a congestion of the brain. The doctor bled her, and then wrote his prescription—his first! The bleeding brought the countess to herself. When she heard him tell one of the bystanders to go to the chemist and get the potion—

"Potion!" she exclaimed, laying hold of the paper. "I want no potion—I am not ill. Do you think I have money to pay for your drugs? Go away!—all of you—go!"

She crumpled the prescription in her hand, and was about to throw it on the floor, when something in the paper apparently arrested her. She read the prescription, and, turning to the doctor with a manner quite changed and subdued, asked how much it would cost? She then opened the little packet she had held till then so jealously in her hand. All the old crones stretched forward. A few franc-pieces and some great sous were all the *treasure* it contained.

That first client, so long looked for, was come at last. Our doctor had his patient—that first patient whom one pets and caresses, to whom one is nurse as well as physician. No uncertain diagnostics *there*—no retarded visits, no hasty prescriptions. If this one die, it is verily his fault. He devoted himself, body and soul, to the old woman. Certainly the fees would not be very brilliant, nor would the cure spread his reputation very widely. He thought not of this—but save her he must! He absolutely loved this unamiable countess. He assembled the *ban et arrière-ban* of science, and armed himself *cap-à-pie* in knowledge for her defence.

The object of all this solicitude received his attentions, however, with an increasing ill-humor, for each fresh medicine made a fresh demand upon her purse. "How long will this last?" she said one day; "I must go out—I have no more money—I must go out this very day."

"Do not disturb yourself," began the doctor.

"Not disturb myself!" she interrupted; "easy to say! Instead of giving me these drinks and draughts, give me something that will put a little strength into me—for I must go out."

"Listen to me! remain tranquil a few days." She turned round from him with impatience.

"To leave your chamber now would be to expose your life. Give me but four days; and if you have no more money, I will charge myself with the medicines."

"You!" cried the countess, looking up with astonishment.

"And why not me?" said the young doctor. "You shall return it to me some time—when you will."

"You! who have not often a dinner for yourself!"

"Who says that?" asked the doctor, blushing involuntarily.

"All the house says it."

"Miserable stuff!" he replied; "will you accept what I offer? If I promise, you may be sure I can perform."

The old woman looked at him with surprise, and at length consented to accept his offer and take his remedies.

The young doctor hastened to his chamber, shut fast the door, and looked round him, with his arms folded—"What is there here," said he, "that I can sell?"

What he found to sell I do not know. Enough that he supplied the countess with a sum sufficient to procure her the necessary medicines, and to relieve her from care as to the wants of life for some short time. The case proceeded favorably.

At night, as he was returning from one of those solitary walks in which he was accustomed to exhale his sadness, and also to gather fresh resolution for the struggle he had undertaken with destiny, and was slowly mounting the long, dark, dilapidated staircase that led up to that fifth floor on which he resided, he stumbled over some obstacle, and, on looking closer, found it was the body of a woman lying outstretched upon the stairs. It was the countess. In spite of solicitations and her own promise, she had gone out; but her strength had failed her. She had fallen, and now lay insensible.

Our young doctor, braving all malicious interpretations, carried her to his own room, which was the nearest place of refuge, and there, by the aid of some cordials he administered, restored her to her senses. She opened her eyes, looked around her, and understanding in whose room she was, she said, with a scrutinizing air, "You are miserably lodged here." It was the only observation his amiable patient made, and she repeated it several times—"You must be miserably off." Even when she had returned to her own room, and he had left her for the night, she still said nothing but—"You are miserably lodged!"

The next morning, when the doctor visited his patient—and you may be sure his visit was an early one—to his surprise, she was on foot, with sleeves tucked up, sweeping, dusting, and *putting to rights* her little abode. He was astonished. The shock which she had received the day before, instead of injuring her, had apparently aided in her restoration. She was quite gay.

"You are resolved to kill yourself, then?" said the doctor.

"I was never better in my life," she answered.

"Do not be too confident," was his reply. "You must keep your room two or three days; and this time," he added, with a smile, "I shall keep guard over you myself."

The countess consented with a most childlike docility. She would do what he pleased; only yesterday she was obliged to go out—it was absolutely necessary. There was so much gentleness in her altered manner, that the doctor was disposed to regard this as an alarming symptom in her case.

However, it was not so. Her health, day by day, improved, and the relation between the patient and her medical attendant became more amicable. She proposed, by way of some return, to assist him in his bachelor housekeeping. It would give her no trouble. An hour in the morning, when he was at his lectures, some of which he still followed; and then she could cook, and she could mend. These

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offers the young doctor declined with a sort of alarm. Who but himself could reädjust those habiliments, whose strong and whose weak points he so very well knew? What needle could, on this ground, be half so skilful as his own? And cooking! Cooking with him! Cook what? *On* what? *In* what? It was in vain that the countess insisted; he would hear of no such thing. He kept his poverty veiled —it was his sacred territory.

Some few days after the countess' health might be said to be quite reëstablished, our young doctor, on entering his room, was surprised to see a letter lying on his table. Correspondence, for the mere sake of letter-writing, he had quite foregone as a pure waste of time; and he had no relatives who interested themselves in his fate, or who could have anything to communicate. Nevertheless, there the letter was, addressed duly to himself. He looked at it with an uncomfortable foreboding, assured that it must bring him some new care, or report some strange disaster.

He sat down and tore open the envelope. He bounded from his seat again with surprise—the letter enclosed fifteen notes of the Bank of France! It is no fairy tale, but simple history; fifteen good notes of one thousand francs each.

Inside the envelope was written:—

"This treasure belongs to you as your property. Use it without scruple. The hand that transmits it does but accomplish a legitimate restitution. May the gifts of Fortune conduct you to the Temple of Happiness!" There was no signature.

"Why, it is a dream, a hallucination. Am I growing light-headed?" said the doctor. But no—it was no dream; there they were—before him—on the little table—those fifteen miraculous pieces of paper. He turned his head away from them; but when he looked again, there they were—in the same place—in the same order—motionless. I leave you to guess his agitation and his many mingled emotions. From whom could this godsend have come? He read and re-read, and turned the letter in every direction. He racked his brain to no purpose to discover his anonymous benefactor. He knew, and was known to, scarcely any one. He strode about his chamber—as well as he could stride in it—inventing the wildest suppositions, which were rejected as soon as made. Suddenly he stopped—struck his forehead as a new thought occurred to him—"Bah!" he cried; "absurd!—impossible!—and yet——"

In a moment he was at the door of the countess. He paused a moment before he knocked. There was from the landing-place a window at right angles to that of the old woman's apartment; and if her window-curtain happened to be drawn aside, which, however, was rarely the case, it was easy to see from it into her room. On the present occasion, not only was the curtain drawn aside, but her window was open, and the doctor could see this fairy, accused of lavishing bank-notes of a thousand francs, kneeling before a wretched stove, striving with her feeble breath to rekindle a few bits of charcoal, on which there stood some indescribable culinary vessel, containing an odious sort of porridge, at once her dinner and her breakfast!

The doctor shook his head—it could not be the countess. Yet, completely to satisfy himself, he entered. She gave him her ordinary welcome, neither more nor less—talked, as usual, of her former masters, of the dreadful price of bread, and the wicked scandal of her neighbors. But what most completely set all suspicion at rest was the manner in which she spoke of the debt which she owed him. "I cannot yet repay you what you advanced for my medicines," she said, with all the natural embarrassment of an honest debtor speaking to a creditor. "You will be wanting it, perhaps. Now don't be angry at what I say—one is always in want of one's little money. In a few days I will try and give you at least something on account."

"No," said the doctor, when he was alone: "I can make nothing of it. Away with all guesses!" He resolved to profit by the good fortune, be the giver whom it might. And he hoped so to manage matters, that if, at a future day, an opportunity for its restoration should occur, he should be able to avail himself of it.

He was soon installed in a more convenient apartment, better furnished, and supplied, above all, with a more abundant library. The young doctor was radiant with hope. Yet he did not quit his old quarter of the town. It need not be said that he took formal leave of his first patient the countess.

From this time everything prospered with him. As it generally happens, the first difficulty conquered, everything succeeded to his wish. It is the first turn of the wheel which costs so much; once out of the rut, and the carriage rolls. By degrees a little circle of clients was formed, which augmented necessarily every day. His name began to spread. Even from his old residence, where he led so solitary a life, the reputation had followed him of a severe and laborious student, and the cure of the countess was a known proof of his skill.

Like the generality of the profession, he now divided his day into two portions; the morning he devoted to his visits, the afternoon to the reception of his patients. Returning to his home one day a little before the accustomed hour, he perceived a crowd of persons collected in the street through which he was passing. Perhaps some accident had happened, and his presence might be useful. He made his way, therefore, through the crowd. Yet he nowhere discovered any object which could have collected it. He was merely surrounded on every side by groups engaged in earnest yet subdued conversation. The greater part were women, and both men and women were generally of a mature age, and of that sort of physiognomy which one can only describe as *odd*—faces ready made for the pencil of the caricaturist. The doctor, who had no idle time, was about to make his escape, when a general movement took place in the crowd, and he found himself borne along irresistibly with the rest through a large door, which, it seemed, had just opened, into a spacious hall or amphitheatre. At the upper end was a stage; on the stage a large, strangely-fashioned wheel was placed; and by the side of the wheel stood a little child, dressed in a sky-blue tunic, with a red girdle round its waist, its hair curled and lying upon its shoulders, and a bandage across its eyes. The wheel and the child formed together a sort of mythological representation of Fortune. They were drawing the lottery.

After amusing himself for some time with the novelty of the spectacle, the doctor began to make serious efforts to extricate himself. As he was threading his way through the crowd, and looking this way and that to detect the easiest mode of egress, he saw, underneath a small gallery at the side of the amphitheatre, in a place which seemed to be reserved for the more favored or more constant worshippers in that temple of Fortune, a face, the last he should have expected to find there. It was no other than the countess. She was seated there

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with all the gravity in the world, inclining with a courteous attention to an old man with gray hairs and smooth brown coat, who was very deferentially addressing her.

Having disengaged himself from the throng, and returned to his own house, this appearance of the countess recurred very forcibly to his mind. "After all," thought he, "it *was* the countess!—it was none but she who sent those notes." The enigma was solved. He had made his fortune in the lottery, and without knowing it. He determined to visit his old patient the next morning.

That very evening, however, he was waited on by the same old gentleman in brown coat and gray hairs, who was seen speaking to her at the lottery. He came with a rueful face, requesting him to visit immediately Madame ——, giving the countess her right name, which it is now too late in our story to introduce. Whatever may have been the case at some previous time, the wheel of Fortune had that day bitterly disappointed her hopes. She had been carried home insensible. The doctor hastened to her. It was too late. She had been again attacked by a congestion of the brain, which this time had proved fatal.

There appeared no hopes of a complete solution of the enigma.

"Ah!" said the same old gentleman, as he stood moralizing by his side, "the same luck never comes *twice*—she should have tried other numbers."

The doctor saw immediately that the old gentleman had been in the confidence of the deceased. He questioned him. There was a look of significance, which betrayed plainly that *he knew all*. He was in fact one of those who earn their subsistence by writing letters for those who are deficient in the skill of penmanship or epistolary composition. He had written *the very letter itself;* to his pen was owing that sort of *copy-book* phrase, "May the gifts of Fortune conduct to the Temple of Happiness!" The doctor had in truth, as he often said when alluding to the subject, made his fortune in the lottery.

We wish we could leave the story here, and let the reader suppose that gratitude alone had induced the old woman to act so generous a part. But the whole truth should be honestly told. There was a mixture of superstition in the case. It was *his number* that had won the prize, and she considered it, as expressed in the letter which accompanied the notes, in the light of his property. In all countries where a lottery has been long established, the strangest superstitions grow up concerning what are called lucky numbers. In Italy, where this manner of increasing the public revenue is still resorted to, not only is any number which has presented itself under peculiar circumstances sure to be propitious, but there is a well-known book, of acknowledged authority we believe, containing a list of words, with a special number attached to each word, by the aid of which you can convert into a lucky number any extraordinary event which has occurred to you. Let anything happen of public or private interest—let anything have been dreamt, or even talked of that was at all surprising, you have only to look in this dictionary for the word which may be supposed to contain the essence of the matter—as, for instance, fire, death, birth—and the number that is opposite that word will assuredly win your fortune. When the countess first saw the prescription of the young doctor, she was going to throw it angrily on the floor; but her eye was suddenly riveted by the *numbers* in it—the numbers of the grains and *ozs.* in the cabalistic writing—and she felt assured that in these lucky numbers her fortune was made. The first stake she played she played for *him;* and, singularly enough, she won! But, as the old gentleman in the brown coat observed, the virtue of the prescription was exhausted. She should have sought for numbers from some other quarter; the second trial she made ended in a severe loss, and was the immediate occasion of her death.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE ORATOR OF THE SHOP.

AT HOME.

"For the committee to-night, Cameron!" said Taylor to his bench-mate.

The town bells were ringing the day of toil to its close as he spoke; and the other men were already locking up their tools.

"You will have to excuse me this night also," answered Cameron. "My little Ned was worse at dinner-time."

"Soh! And shall we not see you in the procession to-morrow?"

"If my boy be well, you may."

"Always so, Jack. You are never without a Neddy to back you out of duty."

Cameron turned round to the wall, took down his jacket from the nail on which it hung, and drew it on before he spoke. Evidently he was angry.

"Taylor, you and I have disagreed on this point before. I still think you take too great a lift in committee work. Do not turn up your lip so; committees can get on without us when our sick people cannot." So saying, he brushed past the cluster of shopmates who had drawn near to listen to the conversation, and hurried away to his sick child.

The men broke into a tittering laugh when he was out of hearing; and one of them looking over his shoulder, cried to Taylor,—

"Swirls in that stick, my chuck!"

"A cross-grained fellow!" replied Taylor, peevishly, tearing a shaving between his fingers. For he felt himself humbled before his comrades, to whom he had boasted that he would get Cameron along with them that night. "If the world were all of his mind," he continued, "how, I wonder, would the heavy work ever be done? Neddy! What has Neddy to do with public duty? A few more Neddy-nurses and our masters may have their own way sweetly! Look ye, men, Jack Cameron is an obliging fellow in his way, and has done myself a good turn or two, as you know; but for all that he must be trusted no longer in the trade. If only a pin scratches his boy's little finger, he shirks our meetings and rides off on his duty to his family. At a time like this, too!—when our oppressors are preparing their cramps! I say, a true patriot would not be hindered by his family. I say, perish my family when my country is at stake! But we must off to the meeting, we have matters to arrange for the morrow."

Taylor was a tall, well-made man, with open, intelligent features, with black hair and dark shining eyes—all the more shiny, that he was still on the young side of life's water shed. He was well read in a few directions, had a ready wit and fluent tongue, was given to no gross vices, was good-tempered and persevering. He was just the man, therefore, to become the orator of a shop. No one amongst his shopmates had so wide a knowledge of

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public affairs: no one had lived so much in the public eye. Besides which, he had all the credit of being a superior workman. He would finish three windows whilst another joiner was at two. Indeed, with hardly a half of his ability, some of his fellows had risen to be masters and leading men in the trade. And not a few of the simpler neighbors would now and again wonder how Taylor, with all his handiness and public spirit, should still be a journeyman, and live in a poor apartment in the old quarter of the town.

The explanation lay upon the surface of his life,—in this one mistake, that duty had very little reference to any sphere but that of politics and public life. In his estimation, a man was doing his highest work when he was bending all his energies to the furtherance of the public weal. Whoever did less was a domestic drudge and mere worm. Society was on a great pilgrimage towards perfection, and it behoved its members to bestir themselves for the removal of those hindrances which blocked up the way. Especially did it become the people—the working classes—as the vanguard, in the onward movement, to devote themselves to this vast endeavor: to leave their homes, and if need be their shops, for this public work.

This was Taylor's deliberate conviction. It was not put on. It led to evil; but it was not put on to cloak that evil. In perfect sincerity of heart and purpose he cherished it, and sought to impress it upon others.

If his wife and only daughter, therefore, had many a weary and anxious waiting for him, in late, dark hours, when he was detained by public business, nobody will be surprised. Often after all the evening bells had rung out, and the streets had emptied and become dumb, and the house-clocks began to tick like pulses in the arm of night, might these two be found sitting in the chimney-corner, listening eagerly, waiting wearily, for the sound of his steps, and dreading—for they could not get used to it—that some evil thing had befallen him. Oftener still, when she was able to coax Jane to bed, the mother sat up alone; in this case, always at the open window, leaning over that she might see the whole street, as if she would question the darkness and the silent stones about her husband.

As one might expect, in such domestic waitings, and watchings, deprived of her natural rest and forced to breathe the damp night air, her health gave way. On the night the conversation reported above took place, she was lying pillowed up in bed, panting for breath, with no one to help her but little Jane. Poor Jane was almost wholly without education. She had received only such shreds of knowledge as her mother could give her in leisure hours. A simple child, but very affectionate, very full of the light of love! Her mother had asked her again and again to come to bed. Still she hoped her father would soon arrive. He had been late for several nights and surely he would be home early to-night. To-morrow was at hand, too, and his procession scarf was to sort. She replied to her mother with a new reason every time, which she clothed in words so sweet and soothing, that the sick mind was ever led by them into pleasing trains of thought; and another and another portion of the night was softly whiled away.

After midnight, however, the mother became worse. The fever mounted to her brain: her mind began to wander, and she uttered words which filled her child with fear.

"Look, Jane!" she cried at one time, fancying herself at the open window, "is not that your father? I know his white jacket passing under the lamp."

"Dear mother, he will soon be here; he was home last night before this time."

"Hist! those are his steps on the street—go—go."

Jane went to the window and pressed her ear to the glass. The measured foot-fall of a watchman pacing his rounds sounded up. The watchman was alone.

"The watchman, is it?" continued her mother. "Ay, I hear his voice, calling the hour out—there—hush—'past two.' Who has heard him calling that hour so many times as I? Dear Jane, thou wilt wait for thy father when I am gone. But go not to the open window. Dear life, shut down the window; death comes in at open windows—death and cold! It is very cold: see to the fire, love! ah—g—r—u—u, how cold it is!"

Jane put the last coal into the grate, and returned to the bedside. In a little while the sick woman quieted into slumber, and Jane began to listen for her father's footsteps again. But as she listened the coal kindled, and a red flame flickered up in the grate, and the light fell forward into the large, ill-furnished room, and reminded her of the disorder in which all things stood. So she stepped silently away from the bed, and arranged the few chairs around the walls, and swept the floor and the hearth, and was about to put the kettle to the fire when she remembered that there was neither bread nor coffee in the house, nor anything that her father could take.

She leaned her brow against the cold jamb and gave way to tears. Except a bite of bread in the morning, she had tasted no food all day. She could not help her grief. An experience older than her years had been forced upon her. Thoughts, which should have been strangers to a child, swept through her mind. Her mother's condition, her father's conduct, the state of their home, gave rise to many forebodings. The procession especially filled her with alarm. All might go well yet, she fancied, if it were once over, or put off, or not to be. She laid all the blame of her father's absence on it. She did not blame her father. In some way, she had grown to think that he could not help being away. But how delightful it would be if the procession were only over, and father had time to wait beside her sick mother! or—her face lighted up at the thought—if he could stay at home and not go.

At that moment the subject of her thoughts came in. He stooped over the bed to look at his wife: when he found she was sleeping he came forward to the fire. Jane forgot all her sorrow, her hunger, her foreboding, everything but the last thought which passed through her mind, and this she resolved to tell her father.

"Do you know what I 've been thinking, father? I 've been thinking—but stoop to me; come closer still, or we shall waken mother—I 've been thinking if you could stay from the procession how happy we would be."

"It is impossible, Jane."

Jane did not know the meaning of "impossible," and so went on,—

"Mother would be happy, and I would be happy, and you would be happy; and it would make mother well again. If you had seen her an hour ago—she was very ill."

Taylor turned round towards the bed to see, for

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he had not noticed the change for the worse when he entered. Jane continued—

"Very, very ill! Speaking about death and you. Dear father, try and stay. I am afraid to be alone now by her side. Do you say 'Yes!' You will stay? How happy ——"

"You are too young to understand, Jane. I must go. I cannot stay. Duty forces me to go."

"Duty, father! Who is Duty?" She had never noted the word before. "Do I know him?" She sprang up and clasped her father's neck. "Father, tell me where Duty lives! I will go to him this moment. I will not care how far it is. I will tell him you cannot go. I will tell him how ill my mother is, how much she loves you; and he will not seek to force you away."

The orator was struck dumb. He silenced his daughter by gestures, and ordered her to bed.

When she awoke the sun was shining into the room; her father was already gone; her mother had barely strength to point to some coppers upon the table, which he had left to procure food and fire.

ABROAD.

From an early hour music sounded through the streets. The trades were uprisen and flocking to the appointed square. Parties from the country intending to join the procession began to arrive by the different gates. Flags waved and drums rattled at every corner. Excitement was visible on every face.

A universal holiday had been forced upon the town. The workshops were to still their noise; the factories to be silent; the markets to be suspended; even the ploughs on the surrounding farms were to lie idle in the furrows.

This day the public interest shall engage all men. The great measure on which the country's hopes had been fixed for years—for which they had struggled, and agitated, and petitioned, and subscribed, was in a perilous state. The ministry were shrinking! The opposition had acquired new strength! Unexpected resources, not free from suspicions of treachery and backing-out, had come to the opposition side. The country was bound to rise; to tread the streets until the legislature were awakened to the strength of the popular will; to utter its united voice in speech and resolution, and to roll its million-signed petition over the floor of the house of commons, to the bar of the house of lords, to the very footstool of majesty itself.

By ten o'clock all the parties expected have come forward; they only wait to appoint a marshal, and then proceed through the town to the open field, where the speeches are to be delivered and the petition signed.

The faces of the dense crowd are turned towards the inn. The flags drooping over the balcony are seen to rustle. The window behind flies open, and there, beautifully grouped together, their official scarfs depending gracefully from their shoulders, their riband favors blushing politics on their breasts, stand, bowing and attitudinizing, the committee.

A cheer loud as artillery bursts from the crowd—bursts louder and longer, again and again, for many minutes; sinks for a moment, swells upwards from some more enthusiastic corner, infects the entire mass anew, and so continues until a member of committee steps out upon the balcony and beckons them to silence.

The leader of the day is to be chosen. A steed finely caparisoned, led by a groom, is waiting at the inn door for the favored rider. Hearts are beating; little boys are wondering who the marshal is to be; women from the windows around the square are searching among the committee for the likeliest one. Who shall describe the rapturous acclamation which rang out from the whole throng, when Carpenter Taylor was proposed? The music crashed, the flags waved responsively. Taylor was an universal favorite.

"A man," said the mover, "tried, able, and disinterested! The devoted friend and counsellor of his fellow-workmen! No man here—I question if any other man in the whole country—has a better right to this honor. On this momentous day it becomes us to have one at our head who has never flinched, and was never absent, when the interests of the country were at stake; above all, who is one of ourselves!"

Taylor came forward. His dark eye kindled at the mass of human beings before him. His voice stilled them into attention. Never had day dawned upon his country of more importance than the present. He felt that all their past exertions were in peril. A Judas had entered the camp at headquarters, and was gloating over the thirty pieces of silver. The great measure on which the prosperity of this vast country depended, on which their freedom as a people, their stability as a nation, hung, was about to be rejected, sacrificed, outvoted!

"We are this day to demonstrate our strength. From this town we shall roll up a petition which shall strike awe into the opposition's heart. We, the working-men, the misnamed 'lower classes,' shall do it! We! Yes, the cheer which rings in this square shall spread and reverberate over all the land; shall pierce the ear of St. Stephen's; shall echo and reëcho throughout the world, uttering this command—'Vote with the people!' and the very echo of its echo dying away in the distant generations shall be heard to say—'Vote with the people!'"

But these preliminary proceedings came to a close. Taylor mounted his horse, and with baton in hand began to marshal the trades into the order of procession. First, by indefeasible right of primogeniture, marched the ancient order of Gardeners, with Eden flower-mottoes and flower-politics. Behind them, the descendants of Tubal Cain, carrying on an uplifted stage a huge sledge-hammer, which some hidden machinery wielded against an image of oppression. Thereafter, in honor of the marshal the union of Joiners, carrying an open coffin for oppression when it shall be fairly killed, and waving white fir wands to indicate the peace which shall follow. Other trades succeeded in their balloted order, with devices, flags, and music, until the line was complete, and then Taylor rode forward to his place amid the cheers of the whole procession.

Had the reader and myself known nothing of Taylor's private life, had we not chanced to listen to the moanings of his neglected wife, and seen the disappointed look of his waking child this morning when she found that he was gone, we too might have cheered him for his gallant look.

The marshal's dignity sat well upon him. He rode with an almost princely grace. The city crowds admired him as he went past; the open windows shot forth applauding looks. He could not fail to be affected. To him this was no show; but a real, abiding work. The circumstances, also, had their appropriate influence on his mind. Rolling up behind him came, now blended into one sound, now separate and distinct, the tread of the immense procession, the clash and roll of various music, the ever-renewing cheers of the spectators, the flapping

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of many flags, and carried his mind above itself into a world wholly ideal.

"Might I step forward into the province of the historian," he thought, "how gloriously this day would be depicted on my page! Behold here, I would write, a sight which surpasses the pomp of royalty and the array of war. The majesty of the people has manifested itself this day; their hidden strength has revealed its brawny arms. The great dumb people have found a voice; it speaks in the tread of ten thousand feet, in the mottoes on their banners, in the varied devices of the trades, in the selected music and the hearty cheers."

In the midst of these historic fancies the procession had begun to defile through the old quarter of the town. The familiar aspect of the street in which he lived recalled him to actual life. A vague desire that his poor wife might see him in his pride, and, perchance, be cheered by his honor, as she used to be; this, and also, partly, the true instincts of home, which were not utterly trampled out of him, guided his eye up to the single window of his dwelling-place. And there, her small white face shaded with intense anxiety, stood Jane, waving her arms and pressing her lips, and making violent gestures to her father, which he could not understand.

There was that in her look, however, which went direct to his heart. It said as plainly as words could have done, "Mother is worse!" For the first time, the real danger of his wife's condition flashed upon him. While he was here, striving to meet a peril of the state, his wife might be dying in her desolate home. The music began to grate upon his ear. He was now under the very window where his wife lay, and he could not go to her nor comfort her.

At this moment Jane rushed out to him from the close. How now shall the well-dressed marshal act? This child is his daughter, and poverty is written upon her thin coverings! The windows and pavements are filled with neighbors who know him, and all the circumstances of his home. No cheer salutes him here; low murmurs of displeasure roll towards him from the assembled women.

"Better he were beside his dying wife!" cried one.

"Better he had given a frock to his daughter than bought that scarf!" cried another.

Meantime the procession flowed on behind, and he could not stop.

"Home, Jane, home! I soon will be," he half whispered to her aside, ashamed that a child so poorly dressed should be known as his. "Home! away from the horse's feet!—do not speak here!"

"Not this way, father!" cried out the child; "another way. You will kill mother! the noise of the trumpets and the cheering will kill her! Dear, dear father, another way! The doctor said she must be quiet. Not this way—not ——"

Her father was out of hearing. The procession came on and urged him forward, coiling like a hissing snake, through the street in which the dying woman lay, and separated father and child.

But the glory was departed from his view. He felt himself thrust back into the painful circumstances of his own home; he heard the upbraidings of his dying wife; he recalled the neglect which had been the rule of his married life; the magic dress fell from the procession; he saw nothing in it but idleness and show; the voice that was to echo down through generations died away in a taproom brawl; his dignity grew irksome; he would have abandoned it if he could, but there was no man to relieve him. Moreover, he had toiled for it, had longed for it, had exulted when it was put upon him. He rode on in agony. The air seemed to change the streams of music into dying groans; the open windows were filled with pale faces beckoning him to dismount and go home; beds of sickness and death floated before his eyes; pale faces, like that of his little Jane, pressed out upon him from the crowd, and seemed to touch his lips. His heart sickened at his position. For two hours his agony continued. His honorable duties changed into dry details. His mind was away from them—away from the entire proceedings. He sat carelessly upon his horse, took no interest in what was said or done, saw nothing but the image of his wife in her cold and comfortless abode.

At length the grand feat of the day was accomplished. The speeches had been spoken, and the petition signed. After the signing of the last name, Taylor was to give the signal of return, and all the bands were to resume their playing. He was still unconscious of his position. He did not notice that the reins had fallen from his hand, and lay loosely on the horse's neck. The sudden crash of the simultaneous music startled the animal. It reared back for a moment, and then sprang forward, like an arrow, towards the town. Taylor made one grasp for the reins, but was thrown in the attempt, and his right foot entangled in the stirrup. The horse rushed furiously on, dragging its rider over the stones. Long before it could be stopped his life was ebbing. He was found lying on the street in a pool of blood.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Taylor was still sensible when the members of commitee came up to him with a surgeon. One of the large blood-vessels had burst. He signified his wish to be taken home.

Very solemn was the contrast between the going forth of the marshal and the return of the man. Borne along in a chair, supported by men decked out in the gay scarfs of the procession, the arm which had held the baton hanging powerless by his side, the face which answered the universal greetings all disfigured, the head leaning heavily forward on the breast, the dark hair matted with dust and blood—he did not seem to be the same.

The pavements were crowded to behold him as he passed, but with cheering crowds no longer. The news of the accident went before, and hushed the people into silence. Everywhere silence! The street in which he dwelt was as still as the grave. Only the poor women who had brawled against him in the morning broke the stillness with their tears.

"A sad sight!" said one of these.

"And going to a sad home!" continued another.

"Dear, dear," whispered a third, "how this life works! Life and death, pride and pain, follow each other hard! A sorry woman she would have been to see him so, though he did forget her. For you know she was very proud of him—very proud of him, poor soul. God has been merciful to her!"

There was the greatest difficulty in carrying him up to his house. The stair was long, and steep, and narrow. At each landing-place, too, the neighbors crowded forward and shut out the light, and made the place hot and stifling, but still there was the same dead silence. Of all those who had given him "Good morning" for many years, no one came forward to sympathize with him or speak a kind word to him now. They rather sought to avoid his eye, lest he should question them about his home.

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Taylor himself felt that there was more in their silence than sympathy for him. The silence was too dead to be the expression of sympathy. There was awe and terror in it. A dreadful assurance of his wife's death brooded over his soul. A horror took hold upon him that he would be too late for her forgiveness. His mind stumbled over dark mountains of fear, as one would stumble at night over a place of graves. He yearned to reach his own door, and yet shook to his centre at every nearer step. When, at length, the weary height was reached, and the door pressed open, and the foreboding of death passed into certainty—when his eye rested on the still body of his neglected wife, and brought back the knowledge that the divider had come up into his home, the little strength which remained gathered itself into one terrific energy; he burst away from the men who supported him on his chair, flung himself passionately on the yet warm remains, and sobbed there like a little child until the energy had spent its force, and then he fell forward exhausted on the floor.

There was but one bed in the house. The men laid the body of the wife upon a table, and lifted the husband into her place.

The surgeon could do little. What was within his power to soothe the pain of his patient he did, added a few simple directions to the committee, and took his leave.

A half-hour elapsed before Taylor showed signs of revival. At length he began to recognize the faces around him, and his own condition. For awhile his mind came to him in mere gushes and starts, between the pauses of which he either raved or sank into stupor. The sight of the dead body on the table overcame him. He sobbed anew, and groaned bitterly. When they offered to remove it to another place, he besought them to refrain.

"While light remains, let me look upon her! It will not be long. Good soul, rest! There *is* rest for the like of thee!"

Then, addressing himself—

"Thou wretched man, for an hour of a vain show to leave her here to die alone!"

The men strove to quiet him.

"Men, men," he answered, "be not neglectful of your homes! Death will creep in when ye are out. Return to your own houses. Leave me here, I am better. Do leave me! Perhaps your wives are dying! Go home to your wives! There now, I can be left—go! I have something to say to my wife yet, and I would be alone. But, what!" remembering his daughter, "I miss Jane! Is not Jane there! Look for Jane! Ah, thou fatherless and motherless little one, thou art there!"

Jane had been stupefied by the events of the afternoon. When the strange men carried in her father, all covered with blood, she shrank terrified into a corner, and now came forward trembling from head to foot. She could not speak, but she lifted up her eyes upon her father, and there went forth from them such kind meanings, that he smiled, returning her look as if he had drunk in the quietness of her spirit and made it his own. New strength came to him, and his eyes closed slowly into sleep.

But it was disturbed. A change came up into his countenance. It was as if some fearful dream were darkening through it. His whole frame quivered as if in agony. One of the men touched him to break the dream, and he awoke and rolled his eyes wildly round upon them all.

"Ha!" he cried, "it is a fearful darkness which lies before me. It came up against me like a wall and shut me in—into itself—and out from the light of earth and the look of love. Back, back!" addressing the darkness, which he continued to see; "not yet so near! Take these gloomy eyes away! These?—these are your eyes, friends! It is a fearful thing to die"

A foolish member of committee ventured to reply—

"Come, come, Taylor! you did not always give way to fear. You are brave when you like, and have defied death before now!"

Taylor fixed his eyes upon him and said, slowly at first—

"When death is still far away, it is easy to defy it; easy, I think, in any case, if the heart were right. It is the heart that makes brave. If I had the heart of this little child, I would still defy it. But look ye, man," and he started from his pillow and seized the man by the arm, and pointed to the table and spoke more rapidly, "when the heart is full of darkness, and dark billows are rolling in upon me from that dead body, crested with upbraiding eyes, and all eternity lies before me without one star, I have good need to fear!"

It was a dull, ignorant soul he addressed, one who had not prudence enough to be silent; and who, therefore, plunged again into his ignorance and brought out this reply:

"Do not take things so darkly as all that; has not your life been a useful and glorious one?"

Taylor let go his hold of the speaker's arm, and lay back on the pillow and closed his eyes for a little. When he had gathered his thoughts into some shape he said:

"Comrades, it is an untrue word which has been spoken. My life has not been glorious. A glorious life is a good one, and mine has not been that. I have been living in a vain show!" He paused a moment while a spasm of pain shot through him. "I have not long to be with you: I have often spoken to you, I have often said foolish things to you, about our duty to the country. Hear me once more before I leave you. A time like this alters one's view of many things, and of nothing more than our past opinions." Another pause. "It is not glorious to abandon duties which lie around us from our infancy. It is not glorious to rush out into public life and leave the fireside desolate. No, not even for the rights of our trade! To scoop out a wider runlet for our earnings is a poor work, when to do it we must stop up the channels of the heart." His mouth filled with blood, and they besought him to lie silent. "I may improve the minutes which remain. I would fain undo any evil I have done. For I have abused to worthless ends my speaking talent. Honor no man henceforth as you honored me. Honor is due to him only who deserves it at home; for it is a shameful thing to appear great in the public eye, and be all the while useless at home." A pause. "And now, comrades, farewell. Be great at home. Duty lies in that direction. If you see Cameron, ask him to forgive and forget my many foolish words. Good night, good night!"

He fell once more into a sleep. The men left on some committee business connected with the procession, and Jane had to sit alone with the dying and dead. Her father's sleep was heavy and unrefreshing. The same dark cloud which appeared before, came ever, at brief intervals, over his brow. His mind was toiling, though his eyes were closed.

It might have been an hour ere he awoke. He was much weaker. His voice now could not rise

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above a whisper. His first inquiry was if the men were gone. Then he called his daughter nearer, and asked how it had been with her mother before she died.

"Very joyful," answered the child.

"Was there no fear?"

"No fear, father."

"Any anger, then? Any upcasting of thy poor father's conduct?"

"No, no, no, dearest father! Her last words were words of kindness about you. She prayed for you that you might still be happy, and blessed you many times"

"Dear soul! Come nearer, Jane. Tell me all she said, and quick; I have not long to hear!"

"She bade me tell you that she died praying for you, that God might turn you to himself."

"Too late, now—too late! What more?"

"She bade me cleave to God, and told me how he is the good Shepherd who carrieth the lambs in his bosom. She said he would never forsake me ——"

"As I did."

"She did not say that, but she asked me to repeat the psalm I learned, and her eyes closed as I hummed over this verse—

"'Such pity as a father hath ——'"

(Hush, my light-bringer! the sweetest light is painful to an eye diseased.)

The dying man moaned out—

"No more of that!" and closed his eyes and withdrew his mind from his daughter's narrative.

She took his hand into hers, and sat down beside him. The window was straight before her. Over the roofs of the opposite houses the view stretched down into the west. The sun was sinking behind the piles of building. The smoke twilight was stretching up its dusky arms to receive him. Night, star-sandalled, was treading up behind. Already the evening star gleamed over a ridge of roofs on which it seemed to rest. The sun-light faded utterly from the sky; the large room darkened in every corner. The face of the dying man blended with the darkness. His hand grew cold and colder to the touch. Then it fell from the child's grasp, and she was alone with God, and Night, and Death.

ELEGIAC.

The reader and myself shall see the monument before we part. The cutting is rude enough, the meaning of the design is ill to guess. Such as it is, that square, rough block is Taylor's memorial here. I have heard that the rough squareness of the pillar was intended to express the character of his oratory. That fragment of drapery on the top was meant to be a workman's jacket. The inscription, had it been true, is the best of it—

"A PATRIOT'S GRAVE."

How strange that lies and weeds abound so much in the soil of death! He who rests here, as you well know, was no patriot. He was a mere speaker about patriotism.

We are only beginning to gather up the true features of this virtue. The time was when we fancied it to be a bluster about war. There came another time, in which it seemed to be a struggle against narrow laws. At present, it is public-spiritedness—a term which hides beneath its vagueness a world of lies! Had we looked deeply into the lives of those great men, who have done true service for their country, we might have erred less and learned more. We should have learned, for one thing, that the beginnings of all patriotism are in the heart and home, and that the public-spiritedness which is not rooted there is spurious and rotten to the core. For in the inner life of our greatest men there was ever first a struggle for truth and freedom to their own souls, before they ventured into public service. These men understood, that the sacrament of admission into the church of the patriots is the baptism of the spirit in self-denial. And, therefore, you always find that they were great in the inner courts of their being, having subdued their own wills to God, and established his law in their homes.

We have much talk about social freedom in our day; and we are not without earnest, well-directed aimings towards it. But we lack one thing much. We could do with less talk; but we must have more *personal* preparation. Our public men do not wrestle enough in private for inward freedom. There is too little of the secret battle against heart-tyranny in their midst. They are too easily content with seeking freedom and reform for the far-away and the external: they want the wisdom and the self-denial to begin at home.

Men like Taylor meet us in every province and grade of society. They often rush into the sphere of public life to escape the demands of their own hearts at home. And they end in deluding themselves by the lie, that they are bearing the yoke of public service, and furthering the cause of human happiness, when they are babbling about these things. Woe for them, when society shall discover that every sphere of duty is sacred in the eye of Heaven, and open only for those who have prepared themselves aright!

It is high time we were making this discovery. "Of the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" we have had more than enough; of the men who go forth into the ministry of public duty, without a call from above, we could want a part; yet we still tolerate on our platforms, and vex the heavens by applauding, many who exercise a tyranny at home which might make us weep, and yield to a bondage within which should make us blush. The simple patriotism which kindles her torch in the heart, and sheds her first light over the family circle, and so outwards, is hardly known in our land; and in heaven no other kind is known.

The currents of some young heart, whose eye is falling on these words, are setting life-wards. The young heart has fond dreams about social freedom—fond hopes for its own fair future. Do not cease to cherish these. While the windows of heaven are open, admit the light. But one counsel in your ear, young friend. If you would realize the dream of your youth—if you would still tread onward, beneath azure skies, over a flowery, fruitful earth—if you would be really great and useful to your fellow-men, take this counsel into your heart of hearts, and let your free spirit brood over it; it comes to you from the solemn past; it is the key to your golden future; it is high as heaven; it is deep as hell:—THE WORK YOU WOULD DO FOR OTHERS, DO FIRST FOR YOUR OWN HEART AND HOME!

Let us retire by these steps! I see Taylor's old bench-mate coming up the walk to look at the stone. He is a rare fellow, that! Green and pleasant are the borders of his home—a living well in the desert! He has a mother's heart and care for those two children stepping on behind him. How beautiful Jane looks in her dark, mourning dress! With what sisterly tenderness does she help along little Ned, out for the first time!

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From the Spectator.

AN AMERICAN'S SCENES AND THOUGHTS IN EUROPE.*

This volume is akin to various other books that have lately appeared from American pens; where a traveller, without special qualification or novelty of ground, keeps a journal of his thoughts and observations, or writes home an account of his journeyings in letters to his friends, which in due time are revised and given to the world. Whether the "cacoethes scribendi," a fashion of cheap books, or the rarity of good travels in America—for only the very best of this kind of English literature, and that of modern date, seems to be reprinted—be the cause of this Transatlantic fecundity, we know not. The result is a numerous class of books, which, if not intrinsically worse than the inferior tours produced by the Britishers, are more empty and more wordy —less adapted to an old people, with whose general public the age of mere sentiment and outpourings of individual opinion have passed away.

The author of *Scenes and Thoughts in Europe*, though belonging to the common grade of American tourists, is rather better qualified than most of them. He has not, indeed, any special training which would enable him to travel advantageously in Europe; but he has better qualifications than the run of his countrymen. In his youth he sojourned in Germany, if he did not study there; and in addition to the larger ideas which this advantage has given him, he seems to have contracted more scruples as to the sanctities of social life and personal feeling. Either in Europe or America, he has given some study to history and art, and considered the complex system of European society as it has grown up during so many ages, with an American bias, it is true, but without the self-sufficient vulgarity which characterizes many of his compatriots. Neither did he scamper over Europe at railroad speed. His letters embrace a period of nearly three years; and though he often left places slightly inspected, and lingered in others of no greater importance, time was allowed for the formation of opinion.

And it is opinion, conjoined with the writer's literary ability, that gives its character to *Scenes and Thoughts in Europe*. Though by no means an imitator of Emerson, or even a disciple, he resembles that writer in his manner of investigating things, so as to impart attraction to rather worn subjects by the vigor and novelty of his views. In fact, a great part of the book is less travels than essays upon subjects turned up in travelling. Incidents are few; the descriptions are not numerous, and are less of the things themselves than what they suggest to the writer: criticism or disquisition is the basis of all the more elaborately handled topics. The number of persons of leisure in Europe compared with America, leads to a view of the European aristocracy; in which a good deal of largeness and shrewdness are mixed up with some prejudice and some overstrained positions. The writer sojourned for six weeks at a cold-water-cure station; and he gives one of the best because the most logical expositions in its favor that we have met with. Paris suggests an estimate of the French people, and a criticism on French literature and its principal classics; which might perhaps have been done at home, but it is so obviously suggested by the *genius loci*, and draws so much illustration from the surrounding scenes, that it looks natural and appropriate. Venice is very briefly dismissed; Milan shortly, but not so short. The longest topic at Florence is a panegyric on the American sculptor Power, done with a critical tone, but with the unflinching purpose of a hackney puffmonger: the Yankee is placed on a level with the artist who produced the Medician Venus. Art is a leading subject at Rome also, but relieved by sights in which life predominates.

The form of the book is that of extracts from letters; the style is closer and more forcible than is usually exhibited by American writers, with a greater air of scholarly training; but the sustained interest is not equal to the ability of the writer, perhaps from the incongruity of the matter in reference to the form. We expect a book of travels, with its narratives, its incidents, and its pictures: we get a series of disquisitions, without notice, title, or arrangement, and are consequently disappointed.

The author commences with England; but there is not much space devoted to this country, and what there is chiefly relates to Wordsworth and the Lakes. It might be the contrast of London and seven years ago, but the sketches both of Havre and Rouen seem to bear hard upon those striking and rather pleasant towns of Normandy.

"At three o'clock, we left London by railroad for Southampton, which we reached at six; and, crossing the channel by steamboat in the night, entered the port of Havre at ten the next morning. The town looked dirty at a distance, and is dirtier than it looked. The small craft we passed in the harbor were unclean and unwieldy. The streets ran filth to a degree that offended both eyes and nose. Knots of idle, shabby men were standing at corners gossiping, and looking at parrots and monkeys exposed for sale. The inn we got into, commended as one of the best, was so dirty that we could not bear to face the prospect of a night in it. We hired a carriage, and started at four with post-horses for Rouen, which we reached at midnight. Here we spent Sunday. Rouen is finely placed, on the Seine, with lofty hills about it. In the diligence in which we started early on Monday to overtake fifteen miles up the river the steamboat to St. Germain, I heard a Frenchman say to a Frenchwoman, 'Rouen est le pot-de-chambre de la Normandie.' You know of the cathedral at Rouen, and of the Maid of Orleans' execution; but this is probably in all respects new to you. To me it was also new and satisfactory; being an indication that some of the dwellers in this region have a consciousness of the presence of stenches."

FRENCHMEN AND PARIS.

"A Frenchman more than other men is dependent upon things without himself. Nature and his own mind, with domestic interests and recreations, are not enough to complete his daily circle. For his best enjoyment he must have a succession of factitious excitements. Out of this want Paris has grown to be the capital of the world for superficial amusements. Here are the appliances, multiplied and diversified with the keenest refinement of sensual ingenuity, for keeping the mind busy without labor and fascinated without sensibility. The senses are beset with piquant baits. Whoever has money in his purse, and can satisfy through gold his chief wants, need have little thought of the day or the year. He finds a life all prepared for him, and selects it as he does his dinner from the voluminous carte of the restaurant. To live is for him as easy

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as to make music on a hand-organ; with but slight physical effort from himself, he is borne along from week to week and from season to season on an unresting current of diversions. Here the sensual can pass years without satiety, and the slothful without ennui. Paris is the Elysium of the idler, and for barren minds a paradise."

FRENCH TRAGEDY.

"The French appear not to have had depth enough to produce an original tragic drama. The tragic material, whereof sentiment is as essential an element as passion, is meagre in them compared with the Germans or English; hence the possibility and even necessity of a simpler plot and a measured regularity. Corneille or Racine could not have wrought a tragedy out of a tradition or a modern fable; they require a familiarized historical subject. The nature of French tragedy compared with English is happily illustrated by the Hamlet of Ducis, which I have seen played at the Théâtre Français. The title of the piece is, 'Hamlet, Tragédie en 5 acts, imitée de l'Anglais par Ducis.' A fitter title were, 'Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out by particular desire of French taste.' It is as much an imitation of Shakspeare as straight walks and parallel lines of trees are an imitation of nature. Hamlet is resolved into a tender-hearted, affectionate son. He has not been put aside, but is king. Ophelia does anything but go mad. The mother is overwhelmed with remorse for the murder, which she confesses to a confidant. The heart of Hamlet's mystery is plucked out. The poetry is flattened into phrases. The billowy sea of Shakspeare is belittled to a smooth pond, in every part whereof you can touch bottom. It is not deep enough to dive in."

CLIMATE OF FLORENCE.

"It is much like ours of the Middle States, except that our winter is colder and drier. An American is surprised at this similarity on arriving in Italy; having got his notions from English writers, who, coming from their cloudy northern island, are enchanted with the sunny temperance of an Italian winter, and oppressed by the heats of summer. The heat is not greater than it is in Maryland: and our winter is finer certainly than that of Florence, being drier, and though colder at the same time sunnier. As with us, the autumn, so gloomy in England, is cheerful, clear, and calm, holding on till Christmas. They have hardly more than two cold months. Already in March the spring is awake, and soon drives back winter, first into the highest Apennines, where he clings for a brief space, and thence retreats up to the topmost Alps, not to reäppear for nine or ten months. Nor is that beautiful child of the light and air the Italian sunset more beautiful than the American."

SIR R. PEEL AND THE BIBLE.—Sir Robert Peel presided over the annual meeting of the Tamworth Bible Society, held 18 August, in the town-hall. Sir Robert's speech was the great feature of the proceedings, otherwise of a somewhat formal nature. Sir Robert enlarged on the reasons for the necessity of greater exertion to disseminate the Bible; among the chief of which were the increase of population, the increased congregation of working people in manufactories and railway works, and the extension of colonial establishments. He insisted upon the importance of Christian and especially of Protestant unity; and asserted its moral influence, as shown in the effect of missions to China. He therefore rejoiced at the present meeting, in which, forgetful of mere differences, they were met for a common object:—

"We make no compromise by meeting for this purpose. I would not meet here to-day if I thought I was making a compromise of my religious opinions. I avow that I am most decidedly in favor of the Established Church—I am in favor of that form of Christianity established in this country; I give a decided preference to its forms, to its doctrines, and its episcopal order; and I make no sacrifice of my principles by cordially uniting with others who differ with me upon these points, but concur with me in that high principle that the Bible contains the word of God. That principle has been so powerfully described by one of the ablest men, that I cannot do better than repeat his own words. 'By the religion of Protestants,' says Chillingworth, 'I do not understand the doctrine of Luther, or Calvin, or Melancthon, nor the Confession of Augsburg or Geneva, nor the Catechism of Heidelberg, nor the Articles of the Church of England; no, nor the harmony of Protestant confessions; but that wherein they all agree, and to which they all subscribe with a greater harmony, as a perfect rule of their faith and actions—that is, the Bible; the Bible, I say, the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants.' Retaining, then, (said Sir Robert,) my opinion in favor of the Established Church of this country, but fully concurring in the principles laid down by that writer, I have great pleasure in coöperating with those who differ with me in points of church government, but I have still greater pleasure in coöperating with them in spreading the knowledge of that word from which we all draw our common faith."

ADVERTISING IN GERMANY.—A mercantile house at Berlin has proposed to all the railway companies of Germany to supply all their carriages with silk blinds for nothing. They simply propose to reserve to themselves the right of changing the blinds as often as they may please; and they require the companies to engage themselves not to accept, during fifty years, either for money or gratuitously, any blinds but theirs. Their object is to cover the blinds with advertisements.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

WE announce with great regret the death of Dr. Andrew Combe; which occurred at Gorgie Mill, near Edinburgh, on the night of Monday last. Dr. Combe was only forty-nine years of age; and, although he had long been afflicted by disease of the lungs, no expectations were entertained of his dissolution until within a week of that event. His immediate illness was a sudden attack of bowel complaint, under the weakening influence of which he sank without pain. Dr. Combe was one of the physicians in ordinary to the queen, and corresponding member of the imperial and royal society of physicians of Vienna; and his works—the chief of which were, *The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health*, *A Treatise on the Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy*, and *The Physiology of Digestion*—had passed through a number of editions, and attained a celebrity rarely equalled, both in Europe and America. Just before his last attack of illness he was actively engaged in the preparation of a communication intended for insertion in the *Times*, on a subject of the greatest moment within his peculiar branches of philanthropic inquiry, namely, the nature and causes of the ship fever which has swept off within the last few months so many hundreds of the unfortunate Irish in their emigration to the United States. —*Times.*

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From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *A Lytell Geste of Robin Hode, with other Ancient and Modern Ballads and Songs relating to this celebrated Yeoman.* Edited by JOHN MATHEW GUTCH, F. S. A. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1847.
2. *Robin Hood;* a Fragment by the late ROBERT SOUTHEY, and CAROLINE SOUTHEY. 8vo. Edinburgh and London: 1847.

ON dismissing, in November, 1644, the commissioners whom the parliament had sent to him at Oxford to treat for peace, Charles I. most needlessly affronted them. He refused them the usual courtesy of communicating to them the contents of his answer to the proposals of which they had been the bearers. The commissioners ventured to remark upon the incivility, on which his majesty packed them off with the following rebuke—"What is that to you, who are but to carry what I send? And if I will send the song of Robin Hood and Little John, you must carry it." Obsequious cavaliers very probably repeated this impertinence as a notable exhibition of royal spirit; but graver men would ponder on it, as a truer revelation of the character and temper of their infatuated king, than what Clarendon had studied to impress upon his State Papers, in language so solemn and imposing, that it is almost impossible even now to distrust their majestic tone.

Our present purpose, however, is not to comment upon the ill-humor of Charles I., but upon his illustration. The song of Robin Hood and Little John, was the most popular instance of a familiar and household story that occurred to him. It was in the mouth of every one, from the palace to the cottage; and it is so still. It has floated down the stream of time for many centuries, and although it may have lost, in its descent, somewhat of its ancient fascination, there is even now an attractiveness about it, sufficient to allure many eyes and stir many hearts—quite enough to justify the publication of two as handsome volumes as those put forth by Mr. Gutch; and to enliven by its animating title a more appropriate fragment than the posthumous Robin Hood of Southey, which is not likely, we fear, to add another leaf from the holly-tree or the laurel, to either name.

The existing evidences of Robin Hood's widespread popularity are singularly numerous. There is scarcely a country in England, or any class of ancient remains, which, in some place or other, does not claim a kind of relationship to this celebrated hero. Cairns on Blackdown in Somersetshire, and barrows near to Whitby in Yorkshire and Ludlow in Shropshire, are termed Robin Hood's pricks or butts; lofty natural eminences in Gloucestershire and Derbyshire, are Robin Hood's hills; a huge rock near Matlock is Robin Hood's Tor; ancient boundary stones, as in Lincolnshire, are Robin Hood's crosses; a presumed loggan or rocking-stone in Yorkshire, is Robin Hood's penny-stone; a fountain near Nottingham, another between Doncaster and Wakefield, and one in Lancashire, are Robin Hood's wells; a cave in Nottinghamshire is his stable; a rude natural rock in Hope Dale is his chair; a chasm at Chatsworth is his leap; Blackstone Edge in Lancashire is his bed: ancient oaks, in various parts of the country, are his trees; Plumpton park in Cumberland, the forest of Feckenham in Worcestershire, the deep glades of Sherwood and Barnsdale, and the innermost recesses of Needwood and Inglewood, still resound with his exploits; while Loxley, the presumed place of his birth, which is set down by the old writers as in Yorkshire or Nottinghamshire, is now claimed by Warwickshire and Staffordshire; and will in due time be contested by the true Homeric number of candidates. A singular saying, "Robin Whood in Barnwood stood," had at one time made good its way into Westminster Hall, as a proverb for a quibble. It appears, by the reports, that reverend judges have done it the honor of introducing it on more than one occasion. If they could have foreseen the trouble they were bringing upon Ritson by this now obscure allusion, it may be hoped that they would have refrained—the outlaw would have been scarcely more perplexed at finding himself before them in his own proper form in open court.

Robin Hood's companions have a kind of coparcenary in their master's popularity. Wakefield still remembers her celebrated pinder George à Green; and he is a sign-post hero, not only there, but in places far distant from the scene of his first encounter with his chief. The names of Maid Marian and Friar Tuck, of Scarlet Much, and, above all, of Little John, are linked indissolubly to that of their leader; and the last of them eclipses, in the circumstances of his death and burial, even the exploits of his chief. If we are to believe his chroniclers, Little John lies interred, not only in three places, but in three kingdoms. England shows the house in which he died, and the spot where he was buried, at Hathersage in Derbyshire; and tradition—that safe guide, as we are told, in matters of faith, but not over trustworthy in matters of history—asserts that his grave having been sacrilegiously opened, some years ago, "by order of Captain James Shuttleworth," a thighbone was found in it of gigantic dimensions. The bone was as malicious as it was long. The curious captain and his coadjutor, a wicked sexton, were instantly visited by "many unlucky accidents." The thighbone threw the captain off his horse, and tripped up the sexton in his church-yard. Neither of them could obtain peace of mind or safety of body, until the pilfered *os femoris* was restored to its allotted resting-place, when "all these troubles ceased." One would have thought that these facts constituted a strong case for England. But Scotland overturns them all, by proving that she gave Little John a grave, not by any mere tradition, but by the ocular testimony of that most veracious canon of Aberdeen, the historian Hector Boece. We read in Bellenden's translation, that, "in Murray land is the kirk of Pette, quhare the banis of Littill Johne remanis, in gret admiratioun of pepill;" and he very judiciously adds, in reasonable explanation of the popular admiration, "He hes bene fourtene fut of hicht, with square membris effering thairto. Six yeris afore the cuming of this werk to licht, we saw his hanche bane, als mekill as the haill bane of ane man; for we schot our arme in the mouth thairof; be quhilk apperis," he concludes, and it is the moral of his story, "how strang and square pepill grew, in our regioun, afore they were effeminat with lust and intemperance of mouth."—(Bellenden's *Boece*, i. xxxiv.) But Scotland is not allowed to repose in triumph, notwithstanding the possession of this enormous "hanch-bane," and the energetic testimony of Hector Boece. Ireland puts forth a claim which has an antecedent probability, arising from its singular conformity with the national character. Little John, we are told, took refuge from English oppression in the neighborhood of Dublin. A hillock, perhaps a barrow, which once stood on Ostmantowne green, and was termed Little John's

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shot, was a lasting evidence of his presence and of his skill in archery. But no Toxophilite dexterity could appease the severe majesty of Irish justice; and "it appears," we are told, "from some records in the Southwell family, that he was publicly executed for robbery on Arbor Hill, Dublin." Hard-pressed by this Irish evidence, Ritson could only suggest, that there should be a *profert in curiam* of the remains.

The existence of ballads of which Robin Hood is the hero can be traced back to the reign of Edward III. The author of Piers Ploughman, who wrote about A. D. 1362, introduces Sloth confessing himself unable to say his *pater noster*, and ignorant of all the hymns respecting the Saviour and Our Lady, but well versed in the "rhymes of Robin Hood."—(Wright's Edition, i. 101.) Of these "rhymes" probably several still exist, in altered forms, but there is no one which has come down to us in any unquestionable manuscript of the time of Piers Ploughman. The earliest that is at present known, occurs in a manuscript which formerly belonged to Withers the poet, and is now in the public library of the University of Cambridge. Mr. Wright has contended that this manuscript, although upon paper, is of the age of Edward II., but the more general opinion seems to be, that it belongs to the following century. Whatever the age of the manuscript, the poem itself may be of the date Mr. Wright has assigned to it; although we cannot say that the internal evidence has led us to that conclusion.* It is, however, a singular poem, and introduces Robin Hood to us in a light which broadly distinguishes him from vulgar freebooters. He was not only the boldest, and the most courteous, he was also the most religious of robbers; and here, at Whitsuntide, when the woods had put on their first brilliant livery, and the birds were singing merrily, and the deer were seeking shelter under the green-wood tree, Robin is lamenting that it was a fortnight and more since he had seen his Saviour, or, in other words, since he had heard mass. Under the influence of this prick of conscience he determines, that, "with the might of mild Mary," he would go that day to Nottingham, in order to join in the solemn services of Pentecost. He does so, and is recognized and betrayed by "a great headed monk," whom he had once relieved of a hundred pounds. The gates of the town are closed, and, after an ineffectual defence, Robin is thrown into prison; and the false monk is despatched to the king with tidings of the capture of the celebrated outlaw. Little John and Much waylay the monk on his journey to London, slay him and his little attendant page, and themselves proceed to London with his letters. The king directs that Robin Hood shall be brought into his presence, and sends an order by the hands of Little John and his companion to that effect, to the Sheriff of Nottingham. On their arrival at Nottingham, they are entertained with the honor due to royal messengers; but—

"When the sheriff was on sleep,
Drunken of wine and ale,"

Little John and Much betake themselves to the jail, kill the jailer, and release their leader. They all fly to the green-wood, and the ballad ends by the pardon of Little John for having beguiled both king and sheriff, on the ground of his clannish fidelity to Robin Hood. Not a word is said in condemnation of the murders.

A second "rhyme of Robin Hood," which is derived from another manuscript, also in the public library at Cambridge, is probably of about the same age as the last. Ritson assigned it to the reign of Henry VII. Mr. Wright would transfer it to Henry VI., on the strength of a memorandum on one page, setting forth the expenses of the feast on the marriage of the king with Margaret—"Thys ys exspences of flesche at the mariage of my ladey Margaret, that sche had owt of Englonde;" but surely this memorandum is more likely to apply to "my Lady Margaret," daughter of Henry VII., who was married "out of England," that is, in Scotland, to James IV., than to the Margaret who was married "*in* England" to Henry VI. The poem details the adventures of "Robin Hood and the Potter." After the usual trials of skill, with quarterstaff and sword, in which Robin is worsted, he changes clothes with the potter, buys his stock in trade, and, thus disguised, adventures into Nottingham. By offering his pots at an underprice, he soon clears his board of all but five, which he presents to the sheriff's wife. This act of liberality is rewarded by an invitation to dinner. At the sheriff's table Robin learns that a great trial of skill in archery is about to take place that afternoon. He attends, and surpasses all competitors. By way of accounting for his skill, he professes to have practised with Robin Hood, "under his tortyll," that is, his twisted "tree." The sheriff expresses a wish to see the famous outlaw. The potter offers to be his guide; leads him into the depth of the forest, and, at one blast of his horn, surrounds the astonished functionary by the well-known band. The sheriff is compelled to leave behind him his horse, "and all his other gear," and is glad to make a safe retreat upon any terms; while Robin, with his accustomed courtesy to the fair sex, sends home, as a present to the wife of the insulted sheriff, a white palfrey, "which ambles like the wind."

"Robyn and Gandelyn," which is another of the old manuscript "rhymes" included in Mr. Gutch's collection, does not seem to refer to Robin Hood. The names mentioned in it, and also the story it tells, are inconsistent with all the other ballads of this series. With the exception of a fragment of "Robin Hood and the Old Man," published by Jamieson, (Popular Ballads, ii. 49.) "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne," first published by Percy from his folio MS., is the only additional manuscript "rhyme of Robin Hood" which has any pretension to antiquity. This clever, and in some parts even elegant poem, details a fierce contest between Robin Hood and a person named Guy of Gisborne, who had sworn to apprehend the outlaw, and was roaming the forest in search of him, habited in "a capull hyde," which is said to mean a horse's hide,

"Top and tail and mane."

Robin is successful in the encounter. Guy is slain; his body is barbarously mangled "with an Irish knife;" and Robin clothes himself in the "capull hyde," and takes possession of his enemy's horn. Thus accoutred he proceeds towards Barnsdale, where in the mean time his men had had an encounter with the sheriff; several of them had been killed, and Little John was bound fast to a tree. Robin Hood, in ignorance of what had taken place, blew a loud blast on Guy's horn, which was recog-

* *Suum cuique.* It is said, in the last edition of Ritson's *Robin Hood*, that this poem, which is known by the title of "Robin Hood and the Monk," was first published by Hartshorne in his *Metrical Tales*, London, 8vo, 1829. Hartshorne was preceded by Jamieson, in whose collection of *Popular Ballads*, (Edinburgh, 8vo, 1806,) it will be found, vol. ii., p. 54.

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nized by the sheriff, and, when he saw the wearer of "the capull hyde" stalk down the glen, he concluded that Guy had slain Robin Hood. It was not until Little John had been set at liberty, that the sheriff discovered his mistake, and "fled full fast away."

These are all the "rhymes of Robin Hood" which have any right (so far as respects external evidence) to be looked upon as of any considerable antiquity; and it is possible that they are some of the very rhymes alluded to in Piers Ploughman. The invention of printing soon put the story on a more permanent footing. Wynkyn de Worde sent forth from his new shop in Fleet street, perhaps in the year 1500, "A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode and his meyné, and of the proude Sheryfe of Notyngham."* This is a ballad romance in eight fyttes, or books, and, in point of poetical merit, may fairly rank with the best compositions of its class. Robin is here again introduced in his character of a religious freebooter. We are told that he heard three masses every day before dinner; the third, which was his especial delight, being in honor of our "dear Lady." Such, indeed, was his love for the Virgin, that he never harmed any company in which there chanced to be a woman. Equally careful was he that no damage should be done to any husbandman "that tylleth with his plough," nor to any good yeoman, nor to any knight or squire "that wolde be a good felowe." But, in spite of his attachment to religious observances, there existed in his mind a wide distinction between the services of the church, and its ministers. His vengeance was guided by a kind of puritanical aversion to all clerical dignitaries. A fat abbot, or the steward of a monastery, was nuts to him, as the wood-land saying is; and the higher the dignitaries, the worse they fared with him. These bishops and "these archbishops"—such is Robin's charge to his followers—

"Ye shall them beat and bind."

The "Lytell Geste" informs us, that in the execution of their accustomed roving commission, Little John and two of his companions waylay a knight who is passing through the forest—a melancholy, miserable man, a very representative of Him of the Sorrowful Countenance. He willingly agrees to accompany the rovers to their master. Robin entertains him at dinner sumptuously; swans, pheasants, and other delicacies, smoke upon the outlaw's board. The feast being concluded, the knight prepares to depart. "Pay ere you wend!" says Robin; "it was never the custom for a yeoman to pay for a knight." The knight confesses, with humiliation, that he has but ten shillings in his coffers. "Go look," says Robin to Little John, and then addressing the knight, "if you have no more, I will not have a penny." The search confirms the knight's veracity; and leads to friendly inquiries on the part of Robin Hood as to the cause of the knight's poverty. "For a hundred winters," the unhappy man explains, "his ancestors had been knights," and, within the last two or three years, he himself had possessed an income of four hundred pounds a year, as his neighbors well "kende."

* A copy of this book, believed to be unique, exists in that library which we have already several times had occasion to mention, and which is preëminently rich in matters relating to Robin Hood—the public library of the University of Cambridge. It has been reprinted twice; by Ritson in his Robin Hood collection, and now again by Mr. Gutch, who gives also a modern version by the Rev. John Eagles.

But his son had the misfortune to kill a Lancashire knight, and also a squire, in a joust; and the father's goods had been "sette and solde," and his lands pledged to the abbot of St. Mary's for four hundred pounds, to pay the penalty of his son's mishap. The day for repayment of the loan was close at hand, and the knight, being unprovided with the money, already sees his estate pass from him. Robin inquires, who would be the knight's surety if he were to advance the sum. The knight acknowledges that he is as much at a loss for friends as money. He can offer no surety save Our Lady, who had never failed him before. Too much cannot be done for a friend of Our Lady's! Robin protests, that, if all England were sought through, a better surety could not be found; and the knight is immediately provided not only with money, but with garments, a horse, and a trusty squire in the person of Little John. The whole band enter heart and soul into their master's feelings. They weep over the knight's misfortunes, and supply his wants with more than their master's liberality. Thus drops the curtain at the end of fytte the first.

The second fytte transports us to St. Mary's abbey; where the abbot is chuckling over the absence of the knight, and the anticipated forfeiture of his lands. The prior entreats his superior to show a little pity, but his merciful promptings are scornfully rejected by the abbot, and by a fat-headed monk, no less a person than the high cellarer. The fatal day arrives; and a court is held for the condemnation of the land with proper legal formality. In the midst of the proceedings the knight knocks at the gate. He enters clad in simple weeds, and humbly entreats the monks to grant him a longer day. The abbot insists upon his bond; he will have his money or the land. The high justice interferes as mediator—

"What wyll ye gyve more?" said the justice,
"And the knight shall make a release;
And elles dare I safly swere
Ye never hold your lande in pees."

"An hundred pounde," sayd the abbot,
The justice said, "Give him two."
"Nay, be God!" sayd the knight,
"Yet gete ye it not soo:

Though ye wolde gyve a thousande more,
Yet were ye never the nere;
Shall there never be myn eyre
Abbot, justyse, ne frere."

He sterte hym to a borde anone,
Tyll a table rounde,
And there he shoke, out of a bagge,
Even four hundred pounde.

His debt thus paid, the knight takes leave of the chagrined abbot—"he went hym forthe full mery syngynge, as men have told the tale," and living to himself at home, contrives in time to get together the sum which his benefactor had advanced. He equips himself also with a splendid present of bows and arrows, and on the appointed day, rides out, with "a light song" and a merry heart, on his way to Barnsdale.

The third fytte relates the adventures of Little John, who, straying into Nottingham, attracts the attention of the sheriff by his skill in archery, and, with the knight's consent, enters into the sheriff's service for one year, under the name of Reynold Greenleaf. After a time, "it befel upon a Wednesday," that, in the absence of the sheriff, Little John

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raises a disturbance in the house, and, after a certain amount of quarrels and broken heads, the sheriff's cook and Little John run away, and betake themselves to the green-wood, carrying off with them their master's plate and ready money, "three hundred pound and three." They have scarcely joined Robin Hood, when Little John bethinks him of a "wile." The sheriff is encountered on his return home, beguiled into the forest, and delivered over to the enemy's party. He is served at supper off his own plate, stripped to his breech and shirt, kept all night in most uncomfortable plight, and is dismissed on the morrow upon taking an oath never to lie in wait for Robin Hood "by water ne by londe," and, if any of the troop fall into his custody, "to help them that he may."

In the fourth fytte the fat-headed high-cellarer of St. Mary's, while travelling with a large sum of money in his mail, is unlucky enough to fall into the power of these outlaws, who lose no time in exercising, at his expense, the ancient equitable jurisdiction by which they were wont to give relief against the hardships of the law and the abuses of property. The cellarer protests that he has but twenty marks. Little John searches and finds eight hundred pounds on him. Robin Hood declares that the money is sent by Our Lady; who, with her accustomed goodness, has doubled the sum which he had lent the knight. The monk is dismissed in high dudgeon, refusing a stirrup-cup at his departure, and vowing that he might have dined "better cheap" at Blyth or Doncaster. The fytte concludes with the arrival of the knight. Robin accepts his presents; but tells him that Our Lady had already paid back the amount of the loan by her cellarer, together with another four hundred pounds, of which he begs the knight's acceptance in return.

With the fifth fytte there commences a new story. The sheriff of Nottingham proclaims a shooting-match: Robin attends, and bears off the prize. As he leaves the town, the cry of "Robin Hood!" is raised; "great horns gan they to blow;" the townsmen assemble, a sharp encounter ensues, and Little John is wounded in the knee, so that he can neither go nor ride. He entreats his master to smite off his head with his "brown sword," and make his escape. The proposal is indignantly rejected. Little Much takes his wounded companion upon his back, lays him down from time to time, "to shoot another while," and, in the end, they all escape to the castle of their friend the knight.

The sixth fytte opens with a complaint by the sheriff to the king, against the knight, for harboring outlaws. His majesty determines to visit Nottingham, and himself suppress these outrages. Without waiting for the arrival of his sovereign, the sheriff waylays the knight. His lady appeals to Robin Hood, who instantly summons his men, proceeds to Nottingham, slays the "proud sheriff," and carries off the knight into the green-wood.

The seventh fytte presents us with the arrival of Edward, "our comely king," at Nottingham. For half a year all his endeavors to take Robin, or the knight, are vain. At length, a forester offers, that if the king will put on the costume of an abbot, he will lead him to Robin's retreat, "a mile under the lynde;" in the very depths, that is, of a wood of limes. The offer is accepted. Robin received the pretended abbot with courtesy, and of forty pounds voluntarily offered by the king, took but one half, which he doled out among his men, and "bad them merry be." The king then produces a summons under the royal seal, inviting Robin to Nottingham, "both to meat and meal." Robin bends upon his knee before the royal missive, and entertains the messenger in his noblest fashion; feasts him off his own fat venison—

"With good white bread, and good red wine,
And therto fine ale brown."

After dinner he entertains him with the accustomed forest sport, a shooting-match; the condition being, that whoever misses a rose garland suspended between two poles, should forfeit his archer's "tackle," and submit to receive a buffet on his head. Robin misses by "three fyngers and mare." The king is to enforce the penalty. He hesitates. "Smite boldly," said Robin, "I give thee large leave." Thus encouraged, the king folds up his sleeve, and with one blow of a stalwart arm, makes the outlaw reel almost to the earth. Such an exhibition of "pith in the arm," opens the eyes of Robin and his friend the knight. The *bras de fer* was an acknowledged attribute of sovereignty. Down kneel the outlaw band before the recognized majesty of England; and peace and pardon follow.

The eighth fytte hurriedly concludes the history. Robin and his men follow the king to the court. But within a year the inextinguishable love of the forest had lured away all his companions save two, and Robin himself was pining after his "tortyll tree." On a certain day he chanced to behold an assembly of young archers practising. This brought his home-sickness to a height.

"Alas, and well-a-woo!
Yf I dwell longer with the king
Sorowe wyll me sloo."

He hied back to the green-wood, and dwelt there for "twenty yere and two;" but, in the end, was betrayed by his kinswoman, the prioress of Kirkesley. Going to the priory "to be leten blode," the prioress and Sir Roger of Doncaster, "that was her own special," procured his death "through theyr false playe."

The poem concludes with the charitable aspiration—

"Cryst have mercy on his soule,
That dyed on the rode,
For he was a good outlawe
And dyde pore men much god."

The Lytell Geste is the most skilful and complete of all the Robin Hood poems. It has, indeed, a kind of epic regularity of construction, which has no parallel in any of the nearly fifty subsequent ballads which Ritson and the present editor have brought together. These are all founded upon the incidents of the Lytell Geste, or upon those of the earlier "rhymes," or upon incidents common in ballad literature; and the majority are rude compositions, of little merit or value, except as proofs of the way in which a story, once admitted into the popular mind, will gradually enlarge and spread on every side. In the instance of Robin Hood, there were two peculiar sources whence the facts, which were ultimately engrafted upon the original story, were derived. The first, was the adoption of Robin Hood as an actor in the popular festival in honor of May Day. In this old observance, which was a relic of the ancient festival of Flora, a lady or queen of the May was a necessary character, as the representative of the Goddess of Flowers. From an early period the lady of the May was termed in England, and perhaps also in France,* Maid Marion.

* See Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, p. 588, edit. 1839. Roquefort, de l'etat de la Poésie Françoise, p. 261. Warton's *Eng. Poetry*, i. 80, edit. 1824.

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At a more recent date, when the original meaning of the festival was altogether disregarded, a lord or king of the May either superseded the queen, or was added to the customary actors; and, finally, the lord or king came, in many places, to be termed Robin Hood, and was brought upon the scene in archer's habiliments, and with some of Robin Hood's usual attendants. In this way the names and stories of Robin Hood and Maid Marion came to be blended; and Robin acquired an additional hold upon the hearts of the people. The second source to which we have alluded, is intimately connected with the first. May Day games fell out of fashion; archery was remembered only in the famous feats of English bowmen; old faiths and superstitions began to wax dim; Maid Marion, who used to be personated by a boisterous "lubberly boy," was turned over to some woman less attractive still, and became an object of contempt even with Falstaff; Robin Hood's quiver hung useless at his back; Friar Tuck could no longer raise a laugh by pattering an Ave, or repeating scraps of the old Latin service; the joke and the merriment were now dependent, not upon a Little John of six feet two or three, but upon some low-life Jack-pudding, or upon the coarse vulgarities of some make-believe Moor or Ethiopian—for there is nothing new under the sun.

Such was the state of things with the story of Robin Hood, when, some two hundred and fifty years ago, Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle contrived to unite it with a semi-historical narrative of an interesting character, and to bring it upon the ordinary stage in the drama of "The Downfall of the Earl of Huntingdon," Robin Hood being the outlawed earl, and Maid Marion "the chaste Matilda, the Lord Fitzwalter's daughter." The play was extremely popular, and not undeservedly so. The plot is well developed; the *dramatis personæ* comprise many names of traditional interest; the familiar incidents of the ballads are skilfully adapted to a quasi-historical end; and, finally, that portion of the play of which the scene is laid in the greenwood, possesses a sylvan freshness and sunny light, which no man that has a living soul in him, or the least feeling for country life, can possibly withstand. Munday and Chettle's play gave new life to the decaying legend. But it was not a true life. To convert the old popular favorites into lords and ladies in disguise, was to communicate a galvanic semblance to them rather than a real existence. They, however, became fashionable; and the supposititious nobility of Robin and Marion passed from the play into new ballads, and was accepted as an integral portion of the original history.

"But time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand."

New favorites arose. "The old Robin Hood of England," as Shakspeare terms him, now no longer a popular hero, was soon overlooked in the artificial world of polite letters. He gradually faded away into a memory and a tradition, a thing for antiquaries and refuse-mongers; and they strove to make something of him after their own fashion. One gentleman invented a pedigree of the poetic earl, which is an outrage upon all history; and another an inscription upon his tombstone, which is a burlesque upon all language. Finally, Ritson, with most astonishing carefulness, gathered up all the crumbs of information respecting him, the allusions, the scattered disjointed references which lie strewn over the surface of our literature,* and brought them all together into two octavo volumes. Mr Gutch has republished almost the whole of Ritson, with additions; but without Ritson's care. He holds Ritson, we can see, in some contempt. Yet it would not please him if any one were to institute a strict comparison between the antiquarian acquirements of Ritson and those of Ritson's successor.

And now, throwing aside the poetical earldom, and the popular *liaison* with Maid Marion, and the ballads clearly subsequent to the Lytell Geste, we arrive at the question—Who and what, after all, was Robin Hood? Where and when did he really live? This is a question which it will take a bolder man than we can make up amongst us, to answer distinctly. What do contemporary English chroniclers say respecting him? Not a word. What evidence does any contemporary author afford concerning him? None at all. What proof is there, in short, that he ever existed, or did any one of the feats attributed to him? The testimony only of ballads and popular tradition. Nothing else. For, although he is mentioned in two *Scottish* chronicles, written several hundred years after the most recent of the periods at which he is supposed to have lived, it is plain that the authors of the chronicles in question knew nothing of him beyond the ballads; and merely assigned a speculative date to the life and adventures of the person whom the ballads celebrated. The first of these chronicles is the *Scotichronicon*, partly written by Fordun, a canon of Aberdeen, between the years 1377 and 1384, and partly by Bower, Abbot of St. Columba, about the year 1450. Bower's labors, in connection with the *Scotichronicon*, are said to have been of three kinds. Fordun completed five books; these Bower interpolated with new matter. Fordun also left various collections for a continuation of his work, from 1153 to 1385: these Bower arranged, eking them out with materials collected by himself, and he digested the whole into books, extending from Book V. to Book XIII. cap. 33; while the latter part of Book XIII., and the continuation down to the end of Book XVI., are attributed to him entirely. Although there was this distinction between the books before and after Book XIII., Bower himself claimed the whole chronicle subsequent to Book V. as equally his own. In some concluding valedictory lines, he says—

"*Quinque libros Fordun, undenos auctor arabat.*"

Now it is in Book X. that the passages relating to Robin Hood occur; but it is a mistake to say that they occur only "in one of the late manuscripts" † of the *Scotichronicon*. They are to be found in all the manuscripts that we have had opportunities of consulting; in the Edinburgh MS., from which Goodall printed; in the famous Black Book of Paisley, which is now in the king's library in the British Museum; in the Harleian manuscript 712, which is a copy made in 1483 for an archbishop of St. Andrews; and in the Harleian manuscript 4764, which is also a manuscript of the fifteenth century. In all these manuscripts the passages

* Ritson's diligence in this respect was singular. Some few allusive passages have been turned up since his time, but the number is very small. We can add but one which we believe has not been noticed. It occurs, of all places in the world, in a petition to parliament, presented in the year 1439, against one Piers Venables of Aston in Derbyshire, who "having no liflode, ne sufficeante of goodes, gadered and assembled unto him many misdoers, beynge of his clothynge, and, in manere of insurrection, wente into the wodes in that countrie, like as it hadde be Robyn Hode and his meyne."—(Rot. Parl. v. 16.)

† Wright's *Essays*, ii. 84.

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exist as printed by Hearne or Goodall; but it is clear that there cannot be any certainty that they were written by Fordun. Their disjointed character, as compared with the passages which precede and follow them, gives them very much the appearance of having been interpolated, but, whether interpolated or not, the facts that are stated in them are evidently derived from the ballads, which are distinctly referred to, and are said to be more attractive "to the silly people" than any others of their kind.

The other Scottish writer who mentions Robin Hood is Major or Mair (*Joannes*, as Buchanan designates him, *solo cognomine Major:*) in his *Historia Majoris Britanniæ*, which was first published in 1512, and appears to have been written a very little while before. Under the reign of Richard I., that is, between 1189 and 1199, he observes—"About this time, *as I conjecture*, the famous thieves, Robert Hude of England and Little John, lurked in woods," &c.; and then he relates various particulars, evidently taken from the ballads, which, he says, were sung throughout England and Scotland.

It is quite unnecessary to offer any comment upon the contradictory statements of two writers, neither of whom had any means of ascertaining the truth. It is clear that they wrote from the ballads and from common tradition; and that what they say adds nothing whatever to the information derived from those sources. They relied upon those sources alone, and so must we. And what can we learn from them? What is the testimony of tradition? It confounds, as we have seen, the monuments of different periods and different races—monuments between the erection of which many ages and many revolutions must have intervened; it huddles together things natural and things artificial; remains British, Roman, Saxon—relics in all parts of the kingdom; and assigns them all to Robin Hood. Sometimes, as Mr. Wright has well remarked, he is identified with the dwarfs, and sometimes with the giants, of the popular creed.—(Wright's *Essays*, ii. 209, 210.) Wherever an old memory or an old tradition was lost, Robin Hood was appointed to fill the vacant place: a clear proof that the popular mind was full of the exploits attributed to him, but none whatever that he performed them. And what of the ballads? Far be it from us to depreciate these interesting and valuable remains. Our ancient ballads constitute a kind of literary heaven, into which we must peer with anxious eyes when we are looking for the morning star which ushered in our poetry and romance. But ballads are founded upon fiction as well as upon facts. With all respect for Mr. Sharon Turner, we should as soon think of building upon the historical authority of *The Lays of Ancient Rome*, or of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, as upon that even of the Welsh triads: and before we can admit the ballads of the fourteenth century in historical attestation or explanation of the achievements of a hero whose name is traditionally placed two or three centuries earlier, and is associated with monuments many ages anterior even to the period assigned to his existence, surely we ought to have the testimony of some one who avers in plain prose, that at one time or another he really was a living and not an ideal person. So long as all contemporary history continues to be an absolute blank respecting him, we may accept the ballads and the traditions as evidence of the widely diffused popularity of *the story;* but for anything we can see to the contrary, they rather show that it ought to be placed among our national fictions than among our national facts.

We are aware that two French writers have recently endeavored to fix the wandering Robin within certain definite limits both of time and space. Thierry in his "History of the Norman Conquest," and the author of a *Thèse de Littérature sur les Vicissitudes et les Transformations du cycle populaire de Robin Hood*, (Paris, 1832,) would throw him back to the reign of the first Norman kings. They discover under his disguise one of the Saxon patriots who so long resisted the Norman rule.* These writers differ a little with each other, but their theory is in principle the same; and it is no more than a theory, a picturesque imagination, very taking and romantic, but totally at variance with the spirit of the Robin Hood ballads, which is one of loyalty to the sovereign, not of opposition to his sway. Besides, the silence of contemporary historians is, what lawyers call in their grotesque language, a negative pregnant. These historians name the most distinguished Saxon outlaws; but they are all ominously silent regarding Robin Hood. It is easy to dovetail the existence and adventures of the hero of the green-wood upon any passage which indicates the existence of a band of outlaws.

* Ancient ballads and modern theories would, by this time, have brought into question (had it been possible) another celebrated outlaw of another kind. We mean Thomas à Becket. But however questionable may be the condition in which his historical character has come down to us, his historical existence is beyond dispute. And there was sufficient in it evidently, of what was extraordinary, to provoke fiction to give a little more color to the story, and add an inch or so to the stature of its hero. Not only did ballad writers, anticipating Mr. D'Israeli, provide Becket with a Syrian mother, whom Thierry and Sharon Turner have accepted as a truth; but the ground and popularity of his opposition to his sovereign are accounted for in the romantic school of *Angleterre Poëtique*, by representing it as a personification of Saxon and Norman jealousies, as well as of the more lasting rivalry between church and state. We do not venture ourselves to determine whether Becket was or was not a Saxon. We wait till criticism has the means either of reconcilement or of preference, on a comparison of the apparently opposite statements of Becket himself, and of his almost other self, Fitzstephen.

Becket's words are few and general, and were uttered in scornful answer to his enemies. The *Clerus Angliæ* had reproached him with ingratitude to the king, who had promoted him *in gloriam ab exili;* but nothing is said on either side about race, or of the wonderful circumstance of a Saxon primate. Becket replies: "Non sum revera, *ataris editus regibus*. Malo tamen is esse, in quo faciat sibi genus animi nobilitas, quam in quo nobilitas generis degeneret. Forte natus sum de paupere tugurio!" In his remonstrance with Foliot, Bishop of London, the ablest and most prominent of his opponents, he enters more into particulars. "Quod si ad generis mei radicem, et progenitores meos, intenderis, cives quidem fuerunt Londonienses, in medio concivium suorum habitantes, sine querela nec omnino infimi." Supposing this to be literally true, how far back must the words (*radix* and *progenitores*) necessarily carry us? And were all citizens of London, necessarily of Saxon origin?

On the other hand, Fitzstephen's statement is precise, designating the very birthplace, in Normandy, of Becket's father. The circumstance, too, is mentioned by him incidentally, with no further object than that of accounting, by reason of the ancient neighborhood of the families, for the early favor shown to Becket by Archbishop Theobald. "Præfatus Gilbertus (pater Thomæ Becket) cum domino archipræsule di propinquitate et genere loquebatur; ut ille, ortu Normannus, et circà Tierci villam, de equestri ordine, natu vicinus."

The account of Fitzstephen is, to a certain extent, confirmed by the circumstance that *a family of the name of Becket* appears on the earliest of our Norman Records. Thus A. D. 1180, a hoard of coins, which were sold for £49, money of Angiers, was found in the earth in the house (*in terra in domo*) of Mauger de Becket, under the White Cliff, (Rot. Scacc. Norman. i. cxvii. and 79;) and in the 4th John, a grant was made of the lands which formerly belonged to William Becket at Welleboe."—(Rot. Norman. i. 57)

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This is what the *Scotichronicon* has done in the reign of Henry III., and Mair in that of Richard I., and Thierry and Barry at other periods: but until some real authority can be produced for Robin Hood's existence, at some one period or other, he must remain historically a dream; or, if scholars please, a myth—"the hunter and the deer a shade:" but, in the mean time, he may be just as useful and renowned. The old giant-killer of Greece, commonly called Hercules, will astonish schoolboys by his labors to the end of time; and Robin Hood will have home and shelter in the very heart of English song and fancy, as long as there is pleasure in freshness, freedom, and adventure, in birds and ballads, in green woods, and the air that blows over the early morning of a nation's being.

CORRESPONDENCE.

With very great satisfaction we announce to our subscribers and the public, that we have succeeded in making an engagement with an American gentleman living in Paris—holding a high office under the United States; enjoying the best political and literary society of the continent; of long experience and high reputation as a writer upon books and public affairs—to prepare for each number of the Living Age a full account of the Politics of Europe, and the Literature and Science of France. We expect to begin the series in November.

The heavy ground-swell which seems to announce vast changes in Europe, makes such an arrangement a matter of especial importance at this time; and we have unbounded pleasure in the prospect of carrying out, in so admirable a manner, an important part of our plan. We do not yet feel at liberty to give the name of our correspondent. When we do so, the well-informed reader will agree with us in the opinion that no other man has shown himself able to do the work so well.

☞ Papers which exchange with us, will oblige us by copying the above.

Dr. Sprague on Dr. Chalmers.—The Edinburgh Witness says:

"Among the numerous funeral sermons of which the death of Chalmers has proved the occasion, we know not a finer, abler, or better-toned, than one of the transatlantic discourses, which has, we are happy to find, been just reprinted in this country by our friend Mr. Johnstone. It is from the pen of Dr. Sprague, Albany, United States, so well known in this country by his work on revivals. Dr. Sprague's estimate of the intellectual character of Chalmers seems eminently just, and, formed at the distance of more than three thousand miles from the more immediate scene of Chalmers' personal labors—for distance in space has greatly the effect in such matters of distance in time—it may be regarded as foreshadowing the judgment of posterity."

We make our first importation of poetry from the Pacific coast. It is gratifying to see that the Anglo-Saxon race expresses itself so nearly in the same way as it does in a more eastern country. Major Sullivan may perhaps become the "Moore" of that distant region.

From the Oregon Spectator

TO THE EMIGRATION OF 1845.

BY MAJ. SULLIVAN.

Tune—"*The girl I left behind me.*"

As slow our wagons rolled the track,
Their teams the rough earth cleaving,
And drivers all still looking back
To that dear land they 're leaving—
So loth to part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us,
To turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we 've left behind us!

When round the bowl of vanished years,
We talk of joyous seeming,
And smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint and sad their beaming,
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet the cup that circles then
To those we 've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks wild, flowery and sweet,
And naught but love is wanting,
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die 'mid scenes like this,
With some we 've left behind us!

Yet we have made a home once more,
In the Willamette valley,
And all the boys, both rich and poor,
May go and court Miss Sally;
As to myself, I count me blest,
If you will all excuse me;
To ease the pain that 's in my breast,
I 'll go and court Miss Susy.

From the Albany Citizen we copy a notice of Capt. Hale, and his very excellent letter:

Capt. Nathan Hale.—The name of this brave but unfortunate officer, who was hung by the British as a spy in the early part of the revolution, has loomed up in latter years into a star of the first magnitude in our American history. At the time when he resolved on entering the army, he was engaged in teaching a school in New London, and we have the pleasure of giving below the identical letter, which accidentally came to light not long since, in which he first intimated to the proprietors of the school his intention to relinquish his place as teacher, and join the army. We have seen the original MS., which is in an uncommonly fair and beautiful hand. It is in the possession of one of our citizens, and is a valued relic.

"*To the Proprietors of Union School.*

"Gentlemen:—Having received information that a place is allotted me in the army, and being inclined, as I hope, for good reasons, to accept it, I am constrained to ask as a favor that which scarce anything else would have induced me to, which is, to be excused from keeping your school any longer. For the purpose of conversing upon this, and of procuring another master, some of your number think it best there should be a general meeting of the proprietors. The time talked of for holding it is 6 o'clock this afternoon, at the school-house. The year for which I engaged will expire within a fortnight, so that my quitting a few days sooner, I hope, will subject you to no great inconvenience.

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"School-keeping is a business of which I was always fond; but since my residence in this town, everything has conspired to render it more agreeable. I have thought much of never quitting it but with life, but at present there seems an opportunity for more extensive public service.

"The kindness expressed to me by the people of the place, but especially the proprietors of the school, will always be very gratefully remembered by,

"Gentlemen, with respect,
"Your humble servant,
"NATHAN HALE.

"*Friday, July 7th*, 1775.
To John Winthrop, Esq., Rich'd Law, Esq., &c., &c., &c."

WE should like to travel *cum privilegio*, the following story notwithstanding. It is told by the editor of the Dayton Transcript, as part of his own experience.

We have travelled some 1500 miles within the last few days, by land and by water. The tavern-keepers, steam captains, &c., &c., have uniformly chalked our hat and indignantly refused to permit us to pay our way. In short, upon the raging canawl, upon the expansive lake, in the packets, hotels and floating palaces of Lake Erie, we have had a great "free blow," and have uniformly been regarded among the "*dead heads*." This you will regard as a very pleasant, and certainly very agreeable and advantageous way of travelling. But there was one "free blow" we received, which came near knocking us into the middle of next week. The incident is so comical that we will relate it if the joke is at our expense.

While on board one of the splendid steamers which ply between Buffalo and Chicago, the fuz on our chin grew rather longer than was agreeable, and we repaired to the barber-shop on board to have it taken off. The fellow did it up in first-rate style. After he had combed and oiled our head, brushed our clothes, and slicked us up fine, we felt gratified —pulled out a dime and proffered it to him as a reward for his services. He drew himself up with considerable pomposity—

"I understands," said he, "dat you is an editor?"

"Well! what of it?" said we.

"We never charge editors nofin," said he.

"But, my woolly friend," said we, "there are a good many editors travelling now-a-days, and such liberality on your part will prove a ruinous business."

"Oh, nebber mind," said he, "we makes it all up off de *gemmen*."

We incontinently sloped.

WE are indebted to the Merchants' Magazine for the following illustration and suggestion. A few years of extended commercial intercourse may bring about greater wonders than are asked for:

TRAVELLING VALUE OF TWENTY FRANCS.—The following paragraph is translated from the "Courrier des Etats Unis." It strikingly illustrates the evils of a want of unity in the currencies of the commercial world. We agree with the editor of the New Orleans Bulletin, that there would be some sense and great advantage, if, instead of holding a European congress to settle or preserve "the balance of power," or some other political humbug, they would convene one for establishing a uniform system of weights, measures, and money, throughout the world. To such a congress, the United States would make no objection to send representatives, or to enter into a system "of offensive and defensive alliance" with the old monarchies of Europe, on the subject:

"If a man gains by travelling, it is not so with a piece of gold. Mr. Alfred de Vigny, who is gifted with a good financial organization, the other day determined to arrive at an exact account of the loss produced by a constant necessity for exchange. He set forth on that trip beyond the Rhine, which all politicians and thinkers, now-a-days, are wont to make. In leaving France, he went first to Frankfort. There he applied to a rich merchant, to whom he had been recommended, with the request that he would change for him a twenty franc piece ($3.84) into the appropriate coin of the country. The poet took this coin and placed it in a purse by itself. When he arrived at Munich, he changed the Frankfort money into an equal sum in the Bavarian currency. At Berlin, again, he changed the silver he had obtained at Munich into so much Prussian. At Vienna, he went through the same process; then, again, at Milan; once more, at Naples; and finally, arriving at Rome, he did the same thing there.

"After having gone over the whole of Italy, he passed into Switzerland, descended the Rhine, and travelled through Holland and Belgium, always changing the money of the country he left, for that into which he came—never failing to go to people on whom he could implicitly rely, who would neither deceive him nor take any discount. Still, as he travelled on, the twenty franc purse seemed always to be losing weight. From country to country the pieces were becoming lighter and less numerous. At last, at the end of his journey, (say on the 16th of last March,) the author of *Stello* changed the value of his gold Napoleon back again into French currency, and what do you think remained of that gold piece, of which nothing at all had been spent? He had just sixty centimes left! Whereupon the said Alfred took occasion to write upon his tablet the following aphorism: 'For a travelling artist, a Napoleon is worth only twelve sous.'"—*Merchants' Magazine.*

SWITZERLAND.—The Morning Chronicle, Lord Palmerston's paper, says:

"*Switzerland is, in fact, a European Yankeeism, a miniature United States, not severed from Europe by the friendly breadth of the Atlantic, but entrenched on a fortress of impregnable rock, amid the frontier and debatable ground of European liberty and despotism.*

"In that position, in spite of all her perpetual internal divisions, she has maintained her unity and independence for five centuries. All Europe, and no country more than England, is deeply indebted to her for many a precious precept and example. The overthrow of feudalism, and the assertion of man's right to self-government, as a thinking and responsible agent, were first commenced by Switzerland. There could be no better title to the gratitude of mankind, or claim for support when Switzerland is right, and for forbearance when she is wrong. Europe has not forgotten it. *England, above all, will not forget it.*

"The question how far the federal constitution of Switzerland requires or admits of amendment, is one of which foreign statesmen cannot correctly

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judge, and in which they have no right to interfere. The degree to which the constitutions of the cantons have been altered since 1831, may necessitate a reconstruction of the federal system, to an extent of which none but natives can know the urgency. We would gladly see the formation of the new constitution committed to parties of more moderate opinions, and more likely to conciliate the support of all the cantons than the present dictatorial canton. But, we repeat, it is not our wish, nor the wishes of any foreign state, but the will of the Swiss people, which, after it has unmistakably declared itself, will have to be carried into effect. The position of Switzerland is unique in Europe; the internal remedies she requires may be so likewise; *but come what will, the independence of Switzerland must be preserved inviolate.*"

Italy.—The Journal des Debats, M. Guizot's paper, expresses its opinion of the occupation of Ferrara by the Austrian troops in the following terms:

"We cannot yet properly appreciate the meaning and the bearing of the facts which have taken place at Ferrara, but we have every reason to believe that they will have a satisfactory solution. Pius IX., as we observed some days since, possesses all the means necessary to cause his rights to be respected. It is not only according to the extent of his dominions that the power of a sovereign is at present to be measured, and the chief of the Christian world, the prince who by sagacious reforms has rendered himself the idol of his subjects, possesses a moral force which is equivalent to battalions. If necessary, all Europe would lend its assistance to Pius IX., if his independence should be seriously menaced. We do not believe that such a case will arrive; but if it were otherwise—if, as the opposition papers state, and as many persons believe—that the occupation of Ferrara is but a provocation intended to excite passions and to foment disturbances in the pontifical states, the best mode as appears to us to reply to such a provocation would be to remain dignified and calm, and to show that the snare has been discovered."

La Presse observes in reply, that Casimir Perier had availed himself of a less serious act, to order, in 1832, the expedition to Ancona. "We shall see," adds the Presse, "what M. Guizot will do under existing circumstances. He discredited the intervention of Austria on the 4th instant, and flattered himself that it would not take place, when a thousand symptoms made it obvious in the eyes of the least clear-sighted. His usual optimism prevented him from taking serious steps to prevent it, which would have been a course far preferable to the obligation of repressing it. Now, for having wanted activity or authority, he is compelled to execute an act of vigor which is contrary to his habits, and for the accomplishment of which he has moreover placed himself in a false position, by his participation in the intervention in Portugal. Will he abstain? There would be danger in doing so. The conservative party cannot for its honor allow it to be said, that it is incapable to achieve in 1847 what it effected in 1832 under circumstances far less imperious. Will he act efficiently? What might be possible for others is no more so for M. Guizot, who, voluntarily and for the most frivolous satisfaction, trampled under foot principles which France is bound openly to maintain. The Journal des Debats, conscious of those difficulties, which are entirely personal, insinuates that it will suffice to oppose the virtues of Pius IX. to the Austrian bayonets, to compel them to recede. But, should the virtues of the holy pontiff not produce that effect on Field Marshal Radetsky, what will you do? Such is the question everybody addresses to you to-day, and which it will not be possible for you to elude."

The Warehousing System.—We find in the London Times the following notice of the mission of two agents of our government employed to inquire into the working of the bonding system in England. We have not seen any notice of the appointment of commissioners for this object.—*Daily Adv.*

The United States.—We have very great pleasure in mentioning a matter of considerable commercial importance, and which evinces in a remarkable manner our friendly relations with the government of the United States, and at the same time that we have reason to feel proud of being so far complimented by our transatlantic brethren as to be looked up to as a model in commercial matters. Two gentlemen have arrived in the British metropolis from the government of the United States of America, and, as we understand, missioned by the American powers, for the purpose of making themselves officially acquainted with the machinery and conduct of our bonding system, with the view of introducing it into the United States, as a branch of commercial policy. By the term "bonding system" is signified the scheme, adopted by Mr. William Pitt in the reign of George III., but since brought gradually much more completely and fully into practice and to perfection, as a system of permitting goods and merchandise, the produce of foreign countries, to be placed, on importation from foreign and distant places beyond the seas, in warehouses under bond, and instead of compelling importers and merchants to pay the duties at once on importation and take the same into their private stock, allows them to leave their goods in the said bonded warehouses until a sale or other adventitious and sufficient reason render it politic for them to discharge the duties due to the crown and take them home. This is the outline of the meaning of the term "bonding system," and commercial men, to whom we address this article, will be too well acquainted with the whole intricacies of the system and the great boon conferred on the trade by the vast extension of privileges which have been from time to time conceded by the executive government for the time being in the matter with respect to every description of merchandise introduced from all parts of the world, to require any further comment on the subject. These American gentlemen, who have credentials, we believe, as before remarked, from the United States, have been introduced by his excellency the American ambassador to our board of customs, and, although we have no positive information on the subject, we believe we may venture to state that the principal members of the board have received an intimation from the foreign secretary or the prime minister to pay the gentlemen every respect and attention, and to render them every practicable assistance in their commercial researches. The gentlemen were a few days since accompanied by the Right Hon. G. R. Dawson, the deputy chairman of the board of customs, to some of the great dock establishments, and intro-

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duced to the superintendents and managers of those vast marts of commerce, at the same time being conducted by Mr. Dawson through the docks and warehouses, and receiving such explanatory information on the various matters and movements of the practical working of those huge establishments as he is, from long practice and a perfect knowledge of details, eminently competent to give; and we believe that they have been accompanied on several subsequent occasions by one of the principal practical officers of the department, to whose care and attention they have been assigned by Mr. Dawson, and from whom they will also receive every requisite information on the subject.

THE IRISH IMMIGRANTS' FEVER.—This picture, copied from a letter from Dr. D. Drake, dated Gros Isle, thirty-three miles below Quebec, is extracted from the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. It gives a more forcible impression than a long statistical account of the physical, mental, and moral destruction caused by hunger and sickness. Like the sketches of Elihu Burritt, it will never be forgotten.

"Men, women and children, in all stages of the disease up to dissolution, are huddled together, and lying in the same foul and infectious clothes with which they started from Ireland; and which, no doubt, they had worn without change, for weeks or months before. The quarantine officers must not be blamed for this, since the means of classification and attending to personal cleanliness of the sufferers are not within their reach. As to nursing, it is evidently in the lowest degree. Nearly all the nurses from Quebec have sickened, and the immigrants furnish but few from their own body. Their sympathies for each other are manifestly small—either never had an existence, or have perished under the combined influence of famine and filth. Examples of the well members of a family refusing to wait on the sick, are familiar to all the medical gentlemen; and a total indifference to the death of nearest relatives is witnessed every day. Following their remains to the grave, or in any manner assisting in their interment, is not thought of. But one idea seems to be present with them, that of getting up the river.

"A man who had recovered, on being asked by some one, whether he was going to Montreal in the next steamboat, replied that he wished to do so, but was afraid his wife would not die in time. The family of a young woman who was ill, *sent* to know how she was before they started. On being expostulated with, they said it was not worth while to stay any longer, as she would no doubt die. Mr Barter, the apothecary to the hospital, who is now by my side, going to Quebec on official business confirms all that has been told me by others, and adds, as the results of his own observation throughout the summer, that the living seem more pleased than grieved by the death of their friends. My own limited opportunities suggest the same unwelcome conclusion; for I saw no aspect of sorrow; but a stolid indifference, or inquisitive gazing, at what might be passing around, both in the crowds of convalescents, and in patients not very ill, who lay in the midst of the dying. It is painful to record this testimony against human nature; but we ought to know to what depths of degradation large masses of people may be sunk by superstition, ignorance, bad legislation, famine and fever. The interests of political economy, religion and medicine, are equally involved in the contemplation of such revolting facts."

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POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

[The renewed interest in Powers and his works excited by the arrival of his "Greek slave" in this country, induces us to copy the following account of him and them, written some time since for a Magazine by Mr. Edward Everett.—*Daily Advertiser.*]

Having spoken of Mr. Greenough and his productions in a former number, we propose to devote the present to some remarks on the works of Mr. Powers, another distinguished American sculptor, residing in Italy. Although it is but a few years since Mr. Powers can be said to have commenced the pursuit of his art, he is already to be regarded less as a sculptor of the highest promise, than as one of the highest reputation. It is but about three years since he went to Florence. Before that period, he had scarcely executed anything in marble; and since his arrival in Italy, he has given much of his attention to the busts which he had modelled in America, and yet he has already attained the name and standing of a master. We do not know any way in which we can do justice to Mr. Powers, and convey to our readers a just idea of his merit, and of the estimation in which he is held by good judges abroad, so effectually, as by translating an article from the *Giornale Arcadico*, for the month of October, 1840. This is a highly respectable scientific and literary journal, published at Rome. The article which we propose to lay before our readers, is written by Professor Migliarini, of the Grand Ducal Gallery at Florence, one of the most learned archæologists of the day. The biographical facts were probably furnished to him by some well informed American, and are in the main correct. We translate the article for the most part literally, but have occasionally added a few words, for the sake of rendering the sense more apparent. It is entitled

"The Young American Sculptor, Mr. Hiram Powers.—The history of the fine arts, expatiating in a region most delightful to the human mind, has constantly awakened more and more of the attention of observers, presenting them a succession of pleasing results, almost entirely free from the sources of painful reflection so frequently encountered in other narrations. The portion which regards the preliminary training, designed to put the pupil on the road, which will conduct him to the desired goal, was early attended to for the direction of studious youth; and among the various suggestions to this end, we find expressions of the admiration excited by some rare geniuses, who have attained celebrity without the guidance of a skilful master. I propose at present to treat this last topic, in reference to sculpture exclusively.

"Pliny,* upon the authority of Duris, relates of Lysippus, that he became a great master without having been the disciple of any one, although he informs us that Cicero differed on this point. If the passage of Cicero which Pliny had in his mind, is that with which we are all familiar, we must suppose Pliny to have misapprehended its purport. Cicero says that Lysippus recognized the *lance bearer* of Polycletus as his master.* He could not, however, have intended that a single statue of a young man had served him as a guide in the great variety of characters required for his very numerous productions. Neither is there reason to suppose that in any of his lost works, Cicero expressed a different opinion on the subject of Lysippus from what he has done in this passage, which, as far as it bears on the question whether Lysippus had a master, in the ordinary sense of the word, would rather lead to an inference directly opposite to that which Pliny drew from it.

"It may be advantageous, meantime, to retrace the few traditions which remain to us of Lysippus.† In the first place, we know that in his youth he was employed in the establishment of a bronze founder; here we may suppose that he was led by inclination to make a commencement in sculpture. Doubtful, however, as to the choice of a preceptor, he determined to take counsel of a competent and unprejudiced adviser. For this purpose he applied to Eupompus, an aged painter, the master of Pamphilus, who was at that time the teacher of the young Apelles. Eupompus was probably acquainted with the disposition of Lysippus, and when asked by the latter whom he should follow of preceding masters, Eupompus replied by pointing to a group of men who stood near; wishing to teach him that nature herself was to be imitated in her immense variety, and not artists in their peculiar manner. 'He who follows another,' says the great Michael Angelo, 'will never get before him.' It may be considered, therefore, as a principle, that the imitation of any former master, however excellent, is to be avoided, in order that the artist may not become the grand-child, rather than the child, of nature. This rule, however, is not to prevent the young artist from learning of masters how to imitate nature in the best and shortest way, taking advantage of their long experience.

"This principle, at the present day, requires a little further explanation to guard it against the misconceptions of those who recommend an imitation of nature as it is, without choice or judgment, not to mention that there are some who even extol nature in her defects. But we are not to lose sight of what has been so often mentioned as to the great diversity between the Greeks and ourselves—between their manners and ours; and how much more easy it was with them to procure models than with us; and consequently how much less difficulty attended the imitation of nature's choicest forms. But let us look a little further, and see the sort of imitation of nature which Lysippus practised. He reached such celebrity, as to be included in the trio that had the exclusive privilege of making the likeness of Alexander the Great.‡ He himself was

* Lysippum Sicyonium, Duris negat, Tullius fuisse discipulum affirmat. Plin. H. N. xxxiv. 19, 6.

* Polycleti Doryphorum sibi Lysippus aiebat magistrum fuisse. Cicero in Brut. 86.

† Sed primo ærarium fabrum audendi rationem cæpisse pictoris Eupompi responso. Eum enim ihterrogantem quem sequeretur antece dentium, dixisse demonstrata hominum multitudine, Naturam ipsam, imitandam esse non artificem. Plin. loc. cit.

‡ Apelles in painting, Lysippus in bronze statues, and Pirgoteles in intaglios.

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accustomed to say, 'that his predecessors had represented men as they are, but he had represented them as they ought to be'*—a description of his style which has passed without contradiction. We are not to infer from this description of his own manner that Lysippus was not a diligent student of nature; but that, in his study of nature, he sought the *ideal*—that perfect form of which nature is too avaricious to bestow it, in all its parts, on any one individual. The reader will pardon this digression while I return to my theme.

"It is also narrated of Silanion, that he acquired fame without the guide of a master.† To this proposition Falconet subjoins the following judicious observation. 'In order to make this circumstance astonishing, it would be necessary to suppose that Silanion was born and lived in a corner of the earth where he had never seen statues or pictures; but in the centre of Greece, and among the chef d'œuvres of art, in the age of Alexander, when he was surrounded by the most famous artists, there is nothing to be surprised at in such a fact.'

"But the example which I am now going to relate, includes the conditions required by Falconet, and may be considered as without a parallel, and therefore worthy of all attention.

"In a remote, and as far as the fine arts are concerned, uncultivated part of America, inhabited by husbandmen and shepherds, in the village of Woodstock, in Vermont, Mr. Hiram Powers was born, about the year 1805. It happened to him in his youth to be removed to the neighborhood of Cincinnati in Ohio, then a village, but now a considerable city. By this change of place, he gained little or nothing, in reference to the development of his latent capacity. On the contrary, he soon had the misfortune to be deprived of his father, and left without means of support. Constrained by this disaster to embrace whatever mode of livelihood first offered itself, he engaged in the construction and superintendence of the mechanism of a public exhibition at Cincinnati.

"An inward feeling, however, convinced him, that this was not his destiny; he formed a conception in his mind of something like sculpture, while yet ignorant of the very existence of that art. So strong was this passion, that if he had not afterwards found the art in use, he would himself have invented it. The flexible materials on which he made his first experiments, particularly wax, did not give him full satisfaction. He reached the age of seventeen years, in this state of restless desire; when he saw a single bust in plaster, the head of Washington, an ordinary work, which, however, attracted his profound attention.

"After a considerable interval and many struggles, he met, at Cincinnati, with an individual who possessed some knowledge of the art of sculpture, and modelled in clay the likenesses of one or two public characters. He learned from him the general method, the material adapted to it, and the mode of taking a cast from a model. This was for Powers a most happy discovery, and one that seemed to realize his vision.

"Eagerly to endeavor to imitate the works of this individual; then to make an attempt from life, first with a view to equal and then to surpass what he had seen; finally to succeed in making beautiful liknesses, such certainly as he had witnessed no example of before; all this was so rapidly accomplished, that it is not easy to relate the steps of the progress, so swift was his flight, borne on the pinions of a happy genius.

"If this artist, urged by native inclination, had succeeded in imitating nature servilely, though with exactness, it would not have been matter of great astonishment. But at the very first glance, Mr. Powers rose to the just conception of a kind of representation which should contain, in union with all the characteristic parts, the natural and expressive spirit of each individual. He has dedicated himself to the preservation of the whole character, while at the same time he imitates the porosities and habitual wrinkles of the skin; so that he might be called the Denner of sculpture. He spares no pains to make every head preserve, in every the smallest part, that harmonious type—composed at once of unity and variety, which belongs to itself; a special quality of nature which escapes the eye of many. Such a union of rare capacities becomes marvellous in one who could have no previous knowledge of the labors of the Greeks, nor of the works of Donatello, of Mino di Fiesole, and Gambarelli.

"Employing himself with ever new delight in modelling in clay, he passed through several considerable cities of his native country, and reached Washington at a fortunate moment. Congress was then in session, composed of some of the most respectable persons in the United States. Among its members and the men of distinction collected at Washington at the same time, Mr. Powers had ample opportunity to exercise his talent in making busts. Among those whose acquaintance be made at the seat of government, were persons who had visited Europe and possessed some notions of the fine arts. This is equivalent to saying, that he met here with those who were competent judges of the merit of his labors.

"Perceiving that he was not likely to want employment, he wisely determined to repair to Italy, for the purpose of executing his works in marble, and perfecting himself in his art. Arrived at Florence, he applied himself to the management of the marble with the same zeal which had animated him in the previous steps of his progress. When the accustomed instruments employed by sculptors seemed to him not as perfect as they might be, he contrived others. He proceeded rapidly in executing the busts which he had brought with him, in a style which commanded the admiration of the connoisseurs who beheld them.

"The reputation of the portraits of Apelles is well known.* They were considered so like their originals, in all respects, that the physiognomists of that day were able to form their prognostics upon them as accurately as on the examination of the living individual. In like manner the busts of Mr. Powers challenge a similar scrutiny, on the part of those, who, under other names, and with other objects, employ themselves in similar judgments of character, at the present day; and who will find great reason to maintain that his heads may be studied like the portraits of Apelles, though destitute of those indications of character which depend on changes of color.

"In fact, on a certain occasion, when I was care-

* Vulgoque dicebat, ab illis factos quales essent homines; a se quales viderentur esse. Plin. loc. cit.

† Silanion. In hoc mirabile, quod nullo doctore nobilis fuit ipse. Plin. xxxiv. 5, 19.

* Imagines adeo similitudinis indiscretæ pinxit, ut (incredibile dictu.) Apion grammaticus scriptum reliquerit, quendam ex facie hominum divinantem (quos *metoposcopos* vocant) ex iis dixisse aut futuræ mortis annos aut præteritæ. Plin. xxxv. 36, 14.

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fully examining the busts of Mr. Powers, there was an individual present who had perhaps some tincture of this science,* and who said to me with enthusiasm, 'Do you see that head! What penetration! How expressive those features! That must be a new Demosthenes! This has the undoubted likeness of an incorruptible guardian of the laws. That face, full of calm, though mixed with energy, has the qualities of a dictator,' &c. As I was occupied solely with the art, I listened with little attention to these remarks, and took but little interest in them, as I was unacquainted even with the names of the individuals whose busts I was contemplating. If the conjectures of character made by this person in my hearing, and by others who have examined in the like manner the heads of Mr. Powers, approach the truth, the fact would furnish a new illustration of Pliny's remark, that it is the admirable prerogative of the art of sculpture, that it gives greater celebrity to famous men.†

"There are few examples of works like these at the present day, because many artists have thought it best to execute busts in the heroic style, (as did many of the ancients,) without seeking extreme individual likeness. Though rare, however, there are some distinguished modern instances. And in this connection, I cannot pass in silence the magnificent and I may say colossal likeness of Pope Rezzonico, in St. Peters, by Canova. With the permission of the detractors of that celebrated artist, it cannot be denied that he has surpassed himself in this venerable image, where devotion is identified with the character of the head on whose vast superficies the artist had ample room to express the most fugitive movements of the skin, preserving, however, the *grandiose* character of the whole, in a manner that makes it rather seem the work of the pencil of Titian, than that of a sculptor's chisel.

"I will endeavor, in conclusion, to anticipate the timid judgment of those sophistical critics, who, admitting—what many connoisseurs have cordially granted—the superiority of Mr. Powers as a skilful maker of busts, may yet be slow to allow him the name of a perfect sculptor, in consequence of his not having produced works in the more important branches of the art. To such objectors I would reply, that they must consider that his progress has been so rapid and impetuous, in the field in which he commenced, as to have left him no leisure as yet for other labors. Meantime he no longer inhabits a distant region, where the arts are in their infancy; nor does he any longer want the aid of examples of excellence, and the necessary information. He who has been able to make such progress without a master, will easily achieve whatever is yet wanting, now that he is placed in a situation more favorable to his progress. It may be also added that he has already commenced the model of a nude statue, which we may well flatter ourselves will be carried on to its perfection, equally with any other work which Mr. Powers may undertake.

"Wherever there is the gift of a happy genius, joined with assiduity and a passion for the chosen art, together with the modesty necessary for a constant search after improvement, there it is safe to predict a complete and easy success."

A. M. MIGLIARINI.

The foregoing estimate of the talent of our distinguished countryman becomes still more satisfactory, when we reflect that it is a characteristic of the Italians, remarked upon two centuries ago, by Milton,* not to be forward to bestow written encomiums on men of this side the Alps. We have not the least wish to receive ungraciously the praise of Mr. Migliarini, which, we are sure, is bestowed in good faith and with good will; but it is not only not the language of a panegyrist, but evidently framed with some care to avoid shocking national partialities and the sensibility of eminent contemporaries, among his own countrymen. He weighs every word in the golden scales of a learned criticism; and yet not only institutes an elaborate comparison between Mr. Powers' case and that of Lysippus, but justly states that the case of our countryman, in attaining so high a degree of excellence not only without a master properly so called, but without the advantage of a general contemplation of the works of other sculptors, is *without a parallel.*

A few statements in Mr. Migliarini's article invite one or two words by way of explanation.

The mechanical exhibition at Cincinnati in the construction and superintendence of which Mr. Powers passed some years of his youth, though seemingly an humble field, required a high degree of talent. Nothing could be more successful in its way, no great proof, it is true, of merit. Mr. Powers lavished on the wax-work figures and groups, the first energies of that plastic skill, which will live forever in his marble. Some of his moving figures were brought to perfection by months of assiduous labor, and the application of the most ingenious mechanical contrivances. There is no doubt that his noviciate in this humble sphere was an excellent school for the development of the mechanical skill, which he possesses in an eminent degree. He was at a later period employed by Maelzel to repair some of his automata. Mr. Migliarini alludes to the readiness with which Mr. Powers contrived new instruments of sculpture, when those in common use failed to give him the effect which he desired to produce. He has invented and manufactured several such instruments both for the clay and marble, to the use of which may be ascribed a portion of the wonderful softness which he gives to his flesh.

It is stated by Mr. Migliarini, that Mr. Powers represents in his marble the porosities and habitual wrinkles of the skin. Without explanation, a statement like this would convey an erroneous idea of his manner. Should Mr. Powers become—as he already is to some extent—the acknowledged head of a school of art, his injudicious disciples might run into *such* an imitation; as the characteristic excellence of every great master is sure to be pushed by his followers to extremes. His principle, as practised by himself, we understand to be to reproduce the man in the best and most accustomed expression of his character. To attain this end, whatever is essentially characteristic in the original, must be preserved, whether it be great or small, feature or wrinkle. The consummate skill of the artist is shown in thus selecting what is thus characteristic; however seemingly inconsiderable, and still more in making these innumerable details work together toward the uniform and appropriate expression and life of the whole. The affair of "porosities" reduces itself to this;—many of the ancient sculptors, and perhaps most of those who flourished at the revival of the art, polished the surface of their statues and busts. However appropriate this may be to the conceptions formed of the bodies of the an-

*Phrenology.

†Mirumque in hac arte est, quod nobilis viros nobiliores facit. Plin xxxiv. 19, 14.

*Reason of church government urged against prelates.

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cient heathen divinities, the glassy effect impairs the resemblance of works representing human originals. Some modern artists accordingly do not polish the surface of the marble, although they give it a smoothness unlike the natural appearance at least of those portions of the skin exposed to the air. Mr. Powers, with instruments of his own contrivance, gives to the surface of his marble a delicate roughness (if roughness it can be called) which absolutely counterfeits flesh, and produces an illusion not merely beyond anything we have seen in the works of Donatello, Mino di Fiesole, or Gambarelli (whom Mr. Migliarini names in this connection,) but beyond anything we have witnessed from the chisel of any other artist.

Since the article we have just laid before our readers was written, Mr. Powers has very nearly completed the model of the statue, alluded to in its conclusion; he has executed in marble an ideal head of great beauty, and has projected two or three other works. The first statue represents the mother of mankind, contemplating the apple which she holds in her right hand, after having so far listened to the tempter as to pluck the fruit. It is a moment not dwelt upon by Milton; but it seems to us a fine conception to establish an interval between plucking and eating the fruit. The face and form, as becomes the parent of our race at this period, before the fatal act is consummated, are intended to exhibit a specimen of perfect symmetry and beauty. The countenance combines the expression of an ardent desire to enjoy the forbidden fruit, with that of thoughtfulness at the consequences which had been denounced. The left hand holds the fruit which she reserves for Adam. The hair falls partly down the back, and is partly arrested on the right shoulder; and in the plan of the work, the insidious foe —not yet modelled—pressing close to her person, but not full in her view, watches with devilish eagerness the workings of her mind. We conceive that it would be improper, in the present state of this great work, to make it the subject even of a complimentary criticism. We will only add, that it is thus far the fruit of the most laborious study, the acutest observation, and profound thought. It contains nothing traditional—nothing copied from the Grecian or the Italian antique. It is a fresh conception, an original study of nature, examined with the most unwearied attention, with the purest taste and a sound judgment.

The ideal head named above, of which Mr. Powers has executed more than one copy in marble, was undertaken by him as the most effectual answer which could be given to those who questioned his possessing any other talent than that of a maker of busts. It is usually called "Ginevra," and the conception was suggested by the lovely and well known description in Mr. Rogers' Italy. Mr. Powers has preserved as much of the picture sketched by the Nestor of the English Parnassus, as is adapted to representation in marble, and could be introduced into a bust:

"She sits, inclining forward, as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said 'Beware!'
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.

"But then her face
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart,
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.

"She was an only child, her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father,
And in her fifteenth year became a bride.
She was all gentleness, all gayety."

There is nothing in the sculpture intended to recall the tragical part of the story. Faultless beauty, bridal gentleness, the gayety of the only daughter of her father, the sweet innocence of the morning of life, these are the elements of Mr. Powers' idealization of Ginevra.

Mr. Powers has planned some other works, among them a sea-boy on the shore, holding a shell to his ear, and listening to the forebodings which it gives of the storm. This is not a recent conception on his part, which we mention by way of establishing his claim to the originality of the idea, as the subject of a work of art. He has also projected a work representing a Grecian maiden, exposed for sale in a Turkish slave market. Our readers will perceive, at once, the extreme beauty and capacity of these subjects.

Our country has much to boast of in Mr. Powers; we hope he will have as much to be grateful for to his country. The bust of the late Chief Justice Marshall, of heroic size—a most splendid work—for which the price paid by congress was but little more than the value of the marble, labor and time, at journeyman's wages, bestowed upon it, is hitherto the extent of the public patronage accorded to him. We are sure this can only be, because opportunities have not presented themselves for more important commissions. It is not thus that America means to encourage her Lysippuses. It is really cruel to keep a master like this on the drudgery of private bust making, which, after all, at the usual prices, is labor poorly paid.

Meantime, and till something more worthy of Mr. Powers' talent is proposed, we would observe that he has now on hand very perfect models of the busts of presidents John Quincy Adams and Van Buren, and an admirable bust of General Jackson in marble, of heroic size. What could congress do better than order these three busts on suitable pedestals, at handsome prices, for the rotunda of the capital, with Clevenger's bust of General Harrison to accompany them? A row of the busts of the presidents of the United States, to be placed around that magnificent hall, between the pictures, or at a proper distance in front of them, would furnish a very appropriate ornament for the rotunda, and surround, in a very becoming manner, the statue of Washington in the centre. President Jefferson's bust, by Caracchi, might be removed from the library to the rotunda, to take its place in the row. The other presidents—Adams the elder, Madison and Monroe, could at any time be added. As to the four named—one of which, Jackson, is already finished, and the other three modelled, they could be furnished in three months. This we trust is an affair which could in no case awaken any political feeling; but it happens luckily that the four presidents are equally divided between the two parties.

Will not the state of Vermont assert her peculiar interest in Powers, as the state which gave him birth? North Carolina has gained herself the highest praise by employing, at great expense, the chisel of an Italian artist to furnish her a statue of Washington. If Vermont should call upon her gifted son to execute for her state-house statues of the heroes of Ticonderoga and Bennington, she would both do herself lasting honor, and bestow upon the country works of art, which would do no discredit to the studio either of Canova or any living sculptor.

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From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 3.

SHUTTING UP THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

INVERNESS, MONDAY—Since I last wrote the royal doings at Ardverikie have not soared beyond the level of court circular movements. Wonderful as it may appear to common people, the queen and the prince are amusing themselves very much in the fashion in vogue amongst ordinary English ladies and gentlemen making an autumnal sojourn amongst heather.

There is shooting, fishing, walking, riding, and driving, pleasantly and profitably varied by breakfasting, lunching, dining, supping, and sleeping.

What have the world to do with the exact number of grouse which have tumbled before the prince's double-barrel, and is it a matter of historic import to know whether the steps of her majesty's highland pony have been traced upon the green sward round the lodge, or amidst the purple heather on the hills above it?

Let me rather try if I cannot now, while people are thinking and talking of the hills, strike out some topic more or less connected with them, and which may prove at least as profitable to your readers as the outgoings and incomings of Gen. Wemyss, or the nursery evolutions of the little prince and princess of the blood.

Well, to make the effort. In approaching Loch Laggan from Fort William the traveller will not fail to notice the two huge mountains which fling back their dun masses from the lower extremity of the lake. These great hills form part of the hunting grounds of the Marquess of Abercorn, and Prince Albert has, I believe, been playing at deer-stalking on their misty sides. They are, in fact, a deer forest.

"Ah, I see," says the English reader; "nice trees and glades, with antlered stags trotting about on the grass—a big gentleman's park, with drives, and avenues, and neat gateways and railings, and a trim porter's lodge."

Not so. A Highland deer forest means a mountain district—a waste wilderness, among which lie lakes, through which torrents go foaming for miles and miles—a range of savage country, stretching further than a good pedestrian would toil between early summer dawn and late summer sunset—a dreary territory of heathy slopes and sterile uplands, of awful gorges and ravines, of icy mountain peaks, of black heath and gray whinstone. And all this vast domain is sacred to the deer. Cotters—the old hardy people of these hills—were long ago turned adrift to make way for sheep and lowland graziers; now, men and mutton are cleared equally out before the stag and his hinds. The deer will not brook a two-legged intruder. They would see him miles away upon the sky line, or snuff the odor of approaching humanity from one end of a glen to the other; and therefore the hills are to be unprofaned by shoe-leather. Not a shepherd, not a tourist, not a wandering peasant dare break the magic circle, and tread the heather tabooed by our North Sea islanders. *Solitudinem faciunt*, deer-forest *apellunt*. Not a living thing may venture on the haunts of these lonely creatures, until mayhap the ducal renter of the forest, with his Highland gillies and English keepers, chooses to decree a week's slaughtering of the animals so carefully preserved to be so ruthlessly destroyed.

"But," says the English reader, "by what right dare one man stop another upon those savage wilds, lying uninclosed and unreclaimed, just as they were ere the Romans landed at Deal!"

By the right of might, reader. Just try it yourself. Put yourself on board a Scotch steamer—thence get into a stage-coach—there are still such things in this part of the world—and in due time you will arrive near the foot of—say the Cairngorm mountains. These are the highest and most awfully savage group in our island. You will not find more stupendous precipices, more ghastly ravines, round Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau, than encircle Ben Muich Dhui. Loch Anen lies in black torpid gloom, girdled in by hills and rocks which are desolation personified. Amid their recesses you might starve as comfortably and completely as in Nova Zembla, and, stretched on a mass of icy snow, you might be frozen during a midsummer night's dream. Braving those perils, however, off you go—your sketch-book in your hand and your knapsack on your back—to visit a district which Highland legends have always pointed to as one of the very wildest in this country, by peopling it with all manner of spirits of desolation—rulers of the wind, the storm, the rain, the mist.

But Cairngorm now owns a different potentate. The Duke of Leeds is the monarch of the waste, and just as some of the most gloriously savage bits of glen and hill begin to open up before you, an insolent gillie will start from some clump of heather, or from behind a rock, and order you back in the name of his gracious grace. There is no alternative. Show fight if you like, your umbrella against the flunky's gun, but the odds are that you are not so valiant, and that you turn your back upon the group of the Cairngorms in no complimentary disposition towards the keepers, or

"The lord—their god—his grace."

But there is the road, you think—the road, the immemorial way, which all the world had a right to long before the duke was ever heard of, and which they will have a right to long after he is forgotten.

Heaven bless you! a duke is a bigger man in the Highlands than you think of. What is a road to his grace? What is a right of way to his grace? What is a path—belonging for a thousand years to the public—to his grace? Nothing! He barricades it. He sentinels it with his gillies. No passage this way. The most glorious scenery in Britain is barred to the British—the free roads of this free nation are stopped to its free men; the artist in search of a landscape—the tourist in search of the picturesque—the peasant seeking to cross from one strath to the other, to see one of the countless Macs, his kith and kin—all are turned back. The duke wills it, because one passenger out of fifty might perchance stumble upon a red deer, which would gaze at him a moment, toss its antlered head, canter over the shoulder of the hill, and in half an hour be couched in the green wet breckans.

The grand plea of these gentlemen—who for the payment perhaps of some fifteen hundred a year arrogate to themselves the right of isolating a waste country as big as half a good sized English county, shutting up the roads, and refusing passage to a single being throughout it—is simply that pedestrians disturb and frighten the deer. I doubt it. A stag may look at a cockney—and in my humble opinion the cockney is very likely to be the most frightened animal of the two. But granting the discomfiture of the four-footed gazer—what of it? He will not be so frightened as to vanish into thin air. He will trot off, one, two, or three miles; and then when it is his good pleasure stop to crop the

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herbage, until another cockney appears, who will probably frighten him back again to his original position. No one wants to put the duke's deer in his pocket. There they will be when the tourist leaves, just as they were when he came, barring a trot of perhaps a dozen miles, which, to animals of their reverse of sedentary habits cannot be a matter of much personal inconvenience. But even granting that a wandering tourist would frighten every stag in the hills into fits, I do not at all see why they should not be frightened into fits. Men before deer—scenery before dukes. We are not to be shut out of the finest passes, warned away from the most glorious scenery of our own land for either dukes or deer. His grace of Leeds must throw open Glenlui-beg, and his grace of Athol must withdraw the blockade of Glentilt. A modern lord of the Isles once tried to draw a chain across the entrance to Fingal's Cave in Staffa, only to be removed when each passenger in the boat had tabled down his sixpence. We shall have none of these chains either of men or metal. The unenclosed hills are men's property to walk on. The glories of rock and torrent, and mountain mist, are for all to see, and wonder, and admire. The queen is now amongst them. I don't know if the Duke of Leeds would permit her to thread Glenlui-beg; but if a hint would be taken by the ducal autocrat, I do think that nothing would be a more grateful *souvenir* of the queen's visit than the expression of the royal wish, which would in all probability again unlock to all her majesty's peaceful subjects the glorious scenery of Athol and Braemar. A. B. R.

FROM THE ARMY.

Letter from a distinguished officer to his correspondent in Washington.

TACUBAYA, Aug. 22, 1847.

* * * * *

WE are now located in one wing of the Archbishop's palace. Chapultepec, with its magnificent grove, is before us, and we overlook the great city, surrounded by its lakes, and embosomed in its mountains. I never realized the beauty of the valley of Mexico until I reached this spot. To see it now, lighted by the soft bright moon, with every village, spire, hut and mountain reflected in its silver lakes, you would think it even surpassed the descriptions we read of it. There are also some stupendous works of art around us. But I can tell you nothing, for I have not yet been in the city, though I have knocked at its gates. In the absence, then, of something more interesting, I shall have to tell you of the operations of the army.

On the 7th instant Gen. Twiggs' division left Puebla. It was followed on the 8th by General Quintman's, on the 9th by Gen. Worth's, and on the 10th by Gen. Pillow's. Gen. Scott left on the 8th, and overtook Gen. Twiggs that night at San Martin. Our march over the mountains was undisturbed, except by rumors of guerillas and resistance. Both disappeared as we approached, and we left their abandoned works as we found them. On the 11th Gen. Twiggs encamped at Ayotla, 15 miles from Mexico, on the direct road. The other divisions, on each succeeding day, came up in order, and took position in the rear—Gen. Worth occupying Chalco. The reconnoissances of the 12th and 13th satisfied us of the strength of the enemy's defences in our front. Their principal defence was at El Penon, commanding the causeway between the lakes of Tezcuco and Chalso. The hill of El Penon is about 300 feet high, having three plateaus of different elevations. It stands in the waters of Lake Tezcuco. Its base is surrounded by a dry trench, and its sides arranged with breastworks from its base to its crest. It was armed with thirty pieces of cannon, and defended by 7000 men, under Santa Anna in person. The causeway passed directly by its base—the waters of the lake washing each side of the causeway for two miles in front, and the whole distance seven miles to the city. There was a battery on the causeway about four hundred yards in advance of the Penon, another by its side, a third about a mile in front of the entrance to the city, and a fourth at the entrance. About two miles in front of the Penon a road branched off to the left, and crossed the outlet of Lake Hochimilco, at the village of Mexicalcingo, six miles from the main road. This village, surrounded by a marsh, was enveloped in batteries, and only approached over a paved causeway a mile in length. Beyond, the causeway continued through the marsh for two miles further, and opened upon terra firma at the village of Churubusco, which was also fortified, and which we shall see more of presently. The reconnoissance of the 14th satisfied us that the route south of Lake Chalco was practicable for our wagons, or could be made so. That day Gen. Pillow's division closed upon the village of Chalco, and the next morning (15th) Gen. Worth led off south of the lake. The divisions took up the line of march in succession, Gen. Twiggs bringing up the rear, and we turned our backs upon the fortifications of the Penon and Mexicalcingo. Gen. Valencia, with 6000 men, made an attempt to annoy our rear as it turned Lake Chalco; but Gen. Twiggs having his train in front, and his division well in band, wheeled into line to the left, and, with one discharge of Taylor's battery, tumbled over some men and horses, and sent the rest flying over the hills like the wild ducks from the lakes. He then broke again into column, and resumed his march. The rancheros and guerilleros hovering about our front gave us little trouble; and the working parties filled up the trenches and rolled away the rocks that had been placed there to retard us, without stopping our march.

On the 17th General Worth encamped at San Augustin, on the Acapulco road, and moved down on the 18th, two and a half miles, in front of San Antonio, to make room for the other division to close upon him. The 18th was devoted to reconnoissances. San Antonio was situated similarly to Mexicalcingo. Batteries commanded the courseway in front and swept over the marshes to the left as far as the lake. The *pedregal*, or volcanic rocks, rendered the right impassable for everything but infantry, and difficult for them. One and a half mile in the reals were situated the defences of Churubusco, commanding the approach over the *pedregal*, and by the way of Mexicalcingo. A route was discovered west from San Augustin over the spurs of the mountain, to the San Angel road, by which these positions could be turned. Gen. Twiggs' division, coming up on the morning of the 19th, was thrown forward on this route, to cover the working parties formed from Pillow's division. By 1, P. M., we had surmounted the hills, and approached the two divisions of the army, with their field batteries, &c., within cannon range of Valencia's entrenchments, situated on the San Angel road, and commanding the only approach through the *pedregal* or volcanic rocks. The working parties were returned to their regiments, the tools

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repacked, and preparations made to dislodge the enemy, before continuing the road further. On approaching his front within canister range, and driving in his advanced parties, posted behind breastworks across the road, with Magruder's and howitzer batteries, it was found that the ground on his left offered the greatest advantages for the attack. He lay entrenched on rising ground, behind a deep ravine, about midway between us, to which the ground gently descended from both directions. His front was defended by four 8-inch howitzers, and three long 16-pounders, one 18-pounder, and some of smaller calibre. His right was almost equally strong; and, after crossing the ravine, approached over smooth ground in the form of a natural glacis, and taken in reverse by a body of rancheros and lancers. The heads of the different divisions were accordingly changed to the right; and, each leaving their horses and batteries behind, slowly wended their way, among the volcanic rocks, to the ravine, which they passed in front of the small village of San Raymond, out of gunshot of Valencia's batteries. They were now on the firm San Angel road, between Valencia and relief; but Santa Anna coming out to his support with seven thousand infantry and cavalry, drew up in battle array on the hills of Contreros, to our right. Col. Riley's brigade, that had been moved to the right early in the day, to coöperate with the front attack, and had passed beyond the San Angel road, now falling back upon the village which we had taken possession of. General Smith at once determined to drive away the force threatening our right. By the time his dispositions were made, the sun had set; and night drawing on, it was feared we should not have light enough for our work. The attack was therefore suspended till morning. The troops bivouacked around the village, without food, without shelter, and without fire. It was afterwards determined to return to the original intention of assaulting Valencia's entrenchments as the dispersion of Santa Anna's force affected but little our principal object.

At 3, A. M., Col. Riley's brigade was put in motion, followed by Gen. Smith's and Gen. Cadwallader's; General Shields holding the village. During the night, the 8th and 12th regiments, with a company of rifles and some detachments that had been thrown out the previous day, were moved to the ravine, in front of the enemy's position, and, after driving in their piquets in the gray of the morning, filed off to the right and took a sheltered position on their left, ready to coöperate with the attacking force in rear. This force moving around the base of the hill on which the battery was placed, covered from their view and fire, began about sunrise to show themselves over its crest. Col. Riley's brigade, sweeping around their rear and right, moved down with great impetuosity, while Gen. Smith attacked their left from the rear. In the mean time Col. Ransom, pushing across the ravine the force in front, opened his fire upon their front and left. The enemy finding himself thus attacked, and apprehending the main attack from the direction in which we approached the previous day, opened his heavy battery on his front. But Riley's brigade, carrying everything before them, drove them out between the fires of Smith and Ransom upon that of Shields. They broke at all points, abandoning the artillery, pack train, ammunition, &c. We took 800 prisoners; 4 generals—Salas, Mendoza, Blanco, and Garcia; 4 colonels; 2 commanders of brigades and squadrons, and other officers in proportion. Among the twenty-two pieces of artillery taken, were the two belonging to Washington's battery, taken at Buena Vista. They were retaken by the 4th artillery, the regiment to which they originally belonged. We buried 600 of their dead found on the field. Our loss did not exceed 60. After allowing the troops a little time for refreshment, they were put in march down the San Angel road, to take in reverse the positions of San Antonia and Churubusco. The enemy, finding himself turned, immediately commenced to evacuate his lines at San Antonio; but we moved upon him so rapidly that he had to abandon his guns. Gen. Worth's division, that had masked him in front, followed so closo upon his heels as to drive his rear into the defence of Churubusco. In the mean time Gen. Twiggs had taken his position in the front on the battery surrounding the convent, while General Worth seized upon that defending the bridge, and blockading the main road to Mexico. The battle opened fiercely on that side. Generals Shields' and Pierce's brigades were sent to attack in rear. Advancing towards the city of Mexico until they had passed the stream in rear of Churubusco, they crossed a cornfield on their right, and made for the causeway leading from Churubusco to the capital. This causeway was defended by a large body of infantry and cavalry, the latter extending apparently to the gates of Mexico. The number of infantry was said to be 5000, and of cavalry 4000. Gen. Shields, forming his line obliquely to that of the enemy, resting either flank upon some buildings on his right and left, and gaining as much to their right flank as possible, brought his men promptly into action. General Pierce, following quickly up, took position to his left, and the howitzer battery opened on his right. The Mexicans made a stout resistance, and the reserve under Major Sumner, composed of the rifle regiment and squadron of dragoons, was brought to their support. By the time they broke into the cornfield, the enemy began to give way. Worth and Twiggs had forced their front, and they were being driven upon the capital. As soon as the way was clear for the dragoons, they swept over the causeway, charging up to the very gates. Many a fine saddle was emptied by the discharge from their last battery. Captain Kearney, whose troop was leading, lost his left arm, and the rest of his officers were wounded. Our men had done their work well and faithfully. Their exhaustion required rest. The recall was sounded and we returned to the care of the killed and wounded. Of these we have a goodly number. I fear they will reach nearly 1000. Many gallant officers are at rest. Col. Butler, of the South Carolina regiment, bringing his regiment into action, had his horse shot under him; continuing the charge on foot, he was wounded in the leg, and finally shot through the head. Of the regulars, Capt. Thornton of the dragoons, Capt. Burke, 1st artillery, Hanson, Lieut. Irons, Easly, Hoffman, and Johnson. About 40 are wounded more or less severely. All the engineers are safe. We cannot be sufficiently thankful, nor repay the interest or prayers of our friends in our behalf. The greeting of General Scott by the troops after the action, on seeing the success of all his plans, was loud and vociferous. It must have shaken the "Halls of the Montezumas." Their enthusiasm seemed to cheer the Mexican officers in their captivity. The army has implicit confidence in him, and apprehend nothing where he commands. He sees everything and calculates the cost of every measure; and they know and feel that their lives

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and labor will not be uselessly expended. During the day, we took 2,700 prisoners, 8 generals, 37 pieces of artillery, and ammunition enough for a whole campaign. Their defences were completely turned, and their plans upset. We could have entered Mexico that evening or the next morning, at our pleasure, so complete was the disorganization of their army of 32,000 men. We learn that 27,000 men were opposed to us at all points, on the 20th, and they acknowledge in killed and wounded 5000. On the 21st, as the army was in motion towards the city, General Scott was met by a proposition for a cessation of hostilities, for the purpose of taking care of the killed and wounded. This he refused; but in the evening agreed to an armistice, to enable commissioners to meet Mr. Trist, and to treat for peace. This armistice has been officially ratified. It is difficult to foresee the result; though I can very well see that it is for Santa Anna's advantage to make peace. So far I can trust him.

The Lieut. Johnson killed, was the nephew of Lieutenant Col. Johnson, of the voltigeurs. I was standing by him when his leg was carried off above the knee by a cannon ball. He was a gallant little fellow, and as merry over his work all the morning as a boy at play. He fell by the side of the gun he had been effectively serving, and died that night, 19th inst. The colonel did not hear of his death until next morning. He was standing in Valencia's captured entrenchments, flushed with the recent victory; his frame shrunk and shivered with agony, and I wept to witness his grief. It is the living for whom we should mourn, and not the dead. The engineers did good service on both days, nor was the engineer company behind in any undertaking.

GEN. TAYLOR AND HIS STAFF.—Mr. Brown, the artist who has recently passed several months near the headquarters of Gen. Taylor, has brought home with him the rich fruits of his diligence, among which are two admirable portraits of Gen. Taylor, portraits of his staff and several other distinguished officers, and a great variety of sketches of interesting localities connected with the war, and studies for pictures yet to be completed.

Of the two principal portraits of Gen. Taylor, one presents a profile view of him and the other a front view. The former is the more striking picture, representing the general in his uniform—the artist intending this head for the design of the medal to be struck by order of Congress. The other portrait gives the veteran in the same brown dress he wore on the battle-field of Buena Vista. His costume is of the plainest description. The head of the general is a noble one, full of character, his energy and firmness being conspicuously traced in the deeply marked lines of the face. The fire of his eye gleams from the canvass, this feature being very peculiar in his family and very fine. We should not do justice to Mr. Brown did we not declare our high admiration of each of these portraits. They are noble pictures, and would alone amply repay him for the toil and danger he has encountered.

But Mr. Brown has executed another and very interesting picture, which he calls Gen. Taylor's Headquarters. In this the hero of Buena Vista is represented at full length, standing under an awning in front of his tent, and surrounded by his staff and other officers. The old man appears here in the unaffected simplicity and even homeliness of his usual bearing—dressed in the least pretending garb, with an eye to perfect comfort, while he is surrounded by some of the most brilliant men of the army, most of whom are quite young. The general appears like a father among his sons—himself all plainness and simplicity, but proud of the boys about him. We cannot recall all the faces in this picture, but they are all faithful portraits from life, and their friends recognize them at a glance. The names of the following occur to us as we write:—Maj. Bliss, Maj. Eaton, Capt. Garnett, Maj. Mansfield, Col. Whiting, Dr. Craig, Capt. Linnard, and Maj. Bragg; there must be others, but we cannot at the moment recall them. Of most of these gentlemen and of several other prominent officers, as Gen. Wool, Col. Belknap, &c., Mr. Brown has finished portraits of the size of life, which will make his collection most interesting to those who delight to study the lineaments of the soldiers who have won renown in war. The portraits will be used by the artist in any future historical picture he may paint of the scenes of Monterey and Buena Vista. He showed to us one sketch full of life and spirit, from which he designs to paint a panorama of a scene in the battle of Buena Vista. It represents Bragg's battery at the moment it was put into action at the most critical part of the day. The general is seated on *that* white horse, and directing Capt. Bragg where to give them "a little more grape." We think this picture should be finished on its present scale and engraved. It embodies the popular idea of the most eventful scene of the ever-glorious field of Buena Vista. If faithfully executed, it would redound to the honor of the artist and go far to make his fortune.

Mr. Brown carries with him letters from Gen. Taylor and a large number of officers testifying to the unwearied pains the artist took to secure fidelity in all he did. Officers sat and stood for him in all positions, and squadrons were "set in the field" that he might copy them. That his portraits are indeed likenesses none will doubt for a moment. We saw them in company with those who know many of the gentlemen represented, and they bore instant and hearty testimony to their fidelity.—*Picayune.*

MR. MACAULAY.—The question has been repeatedly asked, will no new seat be found for Mr. Macaulay? Report answers it by saying, that he has been for some time anxious to be released from the labors of parliament; and that the intention he has stated of retiring into private life is as sincere as the contempt for bigotry which the burgesses of Edinburgh call haughtiness. Nor is the report improbable; for it can scarcely be without his own consent that his contemporaries have unanimously assigned to him the task of writing the modern history of England. So gigantic a work will need retirement; nor can Mr. Macaulay forget those historical parallels which resemble his own case too closely to escape comparison. It was during his exile that Thucydides wrote his account of the Peloponnesian War. The history of the Great Rebellion was the solace of the lonely hours which Clarenden spent in Jersey and Montpellier. The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire would have been confined to the dwarfish limit of three volumes, had not Gibbon been content to forego "the profuse and philosophic fancy of Burke, and the argumentative vehemence of Fox," for the solitude of Lausanne. The stern law of the historic order allows of no exception; and if Mr. Macaulay aspires to be admitted into its ranks, it would be short-sighted selfishness in his generation to compel him to spend all his life in their service.—*Morning Chronicle.*

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THE MAIDEN AUNT. NO. III.

CHAPTER I.

"PEGGY," said Owen to me, one morning, as he threw himself back in his easy-chair after completing the perusal of the newspaper, "did you know that poor Kinnaird had left a daughter?"

What an inexplicable creature I am! I have passed my forty-fifth birthday, but I cannot yet hear that name uttered without emotion! However, Owen is the last person in the world to suspect such a thing, and the last person I should wish to suspect it; so, after a moment's pause, I answered, in my usual tone,

"Yes, I remember to have heard it. And is she your ward, as well as the son?"

"Even so," replied he; "and an immense heiress she is—a beauty too, they tell me. She is past eighteen, and cannot be kept any longer at school, so I have now the agreeable task of finding some one to take care of her till she is pleased to relieve me of the responsibility by her marriage, which I should think will not be a very distant event. I wish *you* would take her off my hands in the mean time."

"My dear Owen, you are not in earnest. I cannot fancy any one less fitted than myself for such a charge."

"Don't be modest, sister. You know, without compliment, you are the very best manager in the world, and you have that kind of knack at discovering and indulging the peculiarities of those with whom you live, which would make you an invaluable companion."

"Yes, yes," interrupted I, in a bantering tone, "you made that discovery when you and I tried the experiment of living together eight years ago. I suited you to a nicety."

"Oh, then indeed," returned Owen, making a long face and looking a little embarrassed, for the experiment alluded to had been a complete failure, and had been abandoned by mutual consent at the end of the first month; "but that, you know, was a peculiar case; and after all, when I think it over, I am convinced it was more my fault than yours—wholly my fault, I may say. I am not *now* exactly what I was *then*."

"Of course not," replied I gravely, "eight years have been allowed to you since then for the study and improvement of your character, and you are doubtless an altered man. Suppose we try the experiment again—I am perfectly ready, and I have no doubt it would come this time to a widely different issue."

Owen's candid and complimentary humor was a little at fault here; he had not expected to be so immediately taken at his word. "Why, to say the truth," began he, with some confusion, "my confirmed bachelor habits——"

"What are you saying about your confirmed bachelor habits?" cried our friend, Mrs. Alvanley, entering the room, and proving, to Owen at least, a very welcome interruption to the conversation. "I will not allow any such high treason to be talked in my house."

Mrs. Alvanley was a lively, handsome widow, about Owen's own age; that is to say, somewhere on the verge of five-and-thirty. She was not deficient in ability, though extremely fond of dress and amusements—tastes which her small means gave her very few opportunities of indulging. Before her marriage she had received considerable attention from Owen, who, it must be confessed, had always been a great flirt, though I do not think that he had ever fairly committed himself with any one; certainly not with Mrs. Alvanley. She was now suspected of a design of reconquering her former vassal, with how much reason I cannot pretend to say; but it is certain that she liked and sought Owen's society, while he, on his part, appeared, to a cool looker on, quite willing to resume the footing, half playful, half sentimental, on which he had formerly stood with her, and quite determined not to advance an inch beyond it. The usual residence of this lady was near Alford, a country town in Devonshire, in the neighborhood of which the happy years of my youth had been passed, and where I had many friends. At present, however, a cousin who lived at Teignmouth had lent her a house for the month of October, and she had invited Owen and myself to become her guests.

Owen turned towards her with that air of ready deference which, sometimes mingled with a shade of sarcasm discoverable only by a quick observer, characterized his demeanor towards women, especially towards those in whose good graces he thought it worth while to secure a place. "It would indeed be a rash man who should venture to celebrate the praises of single blessedness in *your* presence," said he, with an equivocal smile. "But you are come in the very nick of time. I want your advocacy. We were talking about the Kinnairds."

"No such thing," cried I, "we were talking of the time when Owen and I tried to live together, and found that we could n't bear each other. Do you remember it, Mrs. Alvanley?"

"To be sure I do," replied she laughing. "All the world said there would be a permanent coolness in consequence, but I knew you both better. Let us call upon your brother to justify his share in the transaction, and afterwards we will hear your defence. Now, Mr. Forde, what have you to say for yourself?"

Mrs. Alvanley wanted the fine perception and quick feeling which constitute tact, or she would have seen that Owen found the subject irksome and wanted to get away from it. He, however, fell readily enough into her playful tone for the moment.

"I will be judged by you," cried he, "no man could begin with better intentions than I did—I might almost say that no man could have endured more. Patiently did I suffer myself to be initiated into the mysteries of housekeeping. I knew when we had lamb in the house, and when we had mutton hanging up, and when the cook had tried all over the market and there was not such a thing as a bit of fish to be heard of. I was acquainted familiarly with the statistics of disease in the poultry-yard, and learned gradually to distinguish between pip and croup. Once I labelled a dozen jars of raspberry jam in a single morning; another time I voluntarily reprimanded the housemaid when Peggy was afraid to speak to her."

"Owen, how can you be so absurd?" interrupted I, laughing, though inwardly annoyed.

"Well," continued he, still addressing Mrs. Alvanley, "all this and more I encountered like a man; but at last one morning—I think we had been living together about three weeks—my sister suddenly and without preparation, without breaking it to me, but as if it were the pleasantest and most natural thing in the world, proposed to me to give a children's party!"

"Now, Owen, how can you exaggerate so dreadfully?" cried I. "You know very well I only

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wanted to have Emily Drew's two sweet children, to spend the day with me."

"Sweet children, I have no doubt they were," returned Owen, "breathing the very essence of lollipops. But you were to have the little Harrisons to meet them. I stand to that. I have a vivid recollection of having a distinct, separate horror of the little Harrisons, over and above those two sweet Drews."

"Well, I believe I did talk of it," said I.

"There now!" cried Owen, "you see how far she is to be depended on! And there are five of the little Harrisons! Now I leave you to imagine my feelings on such an announcement. At first, I thought it was impossible, and then I thought she was insane; or, said I to myself, have I been living all this time in a dream, and am I not a bachelor after all, but am I a married man, and is this my wife? For you know it was inconceivable that any woman, kindly exempted by nature from the trouble of children, should endeavor to procure an artificial offspring for herself. That was out of the question."

"Owen, you really anger me," said I; "Mrs. Alvanley, how can you let him talk in that manner? There is no feeling in the world so natural and so pure as the love of children, and I never can bear to hear him pretend to despise it; dear little innocent creatures!"

"Dear little innocent creatures!" echoed Owen. "Yes, there they sit, in their clean pinafores and best frocks, looking like a row of complete innocents, unable to give you a rational answer to the simplest question. And when they warm a little, and begin to play, they are always hitting their own heads, or kicking your shins by accident; and, if they are well brought up, they roar equally at both. Your best-meant schemes for their amusement are generally humiliating failures, rendering you ridiculous in the eyes of the bystanders. You begin to tell them a story, and harangue for five minutes, and then find they are not listening to you, or something equally unpleasant. I have myself seen Peggy steadily going to sleep in a corner for an hour together, with three hard-hearted urchins at play round her, not one of whom had the charity to go up and startle her, though she had shut her eyes only to induce them to do so. I never gave a child a sugar-plum in my life, that it did not begin to choke immediately."

"All single men talk in that manner," said Mrs. Alvanley, when she had recovered from her laughter; "wait till you have children of your own."

"Yes, I *will* wait—very patiently too," answered Owen; "I would much rather have half-a-dozen kittens than those two sweet little Drews that Peggy is so fond of. A kitten is at least pretty, and graceful, and amusing, which a child is not; and you can always take it by the nape of the neck, and drop it into the cellar when you are tired of it—a thing which I should like to do in a similar case with a child, if it were not for the tumult which mothers and nurses would be sure to make about it."

"I cannot understand how you can laugh at him, Mrs. Alvanley," said I. "To me it is perfectly shocking. I have heard him say before, that he likes animals better than children, and I never can bear it. It is degrading to think of those dear little immortal souls, and then——"

"Now, Peggy," interrupted Owen, "what *can* you know about the size of their immortal souls?"

"Come, don't teaze her so," said Mrs. Alvanley; "and my dear Miss Forde, how can you take everything so entirely *au pied de la lettre?* You do not understand your brother; yet, after all, he is not so very enigmatical. But it certainly is necessary to comprehend a person's character thoroughly, in order to live happily with him, and so I think it was very well that you two gave up keeping house together."

"And left me at liberty till I should meet with some one who can and does understand me," said Owen, with a bow and smile, which rendered the compliment so broad as effectually to destroy its point. "But don't be wrathful, Peggy, I am only plaguing you. Let us go back to the Kinnairds."

"I had forgotten them," said I.

"Who are those Kinnairds?" inquired Mrs. Alvanley.

"Frank Kinnaird was a great favorite of my father's," replied Owen. "He was ten years older than myself, or more; and many and many a tip has he given me when I was a schoolboy and he a young man. Poor fellow! He married a great heiress, to pay his debts, I believe, for he was imprudent enough. She had a temper which made his house an absolute Pandemonium; and he had not been married to her above a twelvemonth, when some distant relation died and left him a hundred thousand pounds—so he need not have sacrificed himself after all. How many years is it since Kinnaird died, Peggy, do you recollect?"

"Six years this summer," returned I, without lifting my eyes from my work. *Did* I recollect!

"So it is, I declare," said Owen. "How time slides away! Well, he left me sole guardian to his children. Mrs. Kinnaird, I forgot to say, had died a year before. The boy went to college, of course, and had a commission in the guards afterwards. He is the very counterpart of his father in character; but, luckily for him, he had money enough to waste, so I was not forced to interfere with his amusements, and he has now been several years off my hands. The girl was younger. She was taken, at first, by a Scotch aunt, Kinnaird's sister, who lived in the Highlands; and, just as I was beginning to think that a young lady of her expectations must necessarily acquire a few more accomplishments than she was likely to get in the region of gray mountains and oat cakes, this aunt very obligingly died, and I ran down there for a month, got some capital grouse-shooting, and brought my fair ward up to a first-rate London establishment to finish her education."

"Was she an engaging girl?" asked I, with irrepressible interest.

"She was rather under fifteen at the time," replied Owen, "and I have Lord Byron's horror of budding misses. Besides, she cried without intermission during the whole month, so that I had really no opportunity of judging of her personal appearance, further than that she was tall of her age, and had a most splendid head of dark brown hair: I remember noticing that particularly."

"I dare say she is well-looking enough to pass for a beauty when seen through the flattering medium of—how many thousand pounds?" observed Mrs. Alvanley.

"Seventy," returned Owen; "a pretty little fortune, is it not? But now comes the difficulty: this young lady is eighteen years old: a woman grown, as you see."

"In her own estimation, doubtless," interposed Mrs. Alvanley; "but most girls are little more than children at eighteen. She must be classed for a few years more among those budding misses of

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whom you and Lord Byron have so great a horror."

I was inwardly amused as I thought of Mrs. Alvanley's five-and-thirty years. Owen, who was growing rather cross as he found himself so repeatedly interrupted in his approaches to the point he was resolved to carry, answered her by saying in his blandest tones—

"Nay, Mrs. Alvanley, would you have me believe that the mind does not attain to maturity till the person has begun to lose its first bloom? Forgive me for differing from you; but, I remember *you* at eighteen."

The lady was effectually silenced, and quite uncertain whether she had received a compliment or an affront. Owen, who had intended to produce this very effect upon her, went on triumphantly, and finished his history without further disturbance.

"Well, as I was observing, Miss Edith Kinnaird —(it is exactly the name for a heroine of romance) —was eighteen three months ago, and can't be kept at school any longer. My friend, Lady Frances Moore, has undertaken to superintend her *début* in the spring, so that trouble is off my hands: but here is October, and what in the name of ingenuity is to be done with her in the interval? Now I appeal to you, Mrs. Alvanley, whether it would not be an extremely pleasant thing for Peggy to pass the next five months in an elegant mansion, surrounded with all the luxuries of life, with no other drawback than the society of a high-born and highly-educated girl, in whom she may be supposed to feel some interest for her father's sake?"

"Were I your sister," replied Mrs. Alvanley, with animation, "I should consider such a suggestion as a very great favor. It is exactly the position I should like; and I also think it is that for which I am best fitted. What say you, Miss Forde?"

A sudden horror here came over Owen, that Mrs. Alvanley was going to propose to take charge of Miss Kinnaird herself. With his characteristic caution, he felt in a moment that such an arrangement might lead to numberless inconveniences, not the least among which he deemed the appearance which it would have in the eyes of the world. It was far from his intention to have it supposed by any one that he meant to marry Mrs. Alvanley; so he turned to me with an appealing eagerness of manner, very unlike his usual nonchalance, and very difficult for a sister to withstand, saying—

"My dear Peggy, I am thoroughly and anxiously in earnest, and it is not like you to persist in trifling when such is the case. It would be still less like you, to let any petty obstacles stand in the way of an arrangement so rational, so natural, so thoroughly unobjectionable. Your consent will confer the greatest possible favor upon me, and upon your old friend's child; while it would really be affectation to suppose that it will entail any sacrifice upon yourself. Were it likely, or even possible, that it should do so, I would be the last person in the world to ask it of you; but I do assure you that in suggesting the plan, I was very considerably influenced by the idea of the pleasure that it would be the means of procuring for you."

I was touched—impressed—gratified; in short, I gave my consent. And when it was irrevocably pronounced, I was a little surprised by discovering the advanced state of Owen's arrangements, which seemed to prove that he had counted upon me as an auxiliary long before he named the subject to me. He would at least—so he said—spare me the trouble of discussing and deciding; an occupation which he knew to be peculiarly unsuited to my natural taste. So he named the house in which Miss Kinnaird and I were to take up our abode, and which he appeared so sure of obtaining that I could not help suspecting that he had already opened negotiations for it; and he even fixed the day on which the young lady was to be summoned from the academic shades of her abode in the Regent's Park. He kindly left it to me to determine the precise number of weeks, days, or hours, by which my arrival at Enmore Hall was to precede that of Miss Kinnaird; only suggesting that it would be as well if, for the sake of my own comfort and convenience, I could manage to have about a fortnight quietly to myself, in order that I might get thoroughly settled in my new residence, acquainted with my new household, &c. &c.; so that I should be ready to receive the young lady in a manner satisfactory to myself;—and this modicum of liberty was pretty nearly all that was allotted to me in the matter. I did not, however, quarrel with this specimen of Owen's diplomacy; for I have a natural horror of responsibility at all times, and a special horror of it when Owen is the party to whom I have to answer; so I comforted myself for any little injury that my dignity might have sustained by reflecting, that since he had made every arrangement himself, he would have no one but himself to blame if the results should prove unsatisfactory. Thus I was able to delight my brother by the cheerfulness of my acquiescence in all his proposals; and in the plenitude of his triumph he deigned to delight Mrs. Alvanley by reminding her that Enmore Hall was only three miles from Alford; and assuring her that he trusted much to her well-known kindness for rendering Miss Kinnaird's sojourn in that part of the country agreeable. It was settled that I should proceed to Enmore immediately after my departure from Teignmouth, and that my young charge should join me about a fortnight later, under the escort of her brother, who, Owen believed, had taken a shooting-box somewhere in the neighborhood, and who was described as passionately fond of his sister, and impatiently anxious to enjoy every available moment of her society now that she was passing from childhood to womanhood. Owen hoped to come down himself after Christmas, but was too full of engagements, for the present, to determine the precise time at which he would join our party. And so the matter ended; and I was left alone to reflect, as calmly as I could, upon the singular series of trifling circumstances which had at last placed me in the position of guardian to the daughter of the only man I had ever loved, and who—the *thought* is present to me, so why should I shrink from the *word*?—had slighted me. I was eighteen again, in imagination, so buoyant, so happy, so energetic—pursuing a thousand fancies, busied with a thousand studies; and he was at my side to guide all by his judgment, to give zest to all by his sympathy, and to make my heart beat quick, and my cheeks glow, by those admiring looks and approving words, so immeasurably different from *compliments*, because they are always involuntarily, and often unconsciously, offered—so sweet, I must *now* write—so dangerously sweet, when they come from one whom we love as a friend, and look up to as a superior. Was it wonderful that I mistook all this for the indication of a feeling which I have now no right to believe that he ever entertained? Yet I am acting a part, even to myself, when I say that I do not believe it. I thought of our parting, of the warmth, the devotion of his manner, so far outstripping the mere *intimacy* which, in some sort,

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justified its expression. I never saw him afterwards. Tidings came, first of imprudence, then of extravagance—repeated, reckless, unpardonable extravagance—and three years after that parting, I heard of his marrying, as Owen said, "an heiress, to pay his debts!" What those three years were to me I do not wish to remember, and it would be useless to describe. The beauty of my life had departed from me. But, thank God, it went but for a season, and has returned, though in another and less radiant shape. In the expansiveness and activity of those affections which I once thought I would never again suffer to cling around aught upon earth, I have found health and happiness for my wounded spirit. Of the holier discipline, under which I trust that I am learning to chasten those exuberant affections, or rather to guide them into a channel where there can be no overflow, and fasten them upon an object where there can be no disappointment, I dare scarcely presume to speak; yet incomplete indeed would be the record of my thankfulness for what I have endured, and for the peace which has been vouchsafed to me, did I omit all allusion to my true remedy, my real strength, my only sure hope. But enough, and more than enough, of this; the more deeply I feel that the concerns of daily life ought to be pervaded and sanctified by a spirit of devotion, the more reverenently do I desire to separate and to solemnize all distinct expression of that spirit—that so we lower not our religion to the level of our habitual thoughts and common words; but rather jealously guard its elevation, and seek, if we may, gradually to lift them to it.

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CHAPTER II.

I sat alone in the pretty drawing-room of Enmore Hall, for I had *not* invited Mrs. Alvanley to assist me in receiving Miss Kinnaird, though she paid me a morning visit of two hours' duration, on the day which Owen had fixed for his ward's arrival. It was perhaps churlish of me, but my feelings were really and deeply interested, and I did not want either to make conversation, or to have it made for me. I don't think I am by nature sentimental, and I am quite sure that, in the present instance, I have neither sought nor permitted the peculiar state of mental self-indulgence, to which the world satirically affixes that epithet; but I was quite surprised at the degree of my own emotion when the sound of wheels on the frost-crisped gravel—as quick, as light, and as traceless as the passage of feelings across a world-hardened heart—announced that my visitor was actually come. I never can sit still on the sofa in the drawing-room, when I know that a person whom I wish to welcome is entering the hall-door. I have been repeatedly told that it is a weakness, and that it cannot hasten the meeting by more than half a minute, and I admit the truth of the objection; nevertheless, it is one of those cases in which I would not, if I could, be otherwise than weak. Heaven help poor human nature, if the *cui bono* question is to be asked in matters of affection! Those little exuberances, those delicious exaggerations, are just the very touches on which its beauty depends—the bloom on the butterfly's wing, needless to it, perhaps, as a mere flying machine, but everything to it as a butterfly. I remember once stopping in a diligence, at night, to take up a Norman countrywoman; she was parting from her husband and child; and many were the long farewells which they exchanged ere she entered the vehicle. But when she was fairly in, and we were beginning to move, she nearly dislocated her own neck and my shoulder by stooping out of the window to give an extra and most inconvenient kiss to the little boy, who was held up by his papa to receive it. She had been hugging him to her heart's content the moment before—but all the *sweetness* of her affection was concentred in that last unnecessary salute; I positively loved her for it; and though I travelled in her company during thirteen sultry hours, and she chewed garlic and shut the windows, such was the potency of that little indication of heart, that I had not arrived at hating her when we parted. But all this while Miss Kinnaird is on the carriage steps; I must hasten to assist her in descending. She returned my greetings with a warmth that was more than merely polite, and an ease which seemed to me scarcely natural at the shy and girlish age of eighteen. Her bonnet and veil nearly hid her face, but her unusual height, and singularly graceful figure, struck me at once; I had no time to analyze my impressions, for she passed quickly up stairs, attended by her own maid, and pioneened by mine, to make a hasty toilette after her journey, while I was left to receive and entertain her brother.

Captain Frank Kinnaird, an elegant-looking young man, with very pleasing manners, and with no importunate resemblance to his father in look, tone, or air, first introduced himself to me, and then performed the same ceremony by his friend Captain Everard—a tall, stiff-looking person, whose apparition surprised me not a little—and the two gentlemen then followed me into the drawing-room.

"We trespass on your hospitality rather unwarrantably," said Frank, as he established himself on the corner of the sofa; "but the lights in your windows suggesting visions of fire and sofa, tea and muffins, were really too tempting to be resisted by two travelworn and frost-bitten mortals at this hour of a November night."

I said something civil about hoping to see him at Enmore Hall while his sister continued to be its inmate, as often as his leisure would permit: and I concluded with a half-dubious bow to his silent friend, who immediately acknowledged the compliment.

"You are very kind," said he, with grave politeness; "and the prospect is peculiarly agreeable when contrasted with our bachelor establishment at Acton Cottage. Neither of us can trust the other to make tea; and, as we have only one tea-pot, and the cook refuses to boil water for us more than twice a day, we are obliged to take it by turns to go without 'the cup which cheers but not inebriates.'"

I was puzzled by the extreme quietness of manner with which this speech was delivered, and scarcely knew whether to laugh or not. My instinct, which is seldom at fault in detecting at once those who are likely to prove uncongenial on further acquaintance, had inspired me with an impulse of dislike to Captain Everard at the moment in which he was so unexpectedly introduced to my notice. I cannot deny that he looked like a gentleman, and some people might even have thought him good-looking; but he was pale, grave, and erect; and I made up my mind that he would prove to be sickly, stern, and formal; and I was not to be shaken in this determination by an ease of manner, and an expression of humor about the mouth, which seemed to indicate better things. Accordingly, I addressed myself principally to Frank Kinnaird, and expressed a charitable hope that his sister was not over-tired with her journey.

"She will be quite restored to-morrow," was his

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answer, 'and you will then be able to make acquaintance with each other—a process which I fancy that ladies can accomplish far more rapidly than gentlemen. I think I may venture to say, that Miss Forde will find no reason to regret the kindness which has induced her to take charge of Edith—eh, Everard!"

"Miss Kinnaird is perfectly faultless in person, manners, mind, and heart," returned the gentleman thus appealed to. "I am qualified to pronounce this opinion, for it is full twenty-four hours since I was introduced to her."

"Ah, you laugh at me," cried Kinnaird, good-humoredly; "but I have the satisfaction of feeling sure, that if you had such a sister of your own, you would be just as proud of her as I am."

"There can be no doubt of that," answered Captain Everard. "Short as our acquaintance has been, I am beginning to feel proud of her already."

"We won't attend to him, Miss Forde," exclaimed Kinnaird, turning to me; "he is an incorrigible cynic—a fellow that does n't believe in the existence of anything good upon the face of the earth."

"A comprehensive assertion that," coolly remarked Captain Everard, by way of comment.

"But," proceeded Frank, without minding him, "I am afraid of saying too much about Edith beforehand, you know, lest you should be disappointed; and I know I may naturally be supposed to be partial. I dare say she is nothing wonderful—much like other young ladies; but she has had many advantages in education, and she has certainly made the most of them—not that she is a blue-stocking—(I hate blue-stockings!)—nor one of those moving automatons of accomplishments that one dares not come near, for fear one should touch the spring by accident, and they should go off into a bravura, or a German drama: no, she has no pedantry or affectation about her, of any kind; but," and here he lowered his voice, and assumed a confidential air, "I can't help speaking to you as an old friend, because I have heard so much of you and yours in days long gone by. She really is a very attractive sort of girl; and when she is presented next spring, we really do expect that she will make a sensation."

"Don't be afraid of speaking too warmly to me," cried I, delighted at his animation in his sister's behalf. "I am a very old-fashioned person in most of my opinions, and I always suspect the genuineness of an affection which is afraid to show its face."

Captain Everard gave me a peculiar look, which seemed to express, "How much I *could* say in answer to that sentiment; but I am not going to say anything." (I have often observed this kind of expression in the eyes of highly argumentative persons, when their acquaintance with you is as yet too recent to justify their attacking you for every word you utter, and when, consequently, they are just endurable—which, when the compassionate restraints of good-breeding drop away, they are *not*.) He then turned to his friend, and said—

"Miss Kinnaird is highly accomplished, I know; yet I own I did fancy that her touch on the piano——"

"I don't know what fault you can find with her touch on the piano," replied Frank, shortly. "That fellow Thalberg said it was excellent, when he heard her, and I should think he knew rather more about it than either you or I. But how absurd I am!" added he, checking himself, "or rather, how absurd you are! Why, you have never heard her play at all."

"Of course not," answered Everard; "for even you would hardly reckon among her perfections the power of introducing a pianoforte into her travelling-carriage. Neither did I find fault with her touch: I only just mentioned it—and lo! you hurl aside that poor inefficient mask of polite indifference directly, and show a scowling face, with defiance in every line. And I am sure Miss Forde will approve of me for having produced this effect, for I have just heard her say that she likes affection to show its face boldly, and go flaunting and shouting about the streets and markets to the tune of 'I love her, *how* I love her!'"

His emphasis was so gravely comic as he pronounced these words, that I could not help laughing, though it was at myself. I had no time to undertake my defence, for, at this moment, Miss Kinnaird entered, and the attention of two of the party, at least, was immediately absorbed by her.

I was absolutely astonished at the splendor of her beauty. Descriptions of person are proverbially ineffective, yet I must try to give some idea of her peculiar characteristics. I have already said that she was more than usually tall; but the moulding of her figure was at once so round and so delicate, that whilst her worst foe could not have dared to call her lanky, her most injudicious admirer would never have thought of describing her as "a fine woman." Her head was small almost to a fault, covered with that abundance of dark hair which had made such an impression upon Owen, and which was drawn back from her brow, and braided together in one interminable length of glossy plait, arranged so as to form a natural coronet. Her forehead was low and wide; the eyebrows and eyelashes nearly black; the eyes deep-set, almond-shaped, and of the darkest possible gray; the nose high and exquisitely chiselled; the mouth small, full, and with that peculiar curve of lip which is almost disdainful when in repose. She moved like a queen of nature's making, and it was impossible to look at her without mentally agreeing with her brother's opinion, that a creature so gifted, both by nature and fortune, would, indeed, "make a sensation" when she should appear in the gay world for which she was intended. I found that I was losing myself in melancholy wonder whether she would not be utterly spoiled by the dangerous admiration of the multitude, and what would be her final destiny: so I shook off my meditative humor at once, and set to work in good earnest to make myself and my tea as agreeable to my visitors as I could.

We naturally fell into conversation upon Alford and its neighborhood, Miss Kinnaird inquiring into the nature and number of its picturesque attractions, with the eagerness of a London-bred girl, whose conceptions of country enjoyments derive their beautiful coloring from the recollection of a happy childhood spent among woods and waters, flowers and birds. This was a point on which I could be eloquent, and I counted up, with animation almost equal to her own, the walks and views to which I hoped to introduce her, lamenting all the while that her first acquaintance with the soft and various loveliness of Devonshire should be made in the leafless month of November.

"Edith does not ask you about the men and women of the place, you perceive," cried Frank Kinnaird, mockingly, yet with an evident wish to call my attention to the simplicity of his sister's

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tastes. "She is a very romantic young lady; all her sympathies are for hills, meadows, and waterfalls. But I—who am a matter-of-fact person, who live by eating, drinking, and talking, and am resolved to obtain as many pleasant helps to those three grand occupations as I can for the next month or two—I may perhaps be permitted to inquire what kind of society is attainable at Alford?"

"Your sister is infinitely indebted to you, Kinnaird," said Captain Everard. "She was just coming to that question. She, however, would have been compelled to ask it in a circumlocutory manner, and with an air of nonchalance, as if it dropped out by accident, so as not to incur the reproach of feeling any interest in her fellow-creatures; while you are able to obtain the information she wants openly, without the trouble of manœuvring, or the danger of disguise. You are an invaluable friend."

"That is a part of your system of having no faith in anybody," said Miss Kinnaird, quickly.

"My system of having no faith in anybody!" repeated he, with an air of astonishment; "I did not know I had such a system. Pray how did you find it out?"

"I dare say," exclaimed she, evading the question, "you do not believe in the reality of my love of beautiful country; you think I say it for effect, and that I am ashamed to express my true opinions, and think it very fine to assume indifference to everything except the beauties of nature, and, perhaps, books. But you are quite mistaken. I am not in the least ashamed of owning that I am very fond of society; that I delight in balls, and that I shall be excessively glad to hear that there is any chance of my going to one at Alford. Only you know," she added, turning to me, "that is no contradiction to my loving a fine view, and enjoying a country walk."

"Far from it," answered I; "the more keen one's perceptions of pleasure are, the more comprehensive they are likely to be—at least, that is my idea."

"Your *system*, you mean, Miss Forde," said Captain Everard. "We have all got systems, only we don't know what they are till this lady is so good as to find them out for us. If I chose, I could dispute every assertion which Miss Kinnaird made in her last speech, especially the closing one; but I am so much interested to know how she discovered my system, that I cannot rest till she has told me. You won't refuse to explain, will you?" added he, addressing himself directly to her.

The young lady blushed, but did not seem at all disposed to retreat from what she had said. "Oh," she replied, "people who have the sort of views that you have, cannot conceal them if they would. One sees it all immediately. The manner in which you listened to Frank's account of his two friends, at dinner to-day, showed me at once what you thought."

"Indeed!" said he, apparently much amused. "Miss Forde, I am afraid you will find your companion very dangerous. You will stand committed to unknown and elaborate systems, not by the words you speak, but by the manner in which you listen; and at dinner too, when one is apt to fancy that observation is at rest, and the stricter restraints of society may be a little relaxed. You will never be safe; and I really know not what advice to give you, for the last refuge of a cautious mind—silence—is converted into an ambush of the enemy."

"Listening is often a great deal more expressive than talking," said Miss Kinnaird, with playful determination; "besides, you were not wholly silent."

"I spoke, did I?" cried he. "I feel infinitely gratified to think that my words should have made so deep an impression."

I came to Edith's assistance here, for this last stroke evidently disconcerted her a little. "What is the story of Captain Kinnaird's two friends," asked I, "which has given rise to this war of words? I cannot decide which of you is wrong till I know the whole history."

"Oh! I'll enlighten you," cried Frank: "Everard, you know, is not in our regiment now; he exchanged more than two years since, and has been to the West Indies, and had the yellow fever, &c. &c., and that is why he is down here with me, on sick leave, recruiting a little. So he was asking me after some of our old friends to-day; and, among other histories, I told him of a fellow of the name of Harrison, whom we both knew very well, and who has just sold out, and bought land in Australia. A strange fancy it is, to be sure, and he has persuaded another fellow of ours—Milford (Everard, you did n't know Milford, he was after your time)—to join him, and they sunk the price of their commissions, and such private property as they had besides, in the purchase of I don't know how many acres, somewhere beyond Sydney, and they sailed last month, and are gone to set up farming together: the only wise part of the plan seems to me to be their going together, for they were always uncommonly great cronies; and it will certainly be better for them to have each other to talk to, instead of settlers and natives, and those sort of people."

"And I believe the head and front of *my* offending," said Captain Everard to Miss Kinnaird, "was, that I ventured to think it the only, or the most, unwise part of the plan! Did I do anything worse than that—except listen?"

She laughed, and replied—"Oh yes, you did much worse. When Frank told you that there was a *real friendship* between them, you said you hoped it might last."

"Upon my word, Edith," cried her brother, joining Captain Everard and myself in the laugh which these words elicited, "it was a very charitable hope of Everard's, for I am sure if it does not last, the poor fellows will be in pretty nearly the most uncomfortable situation that I can imagine. Would you have had him hope that it might not last?"

"Yes, I think I may retort upon my assailant," added Everard. "I won't be so very general in my assertion; but it is pretty evidently Miss Kinnaird's system to have no faith in *me*."

"Oh, the *tone* in which you said it!" persisted she; "it implied such a disbelief in the possibility of its lasting. You may laugh, if you please, but I am sure it did. Now, can you say—truly and honestly—that you do not expect them to quarrel almost immediately?"

"I believe, on my honor and conscience," replied Captain Everard, with solemnity, "that by this day six months—I say six months, because I like to be on the safe side—they will not be upon speaking terms."

"There!" cried Edith, in triumph. "Was I not right! But *how* I pity you!"

"You pity me," rejoined he, "because I have a little more experience in human nature than it is possible or natural that you should have. Well,

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if such experience be profitable, I will allow that it is not very exhilarating. But I have this great advantage, that I am not undergoing perpetual disappointments. Knowing the truth of that wise old saying, that 'every man has his price,' I am neither exuberantly confident nor jealously suspicious; but I pay for what I get, and never consider myself ill-used, unless, as sometimes happens, I don't get what I have paid for."

"Is it really possible?" exclaimed Edith, casting up her eyes, while her face glowed with generous and indignant astonishment. "Can I be hearing such words said in earnest? Oh, how glad, how thankful I am that there is not one spark of truth in them—that there are such things as friendship, and honor, and nobleness—that there are, have been, and will be, men who would die sooner than do what their conscience disapproved, though they might gain kingdoms by doing it! But it makes me uncomfortable to hear it said—though I know how false it is."

She stopped, seemingly quite abashed at her own warmth. "Everard is quizzing you, Edith," said her brother; "he is only trying to put you in a passion, and I must say he has succeeded."

"He is putting me in a passion also," said I, "and I dare say that is more than he intended. Captain Everard, we cannot allow these assertions to pass. Surely you are not in earnest."

He turned to me with a half-laugh, as though he had scarcely expected me to interpose with so much animation, and felt that a little more seriousness was necessary in replying to me than he had thought it incumbent on him to assume towards the younger lady, with whose undisguised warmth of feeling he seemed to be amusing himself a little unguardedly.

"Why, I am not going to maintain," he answered, "that the *literal* sense of the words is true.—I don't say, that every man has his price actually in pounds, shillings, and pence. But I think we can scarcely confute the assertion taken in a wider signification. I don't think we find many men who can resist temptation if only it assail them on their weak point, whatever that may happen to be. Most of the instances of heroic virtue concerning which society is eloquent seem to me to resolve themselves into this, that the man was tried where he happened to be strong, and so withstood the trial easily enough. A generous man is tempted to do a mean action—tempted, that is, by some arrangement of external circumstances which makes such an action easy and profitable. He does not do it, simply because he does not feel the slightest inclination to do it, and the world cries out in admiration. But let the same man be tempted to fly into a passion, and ten to one, he yields to the impulse without a struggle. The tempter has only to pay *his price*, and he wins his prey immediately."

"This seems to me sophistical," said I; "but I am not logician enough to argue with you. According to this reasoning, I suppose that a man who had so schooled his mind as to make his impulses good instead of evil, would possess no merit at all."

"Pardon me," cried he, "I was speaking of real, modern, living men, such as we see around us. The character you describe is not to be met with among them—I was speaking of a man who is governed by his temperament—I should hardly venture to speak at all of one who had learned to govern it."

"You have a bad opinion of human nature."

"I have indeed," replied he, gravely, "a very high opinion of what it might be—a very low opinion of what it is."

"And you do not believe in friendship?" exclaimed Miss Kinnaird; "that seems to me the strangest of all your opinions. I always thought there was so much real friendship among military men; there is such close and constant companionship, such unrestrained intimacy, such mutual dependence and forbearance. Why do you smile? I am sure it is the general rule—I am sure Frank thinks so."

"And so the tie which unites two red coats is in your eyes a holy and romantic thing! Forgive me if I say 'that seems to me the strangest of all your opinions.' I should like to hear your notions of a military life."

"I ought to know something on the subject," answered she, coloring a good deal. "I am a soldier's sister."

"In the days of chivalry—in which you *ought* to have lived (you will at least agree with me in that)—such friendships as those which you are imagining to yourself, may have been common enough," observed Captain Everard. "Men to whom the profession of arms was a sacred thing, to be entered on with fast, prayer, and vigil, who had again and again faced death side by side, not with the bravado of physical indifference, but with the reverent fearlessness of Christian faith, whose vow of brotherhood was assumed before God, and blessed by the church—don't you think such men as these must have been very nice?" added he, with a sudden change of tone and manner, as he encountered Edith's kindling eyes.

She made him no answer at all, and after a moment's pause he proceeded, "But what do you suppose is the progress of a friendship between two knights of modern times—degenerate creatures that they are? It begins over the mess table, when the heart is warmed by a few additional glasses, and is in the most favorable state for the reception of a deep and lasting impression; it is cemented by sympathy and mutual assistance in practical jokes, and the noble contention of singlestick; and, in the higher cases, though even these are by no means rare, the *friend*, emphatically so called, seals his devotion by becoming second in that rational and Christian recreation, a duel! A bond thus hallowed may naturally be expected to outlast time itself."

"Come, come, Everard, this won't do at all," cried Kinnaird, taking up the cudgels; "why, my dear fellow, your arguments are as flimsy as possible. I'll say nothing about your knights of old, though, if they began their friendships, as I dare say they did, over noble wine of Xeres, and cemented them at tilts and tourneys, I don't see why they need despise our mess tables and singlestick. But if you mean to say, that there does not often exist between brother-officers a friendship as true, as refined, and as lasting, as can ever be met with in the world, I say you are mistaken. Why, you are yourself a proof to the contrary. Think what you have been to me!"

"My dear Frank," said Everard quickly, "I am arguing with the ladies; you are not to interest yourself in the matter at all. Besides, I am quite sure that I shall have Miss Kinnaird on my side here. I know, if she will only be so charitable to confess it, that she has a much higher opinion of the knights of old than of her majesty's army at the present day. Now have you not, Miss Kinnaird?"

"If Edith would rather have a great murdering

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baron who could neither read nor write, than an accomplished, educated, rational man, I can only say she is very foolish," observed Kinnaird.

"You could not possible say anything milder under the circumstances," returned his friend. "But I see I must take you home, where we can argue the question at our leisure. We are keeping the ladies up unconscionably late after your sister's fatigue."

Frank rose at this hint, and the gentlemen took their leave. "I am afraid I go away in disgrace," said Captain Everard, as he shook hands with me, "but you have a very charitable expression of countenance, and I shall trust to you, first to forgive me yourself, and then to make my peace with that young lady, with whom I can scarcely venture to shake hands."

"If I thought you were really and thoroughly in earnest," rejoined she, doubtfully, "I should think a great deal worse of you than I do."

"Then I beg you will continue to suppose me in jest," cried he, as he quitted the room.

"That is a singular person," said I, when we were left alone. "Is he a very intimate friend of your brother's?"

"The dearest friend Frank has in the world," replied Edith; "I have been hearing Captain Everard's praises ever since he got his first commission; I believe he has a great many good qualities, and he has been invaluable to Frank—and his conversation is interesting—one could not go to sleep over it as one so often feels inclined to do with commonplace people—but I cannot say that I like him."

"I should not like him for a friend," I observed cautiously.

"I dislike him excessively," cried she, with energy. And so we parted for the night.

What a number of little worlds revolve, unsuspected, under the uniform surface of that complex and mysterious thing, society! The only words spoken that evening which had penetrated into my heart, and which remained there, were the careless expressions of Frank Kinnaird, "that he looked upon me as an old friend *because he had heard so much of me in his childhood.*" Amid the interminable musings which arose out of this little sentence, I fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

Edith and I had scarcely finished breakfast, the following morning, when Mrs. Alvanley arrived. I was not disposed to thwart her evident wish to be considered "one of the family," and I allowed her full scope for ingratiating herself with my fair young charge, of which she proceeded to avail herself by paying Miss Kinnaird the most marked attention, implying rather than expressing (every young lady will understand how this may be done) a very lively degree of admiration of her personal charms, and volunteering a description of the principal families of the neighborhood, which she gave with some spirit and piquancy, and a little ill-nature.

"You are new to this style of society, my dear," she concluded, "and you will be not a little amused as its involved and nicely-balanced machinery gradually opens to your observation. Happy girl! You don't even know the difference between the 'town set' and 'the county families'—the brand of disgrace and the badge of honor; neither are you aware of that mysterious system of progression by which you rise in gentility as you retreat from the baleful precincts of the town. Now, the wife of a gentleman farmer who lives in a 'place of his own'—Heaven save the mark!—three miles up the country, is too elegant to visit the lady of an officer, whose family is ten times better than her own, but who is so unfortunate as to dwell within the turnpike. Then you must learn to distinguish the gradation of costume, which delicately marks the various classes, from the Parisian capote and gaudy satins of the attorney's lady, to the straw bonnets and sober-tinted garments of the member's wife and daughters, aristocracy increasing as outward show of it diminishes. All this you will see with your own eyes next Sunday."

"Next Sunday!" repeated Edith innocently. "What happens then?"

"Why, you go to church, to be sure," replied Mrs. Alvanley, "and you will then have an excellent opportunity of seeing all the varieties assembled together, and, if you class them according to bonnets, remembering the rule I have given you, you can't fail of discovering the two extremes at once, though you will require a little practice to discern accurately the intermediate grades."

"I will be very attentive," said Edith, with a glance of extreme amusement at me, "and I dare say, by the third or fourth Sunday, I shall know them all asunder, and be able to reckon them over separately in my mind while the sermon is going on. Don't you think so?"

"Oh fie!" cried Mrs. Alvanley, playfully; "don't let Miss Forde think that I am corrupting your principles. You must listen to the sermon, of course; Mr. Lymes is a very fine preacher."

"Then am I to count the bonnets during prayers?" demanded Edith pertinaciously.

Her instructress seemed a little embarrassed. "Nay, you are rather severe," she said; "I did not of course mean that. But one has plenty of time for such things during the going in and coming out."

"Preparation for service—and practical result produced by it—I understand exactly," said Edith; and then added quickly, as if afraid she was being too satirical, "but Mrs. Alvanley, that is the regular conventional description of vulgarity and gentility which you have given—that classing people by their dress. I don't think it holds good in reality—at least I 'm sure it would not with me, for I would never put on an unbecoming poke bonnet for the sake of looking aristocratic in a country church."

"I admire that sentiment," cried Captain Everard, entering the room with Frank Kinnaird; "it is as genuine as it is boldly expressed. No higher principle can be proposed to a young lady than that of always doing, thinking, and wearing, whatever is most becoming."

Miss Kinnaird was a little out of countenance, but laughed heartily.

"Well," she said, "it is what we all do, only we are not all brave enough to confess it."

"Very true," returned he; "and it is a fine thing to do what you have done—namely to bring your avowed principles to the same level as your actions. We won't inquire *how* you have achieved it, but will leave the imagination to conclude that it was by raising the one—not by lowering the other."

"Oh, I can't contend with you," exclaimed Edith. "But I was in hopes that a night's rest would have produced a happier frame of mind. I

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laid your misanthropy last night to the account of your fatiguing journey, but I begin to be afraid that it is inherent."

"Yes," he replied, "I was born with a cold heart and a sour temper, and I am glad of it. It saves a world of trouble. All those sentiments which you will have to learn by a tedious and afflictive process, which I won't pain you by describing, come to me naturally."

"They are not sentiments at all," cried Edith. "Don't degrade the word by such an application."

"Give them a name, then," said he. "What shall I call them?"

"*You* may call them prejudices and mistakes, if you please," answered Miss Kinnaird smiling; "*I* dare not, you see, because I have not known you long enough."

I interrupted the combatants by introducing Captain Everard to Mrs. Alvanley. After the usual civilities had been exchanged, he said, addressing himself to me, "I have had an adventure this morning, and I am eager to tell it."

"Indeed!" cried I, "pray indulge yourself. We are all anxious to hear."

"We were alone in the drawing-room at Acton cottage," he began. "I was studying; Kinnaird was smoking a cigar."

"*I!*" cried Frank indignantly, "I was not doing anything of the sort. And as to your *studies*—"

"My dear fellow!" interrupted Everard, "these little graphic touches give life to my narration. If you were not smoking a cigar, you might have been; and so there is no harm in handing you down to posterity as having been actually so engaged at a given time. But let me go on. A thundering knock at the door disturbed us—we foreboded visitors; and Frank, who is apt to indulge in a few graceful *ad libitum* variations of costume during a morning at home, was forced to beat a hasty retreat."

"This is the most unfair mode of telling a story that I ever heard," interposed Kinnaird.

"You shall set it all right when I have done," said his friend; "you shall supply a commentary, like the notes to a ghost story, in which the editor takes pains to let his readers know that he is not such a fool as to believe what he is telling, though his teeth chatter, and his hair stands on end, all the while. Well, my teeth chattered I assure you; no ghost could have been so awful as the apparition which followed that knock at the door, and came upon me, deserted and solitary as I was. A lady, enveloped in a perfect haze of gauzes and laces, and the like unsubstantial investments, glided into the room, and addressed me with a degree of warmth that would have overcome a man less acquainted with the amiable impressibility of the sex than myself."

Mrs. Alvanley, Miss Kinnaird, and I, all exclaimed at this, and insisted on his retracting before he could be allowed to proceed.

"Well, then, I recant," cried he; "they are not generally impressible. It is only where I am concerned. Now, don't interrupt me again, pray. You shall be allowed your commentary, as well as Kinnaird, when I have finished. This fair lady addressed me as follows. I shall try to give you her exact words: 'You will excuse this unceremonious visit; but I am so very anxious to make your acquaintance, that I resolved to dispense with etiquette, and come in person to secure you for my party on Thursday evening.' I bowed, and said I should be very happy to come. I always accept invitations, how inexplicable soever they may be. She proceeded—'I am afraid there was a mistake about the note I sent you; I am afraid it was left at the wrong house. But I felt justified by my intimacy with your lovely sister—' Miss Kinnaird, I beg your pardon, I forgot you were in the room. The unknown continued to talk about you for some time. 'To be sure,' she justly observed, 'that girl *is*——'"

"How can you be so absurd?" cried Edith, laughing and coloring. "But who was the lady? She mistook you for Frank, of course; and she must be some friend of mine. Do tell me who she was."

"Oh, he 'll never tell you!" said Kinnaird. "When he is in this humor there 's no getting a word of sense out of him. It was Lady Vaughan. You know they have property in this neighborhood, and young Lord Vaughan came of age two months ago, and is come down with his mother to winter here. I expect they will be uncommonly pleasant neighbors."

"Lady Vaughan!" repeated Edith, her color deepening as she spoke; "oh, I know her very well. I spent five weeks in the same house with her last midsummer, and she was very kind to me. I am glad they are here."

"Was Lord Vaughan of the party also?" inquired Captain Everard quietly.

"Yes!" replied Edith, looking down; "they were both there."

"Lord Vaughan is an extremely good fellow," said Frank. "I saw a good deal of him at Weymouth last autumn, and I liked him very much. They will be great acquisitions. They are coming to call here to-day, Miss Forde," added he, turning to me, "as they are most anxious to bespeak you and Edith for this ball of theirs next Thursday. And Lady Vaughan begged me to break the ice for her, and induce you to excuse such short notice; it was only the day before yesterday that she knew we were all coming here."

I said nothing of the three weeks which I had passed at Enmore without receiving a visit from Lady Vaughan, who unfortunately had not suspected that the beautiful heiress, whose acquaintance she was so anxious to cultivate, could be coming to reside with a person so unimportant as myself; but I made haste to answer the eager inquiry in Edith's eyes by saying that I should certainly accept the invitation.

"How good of you!" cried Mrs. Alvanley; "you who hate gayety, and go so little into society! Remember, dear Miss Forde, whenever you find the duties of a chaperon at all too much for you, I shall be most happy to relieve you."

I knew that Mrs. Alvanley would have given her ears to have obtained the *entrée* into Lady Vaughan's house, so I took the self-sacrificing offer for just as much as it was worth, and replied coolly that I had always contemplated accompanying Miss Kinnaird into such society as Alford could afford her, and that I rejoiced for her sake in having to begin the duties of a chaperon so early and so auspiciously.

We were interrupted here by the announcement of the very persons who formed the subject of our conversation; namely Lord and Lady—or, as I suppose I ought to say in the present case—Lady and Lord Vaughan.

Lady Vaughan was a lively, elegant woman, still on the sunny side of fifty, with easy manners, and an abundance of small talk. She contrived to keep

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the two young men, Mrs. Alvanley, and myself, thoroughly engaged in conversation with her; while her son devoted himself to Miss Kinnaird in that direct, immediate, and business-like manner, which marks the flirtations of some men, and which seems to say, "I came here solely for the purpose of seeing you, and I mean to make the most of my time." This kind of wooing leaves no room for the timid flutter, the sensitive doubt, or the consciousness which detects secret engrossment under assumed indifference; it is resolute and undisguised throughout, and seeks no shadier spot wherein to pour forth its sentimentalities than the ball-room staircase, or the opera lobby. And the character of such a lover, consistently enough, is generally marked by a disposition to seize the prominent features, and overlook the finer details, of whatsoever is submitted to his consideration; you shall find that his enjoyment of Shakspeare is confined to an interest in the story of the play, and that his admiration of the country centres in an intense appreciation of pic-nics. Lord Vaughan, however, was a very favorable specimen of his class. Good-looking, gentlemanlike, and fluent, he amused Edith so well, that there was not a single pause in their conversation, while his merest nothings were rendered interesting by the tone of deference and the look of admiration with which he uttered them.

I watched my fair charge closely, but could not satisfy myself that her symptoms indicated any feeling deeper than the gentle charity wherewith a girl invariably judges her first admirer. Still her state was, to say the least of it, promising; she blushed, smiled, and did not look him straight in the face; there was no saying to what it might come. I knew that Lord Vaughan bore a very high character, and that, in point of circumstances and position, he was an unexceptionable *párti*, so I resolved to give him every assistance in my power, and I could not help indulging a little triumph as I remembered Owen's exceedingly low opinion of my capacity as a manœuvrer, and anticipated his perfect contentment with the engagement into which I expected that his ward would enter while under my charge. Only two things specially worthy of note occurred ere the lady and her son took leave, viz., Edith was engaged for the first polka on Thursday evening, and Mrs. Alvanley was expressly included in the invitation to the ball. She owed this little piece of good fortune to the foresight which had induced her to take off her bonnet and shawl immediately after her arrival: Lady Vaughan having concluded, naturally enough, that she was a visitor in the house.

"Well, Edith, I congratulate you!" cried Frank, when we were alone again. "A ball and a conquest so soon after your debût—it is more than you could have expected."

"Yes," replied his sister, "is n't it nice?"

"Is n't it nice?" repeated Captain Everard, inquiringly. "Which?"

"Neither is to be despised, I assure you," observed Kinnaird. "Lord Vaughan is a most agreeable fellow, and what is more, he bears the highest character possible."

"Indeed," said Everard drily, "what has he done?"

"Done!" reiterated his friend, half puzzled, half indignant. "I don't know what you mean, Everard. What whim now is it, that induces you to run down Lord Vaughan?"

"Run him down!" cried Captain Everard, a little indignant in his turn; "I never had such an idea; only you are running him up so confoundedly, that it makes a man look about to discover what he has done. 'The highest character, possible,' simply means that this promising youth of twenty-one is neither a gamester nor a drunkard; at least, I believe that is the plain English of the phrase."

"Nay," interposed I; "you must not deal so strictly with mere conversational expressions. Moreover, I think that a man's merits ought to be judged according to his temptations; and you will allow, that, to a young man entering life under Lord Vaughan's circumstances, temptations are neither few nor trivial."

"My dear madam," exclaimed he with earnestness, "Lord Vaughan may be an angel for anything I know, and very probably is. Pray don't fancy that I want to depreciate him."

"No," said Edith, "it is human nature in general that you want to depreciate. You want to renew the argument of last night."

"I did not remember that there *was* an argument last night," observed he quietly—"who argued?"

I felt absolutely enraged at this rudeness, but Miss Kinnaird only laughed and said, "How insulting!"

"I thought," replied he, "it would rather be an insult to a lady to suppose her capable of arguing. Surely it militates a little against that ethereal gentleness which characterizes all the females in your ideal world, and which endears them so much to the high-souled generous men, as companions for whom they were created."

"I wish you would not pretend to know anything about my ideal world," exclaimed she, "you make dreadful mistakes about it. Besides, I should like to know which is most to be reprobated—a woman who cannot argue, or a man who cannot believe?"

"Don't reckon me in the latter class!" cried he, catching for a moment the eagerness of her tone.

"How delightful!" said Edith. "For once you have said what you think."

He laughed. "You don't know me," was his answer, "or you would know that I always speak as I think. You charitably give me credit for being a vast deal better than I seem; on the contrary, like most of my fellow-creatures, I am a vast deal worse."

"I don't think that is possible," cried Edith. "Nay, you need not laugh; I assure you I am in earnest. According to your own profession, you have neither faith, hope, nor charity."

"That is a tremendous accusation," he replied; "of course you are prepared to substantiate it."

"You cannot deny it," persisted she; "you have no faith in human nature, no hope that it will ever become any better than it is, and therefore, of course, no charity."

"You have described me exactly," said he, bowing; "your insight into character is wonderful; you ought to write fashionable and domestic novels."

But Edith was not to be bantered out of her severity. Whether it was that she was genuinely interested in the subject, or that she was a little angry at the disparaging tone which Captain Everard had adopted about Lord Vaughan, I cannot say, but she proceeded with increased animation. "Do you know that I think your opinions are, if sincere, the most wonderful and the most miserable that I ever met with? Have you never in all your life met with affection—real, true, unselfish affection, that can overcome and endure everything?"

There was a momentary expression of pain in his face, as if he shrank from the subject—at least

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so I fancied—but it passed away in an instant, and he answered in his former enigmatical tone, in which neither Edith nor I were able to separate the jest from the earnest, the assumption from the reality: "Oh! yes, often! It is a very pretty thing to play with when the sun shines."

Edith looked at him with an expression of genuine horror; he laughed, and after a moment's pause she continued. "Well, then, we won't talk about yourself. Of course you must know yourself better than I do, and if you say that you are incapable of feeling anything, I am bound to believe you. But I will maintain that you have no right to judge other people by the same rule. You must look upon yourself as an exception, and when you want to understand others, you must take it for granted that they have minds and hearts unlike your own. Now, there is Frank, for instance—pray don't fancy that his friendship for you is like yours for him."

"Frank is a very good fellow," said Captain Everard, with the same provoking smile, looking towards his friend, who had withdrawn to the further end of the room to write a letter; "and I am so well satisfied with his friendship that I would not wish to look too closely into it."

"Do you mean to say that *his* affection is only a plaything for a sunshiny day?" exclaimed Edith, indignantly; "do you mean to say that if you were in trouble he would not make sacrifices in order to serve you?"

"I would never ask him," returned Everard.

"Why not? Would you be too proud to ask a service, even of a friend?"

"No," said he, "but I like to keep a few little snug illusions as long as I can; at any rate I wouldn't disperse them with my own hand. But it is a shame to talk to you in this manner. Your faith in your own illusions is so zealous that I would not disturb it for the world."

"You *could* not," cried she. "My illusions, as you call them, are *truth*, and that is my great comfort. It is not because I am young and a woman that I think in this manner—the older I grow, the more steadfastly I hope I shall believe in the reality of everything which you despise! I would rather die this moment than think as you do!"

He looked at her an instant with a half-amused, half-admiring expression, and then replied—"*Di chi mi fido, guardami Dio! Di chi non mi fido mi guarderò io!** You know the proverb, doubtless. Kinnaird, is n't it time for us to be moving?"

"I'll follow you," replied Frank, looking up; "I must finish this letter."

Captain Everard bowed and took his leave.

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh Frank!" cried Edith, throwing herself on the sofa beside her brother, "I don't like your friend at all!"

"Not like him! Now my dear Edith, that is so like a school-girl—making up your mind that you don't like a man, after two days' acquaintance!"

"I never could like him, if I were to know him for years—besides, I think one knows very well by the end of two days how far it is possible to like a person."

Her brother laughed.

"Now don't teaze me, Frank," she pursued; "I am not school-girlish; and really your friend's opinions are so very dreadful, that it would be impossible for me to like him."

"My dear child, he only talks in that manner for the sake of argument. A man always tries to provoke a girl when he wants to draw her out."

"But I do not like to be played with in that manner. Besides, I am quite sure he was in earnest in a great deal of what he said."

"What! in his misanthropy?" asked Frank. "Poor fellow! it is no wonder that he is a little soured; when you know his story, you will understand directly that it is almost impossible for him to take a cheerful view of life. His father died some four and twenty years ago, leaving a widow with three young children, of whom Philip, scarcely then eight years old, was the eldest. Mrs. Everard was a very attractive woman, and her children idolized her. I remember her well—there was about her that sort of undisguised warmth, nay, almost excitability of manner, which people are apt to consider a sign of deep feeling, and which, when it is accompanied by grace, fluency, and gentleness, makes a woman absolutely irresistible. But, after all, I distrust the sort of thing myself—there 's no substance in it. She was the kind of woman that would go into hysterics one hour because something reminded her of her husband, and be the life and queen of a gay circle the next."

"She must have been a hypocrite," said Edith, with the unhesitating decision of eighteen.

"No," replied I; "I have known characters of that stamp in the course of my life, and should say of them, with Byron, 'They are not false, but they are fickle.' There is a fascination in the freedom and nature with which such a woman displays the very feelings which, when real, are reserved and retiring—a fascination which perhaps at first would only be resisted by a mind of unusual refinement; but, as your brother says, 'there is no substance in it.' Shakspeare, who touches everything, has given us the model of such a character in his Lady Anne, 'inconstant, shallow, changing.' Those who quarrel with the picture as *unnatural*, or who would destroy its truth by explaining away either the genuineness of her tears over her husband's corpse, or the sincerity of the weakness with which she yields to the wooing of that very husband's murderer, mistake the intention of the portrait altogether. Its very nature consists in its contradictions, which, to the merely theoretical observer, make it appear unnatural—but pray, Mr. Kinnaird, go on with Mrs. Everard's history."

He resumed: "Philip was a boy of unusual talent, and excessively warm affections—you may look incredulous if you please, Edith, but I have all these particulars from the very highest authority. He positively worshipped his mother. He was sent to school early; and therefore it was not to be expected that, as he grew old enough to observe, the true shallowness of her character should be discovered by him. To him she was enthusiastically affectionate; welcoming him and parting from him with floods of tears, loading him with caresses, insisting on receiving a letter from him at least once a week while they were separated, and indulging him to the very uttermost when they were together. The family arrangements were rather peculiar. Mr. Everard was a poor man, and the property which he left behind him did not amount to more than four hundred a year; this he divided equally between the widow and the eldest son, leaving the sole guardianship of the boy in the hands of a friend of tried discretion, and recommending to both, in the most earnest and affectionate terms, the charge of the two younger children.

* "God protect me from the man I trust! I will protect myself from him whom I trust not!"

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Philip was destined for the church; he was a remarkable boy, and, even from a very early age, fully comprehending the position of the family, he habituated himself to the practice of the strictest personal self-denial. His guardian, from whom I learned these circumstances, told me, that, during a vacation which the boy passed under his roof when not more than twelve years old, his economy was so strict as to attract attention. He was evidently living by system—he refused steadily all the petty luxuries of the table, and either had no pocket-money at all, or, if he had any, never spent it. Mr. Gray, who had no very high opinion of Mrs. Everard, began to suspect that the allowance which he made her for her son's use, was partly appropriated to other purposes—or else that the boy himself was naturally stingy—a thing almost inconceivable. So he called Philip into his study one morning, and questioned him, kindly but closely. The little fellow answered with the utmost simplicity, 'that he had lately read for the first time the letter which his father had left for him, and that, now that he understood exactly how they were all circumstanced, he was trying to accustom himself to live upon as little as possible, in order that there might be money saved to pay for the education of his brothers,' (twins, seven years younger than himself.) 'For you know,' he added, 'Mamma must of course have her two hundred a year to keep house with, and I must pay for Ralph and Harry's schooling.' Mr. Gray was touched, and promised his assistance in the education of the younger boys; but though Philip thanked him warmly, he appeared to consider the responsibility inalienably his own, and did not relax the strictness of his self-imposed rule. As he grew older, he showed the most passionate love of study, and his soul seemed to be entirely absorbed in the profession for which he was preparing himself. He went to college, and there his merit was great indeed, if it is to be tried by your rule, Miss Forde, and praised proportionately to the temptations which it had to withstand. I believe I may say, speaking plain and unvarnished truth, that he never allowed himself in the smallest expense that was not absolutely necessary—and you must know what that implies, when it describes the life of a youth during his first term at college. He had to contend not merely against the vulgar weapons of ridicule, which have ever found him proof, but against the more dangerous assaults of courtesy, kindness, and friendship. For he had all the qualities which make a man popular—person, manners, conversational power both grave and humorous, high spirits, and love of adventure. Moreover he was by nature peculiarly susceptible of the attractions of society; he never could do anything by halves—he liked in the morning to shut himself up in his rooms and read for six hours without intermission, and then to spend the rest of the day either in vehement bodily exercise, or complete relaxation and reckless merriment. Think what it must have been to a character of this stamp, to lead a life in which the stern monotony of self-denial and seclusion was unvaried by a single indulgence! yet I do believe that at this time he was happy—happier than he has ever been since, poor fellow! Every energy of his nature was engrossed and occupied by one object—he was living for a purpose worthy of his entire self-devotion, and the fulfilment of which that self-devotion was sure eventually to attain. 'Every day,' as he once said, on the only occasion on which I have heard him allude to his early trials—'every day was a battle—but then it was a battle which ended in victory.'"

"Oh!" cried Edith, whose expressive countenance had kindled into emotion as her brother proceeded with his story; "you are describing a most noble character! I never should have given him credit for such heroism. And why did he change? Why did not he go into orders after all!"

Frank laughed. "Everard would tell you," said he, "that you are as exaggerated in your praise as you were in your condemnation; and that it is true young lady philosophy to spring from one extreme to another."

"Well, never mind," returned Edith, impatiently; "I don't want to hear Captain Everard's sharp speeches by proxy; and I do want, very much indeed, to know what happened next."

"He came home for his first vacation," said Frank, "after spending the college term in the manner which I have described to you—came for repose, affection, family comfort—and found that his mother had been married the day before to her younger boys' French master; that she had quitted her home with this scoundrel, and deserted the two poor boys, not only leaving them entirely dependent on their elder brother, but actually leaving unpaid debts for him to discharge! and this without a word of preparation or of farewell; only a note, left for Everard, full of hollow expressions of affection for himself and his brothers, and appeals to him not to resent her having taken the only step which could procure her happiness for the remainder of her life."

"What a woman!" exclaimed I. Edith was speechless with horror. Frank continued his narration.

"It appears that she was infatuated by her passion for this man; and that, devoting herself to him with a weak idolatry, she became a passive tool in his hands, and abandoned her children's interest for his without compunction. His object, of course, was to obtain exclusive mastery of her little income; and with that view he induced her to conceal her intentions till the marriage was actually completed, and they were beyond the reach of remonstrance. He carried her to France; and it is only charitable to conclude that he keeps her in the state of subjection which she deserves, for she has never answered a single letter addressed to her, nor testified the smallest desire to know whether her children are dead or alive."

"Inconceivable heartlessness!" said Edith; "she *must* be acting under compulsion, and I hope she is thoroughly miserable."

"By this time," pursued her brother, "I suppose Everard has your full sympathies, and you have transferred your hatred for him to his mother. He behaved admirably. Whatever he may have felt, he betrayed it not for a moment; he at once abandoned all his prospects, accepted a commission which was offered to him by a friend of his late father, gave up the whole of his own income for the use of the younger children, and lived upon his pay. He has never since mentioned his mother's name. Doubtless there is a stern and bitter feeling at his heart, all the stronger for being so resolutely suppressed. But now, Edith, is it wonderful that his nature should be a little soured, and his faith in his fellow-creatures a little shaken? For eighteen years of his life he believed his mother to be the very perfection of unselfish tenderness, and would have held it sacrilege to doubt her. Can such a

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feeling as this be suddenly destroyed without the whole man undergoing a painful and irrevocable change?"

"And his hopes blighted, and his thoughts and course of life forced to a new and unnatural bent, and the source and spring of all affection in him dried up, as if by burning!—no, indeed! the wonder is that he did not become a misanthrope or a madman."

"I need not have feared your want of sympathy," said Kinnaird, smiling; "as to the rest, you know what a friend Everard has been to me; I owe it to him that I am not an utter scapegrace—most probably that I am alive at all; for you know how his steady friendship extricated me from the worst scrape I ever was in—the duel with that fellow Vincent. Without (I hope) being really ill-disposed, I was open to every temptation, ready for every mischief that came in my way; but for him I believe I should have become a confirmed gambler. I shall be grateful to him as long as I live, as I ought to be; and some day or other perhaps he will do more justice to my feelings towards him than I am afraid he does just now; though, mark you, I do not take all the nonsense he has been talking to you for his earnest opinion."

"Oh! I shall understand him now!" replied Edith; "his bitterness of tone is not only natural, but inevitable. How I hope," she added thoughtfully, "that he may be rewarded by happiness after all!"

The conversation dropped here, for Frank departed to put his letters into the post, and Edith fell into so deep a reverie that I did not like to disturb her.

The week which was to be endured (the expression is scarcely too strong, when applied to the feelings of a girl of eighteen awaiting her first ball) ere the important Thursday should arrive, passed away much as might have been anticipated. Frank and Captain Everard were perpetually with us; but, though Edith had become charity itself towards the latter, in consequence of the interest she felt in his history, I confess that my own feelings with regard to him were by no means softened. His agreeableness and conversational powers were undeniable; but the offensiveness of his opinions seemed rather to increase than to diminish, while his total indifference to Edith's charms absolutely annoyed me. He still maintained that tone of banter which rendered it difficult to separate jest from earnest in what he said, and well nigh impossible to discover how far the sentiments which he expressed were genuine, and how far they were merely assumed for the sake of drawing out his fair antagonist, whose enthusiasm seemed to increase in proportion to his levity, as though she were seriously bent on converting him to happier views. My dislike to him I think he perceived, but treated it with that contemptuous indifference which seems natural to the heart of man when the phenomenon yclept old maid is under consideration. With Lord Vaughan, on the other hand, I was every day more pleased; I say "every day," for he was literally a daily visitor. A message from his mother, a book to borrow or lend, a song to introduce and sentimentalize over, (for he had all that shallow gentleman-like enthusiasm about music which consists in an uncriticizing admiration of a pretty song from the lips of a pretty girl;) some pretext or other was sure to bring him up the garden-sweep, a little before the witching hour of luncheon; and then it was not his fault if arrangements were not made which ensured that the rest of the morning, if not the whole of the day, should be passed in the society of the beautiful heiress. All that I saw of him I liked. He was unaffected, lively, and good-humored; and, if not very refined in his tastes or intellectual in his pursuits, I was disposed to think that a sensible wife might make just what she pleased of him. That Edith was his superior in mental power there could be little doubt; but I persuaded myself that this was of no consequence—forgetting, or overlooking, the fact, that he was destitute of that ascendancy of character which alone can compensate for the want of intellectual superiority; and that an union in which the wife moulds the husband, and not the husband the wife, is one with which love, properly so called, can have nothing whatever to do.

CHAPTER V.

THURSDAY evening came, and I was not disappointed in Edith's appearance. The splendor of her beauty produced a sensation of which it was scarcely possible that she should be unconscious, and to which perhaps the deep blush which burned on her cheeks and lent double radiancy to her eyes, might be attributed. Her brother was in ecstasies, and watched the progress of Lord Vaughan's attentions to her with manifest satisfaction. I was in the boudoir which had been metamorphosed into a conservatory for the evening, making some *very* small talk about the flowers for Captain Everard—among whose sins of omission, that of never dancing may be reckoned—when Kinnaird approached us. He came evidently to be complimented on his sister's appearance; but he was in too great a hurry to wait for us to begin the subject, so he started with a leading question, cautiously suggestive.

"Edith looks well to-night, does she not?" said he.

I answered, as I felt, very warmly; but his appealing eye passed to Captain Everard, who, as though it had never before occurred to him to inquire whether Miss Kinnaird were ugly or beautiful, made a step forward, so as to command a view of the dancing-room, and, after a pause of provokingly quiet consideration, replied—

"Yes; Miss Kinnaird is certainly very handsome."

"You don't admire that style," said Frank, scarcely able to conceal his chagrin.

"Indeed I do," returned Everard, "I admire all styles."

"The most unsatisfactory answer you could possibly have made," cried I.

"I am unfortunate," observed he, with a half smile. "But here comes a gentleman, whose open raptures are likely to give more satisfaction than my quiet approval. Unhappily you know—or perhaps happily for myself—I am not made of inflammable materials."

As he spoke, the polka broke up, and Lord Vaughan sauntered into the conservatory with Edith leaning on his arm. They were in animated conversation, and came direct to us, the lady appealing to me with a mixture of playfulness and earnest to induce her partner to restore some flowers which he had stolen from her bouquet, while he on his part was manifestly determined to retain them. I could not make out whether Miss Kinnaird was pleased on annoyed at her companion's broadly-expressed devotion, but she wound up her oration by suddenly turning to Captain Everard, (who had taken no part in the discussion, though Frank and

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I had interested ourselves in it as in duty bound,) and saying—

"I am only asking for justice. Why do you look so satirical?"

He roused himself to answer the challenge. "If I did look satirical," said he, "I suppose it was because I was amused at the modesty of your request. You *only* asked for—justice!"

"Well," she replied, "and could I ask for less?"

"Could you hope for more?" answered he. "Nay, could even your sanguine imagination hope for so much? I won't say that justice is a rare phenomenon in this world, because that would imply that it is occasionally to be met with."

"And do you mean to say," cried Lord Vaughan, in utter surprise, "that it is *never* to be met with? Really this is a most extraordinary idea."

"It is not in reality, so unwelcome as it seems at first sight," rejoined Everard, quietly. "Justice—which is all Miss Kinnaird asks for or needs," he added, with a bow, as if the necessity of the compliment had suddenly occurred to him, "would be to many people an object of fear rather than hope."

"And you think no one is ever really just to another," said Edith, thoughtfully, as though she had been pondering his words.

"I do indeed," he replied, "a man feels too much to be really just—a woman, too little."

"Your paradox is for once true," cried Edith with spirit. "A man does always feel his own wrongs very keenly, while a woman is apt to overlook hers, or ready to forgive them."

"Your ingenuity deserves the compliment of submission," answered he, "so I resign my arms."

"You are wise every way," rejoined Edith more gravely than was her wont, "for whether you win or lose, the contest is scarcely suited to a ball-room. So I will leave you to your misanthropy, and try whether it be possible to force a passage into the ice-room."

Lord Vaughan was only too happy to comply with the suggestion contained in her last words, and they moved away. Miss Kinnaird's praise of the ball, on the following morning, was rather more languid than I had expected, but I suppose this might fairly be attributed to fatigue.

* * * * * * *

Two months have passed since I wrote the last sentence, and I resume my pen to recount the occurrences of the closing week of the period, which has been anything but uneventful. Kinnaird entered the drawing-room where I was at work, and Captain Everard reading in a corner. His countenance was expressive of business, and that not of an agreeable kind; and he addressed me immediately, either overlooking or disregarding his friend's presence.

"I have been walking with Edith, Miss Forde. Do you know what has happened?"

"I have not seen her since breakfast," cried I. "What is the matter?"

"Why nothing to break one's heart about, certainly," he replied, "but I own I am a good deal disappointed. Lord Vaughan has offered to her."

"And does that disappoint you?" exclaimed I. "I have only been surprised that it has not happened sooner. May I go and wish her joy?"

"As long as you don't wish *him* joy," said Kinnaird, "it matters very little what you say to her. She has refused him."

I could only repeat his words, in profound amazement.

"Yes," he reiterated, "she has refused him point blank. I can't quite make her out about it; but one thing is very clear, that she is not to be shaken. The marriage would have been so agreeable to me in every way, that I own I had rather set my heart upon it; but her determination was so unhesitating that I could scarcely attempt to dispute it; and you know, to speak common sense, and put romance out of the question, Edith is so young and so pretty, that she may very well afford to wait a year or two before she makes her choice."

There was no questioning the truth of this assertion; still he was evidently disappointed, and I could not but sympathize with his feelings. I too had been indulging in anticipations and hopes, and it was not agreeable to have them annihilated when I least expected it. I had fancied that the intimacy between Edith and her lover was rapidly assuming a tender character on both sides; indeed, the idea that the offer had been already made and accepted, but was for some reason concealed, had more than once occurred to me. I could not understand it, and I did not affect to do so.

"Edith's manner has entirely misled me," said I, "and I fear she has been unintentionally misleading Lord Vaughan. I hope they did not part in bitterness."

"I hope not," was his reply. "She has not a particle of the coquette in her composition, and I conclude that the encouragement which she has unwittingly given arose from her consciousness of her own indifference, and her unconsciousness of any warmer feeling in him. Were she two years older I should fancy that her affections were pre-engaged—but, as it is, that is quite impossible—so it is altogether a mystery."

Nothing more entirely amazes and bewilders a man than the discovery that a woman who is disengaged has refused an unobjectionable offer. It is the greatest trial of faith to which he can be subjected; for it jars with all his preconceived ideas, and stands before him as a fact for which there is actually no place in his system, and in order to account for which the system itself must undergo a radical change. Few, however, are candid enough for this; such occurrences generally form a fresh illustration of the German aphorism, "so much the worse for the facts," and receive a shape or a color from the mind of the observer which so alters them as to enable him to explain them satisfactorily to himself.

But to return. My short conversation with Captain Kinnaird was succeeded by that grave and awkward silence which commonly occurs between two persons who have the same unpleasing theme to occupy their thoughts, and do not in the least know what to say to each other about it. This was interrupted by Captain Everard, whom we had both forgotten, but who now came forward, and addressed his friend somewhat hurriedly,—

"Kinnaird, have you any commands for London? I am sorry to say I 'm obliged to be off on very short notice."

"Obliged to be off!" cried Frank, in astonishment. "Why Everard, are you mad!"

"I don't see any proof of insanity in it," returned Everard, coloring immoderately; "I have letters which—in short, it don't admit of delay—and go I must."

"I hope you have not received bad news, Captain Everard?" said I, civilly.

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"No, I thank you," rejoined he—"only urgent business."

"But Everard!" cried Kinnaird, who was still gazing at him in silent wonder.

"My dear fellow, there 's no use in talking about it. I am sorry to be obliged to close my visit so abruptly; but I do assure you—"

"This won't do," interrupted Frank, seizing him by the arm; "scarcely an hour ago you were talking of your plans here for the next six weeks; and, as for your being summoned away by a letter, I wonder you are not ashamed to offer me such an excuse. You know very well there has been no post since the morning. Everard, what does this mean? It is not friendly—it is not fair. Why do you change color so? What has happened? Has anything offended you? Have you quarrelled with anybody?"

Captain Everard was absolutely silent, and seemed to be overpowered by an embarrassment as unaccountable as it was unusual. After a moment's pause, Kinnaird proceeded with increased energy.

"I *must* have an explanation. You have altered your plans since I came into this room. It is not possible that Edith's refusal of Lord Vaughan can have affected *you*—Everard? Is it possible that Edith—"

He came to a pause here, in the series of breathless and bewildered questions which he had poured forth so rapidly that he scarcely seemed to comprehend them himself. Captain Everard, releasing himself from his grasp, answered in a low, quick voice, as he moved away—

"It would have been more generous, Frank, to leave the subject untouched. I expected that your sister's engagement to Lord Vaughan would have been declared: now that I find she has refused him, I feel that I had better go. Let us say no more about it."

"Do you mean to tell me that you love Edith?" cried Frank, following him.

"I have been in constant intercourse with her for more than two months; is not that answer enough?" returned his friend.

"But it is unnecessary for you to speak," he added, proudly, "you cannot be more fully conscious than I am of the impossibility—"

"My dearest Philip!" exclaimed Kinnaird, shaking him by both hands, and well nigh embracing him in his transport; "this is what I wished and hoped; but you were so impracticably cold, that I was forced to give up the idea. Edith and you were made for each other, and I want nothing but your union to make me the happiest fellow alive. What absurd scruple has kept you silent? Don't stare at me, man, as if your senses had taken leave of you! From the first moment you became my friend, my pet vision has been the thought of bringing you and my sister together, if only she should grow up worthy of you; and I rather think you won't deny that the condition is fulfilled. Where is Edith?"

"Frank! Frank!" cried Everard, vainly attempting to detain him as he darted from the room—

"For Heaven's sake, Captain Kinnaird, consider!"—exclaimed I, finding my tongue at last, and running after him in an absolute fever of alarm. But it availed not; he had seen Edith on the lawn, and had joined her before I got further than the steps of the drawing-room window. I saw him put his arm round her waist, and lead her away. Never was a hapless chaperon more utterly confounded. I returned slowly into the apartment, where I found Everard sitting, his face hidden in his hands—

"And this," murmured he, as I approached—speaking, however, to himself, not to me—"and this is the man I thought shallow-hearted—this the world which—oh, folly and presumption!"

The broken sentences were most expressive, and I stood contemplating him in silence, and involuntarily and unconsciously giving him all my sympathy, and losing sight altogether of propriety, policy, wisdom, my own outraged dignity, and——Owen, who having entered the room unperceived, speedily challenged my attention by saying—

"Well, Peggy! have you not a word to say to me?"

If a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet—(to use an expression not uncommon in modern novels, the applicability of which I will not pause to discuss)—if a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet, I could not have experienced greater terror or amazement. Scarcely retaining the command of my senses, I turned to him, exclaiming—

"Gracious Heavens! Owen! what has brought you here?"

"An affectionate reception, truly," returned he, apparently a little amazed—"I am sorry that my sudden apparition should disturb the even tenor of your housekeeping. I told you I would run down for a week or two, if I could; and yesterday I got a put off from Livingston, to whom I was going for the next fortnight; so, not conceiving it necessary to stand on much ceremony with you, I put myself into the mail last night—and here I am. One would almost fancy," added he, lowering his voice, with an expression of dry humor, "that I had interrupted a very interesting tête-à-tête."

"Of course I am delighted to see you," said I, recovering as well as I could from my bewilderment, and wishing him in the Queen's Bench, "only I was so excessively surprised. Pray allow me to introduce—Captain Everard—Mr. Owen Forde."

Captain Everard had risen from his seat, as soon as he became aware of the entrance of a stranger; he gave Owen bow for bow with due courtesy, but, apparently quite unable to compel himself to the ordinary civilities consequent on an introduction, murmured something about an imaginary appointment, and walked straight out of the room.

"Pray, who may Captain Everard be?" inquired Owen, "and, pray, where is my fair ward?"

"Where, indeed?" thought I. What a pair of questions! I grew desperate, yet was my position so ludicrous that I could almost have laughed. I could not tell Owen what had happened, or rather what was happening, for many reasons—two of which were that I understood it very imperfectly myself, and that I did not know whether Edith would accept or refuse Everard. In the latter case it would certainly be the best policy to say nothing whatever about it. Yet in my heart I felt almost certain that she would accept him—a sudden instinct seemed to have come upon me, and I marvelled at my own previous blindness. Had I answered Owen's two questions with plain sincerity, I might have said—"Who is Captain Everard?—A penniless soldier! Where is your ward?—In the garden accepting him!" I believe Owen would have screamed! And yet what was I to do? All this while it might be, and probably was, taking place, and nothing could be done to prevent it. Hurriedly reviewing the circumstances of all parties, and trying to conceal my perturbation from Owen's sur-

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prised and inquiring eye, I resolved to get rid of him as quickly as possible, and to rush into the garden and obtain an interview with Miss Kinnaird, if possible, before she should see Captain Everard. So I answered my brother as indifferently as I could.

"He is a friend of Captain Kinnaird's, and is now staying with him. But, my dear Owen," ringing the bell, "you must be tired to death, and chilled to an icicle. Light a fire directly in the bay-windowed bedroom," I continued, addressing the servant who obeyed my summons, "get some hot water, and then let luncheon be ready for Mr. Forde. While you are making yourself comfortable, Owen, I will find Edith, and prepare her for the formidable introduction. I think she is walking in the garden."

"With Lord Vaughan, I hope," observed Owen, complacently.

Oh, with what compunction did I call to mind the triumphant letter which I had dispatched to Owen only a week ago, containing a rose-colored description of Lord Vaughan and his attentions! "I don't know," was my insincere rejoinder, and, as my eyes involuntarily wandered to the window, I fancied I could detect Edith's form in the shrubbery, on the further side of the lawn. Was she alone?

"I hope," continued Owen, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "I hope, my dear Peggy, *that* affair is progressing as favorably as when you last wrote. Few things could give me more unmixed satisfaction. I think it quite a case in which a very short engagement might be permitted, and I should not wonder if, instead of troubling Lady Frances with the chaperonage of an unfledged débutante, I shall have to request her to undertake the presentation of a bride—a much pleasanter office, I take it. I shall win the lover's heart by my readiness to shorten his probation, and, between ourselves, I don't know any house that would afford me such good head quarters as his, during my London visit. The experienced Lady Frances herself could n't have proved a more judicious chaperon than you, my unsophisticated sister. *Je vous en fais mes complimens.* After all, you women have a prodigious advantage over us in that respect—your wit is inborn, and you don't require an apprenticeship to society to teach you how to use it. But what are you stretching your neck, and straining your eyes, at the window for? my dear Peggy, I do believe you have not heard a word I have been saying. What *is* the matter?"

No! Miss Kinnaird was *not* alone—and her companion was at least a head taller than Frank! Could I be expected to hear what Owen was saying? He reiterated his query—"What on earth is the matter?"

"Oh nothing," cried I, "I was merely looking for Edith. I perfectly agree with you—nothing can be more judicious."

"Than what?" demanded Owen.

"I really must go for Edith," exclaimed I. "Owen, your luncheon will be ready directly." And out of the room I ran, fairly unable to endure it any longer. As I closed the door, I heard Owen's natural ejaculation, "Very unaccountable, really!"

Almost on the threshold I met Captain Kinnaird, who, taking both my hands, thus greeted me: "Congratulate me, my dear Miss Forde! I 'm afraid I did n't manage the matter quite so delicately as I ought to have done—or as it would have been managed, had I left it in your hands—but all 's well that ends well, you know, and the end of this is perfect. They are engaged hand and heart! I 've just been guilty of the cruelty, however, of breaking up their tête-à-tête, for Edith was a good deal overcome—in fact, altogether—I agitated her excessively—so now I have sent her to her own room to be quiet, and I rather think it will be best if you will be so kind as to go to her."

"But, do you know what you have done, Captain Kinnaird?" answered I; "and what will be the end of it? I have not an idea that Mr. Forde will consent to so unequal a marriage."

"Mr. Forde!"

"Yes; my brother; your sister's guardian."

"I 'll be hanged if I ever thought of him for one single moment!" cried the young man, impatiently stamping his foot.

"I dare say not," observed I; "but I assure you he is not a person to be trifled with, and I do not see the slightest hope of obtaining his consent. I am afraid you have involved your sister's happiness very rashly. What is more, very unfortunately, my brother has arrived unexpectedly, and is this moment in the drawing-room!"

He stared in my face in blank discomfiture. I found myself fast losing the tone of rational remonstrance in which I had felt bound to begin the conversation. "I am excessively sorry," said I, answering his looks, for he did not speak a word; "but I really don't see what is to be done. I will go to Edith, and try to prepare her for an interview with her guardian. But I don't see that there is any use in deferring the evil hour; and, if I were you, I would go at once to Mr. Forde, and open the subject."

"Could n't it be concealed altogether?" suggested he. "She will be of age in three years."

"I cannot countenance any such arrangement," returned I, with unwonted resolution. "Just reflect for a moment on the duplicity which it would involve! your sister would be compelled to imply, if not to utter, a falsehood, ten times a day. The more fondly you love her, the more anxiously ought you to avoid placing her in such a position."

"You are right!" cried he, "and I spoke inconsiderately, as I believe I generally do. Thank you for your advice. I *will* go to Mr. Forde!" and, ever as rapid in his movements as in his ideas, before I had time to answer, he was in the drawing-room.

I stood still for a moment to collect my thoughts, and then went up stairs to Edith. I found her, as I had expected, in a state of great agitation. She hid her face on my shoulder, wept, and spoke in broken sentences of her happiness and her astonishment. It was presumption in her, she said—with the sweet exaggeration of a woman's love, truer than truth—even to think of one so immeasurably her superior; but her devotion must make up for her defects. At first I could do nothing but soothe and sympathize; gradually I tried to bring her to the contemplation of possible difficulties; and, at last, with some trepidation, I broke to her the fact of Owen's arrival, and certain disapprobation. It did not produce the effect which I had anticipated. She could scarcely be brought to entertain the idea of Owen as a person to be considered in the matter at all; seemed to regard his consent or refusal with profound indifference; and even, as far as I could gather, appeared to think that three, five, or ten years of delay would interfere but little with her happiness. She was absorbed by one feeling—filled with one idea—namely, that she was beloved; and everything else seemed unreal to her. She heard and understood the words, but they made

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no impression; there was not room for them in her heart. I verily believe that, had she been told at that moment that she was never to see Everard again, she would scarcely have apprehended it as a misfortune. The consciousness of his love would have seemed to her enough for a lifetime. This, I knew, could not last; but, while it was thus with her, arguments were vain; so, having acquitted my conscience, by informing her of the truth, I did not attempt to stem the tide of her feelings, and had very nearly become as romantic as herself, when a tap at the door recalled me to sublunary affairs.

"Come in!"

"If you please, ma'am, you are wanted in the drawing-room."

The spell was broken; and I went down like a criminal to execution.

CHAPTER VI.

I FOUND Owen, as I expected, in great wrath. He was walking rapidly up and down the room, while Kinnaird, whose levity was unconquerable, stood on the hearth-rug, coolly regarding him, and looking ready to laugh—an inclination which good breeding scarcely restrained. My brother stopped in his angry walk as I entered, and, coming close up to me, said, with great vehemence, "Peggy, this is the most incredible piece of absurdity that I ever met with in my life. Of course, it cannot be permitted to go on for a moment, and I only wonder that you—but you have evidently been duped in the matter."

I saw Frank's color rise at the offensive word, and hastened to interpose. "I have been *mistaken*, certainly," I said, "and I am very sorry that I have misled you unintentionally." Here I stopped, for I was afraid to attack his opinions, and unwilling to acquiesce in them, so I resolved to stand on the defensive.

"Misled me!" replied my indignant brother. "Yes—but I have my own folly to thank for it, in not putting Miss Kinnaird under the charge of a person who knew something of the world—Mrs. Alvanley for instance"—(Oh, could Mrs. Alvanley have heard him!)—"Yet, even allowing you the simplicity of a pinafored girl of thirteen, I can't understand how you should have so completely lost your wits. The insanity of allowing this Captain Everard's perpetual visits is to me perfectly inexplicable.

"*This* Captain Everard," remarked Kinnaird, "is one of the most distinguished officers in the service—a man as superior to Lord Vaughan, in mind and manners, as Lord Vaughan is to a chimney-sweep—and, moreover, my most intimate friend."

"So be it," returned Owen, more calmly, but with intense obstinacy of tone, "nevertheless, his pretensions to the hand of Miss Kinnaird are simply ludicrous, and I do not intend that he shall have the opportunity of urging them again. Perhaps you will have the goodness to notify this to him."

"No, Mr. Forde," retorted Frank, "I must request you to be the bearer of your own messages—I cannot undertake the office."

"My dear Frank," said I, putting my hand on his arm, "it is not by irritating my brother that we have any hope of changing his resolution. You are naturally excited; now, do go away, and leave me to do the best I can with him. Go to Edith," added I in a whisper, urging him gently towards the door, "I think she ought to hear the truth at once."

He seemed, at first, disposed to resist my suggestion—but at that moment a step was heard in the hall, and with a half-laugh and a significant look to me, he quitted the room, leaving me with the consolatory impression that he had gone out to join his friend, and, not improbably, to conduct him to Edith!

By this time Owen had quite recovered his coolness, which, indeed, rarely forsook him, and turning to me he said, with a deliberation which left no room for hope, "There is no use in discussing the subject. The young lady will, I dare say, shed a few natural tears, and pout a little, as in duty bound—but in a fortnight she will be ready for another lover, and by the year's end she will congratulate herself on having some one to act for her who has the good luck to possess a little common sense. Only let this be distinctly understood, that I allow no interview, no engagement, no correspondence. I won't have an under-current of mystery to keep up sentimental nonsense in a silly girl's brain. Let it all be at an end, and, if she behaves well, I promise to say nothing to her about it. Tell her this, Peggy, and now let me get my luncheon."

"Owen, you are positively cruel. I do assure you this is no new girlish fancy that will pass away. It is unfortunate, I admit, but she is really and thoroughly attached to him."

My brother began to laugh. "I admire the real and thorough attachment of a girl of eighteen," said he. "A pack of nonsense! I beg your pardon, Peggy, but I certainly never made a greater mistake than in selecting you for a duenna—your manner of viewing things is so inimitably youthful. Take her to choose a new bonnet, or talk to her about her court-dress for the spring."

The tone in which he spoke was inexpressibly provoking, and I felt my temper beginning to give way. "As you say," I replied, "it is useless to discuss the subject—our views are so utterly opposite, that each speaks to the other as if in a foreign language. I consider you at least as much in the wrong as you consider me. Only, if you fancy it will be an easy task to induce Edith to give up her engagement, I can tell you you are completely mistaken."

"You are angry," he answered, "yet you can scarcely be surprised that I don't feel any very profound confidence in your judgment just at present. I know your intentions are the best in the world—but I can't forget that it is scarcely a week since you wrote me word that Miss Kinnaird was in a fair way to become Lady Vaughan. My dear Peggy, if you will walk through the world with your eyes shut, and resist every effort to open them, you must at least suffer yourself to be led by the hand."

I bit my lips and was silent, and Owen withdrew to his bedroom. I went slowly up stairs to Edith's boudoir, where, as I had anticipated, I found both Kinnaird and Everard. Edith herself was sitting on the sofa, her face bowed upon her hands, and her tears falling fast through the clasped fingers. Captain Everard addressed me at once:

"Miss Forde, before I go—and I feel that I must not remain—I am anxious that you should do me justice. Till this morning I was not aware of Mr. Forde's existence, much less of Edith's"—(he pronounced the word with a lingering hesitation of tone very unusual with him, and a most eloquent glance at the drooping figure on the sofa)—"much less of Edith's dependence on his will. I imagined that Frank and yourself were her sole guardians, and you know that, even when I thus thought, I was not guilty of the presumption of supposing myself an acceptable suitor."

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"No, no—not presumption—don't use the word!" murmured Edith.

He looked at her for a moment in silence, and then proceeded, though in a less steady tone of voice, "I am as conscious as Mr. Forde himself can be, that a poor man, and a man of no family, is, as the world judges, without a right—"

But here Edith interrupted him. Suddenly clasping his hand between her own, and lifting her beautiful face, all burning with blushes and suffused with tears, she exclaimed, "Oh, hollow nonsense! it is *yourself* that I love. One unset diamond is more valuable than a tiara of glittering paste! What could family or fortune have to do with you, except to receive honor from you?"

Recovering himself with an effort, and still keeping Edith's hand in his, Everard continued in a low restrained voice, the calmness of which betrayed the intensity of the agitation which he was repressing, "I should despise myself forever were I capable of taking advantage of these feelings to involve her in a clandestine engagement; at her age—under her circumstances—it were unmanly and dishonorable. No! I must go—for three years we part, and she is as free as if she had never known me."

"*She* is free!" repeated Edith. "Ah! say it *of* me if you will; but you do not dare say it *to* me. You cannot mock me by telling me that I am free, at the very moment when you are riveting my chains. But Oh! such a happy prisoner!" she added, relapsing into tears, and speaking in a broken, faltering voice; "we have not time for all this conventionalism—this *acting*—Oh! speak *really* to me! —this once more—this last time—speak as you are, and as you feel!"

His stoicism was fairly conquered. "My *own* Edith!" said he, in a voice tender as a mother's to her first-born—reverent as a devotee's to his saint —"I will not wound you any more by false phrases. It is true; you are my own; and were we to part for ten years, instead of three, I should esteem it sin to suffer one doubt of you to trouble my peace. My faith in you comes next to my faith in God; God grant it be not the stronger of the two! Bear these three years, for my sake; knowing that I am with you the whole time, though the wide world be between us, and that, when we meet, we shall meet as though we had never parted!"

She subdued her emotion to listen to him; raising her head, and holding her breath, as though she feared to lose a word. What evil spirit brought to my mind at such a moment her vain and girlish love of general admiration and attention, and suggested to me that she would fail in the refined and impassioned constancy which he demanded of her?

"And, remember this, my beloved," he continued more hurriedly, "that I go from you a changed man, and that the change is your work. My misanthropy is gone from me. I feel that I have sinned against the world, and the race to which I belong. I feel and confess the folly and self-sufficiency of my distrust of others. Even at this moment, this thought makes me happy; for my faith and love are restored—or rather created anew. Frank," wringing his hand, "I have wronged you; forgive me; I know you now—ay, and I know myself too. Edith—but it is enough! God bless you!"

Silently returning my silent pressure of the hand, he hurried from the room, and the low sobs of Edith were the only sounds which disturbed the stillness.

* * * * *

And so ends the history of the first period of my acquaintance with Edith Kinnaird. A nervous fever was the natural result of that day of agitation; but it was neither long nor severe; and Owen classed it with the hysterics and fainting-fits which he believed that all young ladies were capable of summoning to their assistance at pleasure. When I resigned her to the charge of Lady Frances Moore, she had recovered her health, and, in some measure, her spirits; for she was of an elastic and energetic nature, and was now possessed by the one sole purpose of cherishing secretly the recollection of her lover, and endeavoring to employ the three years of separation in rendering herself more worthy of him. I knew how soon this enthusiasm would flag; how wearily the slow hours would struggle onward; but in very pity I would not disturb it. Like the eagerness of a young horse at the foot of a long, steep ascent, though transient, it was real, and would carry her forward unconsciously over a portion of the way. But the toil must begin; and, alas! how would she bear it?

With her tacit engagement Owen could not interfere—about the state of her feelings he did not trouble himself; and the next thing I heard was that she had been presented at court in white satin and diamonds, and all London was raving of her matchless beauty.

From the National Era.

THE ILLS OF LIFE.

BY MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

How oft, when pursued by evils,
We falter and faint by the way,
But are fearless when, o'ertaken,
We pause, and turn at bay.

When storms in the distance have gathered,
I have trembled their wrath to meet,
Yet stood firm when the arrowy lightning
Has fallen at my feet.

My soul in the shadows of twilight
Has groaned beneath its load,
And felt at the solemn midnight
Secure in the hand of God.

I have been with friends who were cherished
All earthly things above,
Till I deemed the death-pangs lighter
Than the pangs of parting love.

Yet with one fearful struggle,
When at last the dread blow fell,
I have kept my heart from breaking,
And calmly said, farewell!

I have looked at the grave, and shuddered
For my kindred treading near,
And when their feet had entered,
My soul forgot its fear.

Our ills are not so many
Nor so hard to bear below,
But our suffering in dread of the future
Is more than our present woe.

We see with our vision imperfect
Such causes of doubt and fear—
Some yet that are far in the distance,
And some that may never be near—

When, if we would trust in His wisdom,
Whose purpose we may not see,
We would find, whatever our trials,
As our day our strength shall be.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

FEMALE FANATICISM IN SCOTLAND.

MESDAMES BUCHAN AND BOUVIGNON.

The Scotch are not reckoned a fanatical people, nor easily led away by the seductions of empirics and impostors. In spiritual matters, they are strongly prejudiced in favor of their own creed, and their Presbyterian form of church government; and of this tendency of their *perfervidum ingenium*, they have given the world abundant proofs, in many a bloody campaign and battle-field. Often have they drawn the sword, and marched under "the blue banner," in defence of their national worship. To that they have adhered with an unflinching constancy of attachment—with a determined resistance to alteration, or infringement from any quarter—that has scarcely been surpassed in any other country in Christendom. For the covenant and confession of faith, their ancestors were content to suffer torture and imprisonment, exile and martyrdom. On the front of their ecclesiastical standards, they seem to have inscribed the prickly motto of their emblematic thistle, "*Nemo me impune lacesset*"—for, whenever kings and nobles ventured to bring their prerogatives in collision with the kirk, they found cause in the end, as the two Charleses and the two Jameses did, to regret their temerity. Presbyterianism has always been viewed as the *palladium* of the kingdom—the symbol of the nation's independence—as much as the old patriarchal stone on which their Malcolms and Alexanders were crowned, and the loss of which was accompanied with the most direful prognostications of slavery and ruin. Nothing in the whole history of Scotland is more obvious than this indomitable spirit of adherence to the principles of John Knox, and the platform of church discipline which he erected. And it survives at the present day; for it is a remarkable fact, that amidst all the sectarian eruptions and secessions that have taken place down to the exode of 1843, the constant complaint of the dissentient parties has been, that the church was not holding faithfully by her original standards, was falling away from her genuine Presbyterian constitution, and, therefore, that they, the seceders, and not the establishment, were the true kirk.

But though we have ample testimonies to the zeal and veneration with which the Scotch have clung to their national faith, to their patient endurance in suffering for it, and their fiery controversies in maintaining their purity, we meet with rare instances in which they have allowed their zeal for religion to degenerate into fanaticism. Credulity, except in money-making speculations, like the Darien expedition, or the South Sea scheme, is not one of their national characteristics. To superstition they are not addicted. Saints, and holidays, and relics, and pilgrimages, (unless to London, in quest of situations,) and miracles, and festivals, have long been swept from their calendar. Impulses, illuminations, visions, gifts of the spirit, and other celestial pretensions, that have misled weak minds, and kept them in thraldom to designing hypocrites, have never been able to maintain a local habitation and a name north of the Tweed. To the yoke of clerical leaders they have always shown a willingness to bend, and to an extent scarcely reconcilable with the innate stubborn independence of their character. But then it was essential that these leaders should hoist Presbyterian colors, and draw the sword of eloquence against some reputed heresy or grievance, such as lay-patronage, secular domination, prelacy, Antinomianism, Bouvignonism, aggressions of the civil magistrate, &c., all of which have, in turn, been cast into the theological arena, to the imminent jeopardy of a new age of conventicles, and a second Bothwelbrig.

With all their religious enthusiasm, however, it is curious that the Scotch have seldom yielded to the artifices of impostors, or been duped by those impious blasphemies and extravagancies, under the mask of sanctity, that have often taken root and flourished in the neighboring kingdoms, and on the continent. Had Naylor and his Quakers in Cromwell's time, or the Fifth Monarchy Men, or the Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit, or the Munster Anabaptists, or Jacob Behmen the Mystic, or John Tetzel himself, with his wallet of indulgencies, ventured to pitch their tents by the Forth or the Tay, we question whether they would have gathered a single congregation. Peter the Hermit would have excited no crusade, unless against the Romish cathedrals, or the king's authority, and then he must have sworn to the covenant, and professed himself a disciple of John Knox and the "trewe kirke."

Strange as it may appear, the only fanatical pretenders that have acquired any celebrity in Scotland, were women; and, more surprising still, their doctrines were of the most visionary and extravagant character, outraging common sense and moral decency, surpassing in absurdity anything ever offered to the plainest understanding.

Of these two impostors in petticoats, the one, Mrs. Buchan, was a native—a person of dissolute habits and humble parentage, almost illiterate, but naturally clever, artful, and enthusiastic. The other, Madame Bouvignon, was a foreigner, a Fleming by birth, who claimed to be divinely inspired, set apart by the special interposition of Heaven to revive the true spirit of Christianity, which had been extinguished amidst the theological wranglings and animosities of the age. Her opinions, however, were imported into Scotland, and spread particularly in the shires of Perth, Aberdeen, Banff, Ross, and other parts of the Highlands, so as to call down the anathemas of the church and the general assembly, which passed various acts, between 1700 and 1710, for suppressing her writings, which were denounced as containing "a mass of dangerous, impious, blasphemous, and damnable errors."

Nothing could be more unlike than the personal character of these two fanatics, although in religious pretensions they bore a strong resemblance to each other. The Scotchwoman was gross, conceited and carnal; her followers consisting, with one or two exceptions, of ignorant people, chiefly of the working classes. Antonia Bouvignon, was lively, learned, and insinuating, possessing great order of mind and fluency of speech, so that she recommended her pernicious heresies not only to the imaginations of the unlettered multitude, but to the acceptance of educated and ingenious men, who were persuaded of their truth, and labored to diffuse far and wide the contagion of her fanaticism. Some of her works were translated and extensively circulated in the north of Scotland, and a clergyman in Aberdeen was deposed from the office of the ministry, for adopting and defending her errors. It is this circumstance of her "damnable doctrines" having been implanted in the spiritual soil of the country, and still required to be solemnly abjured by every clerical candidate for the kirk, that gives this famous impostor a title to take her place in the

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same niche with Mrs. Buchan, of whose romantic history, lately published in Edinburgh, we now propose to offer a short account; and when we inform the reader, that this illiterate, sensual fanatic "gave herself out to be the third person in the God-head, and pretended to confer immortality on whomsoever she breathed, and promised eventually to translate direct to heaven in a body, without tasting of death, all who put unlimited faith in her divine mission;" that she also personified the woman described in the Revelation, as being clothed with the sun and the moon; and pretended to have brought forth the man-child who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron, in the person of one of her converts, a Rev. Hugh White, who had been a dissenting minister at Irvine; and when we further state, that these celestial claims and pretensions were mixed up with the most degrading and criminal practices, sensuality, prostitution, infanticide, our astonishment increases, that blasphemies so palpable, and vices so revolting, instead of being visited by the penalties of the law, should have found adherents and proselytes among the sober, pious descendants of the Scottish covenanters. Yet such is the fact.

The delusions of this female hypocrite drew after her a number of individuals (altogether about sixty) who preferred her society to the ties of domestic life, and quitted their homes and their relations to follow her, in the vain expectation of passing from this world to immortality, without being subject to the common lot of human nature. These ridiculous fanatics adopted the title of Buchanites, after the name of their founder, who was variously styled by her devotees, "Our Lady," "Friend Mother," "Luckie Buchan." They held her in great veneration, and such was her ghostly authority over them, that it was ascribed to the influence of demoniacal agency, or a familiarity with the *black art*. In this latter science, her proficiency was supposed to be such, that "she could cause any person on whom she laid her hand instantly to forget all earthly concerns, and follow her, though it were to the utmost limits of the earth, with the most implicit devotion." This belief, no doubt, was fostered by her arrogant presumption, and her extreme volubility of tongue, for she affected the air of an apostle, and spoke and wrote with a facility quite extraordinary in one who could scarcely have received more than the first elements of education.

But even when her personal influence declined, when her mission proved a ludicrous failure, and when this impious dispenser of immortality could not exempt herself from the stroke of death, her disciples clung to the delusive hopes with which she had indoctrinated them. They were firmly persuaded of her divinity; kept the coffined body for years unburied, and gave out that she had privately ascended to heaven as the precursor of their translation.

A sect professing such extravagant tenets could not be expected to gain many proselytes, and it is but justice to the people of Scotland to allow that Buchanism found no countenance among them. The odious rites were perpetrated within the walls of its own humble convent, and never ventured to show themselves in open day. Society received no taint from its contagion, and gave little heed to its visionary pretensions. With the business of life its doctrines never ventured to mingle, but remained isolated, shunned and detested in every neighborhood where it pitched its tabernacles. Nor was it formed or designed for perpetuity. By its rules there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage; the limit of its duration was the lives of its members, and accordingly, after an existence of a few years, it dwindled away to a solitary octogenarian couple, the last survivor having died in January, 1846.

The author to whom we are indebted for the memoir of Mrs. Buchan and her infatuated group of enthusiasts is Mr. Joseph Train, a name not unknown in Scottish literature, and worthy of a passing notice. Sir Walter Scott found in him one of his most valuable coadjutors, and makes frequent mention, in his works, of the assistance he derived from his indefatigable researches and contributions. Mr. Train belongs originally to the land of Burns, being a native of Ayrshire—of humble parentage, and indebted chiefly to his own diligence for his education, and his future success in life. He was early intended for some mechanical employment; but the drudgery of manual labor did not accord with his lively imagination and his taste for letters. The ardor of his love for the muses was such, that when a young man of twenty, and quartered, in 1800, with the Ayrshire militia, at Inverness, he accumulated a guinea and a half in sixpences, saved from his pay, to purchase a copy of Currie's edition of the works of Burns, published at Liverpool. The peace of Amiens having closed Mr. Train's services as a militia-man, his patron, the colonel of the regiment, Sir David Hunter Blair, obtained for him an appointment in the excise; and this has continued to be his occupation, since 1810, in various districts of Scotland, Largs, Newtonstewart, Perth, Fife, Kirkintilloch, Queenferry, Falkirk, Wigton, and Castledouglas, where he still resides, as a retired supervisor, cultivating his favorite antiquarian studies, and paying occasional court to the muse. His poetical effusions are numerous, and far above mediocrity. Like his illustrious countryman, Burns, who wrote many of his best lyrics while following the uncongenial profession of a *gauger*, Mr. Train was doomed to regale his poetic fancy from the odorous fumes of whiskey casks, malting vats, and illicit distilleries.

The bent of his genius, however, and the opportunities he enjoyed of an acquaintance with many of the interesting and picturesque localities in Scotland, inclined him to the prosecution of traditional and antiquarian researches; and it was in this capacity that he rendered himself so useful an auxiliary to Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Train was necessarily one of the twenty who was in the secret of the authorship of the "Waverley Novels;" and, in several instances, premature revelations were in danger of coming to light, in consequence of his communications bearing a suspicious resemblance to characters and events described in the fictions of the Great Unknown.

His first introduction to Sir Walter was the result of one of his earliest productions, "Strains of the Mountain Muse," published in 1814, consisting chiefly of metrical tales, illustrative of traditions in Galloway and Ayrshire, accompanied with topographical and legendary notes. Sir Walter at once procured a dozen copies and the address of the author, became his patron and friend, encouraged his antiquarian pursuits, and commenced a correspondence with him, which was only terminated by the death of the mighty minstrel. Mr. Train's contributions to the Waverley Novels, it would be out of our province here to enumerate: they are duly acknowledged by Sir Walter in his prefaces, and afterwards by Lockhart, in the third, fourth,

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fifth, and seventh volumes of the "Life." When composing the "Lord of the Isles," the distinguished poet received from his new ally his description of Queensberry Castle, the landing of Bruce from Arran, and the hospital founded by the royal fugitive at Kingscase, near Presterrick.

It was upon this occasion that he transmitted to Sir Walter one of the *magus*, or drinking-horns, provided by Bruce for the use of the lepers. This interesting relic was among the first of the many valuable antiquarian remains afterwards presented to him; the extensive collection of which now forms one of the chief attractions at Abbotsford. A Roman battle-axe, found in the Moss of Cree; a razor of the fifteenth century; the *spleuchan* of the famous free-booter, Rob Roy; a fragment of the oaken bedstead that belonged to the Black Douglas; a curious brass visor, with movable projecting horns, where the eye-holes should have been; an Andrea Ferrara, said to have been worn by the notorious persecutor, the Laird of Lagg; the stock-bow of Sir John the Græme, who was killed at the battle of Falkirk in 1298; a drinking *quaigh*, made from Wallace's tree in the Torwood; the *ladle* of the last resident hangman in Dumfries, with an account of the manner of using it, as described in the 13th volume of the Waverley Novels. These, with a variety of other rare and time-honored curiosities, were furnished by the obliging exciseman during his intimacy with Sir Walter. "And," as Mr. Lockhart says in his life, (chap. x.,) "if ever a catalogue of the museum at Abbotsford shall appear, no single contributor, most assuredly, will fill so large a space in it as Mr. Train."

But valuable as his antiquarian pursuits were, the amount and value of his literary services were still greater. To most of the novels he made some contribution or other. When alluding to his first interview with the then Great Unknown, Mr Lockhart observes (vol. iii., c. 1):—

"To this intercourse with Mr. Train, we owe the whole machinery of the 'Tales of my Landlord,' as well as the adoption of Claverhouse's period, for the scene of some of its first pictures."

The very name of *Cleishbotham* was borrowed from the professional *soubriquet* of a Galloway school-master. The account of the wandering Astrologer, which formed the ground-work for *Guy Mannering*—the curious history of *Old Mortality*, and the hint to make Viscount Dundee the hero of the tale—the sketch of "Faithless Fanny," the prototype of Madge Wildfire—the traditions on which the dramas of *M'Duff's Cross* and the *Doom of Devorgoil* are founded—the first notice of the motley Morrice Dancers, so graphically portrayed in the *Fair Maid of Perth*—sketches of Skipper Hawkins, the original of Dick Hatterick—of Flora Marshall, the supposed Meg Merrilies—of Andrew Gummel, (a native of old Rumnock, in Ayrshire,) the Edie Ochiltree of the *Antiquary*—of Wandering Willie in *Red Gauntlet*—of the ravages perpetrated by the Earl of Derby in Kirkcudbrightshire, as described in *Peveril of the Peak*—of the story of the Fifeshire Surgeon's Daughter, forming the nucleus of the admired tale bearing that name in the *Chronicles of the Canongate*—all these, and sundry other anecdotes of curious manners and customs, family legends, superstitions, &c., embodied in the Waverley series, owe their paternity to the unwearied diligence of the devoted supervisor of excise. The death of Sir Walter in some degree removed the main stimulus that had urged Mr. Train on in his antiquarian and traditional inquiries. But he has not been idle for the last dozen years, "in his cottage pleasantly situated on the banks of the Carlingworth Lake, in the neighborhood of Castle Douglas." A short time ago, he published a "History of the Isle of Man;" and more recently appeared "The Buchanites from first to last," giving a detailed account of the founder and fanatical extravagances of that miserably-deluded sect to whose history we now return.

Mrs. Buchan, as her historian informs us, was the daughter of John Simpson, the keeper of a small hedge ale-house, or dram-shop, on the old road between Banff and Portsay, at a place called Fatmacken, where she was born about the year 1738, and received the name of Elspeth. Before she had completed her third year, her mother died, and the father having married again soon after, she was put under the charge of strangers. The wretched circumstances of her foster parents is described as such, that "her bedding consisted of a bag stuffed with straw laid down on the ground beside the fire at night, with an empty sack for a coverlet, which were removed in the morning, and stowed away till required again in the evening." Her earliest occupation was to herd her master's cows; but according to her own account she was not particularly trustworthy, for she confesses, "I had no pleasure in working, and ever forgot the directions given me." Her next employment was in the family of a distant relation of her mother's, by whom she was taught to sew and read. The husband of this woman was a Banffshireman, and a West India planter, and as they were about to proceed to Jamaica, young Elspeth was taken along with them to Greenock. It was here that her future prospects and the entire current of her life underwent a lamentable change. While waiting for the ship that was to convey them across the Atlantic, "she left her friends, to associate with idle company, and appears then to have contracted those depraved habits which she afterwards inculcated respecting matrimony." The streets of Greenock and the company of sailors, and other low vagabonds, were not certainly the most repectable nursery for the gifts and graces of a saint, and one, too, who aspired to such intimate relationship with the Deity. No doubt, some of her doctrines—perhaps the most popular—were learned in this school; and the most remarkable feature in her subsequent career is, that she contrived, after this discreditable noviciate, to get a single dupe to believe in her divine mission.

How long she followed her Greenock profession does not appear on the record. Her next movement was one contrary to the principles she afterwards inculcated; for it is stated that "she trepanned, at Ayr, a working potter, named Robert Buchan, to be her husband!" This union, however, does not appear to have been legally solemnized, as no voucher or entrance of it can be discovered in the parish registers. It soon proved to be not a happy one; for her licentious conduct a Ayr obliged the husband to remove with her to Banff, where he commenced a manufactory of earthen-ware on his own account. Not being successful in this speculation, he repaired to Glasgow in search of employment, leaving his wife with three children at Banff "to provide for themselves as they best could," by teaching children to sew. Her family, at this time a son and two daughters, were grown up, and having imbibed their mother's virtues, they afterwards joined the Buchanite Society. Humble as her occupation was, she might have earned a comfortable livelihood by it, had not her Greenock

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propensities interfered with the sedate carriage expected from an instructress of youth.

It was at this period, in her thirty-sixth year, that her irregularities took a new direction, and assumed a religious form. Her family and her school were neglected. Her whole attention was absorbed with devotional exercises, disputing about theological subjects, and frequenting "fellowship meetings," at which she is said to have excelled as an orator, and an ingenious expounder of Scripture. Her views were not reckoned orthodox, nevertheless she made several converts; amongst others, the wife of a Captain Cook, of the revenue cutter on that station. Their chief occupation was to spend many hours together, "mourning for their own sins and the sins of others;" but the captain, not relishing this employment of his wife, and thinking her "mad with religion," kept her shut up in a dark room for three weeks, and was reported to have threatened Mrs. Buchan's life. The clergy also took the alarm, being offended both with her doctrines and her loose conduct, and became chiefly instrumental in raising the populace against her. But the more she was opposed, the more resolute she was "to carry out the details of a divine apocalypse, charging her with a heavenly mission." Her pretext, like Cromwell's when he wanted a reason to sanction his own earthly purposes, was, that she was "seeking the word of the Lord;" and so earnest was she in her inquiries that, she writes, "had a gallows been erected at every door, I would not have stayed from going there." According to her own account she went through a sort of refining process, before entering upon her apocalyptic duties, for she says—"In the year 1774, the power of God wrought such a wonderful change on my senses, that I overcame the flesh, so as not to make use of earthly food for some weeks; which made all that saw me conclude I was going to depart this life." This victory over the flesh must be understood as referring solely to the stomach; for in no other sense was it admitted as an article in Mrs. Buchan's creed.

The hostility of the clergy, the desertion of her school, and the imminent danger of her life, induced "our lady" to remove with her family to Glasgow, where she arrived in March, 1781, and was cordially received by her husband, then employed in a pottery in that city—the delf-work at the Broomielaw. Here she kept up a correspondence with her associates in the north—the members of the Banffshire Fellowship Societies; but her early propensities seem not to have been eradicated, for "an unfavorable report regarding her mode of life reached her native place," and drew from some of her friends there an advice "to mend her manners." To these insinuations she replied in a spirit of Christian forbearance; regretting the trouble her advisers took about her concerns, and promising "to plead for them night and day at the throne of grace."

During her residence in Glasgow at this time, (1782,) she formed an acquaintance with two persons, the Rev. Hugh White, and Mr. Andrew Innes, afterwards the two most zealous and most celebrated of her disciples. Mr. White was then minister of the Relief Congregation at Irvine, near Ayr. He had the reputation of being a popular preacher, and was certainly a man of talents, and a scholar. His native place was St. Ninians, near Stirling; but he had been professor of logic in an American college, and was reckoned a profound theologian. His besetting foible was vanity and self-conceit; and he must have been unsteady in his opinions, as he changed from the established church to the secession. His weakness in these respects rendered him an easy captive to the spiritual flatteries of Luckie Buchan. She had an opportunity of hearing him preach at a sacrament in the neighborhood of Glasgow, in December, 1782, and being taken with his oratory, she informed him by letter of the conquest he had made, and of his being "the first minister who had spoken effectually to her heart." The epistle is a curious specimen of artful compliment and blasphemous assumption. She tells him that before seeing him with the bodily eye, she had often viewed him by the eye of faith; that he was "a promised seed, actually born from above," the apocalyptic child, "that has lain in the womb of the everlasting decree from all eternity."

This communication was received at first as an effusion of genuine piety; and as such Mr. White showed it to several of his congregation, who were so pleased with Mrs. Buchan's religious views, that they wished her personal acquaintance. Accordingly, Mr. White invited her to Irvine, where she became his lodger, and met with a welcome reception from the whole sect, who seem to have paid her the utmost reverence.

"From her heavenly conversation and extraordinary gifts (says the narrative) they soon began to consider her a valuable acquisition to their party. Religion was her constant topic; in every company and on all occasions she introduced it. Her time was wholly employed in visiting from house to house; in praying and solving doubts, answering questions, and in expounding the Scriptures." It is not easy for Satan long to pass as an angel of light. Some of the congregation began to question the orthodoxy of her principles; they accused their minister of having imbibed them, and requested him to dismiss her as a dangerous person. With this peremptory demand he was obliged to comply. In a few weeks Mrs. Buchan quitted Irvine, and repaired to Glasgow, where she continued to correspond with her reverend neophyte, for the purpose of encouraging his "young faith," assuring him that her birth pains of heavenly love towards him far surpassed the love of woman: and rejoicing that her lot and his had been cast in the same land! Her correspondents at this early stage of her mission, amongst whom was the Rev. Francis O'Rely, of Northampton, were numerous, for one of her disciples says, "when Friend Mother came to Irvine, she brought with her a little hair-trunk filled with letters from various ministers and religious societies in the north of England."

Another of her converts at this time was Andrew Innes, the last survivor of the sect, who may also claim the honor of being its historiographer, as it was chiefly from materials furnished by him that Mr. Train drew up his narrative. This attached devotee, second only in Luckie's affections to the Great Man Child himself, was from Muthill in Perthshire. His parents were humble *cotters*, and he was bred to the business of a carpenter; but hearing of Mrs. Buchan's fame in the west, and the excitement caused by Mr. White's heresies, Andrew resolved "to cast in his lot with them, although most violently opposed by his mother and many of his friends." It was in 1787 that he first met our lady, to whose person and pretensions he afterwards adhered with romantic devotion. His exertions contributed much to the forming of the Buchanite society, of which he remained an effective member to the last, and in right of survivorship he

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became possessed of all the property belonging to that community.

The trial of Mr. White for heresy before the Relief Presbytery at Glasgow, was the occasion for a general rendezvous of his friends at Mrs. Buchan's lodgings there. Although the reverend gentlemen had not openly declared his ghostly idol to be actually the woman prophesied in the Revelation, yet he boldly affirmed her to be a saint of no ordinary character, and the harbinger of a light that would expel the darkness of Antichrist which had so long overshadowed the earth. His congregation, however, offended at the delusions and blasphemous opinions he had imbibed, threatened him with deposition for propagating tenets contrary to the Confession of Faith. A paper being drawn up by his opponents, containing what was supposed to be the new doctrines, he acknowledged them as his principles and subscribed them as such; and with regard to his quitting Mrs. Buchan, "he was so enamored of her mystic views, that he declared he would sooner cut off his right arm." In short, Mr. White's vanity led him to believe that he was destined to be a second John Knox, the founder of a new church; and in this delirium his spiritual mother encouraged him. "Believe me, (she wrote,) my dear love, there is nothing in glory, grace, or providence but what is on your side. Although hell and earth, men and devils, be raging against us, they can only rage in their own ground, and cannot harm us. * * * * * You are on the Lord's side, therefore the enemies of the Lord are up in arms against you; but go you forward, fear not, for the *breaker* is come up before them. The great I AM will keep you like the apple of his eye."

Mr. White's friends regretted his infatuation, and judged of his prospects in a different light from the frenzied view of it taken by Mrs. Buchan. He had a young wife, and two children still in infancy. But all expostulation was in vain. His opinions and his whole deportment had undergone a change so marvellous, that people attributed the influence of Luckie over him to her skill in the black art. He would listen neither to the voice of reason nor the sympathies of domestic affection. His trial proceeded, and the Presbytery were obliged to eject him from the ministry. This was in August, 1783, the decision of the court being unanimous, finding him guilty "of entertaining a number of sentiments contrary to Scripture." While his relations pitied and lamented his delusion, the result was hailed as a triumph over Satan and the malice of the world, by the crafty woman by whom he was so unaccountably misled. She wrote both to him and Mrs. White, exhorting them not to fear their enemies:—

"Poor short-sighted creatures, they see nothing on the other side of death. They think that I have done all this; and many are praying that you had never seen me; but I am sure, if they knew how happy I would be to spend my last breath, and the last drop of my blood, for Hugh White, they would not give themselves so much trouble. I am glad to think you are so well prepared for this stroke; but it will do you no harm, for although the whole course of nature were set on fire, it would not singe one hair of your head!"

The deposition of Mr. White excited no small sensation in the west, especially in Glasgow, where Mrs. Buchan then resided, in her old lodging in the Salt Market, receiving visits from crowds of Irvine people, and disputing with her enemies on religious matters. A small remnant of Mr. White's congregation embraced the new doctrines, and resolved to adhere to him. These formed the nucleus of the sect; the most zealous and influential of whom, at this time, says the narrative, "were Mr. Peter Hunter, writer and town-clerk in Irvine, and John Gibson, builder there. Many individuals of both sexes followed in their wake. Mrs. Buchan had informed them of the apocalypse that had induced her to travel from sea to sea for the fulfilment of that holy revelation; but though thus employed for nearly ten years, she confessed she had been only a gazing-stock to the people, and the butt of the devil's wrath. No person was so impressed with the belief of her divine call as to follow her from Banffshire; nor after her departure from her native place did the whimsies advanced by her disturb, in the slightest degree, the order of any community. In Glasgow, the only convert she appears to have made was Andrew Innes! Andrew's first interview with Luckie happened the preceding year, as we have mentioned. Having travelled from Muthill to Glasgow, to attend the Relief Sacrament, he accidentally met her in his landlady's kitchen, and accompanied her to chapel. The consequences he must relate himself—

"After service, she invited me to her lodgings, which were then in the upper flat of an old wooden house in the Salt-Market, and was but poorly furnished. As soon as I went in, she rose and conducted me to Glasgow-green, where she laid open to my view how the kings and hosts of Israel became a curse to the people, and how David, by his adultery with Bathsheba, occasioned the death of so many people; with other parts of Scripture, which I knew to be truth so simple and easy to be comprehended, that I wondered I had never seen them before in the same light. We parted in the evening, and I called by appointment again at her house on Monday, for the purpose of seeing her letters of correspondence, which were chiefly with ministers of various sects in Banff and Aberdeenshire."

The doors of the church being closed against Mr. White, he preached in his own garden, but his hearers being often disturbed by persons throwing stones and brick-bats among them, he was forced to retire into his own house, where their meetings at night continued for some time, Mrs. Buchan always taking a leading part. The nature and results of these nocturnal conventions are thus described:—

"The room was always crowded to excess; and the enemies sometimes remained after the public service was over, to contend about disputed points of doctrine, from which no good resulted to either party. The friends and relations of those who had become members of the society were determined to throw every possible interruption in their way. Customers deserted merchants who were members; tradesmen, laborers, &c., were thrown out of employment; parents were set against their children, servants against their masters, and drunken sailors were encouraged to watch and molest every person about to enter Mr. White's house in the evenings. And these practices not being discouraged by the magistrates, they grew the longer, the more presumptuous, till at last they attacked the doors and windows with sticks and stones; and when he applied to the magistrates for protection, he was only told to send away that offensive woman, and the people would be quiet as formerly.

"For greater privacy, they afterwards met at the house of Mr. Hunter; but their meetings there

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being discovered also, and the indignation of the populace being roused by the reports circulated of their doctrines and manner of worship, the doors and windows were demolished; and Mrs. Buchan, while endeavoring to escape the fury of the mob by a back way, was intercepted. She was accompanied by Mr. Gibson, a very strong man, who, when one of the rabble was about to lay violent hands on her, grasped her round the waist with his arms, and would not part with her till a drunken fellow cut one of his hands with a *jocteleg*, (clasp-knife,) whereupon a general shout of joy was raised for the capture of the *witch-wife*, who had cast her 'glamoury' over the minister. After dragging her through all the streets of the town, nearly in a state of nudity, many were for ducking her in the river, but the majority was for parading her home to her husband, to the sound of an old tin-kettle; and they actually trailed her to Stewarton, a village about eight miles from Irvine, on the Glasgow road. Andrew Innes says:—Mr. White and I, concealed by the darkness of the night, followed at a short distance all the way. We heard them once insult her about her feigned attachment to Christ. They would raise her up as high as they could, calling aloud for her to fly now to heaven, like Enoch or Elijah, at the same time letting her drop to the ground, exclaiming, 'She cannot fly yet; we must take her on a little further, and try her again.' When they came to the bridge at Stewarton, they took her to the ledge, for the purpose of throwing her into the river, and would have done so, had not one of the party opposed them, saying, 'She has done us no personal harm, therefore we will not kill her outright—let her husband do that if he pleases, when he gets her home.' This timely interruption seemed to divert them from their intention of drowning her. As they dragged her into Stewarton, the noise they made in the streets caused the people to come running out, many with candles in their hands. The crowd soon became very great, and the night being very dark, they lost sight of her suddenly, nor could they find her again."

This was rough handling for a prophetess, who claimed to have a heavenly commission—and, had her persecutors been amenable to the ordinary feelings of superstition, the circumstance of her mysterious disappearance might have shaken their incredulity of her being an impostor. But the mystery was soon revealed. Luckie showed that her nimbleness of heel was not inferior to the volubility of her tongue. She had taken advantage of the "sleety night" to retrace her steps—and when her scattered followers were assembled in Mr. White's parlor, mourning for her loss, (says Andrew Innes,) and the opinion gathered ground that she had actually ascended to heaven—

"In she stepped in the gray of the morning, in a most pitiable plight; she was bareheaded, barefooted, with scarcely a rag to cover her nakedness, and all her person over with blood; yet she was cheerful, and said, 'I suffer all this freely for the sake of those I love.' On escaping from the hands of her enemies at Stewarton, she made her way back to Irvine, by climbing over dykes, and squeezing through hedges, not daring to keep the public road, lest they might be in pursuit of her. Mr. Gibson washed and dressed her wounds, and when she was put to bed; we each retired to our respective places of abode."

Her presence in Irvine, and the congregating of her friends again, was the signal for another attack. Crowds assembled, the house was beset, the doors and windows battered with stones, and the lives of the inmates put in jeopardy. The magistrates were obliged to interfere, and immediately ordered her removal. In this extremity, Mr. Hunter engaged a man with a horse and cart, to take her to Glasgow—Mr. Gibson volunteering to attend her as sick-nurse, and Andrew Innes as an escort, to report her safe arrival. Her finances were so low at this time, that, on leaving Irvine, she did not possess even the smallest silver coin, and Andrew gave her his watch, which he understood she pawned for a few shillings, to relieve her immediate wants; but when she received a further supply from her more wealthy adherents, she redeemed the pledge, and returned it to its proper owner. In Glasgow her dupes continued to frequent her house, so that her family affairs were utterly neglected, and her husband reduced to abject poverty, by the extension of her hospitality to swarms of visitors, to whom he was an entire stranger. The consequence was, he was obliged to have a legal divorce, a step rendered all the more necessary from her revolting doctrines on the subject of "carnal marriages." It is remarkable that she never adopted her husband's name in her early letters, which are all signed "Elspeth Simpson;" and which make no disclosures on the grand point of her intention to carry her disciples to heaven in the body, without tasting of death. Her correspondence, at this period, is filled with rhapsodies about the overflowings of her love for her spiritual children, "amidst a generation of vipers," and the destroyers of this world "all coming against us like bulls of Bashan, with their mouths wide open to devour." She warned them that "Satan was trying to sift them," but that they were to rejoice in tribulation, for their past sufferings would now be "no more than a dream, or a tale that is told."

A change of locality was now deemed advisable, and as Andrew Innes' mother had come to Glasgow in quest of her strayed son, Luckie Buchan was persuaded to accompany them to Muthill, "a pious wheelwright" of that place, Duncan Robertson, having been despatched with a riding-horse to meet her at Kilsyth, and assist her in her journey. She professed great reluctance at parting with her "loving friends and sweet babes" in the west; but she was reconciled to her new abode by finding she was kindly received, and might get another "little vineyard" to bear fruit, as at Irvine. Her only desideratum here seems to have been Mr. Hugh White, who was, of course, strongly urged to take up his residence with her immediately.

"There being great desire and need of you, (she writes;) they are thirsting for the water of life, and receive it greedily. There are not a few young creatures here that have some breathings of love, but they are like to be choked with ignorance. I trust you will make no delay in coming here while the edge is on the people's minds. As to removing your family, you need say little about that till you come yourself. My body is loaded with a great cold, but my senses are like pipes of new wine, all running from a free fountain."

With this warm intention Mr. White complied, and travelled on foot in the latter end of November, from Irvine to Muthill, a distance of seventy-six miles, in two days. His companions were Andrew Innes, James Stewart, and Agnes Wylie. At this time two of Mrs. Buchan's daughters, Peggy and Anne, resided in Irvine, the elder being a servant with Mr. White. These are the young women whom she afterwards gave out to be, "one an

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incarnation of Christ, the other of the Holy Ghost!"

Mr. White's reception at Muthill was not so kindly as that of his female forerunner had been. He discovered no symptoms of religious "thirst" anywhere except in Friend Mother. The people had too deep a reverence for the established church and the confession of faith, to listen to "the abominations taught by Mrs. Buchan, and confirmed by Hugh White," of which they were faithfully warned by the clergy. They refused to admit him into their houses, or to take him by the hand, or to touch him, as it was confidently believed Luckie had bewitched him; and when he preached, "many of the men who had assembled to hear him, rose to their feet, and waved their staves before him in a very threatening manner." Discouraged by this opposition, the two fanatics and their disciples resolved to venture back to Irvine, where some of Mr. White's former congregation seemed to think that poverty would make him recant, and that the Buchanites would thereby be scattered. In this they were mistaken, "and when they saw cart after cart arrive from Muthill, laden with people, goods, and chattels, their rage became ungovernable. Mr. White's house was again attacked, and the windows demolished. The inhabitants petitioned the magistrates to have the lady apprehended and punished legally as a blasphemer, and her reverend paramour also, as a disseminator of her dogmas. A sentence of banishment was issued, (May, 1784,) ordering her to leave the royalty within two hours. The summary decision was instantly obeyed; "and such was the hurry, that some had scarcely time to pack up a hand-bundle, put out the fire, and lock the door." One left a washing on the green—another left a cow bellowing at the crib. Although the act applied only to Mrs. Buchan, her followers resolved to share her exile.

"With this intention, (says Andrew Innes,) we had rallied round her in Mr. White's parlor, each man with a staff in one hand, and a small bundle in the other; each woman with her coats kilted, and a small bundle in a handkerchief, tied round her waist. Mr. and Mrs. White seemed rather downcast, but Friend Mother was more cheerful than ordinary. She spoke to us individually, and quoted passages of Scripture with surpassing aptitude, to fortify our minds in that trying hour. She often repeated the twenty-eighth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Matthew with great composure and dignity—'Verily, I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they shall see the Son of man coming in his kingdom.' When the magistrates and constables appeared at the door, she proceeded with them, Mr. White accompanying her on one side, and Mr. Gibson on the other. The women and children followed, the men bringing up the rear. The streets through which we passed were crowded to such excess, that the constables could scarcely open a passage. All those that came from Muthill were very ill used; the people made sport of pushing their staves between our legs so as to make us fall, and then pushed others over us; chiding us at the same time for ruining ourselves by following an old witch-wife, who had evidently cast her cantrips over us. Just as the magistrates were about to return, a drunken sailor tore off the cap of our Friend Mother, and pulled her to the ground; and then ran past the magistrates, exclaiming, 'I have got a right handful of her hair,' and joined his companions without being molested by the authorities."

About this period these fanatics attracted the notice of the poet Burns, then residing at his farm of Mossgiel. In a letter to a friend in Montrose, he alludes to their society, and describes their tenets as "a strange jumble of enthusiastic jargon." Of their libertine principles he also speaks freely, but without exaggeration:—

"Old Buchan (he adds) pretends to give them the Holy Ghost, by breathing on them, which she does with postures and practices scandalously indecent. They hold a community of goods, and live nearly an idle life, carrying on a great farce of devotion in barns and woods, where they lie and lodge all together; and hold likewise a community of women, as it is another of their tenets that they can commit no moral sin. I am personally acquainted with most of them, and can assure you the above mentioned are facts."

The ejected emigrants, on quitting Irvine, which they denounced as another Sodom, to be overtaken with some signal judgment for the wickedness of the people, bent their steps towards the south. The cause of their moving in that direction, Mr. Innes explains:—"After consulting on the road a short time, we agreed to keep our faces as steadily as possible towards that part of the heavens where we supposed the Saviour of the world would appear at his second coming, (Matthew, chapter 26th,) and moved off very slowly," &c.

Their society consisted of forty-six, but was afterwards reinforced to sixty, chiefly by converts from England. The style of their travelling was picturesque. Mrs. Buchan, attired in a scarlet cloak, the discarded minister, and one or two of her higher dupes, were seated in a cart, while the remainder followed on foot. Allan Cunningham states that Luckie sometimes rode in front on a white pony, "and often halted to lecture them on the loveliness of the land, and to cheer them with food from what she called the gardens of mercy, and with drink from a large cup, called the comforter." Her company "were for the most part clever chiels, and bonny, spanking, rosy-cheeked lasses, many of them in their teens. Over their dark petticoats they wore short gowns, reaching from the chin half-way down the thigh, and fitted close to the bosom. They were bare-headed, and their locks of unusual length were restrained from falling in a fleece over their back and breast by small buckling-combs."

They had difficulty in procuring food, as the country shunned them. Oat cake, when they could purchase it at the farm-houses, and cold water, was their common fare. When they came to a stream, they sat down on the bank, Friend Mother dividing to each a bit of cake, and a tankard of water was handed round, brought from the rivulet by one of the women. All shared alike; the only distinction in the way of luxury being that our lady "after she had divided the bread, *lighted her pipe and took a smoke of tobacco.*" In the article of lodgings they were miserably provided for, as few public houses could accommodate them, and farmers declined to harbor them. Near Dundonald they were permitted to occupy a cart-shed and a *killogie* for the night. At New Cumnock they were granted the use of a hay-loft; but at Slunkford the farmer would not give them his barn, nor even allow them the shelter of his hay-stack. Mr. White preached to them and cheered them on their journey, by drawing comparisons between their difficulties and those of Christ and his apostles. During their march they chanted, like the seekers of the New Jerusalem, hymns, as a kind of rude psalmody, which attracted general at-

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tention wherever they passed. "They made the hills and woodlands ring with rhymes of their own composing, sung in full chorus to what is called profane music," one of their favorite airs being *The Beds of Sweet Roses*, then a popular song in the west.

The first resting place they procured was at New Comple, a farm-house in Nithsdale, near Thornhill thirteen miles above Dumfries. There the wandering Buchanites were induced to halt, in consequence of one of the wealthiest of their members, Mr. Hunter, being apprehended and carried back to Irvine, on the charge of having deserted his business and property, but in reality to detach him from the idle company he had joined. The tenant of the farm, Mr. Davidson, at first gave them only the temporary use of a barn; but finding they consumed and paid ready money for a considerable amount of his farm produce, and assisted him in his field labors, he allowed them to remain for some time, and afterwards gave them grounds to erect a house for themselves, called *Buchan's Ha'*, a name which it still retains. "It was here," says Andrew Innes, "like the disciples of Christ after Pentecost, our apostolical life commenced; all that believed were together, and had all things common." Their money was put into a joint-stock purse, and placed at the disposal of John Gibson, who was both treasurer and purveyor of the kitchen. Janet Grant, who had kept a cloth-shop in Irvine, was mistress of the robes, and had charge of all the unoccupied clothes, to keep them clean and whole, and give them out when any person wanted a change. The other women assisted in washing, knitting, and darning stockings, and they had tailors and cobblers for mending their shoes and outer garments. They occasionally wrought at hay or harvest for their neighbors, but never accepted wages, and always took their meals apart by themselves, concluding it with singing one of their own rhymes.

Their food was mean and scanty, consisting of potatoes and salt, or herrings, or "a drop of milk, when that was attainable." It was cooked in the farmer's kitchen, and served on a small table, round which they sat; and if any religious discussion was going on in the barn, they would run, with a potato, *en chemise*, in their hand, to hear the controversy. Having neither hay nor straw to sleep on, they were obliged to pull heather from the moors, which they bound in bundles of about six feet long and four broad, "thereby forming a bed for two persons." Those bundles were placed in a double row on the barn floor, closely pressed together, with the tops uppermost for softness, the space between being scarcely more than sufficient for a single person to pass; their only covering was one blanket to each bed, and for pillows they used their body-clothes. By degrees, and after they had erected their house, which they built entirely themselves, their condition improved—each had two blankets, and for bedsteads they nailed four rough boards together, which were filled with straw for mattrasses as soon as it could be procured. Their cabin was only one story high, thirty-six feet long, and sixteen broad, covered with heather. It was provided with a loft, supported by poles, and this primitive attic was the general sleeping apartment. To this bed-room they ascended by a trap-ladder in the middle of the house, there being only two beds below in a small closet.

"Our furniture (says Andrew Innes) consisted of two long tables, or deals, surrounded by links or cutty stools. In the kitchen was a dresser, a meal-chest, and a few stools. In Mr. White's closet was a table, and a few chairs, intended for strangers."

In this miserable hovel, and in beds of heather or straw, so closely jammed together that a person could scarcely move between them, were immured about sixty individuals of both sexes, who embraced some of the worst dogmas of the ancient Essenes, and of the modern Socialists. Among them the marriage relation was entirely disregarded. Children did not know their parents; the title of Mr. and Mrs. was abolished, and new names substituted for the old; thus, Mr. Hunter, who had returned, was called Peter—Mr. White, Isold Whitehead—and so of the rest, except the Man-Child, who wished to be named Friend White. For these changes, Scripture reasons were assigned; but the general belief was, they adopted this device for the purpose of committing and concealing crimes of a flagitious character.

The fixture of these abominable enthusiasts in the Vale of Nith, where many persons alive still remember them, created a strong sensation, which was soon inflamed into violence by Mr. White's preaching, and announcing Friend Mother as the "mysterious woman predicted in the Revelation, in whom the light of God was restored to the world." Disgusted with these blasphemous ravings, the people attacked their house, smashed doors and windows, ransacked the beds and chests, and even the farmer's draw-well, for "Luckie," who might have been torn to pieces, had she not escaped privately to Closeburn Castle, the seat of Mr. (now Sir Charles) Monteith, being warned on the previous evening of what was to take place; for guns were fired and lights kindled on the hills, as signals to collect for the attack. Forty-two of the rioters were tried for the assault, and upwards of twenty of them were fined at Dumfries by the sheriff of the county. The clergy of the local Presbytery also interfered, and attempted to have "Mrs. Buchan and the man-child, White," libelled before the church court for teaching blasphemous doctrines; but they did not succeed, and the proceeding was abandoned. Luckie's correspondence must have been voluminous; for she sometimes wrote all night, and complained grievously of the expense of postages. She paid a visit, accompanied by her "high priest," to a very old acquaintance, near Moffat, the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, of Wamphray, in the hope of converting him. She boldly maintained, "She was actually the spirit of God, which all unbelievers would soon know to their cost." But when the neighbors learned that the manse was polluted by such unholy visitants, they threatened to mob them, and call the minister to account.

Much of Mr. White's time, while at Closeburn, seems to have been occupied in writing hymns for the use of the society, and in composing the *Divine Dictionary*, or summary of their doctrines; for as they professed having Scripture to support all their opinions, they deemed it necessary that they should publish to the world such an exposition of their faith and practice as would tend in future to silence their enemies! The work is described as a complete jumble of fanatical nonsense, and denunciations against those who dared to disbelieve the divine mission of the mysterious woman. "It showed them," says the historian of the Relief church, Mr. Struthers, "to be illiterate, erroneous, visionary, and rhapsodical. So little reason was mixed up with their madness, that it is often impossible to comprehend their ravings, and to say exactly what, on various topics, was their belief." It treated of

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the propagation of mankind—the human soul—the decrees of God—the nature of true devotion—the meeting Christ in the clouds—and pretended to give "a divine receipt, instructing how all may live forever." The principal object of the work, however, was to proclaim to the world that they (the Buchanites) "are actually waiting for the second coming of Christ, and believe that they alone shall be translated into the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air." This leading article of their creed was engrossed in the title-page of the work: and the publication blasphemously concludes by declaring that "the truths contained in it were received from divine inspiration, by a babe in the love of God, Hugh White, revised and approved by Elspeth Simpson!" Repeated warnings are given in it "to this poor deluded world" not to despise their admonitions, but to repair forthwith to New Comple, if they would be saved from sin and death, for there alone was the light of God restored back to this earth. "Never mind the style, but attend to the sentiment," was the laconic advice they gave to all readers of the *Divine Dictionary*.

If their ambition was, as stated, to spread their fame by this publication, they were grievously disappointed. Their worst enemies could not have advised them to do anything more injurious to their expectations of success. It was scarcely known beyond their own locality, and no clergyman deemed it worth while to lift a pen to refute it. Even the printing of such infamous doctrines could not be tolerated in Dumfries; and such was the popular odium against Mr. Jackson, who threw off the first sheets, that the remainder was transferred to Edinburgh, in Mr. Innes' pocket.

Their only other writings appear to have been hymns; but judging from a single specimen, the inspiration of their muse could not have proceeded from a very sublime fountain. The following stanzas commence a kind of psalm, or song of deliverance from their ill-treatment, by the "People of Closeburn:"—

"The people in Closeburn parish residing,
Came often our sermons to hear;
And rudely they questioned our words, though most pure—
Our persons they threatened to tear.

"They often, with batons and cudgels combined,
With billets of wood, and with stones;
But He who has power all men to control,
Prevented them breaking our bones."

Mrs. Buchan herself, in one of her letters to the Rev. Gabriel Russell, of Dundee, celebrates her troubles and her triumphs, at New Comple in a similar strain:—

"I have been, these ten years past, the very butt of the great red dragon's wrath, and a gazing-stock to a worthless, blinded world, who are continually spewing out floods of falsehood, cruel mockings, and murdering plots against us, either to scatter or kill us; but oh, praise! praise! eternal praise and thanksgiving to divine wisdom and almighty power, the worst of their intentions have hitherto turned out for our good, for none of our society has yet fallen before the enemy."

Instead of diminishing, the society increased, having about this time gained an accession of more than twenty persons, the greater part being from the north of England. George Hill, a well-educated young man, a native of Edinburgh, and at that time clerk to the Closeburn lime-works, was the first to join them; and he, with Mr. Hunter, the ex-town-clerk of Irwine, proved useful assistants, as amanuenses, to Mr. White. The fame of the sect, and of the "Lady of Light," or "Great Luminary," as Mrs. Buchan was now called, was carried to England by James Brown, a merchant tailor from Sunderland, who had accidentally visited New Comple, and was captivated with their expectations of passing into glory without tasting of death. A more important acquisition was Mr. Thos. Bradley, from Hartlepool, in Durham county, who disposed of his property in Yorkshire, and his farming-stock at Stranton, and joined the Buchanites. His friends attempted to prevent this foolish expedition; but he absconded before day-light, with clothing and victuals, for the journey, wife, children, and chattels, in a large wagon drawn by two horses, and was received joyfully at New Comple—his wealth being of material advantage to the society.

It was to be expected that doctrines so palatable to human nature, both spiritually and carnally, would attract proselytes of somewhat equivocal character. One applicant of this kind that appeared was a young naval officer, Mr. C. E. Conyers, lieutenant of marines, who consented to "leave all the vain-glory of his former life," and cast in his lot with "those blessed expectants of immortality." But as it was a rule of the society that no member could retain any earthly drag or entanglement, whereby his ascension to the next world might be retarded, Mr. Conyers was obliged to resign his half-pay, which he did in a letter to the secretary of the admiralty, intimating his determination to hold no longer any commission under an earthly crown. On first appearing in his new service, he was bare-headed, which our lady took as a mark of profound respect and superior breeding, to which she was not always accustomed. It soon transpired, however, that he had been regaling himself the night before at a neighboring wayside inn, (Brownhill,) and having no money to pay his bill, the landlord kept possession of the hat. This explained the mystery of the obeisance; but the old hat was redeemed, and the next time the owner appeared bare-headed was on the scaffold at Tyburn. The society had early discovered that, notwithstanding his seeming zeal, "he was a wolf in sheep's clothing," and had sought their community for other reasons than the hope of an immediate translation to heaven. He had defrauded a life assurance company in London, and probably expected to be carried into the clouds before his villany was detected. He was mistaken. The officers of justice traced him to his lurking-place, and handed him over to the fate he deserved. Other "moneyless rakes" sought admission, but in vain; none being accepted in future without being subject to examination and investigation by Mrs. Buchan, in which she was the chief actor, but of which delicacy forbids a more particular description.

Various circumstances now made it necessary that Friend Mother should give some evidence of the truth of her doctrine. Their creed had been published to the world. Expectation was excited. The English converts had been summoned to "make haste and join their loving brothers the saints in glory." The faith and hope of the whole community were wound to the highest pitch, "longing for the time of the bride's translation." Scripture confirmed these devout warnings. The 1260 days which the woman in the Revelation was to tarry in the wilderness, after giving birth to the man-child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron,

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had nearly expired, reckoning from Mr. White's conversion at Irvine. This coincidence of dates and hopes led the sanguine enthusiasts to believe that the great event so ardently desired was at hand. An accident, the burning of a neighboring farmer's premises, "one of their most violent enemies," brought on a premature crisis. Imagining the nocturnal conflagration to be the commencement of the general judgment that was to destroy all unbelievers, a panic seized the whole inmates of Buchan Ha', from the oldest to the youngest. Andrew Innes, who was an eye-witness to this *Midnight Manifestation*, as he calls it, says:—

"All the members below instantly started to their feet, and those in the garret hurried down as fast as they possibly could through the trap-door. But it being about midnight, and there being no light in the house, Mr. Hunter, in the agitation of the moment, tumbled headlong down the trap-ladder. In an instant, however, he bounded from the ground, and with a voice as loud as a trumpet, joined in the general chorus, which every one in the house sung most vehemently—

'Oh! hasten translation, and come resurrection!
Oh! hasten the coming of Christ in the air.'

"The bodily agitation became so great, with the clapping of hands and singing, that it is out of my power to convey a just idea of the scene. Every one thought the blessed moment was arrived; and every one singing, and leaping, and clapping their hands, passed forward to the kitchen, where Friend Mother sat with great composure, while her face shone so white with the glory of God as to dazzle those who beheld it, and her raiment was as white as snow."

The extraordinary noise and tumult collected a crowd of neighbors, who dispersed when the agitation subsided. Here a curious scene is described by old Andrew:—

"I remember, when daylight appeared, of having seen the floor strewed with watches, gold rings, and a great number of trinkets, which had been, in the moment of expected translation, thrown away by the possessors, as useless in our expected country. We did so, because Elijah threw away his mantle when he was, in like manner, about to ascend to heaven. My own watch was of the number; I never saw it more, but I afterwards learned that John Gibson, our treasurer, had collected all the watches and jewelry, and sold them in Dumfries."

This sudden explosion of fanaticism did not in the least disconcert Mrs. Buchan, who quietly *called for a tobacco-pipe and took a smoke;* "telling her people she now saw they were not sufficiently prepared for the mighty change she intended them to undergo." The failure on this occasion she ascribed wholly to the want of faith in her followers, and therefore another ordeal was prescribed for them. As Moses and Elijah fasted forty days and nights, as Christ remained the same time in the wilderness without food, and finally, as Peter, James, and John needed no terrestrial support on the Mount of Transfiguration, so Friend Mother, in order to bring her dupes into the spiritual state necessary to their translation without tasting death, enjoined a total abstinence from all earthly nourishment for forty days. This she declared to be an indispensable preliminary, and assured them, at the same time, that as the blood receded from their veins, the Holy Spirit would occupy its place, and that they would consequently become spiritual bodies, like the great founder of their society.

Severe as this test of orthodoxy was, it was cheerfully and unanimously complied with. The enthusiasts shut themselves up from all intercourse with strangers, doors bolted, windows nailed down and screened—their only exercise being reading, and singing hymns composed for the occasion, one of which began thus:—

"On words of God his children feed,
For little by this mouth they need," &c.

In this imprisonment they continued like so many Jonahs in the fish's belly. The narrative thus describes their condition:—

"We never went to bed; some stretched themselves on coverlets by turns on the floor. The infirm generally lay couchant on the beds in the cock-loft, and being about the middle of June, we scarcely knew night from day. When the fast commenced, we had eight gallons of molasses, a little manna, and a few stones of oatmeal; but during the whole six weeks of the fast, there was no such thing as cooking victuals, and no complaint was made for want of food, even by the children. There was, indeed, sometimes a desire for a little drink, and as Friend Mother was always stepping about among us, she kept a little treacle mixed with hot water, which she gave to any person that was thirsty; but it was very seldom required."

The only recipient of this liquid was "an old blind and deaf woman, who lay in bed most of the time." Whether this insane attempt to live without food amounted to total abstemiousness, it is impossible to know. Certainly, the fasting was not imaginary, as the personal appearance of the whole fraternity showed, for they were reduced to skeletons. Mrs. Hunter, fearing that her husband and children might be starved to death, succeeded in having them conveyed home, by virtue of a warrant, charging him with "folly and ill-behavior, in having left a good property and an excellent business for the purpose of following a filthy, lascivious witch, to the ultimate ruin of his family." For this act of defection, the Lady of Light opened her spiritual artillery in full wrath against the offending female, denouncing her as an imp of Satan, "with all the cunning of a serpent and the deceit of a devil." To prevent desertion in future, any one suspected of an intention to leave the society was locked up, and every day *ducked in cold water!* But before this rule had passed, Mrs. Innes had contrived to carry off her two daughters, also residing "under the wings of mercy at Buchan Ha'."

It would appear that before the expiry of the forty days, Luckie resolved to give her adherents confirmation of the fulfilment of her promises. They were assembled first on a small green hillock behind their cabin, where they remained till midnight, "singing with such united strength that the deeply-mixed melody of their voices was frequently heard at Closeburn Castle, a mile distant." They then moved slowly off towards Templand Hill, which they ascended before day-break, to hold a "love meeting" preparatory to the grand translation. Platforms were erected for them to wait patiently until the wonderful hour arrived. The hair of each head was cut short, except a tuft on the crown "for the angels to catch by when drawing them up." Mr. White was so confident, or appeared so, of being carried aloft, "that he dressed himself in his canonicals, put on his gloves, and walked about

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scanning the heavens." Luckie Buchan was herself the most conspicuous figure. "She was raised nearly her whole length above the crowd by whom she was surrounded, who stood with their faces towards the rising sun, and their arms extended upwards, as if about to clasp the great luminary as he rose above the horizon." Her platform (an empty cask turned upside down, according to some accounts) was exalted above the rest.

The utmost anxiety prevailed among the spectators who witnessed this extraordinary scene, "expecting every minute that the sound of the archangel's trumpet would break upon their ears." The finale was ridiculous enough. The momentous hour arrived; "a gust of wind came, but instead of wafting them upwards to the land of bliss, it capsized Mrs. Buchan, platform and all!" After this "unexpected downcome," Luckie and the whole band made their way back to New Comple. An eye-witness who had been on the hill says—

"We all hastened to see them retrace their steps to their wonted abode, and such a company of half-famished creatures I never saw before. They were all deadly pale, and emaciated to the last degree; they seemed like living skeletons just escaped from the grave, or newly imported from Ezekiel's valley of dry bones, with the exception of Luckie herself. She was like one of those beauties who crowd the canvass of painters with *hillocks of rosy flesh*. Her hair was unbound, and hung profusely over her back and shoulders. She was downcast and melancholy, as were all her followers, evidently from the exposure of their reckless folly."

It is plain that Friend Mother had not abstained from terrestrial nutriment, and her credulous dupes believed her when she told them that "being a partaker of the divine nature, she partook of earthly sustenance during the fast, merely to prevent her tabernacle from becoming too transparent for human eyes to behold!"

Two of the Englishmen, the Sunderland tailor and the Durham farmer, broke down in the middle of the fast, not liking that species of training; they waited the result at a little distance, and had their faith considerably shaken. One of Mr. Bradley's children was obliged to be removed nearly lifeless; and after tasting food she became quite delirious, and at last died insane. Andrew Innes was also compelled to depart privately for Muthill, before the termination of the fast, in consequence of Catherine Gardiner, who had left the society pregnant, being advised to enforce her claims upon him by law. Being completely exhausted with hunger, he was conveyed away "by cock-crow, on the landlord's old mare," so weak, that he required to be lifted on horseback, and his tattered habiliments hurriedly put on by mistake, a world too wide for his shrunken person he afterwards married Catherine, who returned with him to New Comple, and treated her with the affection of a wife, although the old heartless vagabond confessed that he submitted to the ceremony, knowing that the most legal union that marriage could form, would be done away on entering the society. She lived with him fifty-eight years, having died in November, 1845.

The failure of the attempt to scale the skies was a sore disappointment, and may be said to have exposed the absurdity of this "most romantic enthusiasm." The lady of light sank in the estimation of her followers, who began to doubt the reality of her pretensions. The English people, all of them Methodists, and many of whom had placed their whole worldly means at the disposal of the society, were reduced to beggary, and returned home loudly inveighing against the darker shades of Luckie Buchan's character, and the miseries she had entailed upon them by "her irreligious fooleries." The Sunderland tailor was the most violent, as he had additional cause for unbelief, having witnessed the failure of a pretended miracle in a time of severity, whereby Friend Mother promised to draw a supply of cash from heaven. They went to the summit of a neighboring hill, with a sheet held by the four corners, to receive the money; but the man tired before the golden shower fell, leaving madam alone, who upbraided him, when she came home with £5, for his want of faith. Mr. White, too, became arrogant and disrespectful, accused his spiritual mother of being a deceiver, debarred her from quitting the house, or receiving visitors, and, in a short time, was the means of breaking up the society. Quarrels ensued about the distribution of the funds, the treasurer's honesty was questioned, and on his claim of £85 being refused, he obtained a *fugæ* warrant against Mr. White and Mrs. Buchan, who were apprehended and laid in Dumfries jail. From this unpleasant situation they were liberated by the spontaneous generosity of Thomas Bradley, who lodged the sum claimed by Gibson, by way of bail, until the matter should be decided in due course of law. The decision of the sheriff went against the treasurer, as it appeared he had put his money voluntarily into the general funds of the society. Failing in this issue, Gibson impeached the luckless couple before the kirk sessions of Closeburn, for having carried on an improper intercourse. Several of the disaffected members were summoned as witnesses to establish the charge, but not appearing in court, the case was dismissed, although Andrew Innes afterwards admitted that "the fact of Mr. White and Mrs. Buchan sleeping together was never intended to be kept a secret in the society." Ultimately, Gibson returned to Irvine, to resume his occupation as a builder; his wife, however, refused to accompany him, because "like Judas, he had betrayed his mistress."

The county magistrates now became apprehensive lest, in the dilapidated condition of the society, its remaining members might fall a burden on the parish for support. To avert this danger, an order was issued that they should leave Dumfrieshire; and accordingly, on the 10th March, 1787, they moved off in a body from New Comple; their landlord, Mr. Davidson, supplying horses and carts for removing their bedding and furniture. They were under great alarm of a second attack, as crowds had assembled from various parts to witness, as they expected, the final dispersion of the society, and endeavor to recover their infatuated friends. But they were allowed to depart without much injury, though not quite unmolested, as we learn from Mr. White's poem on the occasion:—

"The tenth day of March, being closely impending,
Like voracious hawks which the doves doth pursue,
Or wolves, which the sheep and the lambs doth devour still,
Came Closeburn's people God's course to undo," &c.

The emigrants took up their next residence at Tarbreach, and afterwards at Auchergibbert, a small farm on the borders of Galloway, in Kirkpatrick Deeham parish, the lease being in Mr. White's name. There they had literally to begin

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the world anew; and as they had never wrought for wages, a shower of money would have been of real service to them—their whole stock consisted of only one cow, a calf, two stirks purchased on credit, and a pair of old horses, gifted to them by Bradley and their former landlord—they had to erect the entire farm-steadings, which they accomplished themselves, there being builders, carpenters, and tin-smiths, as well as spinners and knitters, in the society. These expenses obliged them to take hire for their labor; the women spun yarn, at 3d. the hank—and the men went to harvest, at 8d. a day, with victuals. Luckie occasionally superintended "her bairns" personally in the fields; the deference they paid her was quite extravagant—they threw down their sickles, embraced each other, moved towards her with their heads uncovered, singing at the pitch of their voices the hymn "O hasten translation" to their favorite tune, "Beds of sweet roses;" and forming a circle, kneeling round her, she laid her right palm on the forehead of each, when they started up in succession, like automaton figures, raised by the pressure of internal springs. But it was in the kitchen that her maternal cares displayed themselves most usefully. Her prowess in cookery according to Innes, must have been miraculous, as she could turn simple fare into the most delicious dishes, make a few potatoes, carrots, or cabbages, with a handful of oat, or barley meal, feed upwards of forty persons daily—and produce "more palatable and substantial broth from a single spoonful of butter, than any other person could do with a whole joint of mutton and plenty of vegetables of the best description."

The supernatural gift, however, that nearly rivals the miracle of the loaves and fishes, could not prolong the author's life beyond the natural time. The disobedience of her children, and especially the violent and uncourteous conduct of Mr. White, had broken her peace of mind and crushed her spirit. She rebuked their ingratitude and unbelief in bitter reproaches:—"Since I cannot prevent some of you going hell-ward, I will cast my body down in your way, and those who wish to do so may go over it." Her declining health left no doubt of the result, however reluctant her followers might be to credit the possibility of her death; and after a severe illness she expired on the morning of the 29th March, 1791, in the seventh year of the Buchanite *Hegira*, or flight from Irvine. Her last breath was received by the group of devotees who stood in consternation around her bed, "all being greatly agitated, with the exception of Mr. White; nothing was then to be seen but the deepest emotions of distress—nothing heard but the unsubdued wailings of heart-felt sorrow." Before becoming speechless, she had exhorted them to continue steadfast and unanimous in their adherence to her doctrines.

"She said they had received a convincing proof that she was the Spirit of God—that Christ was her elder brother, and that she was, consequently, the third person in the Godhead, or the Holy Ghost, and, therefore, she could not die; and though she would appear to do so, they needed not be discouraged, for she would only sleep; and if their faith was pure and without alloy, she would return for them at the end of six days. But if they still remained faithless she would not come back to take them to heaven till the end of ten years; and if they still continued unprepared, fifty years would elapse before she would reappear on the earth; but then, at all events, she would descend to convince the faithless world of its error in supposing her to be only one of the false prophets mentioned in the 18th chapter of Deuteronomy."

To this graduated scale of faith most of her disciples clung to the last. A rude coffin of boards, without being planed or blackened, was prepared, into which the body was laid, wrapped in a simple shroud; "and what was most singular, (says her devoted chronicler, Innes,) our hands, after touching her, emitted an odoriferous perfume, which spread over the room, as if we had been handling myrrh, or some other aromatic herb." The greatest pains were taken to conceal the death, and strict orders given that no lamentation should be made, nor any appearance of funeral rites. That no obstacle might interpose to obstruct the ascension, the lid of the coffin was not nailed down; and instead of being carried to the grave, it was secretly removed at night to the barn. In his zeal to maintain his mistress' immortality, Andrew contrived to abstract the corpse the first night, and hid it "in a mow of corn," to prevent its being buried. But fearing the rats might set upon it, and the trick being discovered, "he plainly told where he had concealed her." A platform was then erected in the centre of the barn, on which the coffin was placed; and as the sixth day approached, the return of Friend Mother was waited for with breathless expectation. A second stratagem was now attempted to prove the fact of a veritable resurrection. The body being clandestinely removed by those who watched it, and a hole cut in the roof, exactly close where the corpse lay, "they next day told the rest of Luckie's deluded followers, that an angel had come and carried her away before their eyes; in proof of which they showed the aperture in the roof through which they had ascended."

The two daughters of Mrs. Buchan had quitted the society two years before her death, in consequence of her rude treatment by Mr. White. Annoyed by the reports in circulation, some alleging the body was thrown into Auchergibbert loch, others that it was buried in the house under the hearth-stone, they applied to the sheriff to cause Mr. White to surrender the remains of their deceased parent. But the public agitation being great, it was deemed more advisable to have the corpse regularly buried; and accordingly, at the dead of night it was interred under the coffin of another in the church-yard of the neighboring parish, Kirkguzion; the only individuals present or cognizant of the fact being Mr. White, Mr. Hill, and the stewart depute, Sir Alexander Gordon, by by whom the secret was disclosed thirty years afterwards.

The body, however, which had been carefully packed in feathers, was not allowed to remain long in its resting-place. White, Robertson, and Hill carried it away, and deposited it beneath the hearth-stone, in the kitchen of Auchergibbert. Thence it was removed, with all possible privacy, to their next abode, at Longhill, where it was enclosed in a large chest, previously used for holding the spare blankets of the society. Finally it was conveyed, like the bones of Joseph, to the last residence of the Buchanites, at Crocketford, near Castle Douglas, where it was kept many years, in a little abutment, or charnel-house, attached to the dwelling, and immediately behind the bed-room fire-place of Andrew Innes, who displayed a singular enthusiasm in the preservation of this sacred treasure. Twice every day in the year he regularly warmed the skeleton with a heated flannel cloth, which he

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pushed through a hole, made on purpose, at the back of the grate directly above the coffin, into which it fell, and was carefully spread over the remains by this superstitious devotee, who had private access to them by a lock-door in his sleeping apartment. Daily did the old man pay his respects to this venerated mummy, with its dark brown skin cemented like parchment to the bones; and when he expired his last directions were, that the coffin, or packing-box, with its precious contents, should be interred with his own in the kail-yard, "on the left flank of the line of the graves of his former associates." Time had not dulled the edge of his fanaticism, and to the end he cherished his darling hope of translation without death, consoling himself with the pleasing reverie that "every night he slept in Friend Mother's house, and breakfasted every morning with her family."

The sequel of this strange record of human vice and folly is soon told. The death of the founder dispersed, but did not annihilate, the sect. White, whose zeal gradually subsided after the failure of the Templand Hill demonstration, and whose contempt for Mrs. Buchan increased so far as to lead him to assume the apostleship of the society himself, was the first to break up the concern. Farming added to his wealth and to his worldly-mindedness; and as Luckie waxed old his affection for her waned, and reverted to his wife and family. The disingenuous part he acted in first pretending that the dead impostor was only in a trance; and, when the delusion would no longer avail, having her clandestinely buried, that her votaries might believe that she had ascended to heaven, was the natural prelude to his recanting her doctrines altogether. Having disgusted his associates with his arrogance and hypocrisy, and providing for his worldly comforts as far as he could, he emigrated to America, in June, 1792, taking with him such members as could pay their passage, or be persuaded of his power to promote their interests in that country. His abortive attempt to become the leader of a new sect in Scotland, appears to have deterred him from setting up in that capacity to propagate his dreamy mysticisms in the new world. He adopted the profession of teaching; and when last heard of, he was school-master in a small village in Virginia, occasionally preaching to a few Universalists. His fellow-emigrants were all unfortunate, with one exception, Joseph Innes, Andrew's brother, who realized property to the amount of £8,000. George Hill, who had married Jean Gardiner, (Catherine's sister, and one of Robert Burns' many "darling Jeans,") became a bookseller in Baltimore, but was reduced to abject poverty by the failure of a shipping company. Mrs. Buchan's son had been long removed from the society; he entered the British naval service about the beginning of the French revolution, and was killed at the battle of Trafalgar.

The secession of Mr. White left a remnant of fourteen, who immediately removed to the neighboring farm of Larghill, a waste moor of four hundred acres, which they had leased at a rent of twenty guineas a year. There they were again obliged to erect a house, and support themselves by manual labor, the women spinning, and Duncan Robertson exercising his trade of wheel-making; no distinction in regard to the Sabbath being observed in carrying on their in-door work. The costume of the society, male as well as female, was cloth of their own manufacture, and all of a light green color. Being of small stature, this peculiar dress gave them in their lonely moor more the appearance of a race of elves than human beings. All their farm utensils, barn and stable doors, carts, corn sacks, &c., were marked in large characters, "*Mercy's Property*," a device fallen upon to preserve the community of goods and chattels, in case of any one assuming, like Mr. White, authority over the rest.

When the farm (which once belonged to the famous persecutor, the Laird of Lag) was improved, the proprietor took it under his own management, which obliged the faithful remnant again to shift their quarters. Having purchased five acres of building ground, at Crocketford, at a cost of £900, they removed, in 1808, to their new premises, which were destined to be the final resting-place of the remaining members of the society. Many of them had paid the debt of nature, and were always buried in the *kail-yard*, ostensibly to prevent the graves being trodden by strangers, but more probably because no other burial ground would receive them. It was their rule to show no symptoms of grief, nor wear any of the usual badges of mourning.

Of the fourteen residuaries, two were interred at Larghill, the other twelve sleep under the green sward at Crocketford; Andrew and his partner (he refused her the name of wife) being the last survivors. Old Katie's shrivelled form must have been of grotesque appearance. Originally diminutive, the pressure of fourscore years had bent her down to the pigmy size of fifty inches. Her head, naturally large, was augmented by an incredible accumulation of caps and bandages, so as nearly to conceal her little hatchet face; the most conspicuous feature of which was a pair of black horn-mounted spectacles, with colored yarn wrapped round the bridge, to save the skin of her nose. Her attachment to Andrew was inalienable; her great anxiety being lest the timber soles of his clogs, as he sat with his feet on the ribs of the grate, might take fire and roast his legs before he could shift his chair. The old man survived her little more than a year; and with him the name, and race, and doctrines of the Buchanites became extinct. He was certainly the most devoted of all the adherents to this delusion. In defiance of all evidence, his belief remained unshaken in the anticipated resurrection of Friend Mother, and the reality of his own translation. The first decade came, and the fifty years elapsed without shaking his convictions; and when his end came, he met it with the firmness of a stoic, the hope of a martyr, and the credulity of a fool.

The details of the history of this sect furnish one of the most extraordinary instances of fanaticism, superstition, and profligacy, that modern times have to record. Its tenets were not calculated to win converts; it made not a single proselyte in Galloway, and was merely tolerated because its professors were civil and obliging neighbors.

It were easy to trace a striking resemblance between the mystical and blasphemous reveries of Mrs. Buchan and those of Ann Lee, Johanna Southcote, Jane Leadley, John Peterson, the Gorlitz tailor, Behmen, the Heren-hutters, Muggletonians, and scores of other semi-bedlamite reformers. There was no doubt, however, that the real prototype of Elspeth Simpson was Antoinette Bouvignon, whose heresies were flagrant in Banffshire, a few years before Mrs. Buchan was born. This celebrated fanatic excited no small disturbance with her religious pretensions in Flanders, Holland, Germany, and Denmark, being driven from city to city,

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in consequence of her visionary and indelicate doctrines, until she at length died, in 1680, at Francker, in the province of Frieseland. She was a great pretender to divine effusions, sacred elucidations, &c., and had her spiritual children, of whom she travailed in birth—her dear proselytes, M. de Cort, and Peter Poiret, a great master of the Cartesian philosophy. She carried a printing-press with her in all her wanderings, and published a vast number of books, stuffed with very singular doctrines; but the work by which she is best known in Scotland is, "*The Light of the World*," which was translated into English, with an apology, of which Dr. George Gordon, of Aberdeen, was alleged to be the author. It would be needless here to attempt any analysis of her wild, incoherent doctrines; they spread extensively at the time, and required the utmost vigilance of the General Assembly to extirpate. They are now, however, become obsolete, or only known as matter of record in the laws and proceeds of the church courts. Buchanism and Bouvignonism are alike extinct, destined to pass away like hundreds of other memorials of human folly and misguided religious feeling.

From the Life of Mrs. Jordan.

THE WESLEYAN AND THE ACTRESS.

During Mrs. Jordan's short stay at Chester, where she had been performing, her washerwoman, a widow with three small children, was by a merciless creditor thrown into prison. A small debt, of about forty shillings, had been increased in a short time, by law expenses, to eight pounds. As soon as Mrs. Jordan had heard of the circumstance she sent for the attorney, paid him the demand, and observed, with as much severity as her good-natured countenance could assume,

"You lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, allowed on earth to make poor mortals miserable."

The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit.

On the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated. As Mrs. Jordan was taking her usual walk with her servant, the widow with her children followed her, and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain, in a kind of porch, dropping on her knees, and with much grateful emotion exclaimed,

"God forever bless you, madam! you have saved me and my poor children from ruin."

The children, beholding their mother's tears, added, by their cries, to the affecting scene, which a sensitive mind could not behold but with strong feelings of sympathy. The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowful scenes. However, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound note into the mother's hand, and in her usual playful manner replied,

"There, there; now it's all over. Go, good woman; God bless you! Don't say another word."

The grateful creature would have replied, but her benefactress insisted on her silence and departure.

It happened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as Mrs. Jordan observed him, came forward, and he, holding out his hand, exclaimed with a deep sigh,

"Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger, but would to the Lord they were all like thee!"

The figure of this man bespoke his calling. His countenance was pale, and a suit of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered his tall and spare person. The penetrating eye of Thalia's favorite votary soon developed his character and profession, and with her wonted good-humor, retreating a few paces, she replied,

"No, I won't shake hands with you."

"Why?"

"Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil!"

"The Lord forbid! I am as you say, a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed, and do you think I can behold a sister fulfilling the commands of my great Master without feeling that spiritual attachment which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?"

"Well, well; you are a good old soul, I dare say; but—I don't like fanatics, and you'll not like me when I tell you I am a player."

The preacher sighed.

"Yes, I am a player; and you must have heard of me. Mrs. Jordan is my name."

After a short pause he again extended his hand, and with a complaisant countenance replied,

"The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art. His goodness is unlimited. He has poured on thee a large portion of His spirit; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should."

Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together. The offer of his arm was accepted, and the female Roscius of comedy and the disciple of John Wesley proceeded, arm in arm, to the door of Mrs. Jordan's dwelling. At parting, the preacher shook hands with her, saying,

"Fare thee well, sister. I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be. Thou art the first I ever conversed with; but if their benevolent practices equal thine, I hope and trust, at the great day, the Almighty God will say to each, '*Thy sins are forgiven thee.*'"

Pontoons for General Sir Harry Smith.—Sept. 11.—Two India-rubber pontoons have been sent down to Portsmouth from the royal engineer department, for the purpose of conveyance to the Vernon, which takes out Sir Harry Smith to the Cape of Good Hope. These pontoons were presented to the master-general of the ordnance by an American; they are portable; each of them forms three canoes, eighteen feet in length, and about seven feet in width, and on their being required for use they are filled with air. The process of inflation is by three bellows screwed on at each end of the canoes, and each takes about five minutes to fill it with wind, and when they are fitted with rafters form a very buoyant bridge. These pontoons were exhibited to Sir Harry when he was at Chatham, and witnessed the late siege operations. On that occasion a six-pounder field-piece, with fifty men, were carried about the river for some time on these pontoons, and Sir Harry was so delighted with them, that on his return to London he made special application for them at the Board of Ordnance. It is the intention of Sir Harry Smith to use these pontoons in the Great Fish river. Captain Haworth, of the royal engineers, goes out in charge of the pontoons, and six other engineer officers embark with the new governor for the cape.

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From the Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine.

AN INDIAN FAMILY IN THE OREGON TERRITORY.

ANY one accustomed to read books of travels, will find frequent references in them to the missionaries we have sent out into foreign lands. These are almost universally in favor of the missionaries. Indeed, in a long course of such reading, the only remarks I have ever met with that have been otherwise, have been all written by men who are evidently loose in their moral feelings as well as in their religious opinions.

To my mind, testimonies of this kind to these devoted men come with much greater force than any other. They may not be more deserving of credit than what we hear concerning them from the avowed friends of missions; but they *seem* more deserving of it, as coming from impartial, and sometimes reluctant witnesses, men who have no end to answer in the testimony they give, but only relate things as they themselves have seen them. They describe a missionary and his doings just as they describe a river and its windings, or a mountain and its cliffs—caring no more generally for the excellence of the one than for the beauty or magnificence of the other.

I send you, for the readers of your magazine, an extract from a volume of travels which has just come into my hands. It is written by an American, who appears to have gone into the much-talked of Oregon territory, on a tour of examination for the government of the United States. He is now in the heart of this territory, at the Rocky Mountains, where the foot of civilized man seldom treads, and where the native Indian is still for the greater part in a state of savage wildness. I must premise that the writer, as his book shows, is by no means a decidedly religious man.

"About three o'clock we came into the camp of a middle-aged Skyuse Indian, who was on his onward march from the buffalo hunt in the mountain valleys. Learning that this Indian was proceeding to Dr. Whitman's mission establishment, where a considerable number of his tribe had pitched their tents for the approaching winter, I determined to leave the cavalcade and accompany him there. My guide, Carbo, therefore, having explained my intentions to my new acquaintance, departed with the remainder of his charge for Ford Walla-walla.

"Crickie (in English, 'poor crane,') was a very kind man. Immediately after the departure of Carbo and his company, he turned my worn-out animals loose, and loaded my packs upon his own, gave me a splendid saddle-horse to ride, and intimated by significant gestures that he would go a short distance that afternoon, in order to arrive at the mission early the next day. I gave my assent, and we were soon on our way.

"Having made about ten miles at sunset, we encamped for the night. I noticed during the drive a degree of forbearance towards each other in this family of savages, which I had never before observed in that race. When we halted for the night, two boys, Crickie's sons, were left behind. They had been frolicking with their horses, and as the darkness came on lost the trail (the track.) It was an half-hour before they made their appearance, and during this time the parents exhibited the most affectionate solicitude for them. One of them was but three years old, and was lashed to the horse he rode; the other only seven years of age—young pilots in the wilderness at night! But the elder, true to the sagacity of his race, had taken his course and struck the brook on which we had encamped, within three hundred yards of us. The pride of the parents at this feat, and their ardent attachment to their children were perceptible in the pleasure with which they received them at their evening fire, and heard the relation of their childish adventure.

"The weather was so pleasant that no tent was pitched. The willows were beat, (beaten down,) and buffalo robes spread over them. Above these were laid other robes, on which my Indian host seated himself, with his wife and children on one side, and myself on the other. A fire burned brightly in front. Water was brought, and our evening ablutions having been performed, the wife presented a dish of meat to her husband, and another to myself. There was a pause. The woman seated herself between her children. The Indian then bowed his head, and prayed to God! 'A wandering savage in Oregon,' the American writer exclaims in admiration, 'calling upon Jehovah in the name of Jesus Christ.' After the prayer he gave meat to his children, and passed the dish to his wife. While eating, the frequent repetition, in the most reverential manner, of the words 'Jehovah' and 'Jesus Christ,' led me to suppose they were conversing on religious topics, and thus they passed an hour. Meanwhile, the exceeding weariness consequent on a long day's travel admonished me to seek rest.

"I had slumbered I know not how long, when a strain of music awoke me. I was about rising to ascertain whether the sweet notes of Tallis' Chant which I heard came to these solitudes from earth or from sky, when a full recollection of my situation, and of the religious character of my host, easily solved the rising inquiry, and induced me to observe instead of disturbing. The Indian family were engaged in their devotions. They were singing a hymn in the Nez Perces language. Having finished it they all knelt and bowed their faces on the buffalo robes, and Crickie prayed long and fervently. Afterwards they sang another hymn, and then retired to rest. This was the first breathing of religious feeling that I had seen since leaving the United States, (three months)—a pleasant evidence that the Oregon wilderness was beginning to bear the rose of Sharon on its thousand hills, and that on the barren soil of the Skyuse heart, were beginning to bud, and blossom, and ripen, the golden fruits of faith in Jehovah, and hope in an after state."

I know not what the feelings of your readers may be after perusing this narrative in its detached form, but if they read it as I did, among many revolting descriptions of ordinary Indian life, they would, I think, be feelings of delight and thankfulness; they would see, as I did, that the gospel of Jesus Christ is indeed a blessed gospel, and wonder at the little efforts they make to send it to heathen lands. The writer arrives the next day at the mission station, and gives a very pleasing account of what he saw there. The missionary and his wife, it is clear, are indefatigable in their labors for the good of the savage tribes around them, and happy and thankful among their labors and hardships. With reference to the latter, the author says, speaking of a pleasant meal he took with them, "When the smoking vegetables, the hissing steak, bread white as snow, and the newly-churned golden butter graced the breakfast-table, and the happy countenances shone around, I could with difficulty believe myself in a country so far distant from, and so unlike my native

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land in all its features. But, during breakfast, this pleasant illusion was dispelled; our steak was of horse-flesh. On such meat this family subsist most of the time. It enables them to exist to do the Indian good, and this satisfies them." Crickie himself, the traveller, on his departure from the station, engages as his future guide, and when the poor fellow eventually falls sick and is left behind, he bears this strong testimony to him—"He was an honest, honorable man; and I can never think of all his kind acts to me from the time I met him on the plains beyond the Walla-walla mission, till I left him sick on the bank of the Columbia, without wishing for an opportunity to testify my sense of his moral worth in some way which shall yield him a substantial reward for all he suffered in my service."

A HYMN, AND A CHANT; FOR THE HARVEST-HOME OF 1847.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

A HYMN.

O NATION, Christian nation,
Lift high the hymn of praise,
The God of our salvation
Is love in all his ways;
He blesseth us, and feedeth
Every creature of his hand,
To succor him that needeth
And to gladden all the land!

Rejoice, ye happy people,
And peal the changing chime
From every belfried steeple
In symphony sublime;
Let cottage and let palace
Be thankful and rejoice,
And woods, and hills, and valleys,
Reëcho the glad voice!

From glen, and plain, and city
Let gracious incense rise,
The Lord of life in pity
Hath heard his creatures' cries;
And where in fierce oppressing
Stalked fever, fear, and dearth,
He pours a triple blessing
To fill and fatten earth!

Gaze round in deep emotion:
The rich and ripened grain
Is like a golden ocean
Becalmed upon the plain;
And we, who late were weepers
Lest judgment should destroy,
Now sing, because the reapers
Are come again with joy!

O praise the hand that giveth
—And giveth evermore,—
To every soul that liveth
Abundance flowing o'er!
For every soul He filleth
With manna from above,
And over all distilleth
The unction of his love.

Then gather, Christians, gather
To praise with heart and voice
The good Almighty Father,
Who biddeth you rejoice:
For He hath turned the sadness
Of his children into mirth,
And we will sing with gladness
The harvest-home of earth!

A CHANT.

O BLESS the God of harvest, praise him through the land,
Thank him for his precious gifts, his help, and liberal love:
Praise him for the fields, that have rendered up their riches,
And, drest in sunny stubbles, take their sabbath after toil;
Praise him for the close-shorn plains, and uplands lying bare,
And meadows, where the sweet-breathed hay was stacked in early summer,
Praise him for the wheat-sheaves, gathered safely into barn,
And scattering now their golden drops beneath the sounding flail;
Praise him for the barley-mow, a little hill of sweetness,
Praise him for the clustering hop, to add its fragrant bitter;
Praise him for the wholesome root, that fattened in the furrow,
Praise him for the mellow fruits, that bend the groaning bough:
For blessings on thy basket, and for blessings on thy store,
For skill and labor prospered well, by gracious suns and showers,
For mercies on the home, and for comforts on the hearth,
O happy heart of this broad land, praise the God of harvest!

All ye that have no tongue to praise, we will praise Him for you,
And offer on our kindling souls the tribute of your thanks:
Trees, and shrubs, and the multitude of herbs, gladdening the eyes with verdure,
For all your leaves and flowers and fruits, we praise the God of harvest!
Birds, and beetles in the dust, and insects flitting on the air,
And ye that swim the waters in your scaly coats of mail,
And steers, resting after labor, and timorous flocks afold,
And generous horses, yoked in teams to draw the creaking wains,
For all your lives, and every pleasure solacing that lot,
Your sleep, and food, and animal peace, we praise the God of harvest!
And ye, O some who never prayed, and therefore cannot praise;
Poor darkling sons of care and toil and unillumined night,
Who rose betimes, but did not ask a blessing on your work,
Who lay down late, but rendered no thank-offering for that blessing
Which all unsought He sent, and all unknown ye gathered—
Alas, for you and in your stead, we praise the God of harvest!

O ye famine-stricken glens, whose children shrieked for bread,
And noisome alleys of the town, where fever fed on hunger—
O ye children of despair, bitterly bewailing Erin,
Come and join my cheerful praise, for God hath answered prayer;

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Praise Him for the better hopes, and signs of better times,
Unity, gratitude, contentment; industry, peace, and plenty;
Bless Him that his chastening rod is now the sceptre of forgiveness,
And in your joy remember well to praise the God of harvest!

Come, come along with me, and swell this grateful song,
Ye nobler hearts, old England's own, her children of the soil:
All ye that sowed the seed in faith, with those who reaped in joy,
And he that drove the plough afield, with all the scattered gleaners,
And maids who milk the lowing kine, and boys that tend the sheep,
And men that load the sluggish wain, or neatly thatch the rick—
Shout and sing for happiness of heart, nor stint your thrilling cheers,
But make the merry farmer's hall resound with glad rejoicings,
And let him spread the hearty feast for joy at harvest-home,
And join this cheerful song of praise—to bless the God of harvest!

ROYAL REFLECTIONS.

Sadly sits old France at Neuilly, glum he waiteth for the Post;
Twirleth his moustache dark Joinville, till he twirls it off, almost;
Very gingerly the lackeys move about, with secret shrug—
Why so sad is all at Neuilly? Wherefore mournful every mug?

Not that, for Italian quarry, Austria sharpeneth beak and claw;
Not that Algiers sucketh millions into its rapacious maw;
Not that Frenchmen seem inclined to question if "*L'Etat c'est Moi;*"
Not that guests at public dinners give up crying "*Vive le Roi.*"

Liberty, of course, is humbug; taxes—'tis the people pay;
Theories may be safely argued 'neath the "*enceinte continuée.*"
If the royal health 's forgotten, still the royal pocket 's full;
The sheep are welcome to their baäing, so they render up their wool.

'T is that he is vexed with shadows in the evening of his days;
A young queen's face, a wedded widow's, ever seems on him to gaze;
Lies, an ugly swarm, that he hath called to being with his gold,
Sins, that he hath fed and fostered, press in on him, blunt and bold;

And Napoleon's stony image frowns upon him through the air,
Holding up the cross of honor men are now ashamed to wear;
And France, a shade of scorn and sorrow, will not from his side depart,
Pointing with accusing finger to a fester in her heart!

Wonder not that such a sadness broods o'er Neuilly's pleasant room;
Wonder not that from the monarch's presence steals a blight and gloom;
Methinks, the chink of five-franc pieces only hollow music sends
To a proud man with no honor—to an old man with no friends.—*Punch.*

The Classico-Mania.—We have been requested to enter our protest against a practice that now prevails of affixing classical inscriptions to modern English buildings. A sort of compromise is usually attempted by resorting to bad Latin, for the accommodation of those who can only read the mother-tongue, as the individual thrown into the company of a Frenchman, and not being able to say a word in French, met his companion half-way by talking broken English. A rich specimen has been furnished to us of an inscription on a Wesleyan Chapel, commencing "Hujus Wesleyani sacelli fundamenta posita sunt a Georgio Green, Armigero, de *Nigro Muro.*" Wesleyani and Green are certainly not remarkable for the purity or elegance of their Latinity, and the attempt to elevate Blackwall, by turning it into *Niger Murus*, is as bad as the effort to give a lift to Turnham Green, by calling it *Verte eos Virides*. We might as well call Fleet street the *Via Rapida*, Houndsditch the *Fossa Canum*, and dignify our old friend Upper John street with the magnificent sounding title of *Via Superioris Johannis!* No! No! Let us call English things by English names; and if the dictionary is not comprehensive enough to accommodate all our countrymen, we will undertake to lengthen the language, at a half-penny for every substantive, a penny for a verb, and the rest of the parts of speech at sixpence a dozen, all round!—*Punch.*

Notice to Trespassers.—The Duke of Athol begs to inform tourists, geologists, botanists, and the public in general, that his extensive estates in Blair Athol are shut up for the season. The duke has lately turned several sheep-farms into deer forests, and repose is absolutely necessary for the comfort of the animals. Great injury having recently been done to the duke's heather, and several persons having been observed breaking pieces off the duke's whinstone, offenders are hereby warned that all such depredations will be punished with the utmost rigor of the law.—*Punch.*

The New Postage Stamps.—The new postage stamps, intended principally for the pre-payment of foreign letters, were issued on Monday. They are of the value of 1s. each, the color being green, and the form octagonal, to distinguish them easily from the smaller denomination of postage stamps at present in use. These stamps may be used for inland as well as well as foreign postage, but they are chiefly intended for the postage of letters to the United States, India, China, the West Indies, New South Wales, New Zealand, and other places to which the postage is 1s. It is understood that other denominations of postage stamps are hereafter to be issued; and no doubt it will be found desirable to have a fourpenny or sixpenny stamp, to avoid the inconvenience of the long rows of stamps now frequently required on inland letters.—*Examiner*, 18 *Sept.*

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CORRESPONDENCE.

In days of yore, when the indiscreet advocates of the protective system were wont to proclaim their determination to force this policy upon the South, even if it should result in the dissolution of the Union, we endeavored to show them that this dissolution would destroy the prize for which they were contending. Will our southern friends listen to the same argument, which we copy from the Republican, Macon, Alabama?

SAFETY OF THE SOUTH.

It is truth, worthy to be repeated, that there is no safety for the south, but to reject and repudiate the idea of acquiring territory. It is risking too much for too little. The advantages sought to be gained are insignificant in comparison to those that may be lost. Should the dreaded collision between the north and south take place, and the threatened issue be made, the initiative will devolve upon the south. And what will it do? Will it dissolve the Union? Have we duly considered and estimated the value of the Union? Are we prepared to surrender the compromises, guarantees, and protection of the constitution, and take our chance upon the broad sea of anarchy, and brave the appalling calamities that many ensue? The very institution we seek to extend is guaranteed and protected alone by that constitution we would overthrow. It is the only bar to northern interference with slavery. By it the north are compelled not only to protect the south against foreign interference, but to suppress domestic insurrection. So long as that instrument is regarded sacred, the "peculiar institution" of the south is safe from either foreign or domestic interference, and will remain unmolested under its present and legitimate jurisdiction. But if we should, from any cause, or by any means, divest ourselves of the security the constitution affords, there will remain no well-founded hope for the future in relation to the institution of slavery. In the event of the dissolution of the Union, even provided it could be amicably consummated, it can hardly be supposed that the two governments, which would be created could or would long remain friendly in their mutual relations. The same cause which would have brought about the dissolution would still exist to disturb all good understanding between the two governments. For instance: the slaves contiguous to the free states would have every inducement to abscond and take refuge among the people of the north, because there would no longer be a constitution or laws prohibiting the northern people from receiving and protecting them. That such would be the case, no one can for a moment doubt. Under such provocations, it would be morally impossible to preserve peace. War of the most relentless character would be the inevitable consequence, and slavery would hang like a millstone suspended to our necks, crippling our resources and paralyzing our energies. We could not successfully repel our enemies and at the same time control the slave population. Slavery would be as a magazine among us, to which our enemies would most assuredly apply the torch, and dreadful would be the explosion.

But suppose all the impending difficulties were for the time being smothered, and the territory acquired without restriction; it would have to be governed and provided for by the United States, whose duty and province are to make such laws and regulations, as they may deem proper, among which there would certainly be a clause or provision prohibiting slavery. Thus the question will inevitably arise, and assume its hideous and portentous aspect. The contest will come, and if the north stands firm as it promises to do, the south must be overpowered, and slavery will be prohibited from the acquired territory. What will the south do? Will it dissolve the Union? Suppose it do; the power of the north to prohibit slavery in the territory will not therefore be impaired, but, on the contrary, would be exercised with greater rigor. We would lose the protection and security we now enjoy, without gaining admission into the coveted territory. It would be making a bad matter worse. Look at it as we will, the acquisition of Mexican territory is attended with difficulties and danger. Could the territory be obtained without restriction in regard to slavery, it would confer important advantages upon the south; but it cannot be so obtained. If it come at all, it must come with the proviso; or, at any rate, in such a manner as to be subject to the proviso hereafter. Thus, it will bring evils with it of incalculable magnitude—evils that will infinitely counterbalance all the advantages that could possibly be derived under the most favorable circumstances.

The National Era, which is a thorough believer in the doctrine of State Rights, even holding that Ohio could introduce slavery into her borders if she pleased, and even agreeing with what we think the treasonable doctrine of Nullification, makes the following argument, which is well deserving of careful examination by the South as well as by the North. We have not sufficiently examined the legal question to be able to give an opinion.

A DANGER TO BE AVOIDED—THE TRUE DOCTRINE.

The advocates of the Wilmot Proviso, led away by their zeal for this measure, in the excitement of discussion are in danger of yielding a point of vital importance. Their whole struggle seems to proceed on the assumption, virtually made by their adversaries, and not denied by them, that slavery can be introduced, as a thing of course, into California and New Mexico, should the proviso be defeated. Important as we deem this measure, the assumption, we hold, is totally false, as we shall now proceed to show.

An American traveller or resident in England or France, may recover personal property—clothes, money, books, &c.—of which he is deprived by force or fraud. The municipal laws of those countries recognize such things as property, and provide a safeguard for them.

If an American carry his slaves to either country, for a day or a moment, the relation of slavery or property ceases instantly, and his slave becomes a freeman. The municipal law does not recognize human beings as property, and has provided no safeguards for such a tenure.

A citizen of Maryland, purchasing a farm in Pennsylvania, may drive thither his flocks and his herds, and continue to hold them there. But, if he carry his slaves into that state, his property in them ceases, and they become freemen. The municipal law recognizes property in beasts, but not in men.

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Should a citizen of Kentucky, after having settled in Indiana with his slaves, return with them to the former state, and undertake to continue them in slavery, the courts of Kentucky will hear an application for their freedom, and on proof of their having been settled in Indiana, by their claimant, discharge them as free.

Citizens of Louisiana, bringing back to that state persons who have become free by being taken to France, cannot hold them as slaves under the laws of Louisiana The courts in that state have decided this point.

It is an established principle, sustained by the highest judicial decisions, that a slave, carried by the will of his master into a free state, ceases from that moment to be a slave; it being universally admitted that this case is not provided for in the constitution, which has guarded the right of a master only in the case of a slave *escaping from* the state where he is held, *into* another state. Prior to the adoption of this clause, the master of a slave had no legal right to reclaim him, whether he *escaped*, or was *taken* from the state in which he was held.

Before the abolition of slavery in the British colonies, slaves of the southern states of this Union were shipwrecked, or driven by stress of weather, upon their shores, and liberated. Indemnity was demanded by our government, and yielded, on the ground that slavery was recognized by the municipal laws of the colonies. Since the act of abolition, indemnity for slaves liberated on entering or being driven into their ports despite the will of their owners, has been peremptorily refused, on the ground that the municipal law had ceased to recognize the right of property in man.

The South Carolina abstractionists are indignant at the inequality to which their institutions are attempted to be subjected by the Wilmot proviso. Rather than submit to such inequality, they prefer the dissolution of the Union and civil war. This is extreme folly. The inequality of which they complain relates solely to one "institution," as they call it—slavery—and it already exists from the very nature of the case. The right of property in a human being is repudiated by every country in Europe, with the exception of Russia and Spain. We do not except France, because she has already adopted the principle of abolition, and the sole question before her government now, in relation to slavery, is one of *time* not *principle*. It is repudiated by fifteen states of this Union. It has been treated as an exception, entitled only to exceptional safeguards, by the constitution of the United States, which recognizes the master's right no further than as its exercise may be necessary to secure a slave *escaping from one state into another*. It has been treated as an exception, not entitled to an equality of privilege with other rights, by the act of the government prohibiting it altogether in the Northwest territory; by the act of congress restricting its introduction into the Louisiana territory; by the act excluding it from all that portion of the same territory lying north of 36½ degrees; and by the joint resolution of congress for the annexation of Texas, prohibiting the right above the same degree.

The municipal laws of Europe and of one half this Union; the international laws of Christendom, so far as the usages of nine tenths of Christendom can make law; the constitution of the United States; four distinct acts of the general government, and the decisions of the highest courts in the southern states, have fixed upon slavery the brand of *Inequality!* They all assume that it is an exception to natural right; that it can have only exceptional privileges and safeguards; that it exists and can exist only by positive law; and that whatever privileges are accorded to it cannot be taken for granted, but must be expressed in positive terms, which then are to be construed always with strictness.

Slavery, in any state, is an institution of that state, standing alone upon positive or municipal law, if it stand upon any law. This is the ground, if we understand the state-rights men of the south, which they assume. They claim that slavery is a state institution, not created by congress, not deriving its existence from general usage, not standing upon the common law, but created and sustained by the municipal laws of the state in which it exists; in all of which we entirely concur.

They claim, further, that the general government is one of grants—has no inherent, but simply delegated powers. We agree with them. They claim that congress is not omnipotent—is not a British parliament—can exercise no power not conferred in express terms by the federal constitution, or necessary to the exercise of a power which is thus conferred. We agree with them. They hold that congress, therefore, cannot construct a railroad or a canal through Ohio, for the benefit of that state, because such a work is beyond the charter of its powers. We agree with them. They hold, for the same reason, that congress cannot abolish or create slavery *in the states*. We agree with them.

But we hold that congress cannot create slavery either in state or territory—no power to do this being conferred, or necessary to the exercise of any one that is conferred. If not insincere in their creed, they must agree with us, as we agreed with them. They must take this step, or retrace every step they have taken. And, if they be candid, they shall go one step further. Whatever may be said against the applicability to the legislative or judicial powers *of a state*, of the restrictions imposed on power, and for the protection of right, by the guaranties of the federal constitution, it must be admitted that these restrictions apply, in all their force, to every department of the *federal* government —executive, legislative, and judicial. Deny, if you please, that the guaranty of the people to be secure in their "persons, houses, papers, and effects," against unreasonable searches and seizures, and against arrest, except in pursuance of warrants issued "upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation," has anything to do with the action of an executive or a legislature of a state, in relation to the people of that state; still, all will admit that it effectually restricts the exercise of power by any department of the *general government*. To provide the people a safeguard against its usurpations, was, in fact, the primary object of the clause. But the same constitution provides that—

"No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service, in time of war, or public danger; nor shall any person be subject, for the same offence, to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall he be compelled, in any criminal case, to be witness against himself; *nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law.*"

Deny that this provision controls in any way the action of the state legislature or judiciary; still you

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cannot for a moment question that "it absolutely controls the action of *congress* and the *federal* executive and judiciary." No department, nor all the departments of the federal government united, can deprive any person of his liberty, property, wages, without due process of law. No due process of law can be directed to the accomplishment of such an object, unless crime has been committed. Hence this clause of the constitution positively prohibits the general government from creating slavery.

But, were not this reasoning sound, our argument, drawn from the total want of power in congress, under the constitution, to create slavery, would remain unanswerable by any state rights man.

Whether this view, or the one just presented, or both, extorted from F. P. Blair, of this city, the following remarks, we know not; but one portion of them fully corroborates our position.

At a meeting of the Jackson Association in this city, on the 6th, to consider the death of Silas Wright, F. P. Blair submitted an address, from which we quote the following rather remarkable passage:

"It has been said that Mr. Wright originated the movement on the slave question made by Mr. King, of New York, and which Mr. Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, incorporated in the proviso which has taken his name. A letter received from Mr. Wright by a friend in this city, when the suggestion was first made known to him, refutes the assertion. He had no share in the origination of the measure, whatever may have been his views in regard to its introduction. Mr. Wright's doctrine, we believe, was that of the constitution—non-interference on the part of the federal government with the domestic institutions existing among the people of states *in, or coming into, the Union*. If this principle be correct, congress cannot extirpate slavery where it exists, *nor create it where it does not exist*. Legislation on the subject belongs to the state immediately affected by it. Hence it would result, that South Carolinians and Californians have an equal right to maintain the law establishing the family relations existing in each state, respectively."

We have established two positions:

1st. That slavery, not being recognized by the common law, but being contrary to natural right, can exist only by positive statute or municipal law; that, by the law of nations, the municipal laws of Europe, generally, the laws of fifteen states of this Union, the constitution of the United States, and the highest courts of the country, north and south, it is regarded and treated as an exception, entitled to no privileges but such as are guarantied by express law.

2d. That the congress of the United States cannot create slavery.

The next point to be stated—for it is not necessary to prove what all admit to be true—is, that slavery is prohibited in California and New Mexico. By a decree proclaimed by the President of the United Mexican States, September 15, 1829, it was decreed:

"1. That slavery be exterminated in the republic.

"2. Consequently; those are free who to this day have been looked upon as slaves."

California and New Mexico are, therefore, by their fundamental law, free territory. No one pretends that slavery can be introduced in either, as they now exist. Suppose, by the treaty of peace now in process of negotiation, they should be ceded to this country, they become territories of the United States, under the exclusive jurisdiction of congress.

Now, if the three positions we have taken be true, slavery cannot be introduced into either territory. If it be a local institution, depending alone upon local law, not recognized by the common law, but expressly ruled to be contrary to natural right, it can acquire no legal claim by being smuggled into these free territories. If the laws of California and New Mexico be supposed to continue in force till the United States provide them a code, it can derive no sanction from them, because they prohibit it. If congress frame for them territorial governments or laws, it has no power, as we have seen, to create slavery. It would therefore be absolutely impossible to introduce slavery there, unless it be assumed that the laws of the states in which it is established have extra-territorial force to such an extent, as to override the jurisdiction of congress in United States territory!

Let the slaveholder carry his slaves, then, into either territory, and unless congress pass a law creating the tenure of property in them—an act beyond its power—the slaves would become free of right, and all that would then be necessary would be for the persons held as slaves to sue for damages or wages, as the case might be, before the United States courts.

The adversaries of the Wilmot proviso may inquire—"If you believe all this, if this be the true state of the case, why, then, insist upon the proviso?" The reply is easy. Do you concur with us? Do you believe that this is the true state of the case? If so, why resist so fiercely the passage of a resolution simply declaring that a thing *shall* not be, which you believe *cannot* be? If you do not thus believe—and the evidence is sufficiently strong that this is the fact, or that you have resolved to smuggle slavery into these territories contrary to all law—then you at least must acknowledge the importance of the proviso. So insidious have been the encroachments of slavery, and with such tenacity she clings to her usurpations, imposing upon the popular mind the delusion that they are sustained by law, that we wish to make assurance doubly sure, and, by a timely measure, show, in advance, the resolve of the nonslaveholders of the country to maintain freedom intact where already it is the fundamental law of the land. But, should we be defeated in this measure, we warn the propagandists of slavery that they shall have no peace; that no usurpation of theirs shall receive recognition from us; that, should they insinuate slavery into the new territory, we shall continue to denounce it as an infamous fraud; step by step, we shall struggle against them, invoking the press, the pulpit, the ballot-box, for their overthrow; appealing from the parties which they have used, and the sects they have silenced, to the people, whose eyes they cannot blind forever, and whose power they shall yet feel.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Gazette and Times gives us a beautiful thought of Burns:

I well remember with what delight I listened to an interesting conversation which, while yet a schoolboy, I enjoyed an opportunity of hearing in my father's house, between the poet Burns and another poet, my near relation, the amiable Blacklock. The subject was the fidelity of the dog. Burns took

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up the question with all the ardor and kindly feeling with which the conversation of that extraordinary man was so remarkably imbued. It was a subject well suited to call forth his powers; and when handled by such a man, not less suited to interest the youthful fancy.

The anecdotes by which it was illustrated have long since escaped my memory; but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns, with his characteristic enthusiasm, which, as it threw new light into my mind, I shall never forget.

Man, said he, is the god of the dog. He knows no other, he can understand no other; and see how he worships him. With what reverence he crouches at his feet; with what love he fawns upon him; with what dependence he looks up to him; and with what *cheerful alacrity* he obeys him. His whole soul is wrapped up in his god, and the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service, and these powers and faculties are exalted by the intercourse. It ought just to be so with the Christian; but the dogs put the Christians to shame.

They say, "When you wish to beat a dog, it is easy to find a stick."—See how they treat a fellow-creature in the British Provinces; our authority is Sam Slick:

A Rum Fellow.—"Lawyer," addressing himself to Barclay, "did you ever hear of Andrew Wallace seizing a man that was drunk, and putting him up at auction? I must tell you that story. Squire Wallace, was a captain in the militia; and one day, after training was over, and jist before the men was dismissed from parade, he took a guard with him, and made a prisoner of Pat Sweeney, who was a most powerful drinker—drank as much at a time as a camel a' most. 'Pat,' says he, 'I seize you in the king's name!' 'Me!' says Pat, a-scratching his head, and looking abroad, bewildered like; 'I'm not a smuggler!—Touch me if you dare!' 'I seize you,' says he, 'for a violation of the excise law, for carrying about you more than a gallon of rum without a permit, and to-morrow I shall sell you at auction to the highest bidder. You are a forfeited article, and I could knock you on the head and let it out, if I liked; so no nonsense, man!' And he sent him off to gaol, screaming and screeching like mad, he was so frightened. The next day Pat was put up at vendue, and knocked down to his wife, who bid him in for forty shillings. It's generally considered the greatest rise ever taken out of a man in this country."

We submit to the State Conventions of the different parties, the following story from the St. Louis Reveille:

I must tell you of a curious *echo* we heard while lying on the Naples flats. The orders of the captain to the crew given from the upper deck, and the reports of the soundings on the flats, ("two feet scant") were heard repeated among the tall trees on the eastern shore, without the slightest variation. Some of the passengers, observing this curious effect, began to call out in various tones to Mr. Echo, and they were always favored with a repetition of the question asked, or the latter part of it. Hear some specimens:

"Hallo the shore!"
Echo—"*Hallo the shore!*"
"How are you?"
Echo—"*How are you?*"
"Shall we stay here all night?"
Echo—"*Stay here all night!*"
"Tell me if Gen. Scott has entered Mexico."
Echo—"*Scott has entered Mexico.*"
"Hurrah for your good news!"
Echo—"*Hurrah for your good news!*"
"Who 'll be the next president?"
Echo—"*Zachary Taylor!*"

"Well, that *is* a curious echo, sure enough," exclaimed an elderly lady, who was rocking herself on the after guard, and smoking a pipe at the same time. We were all somewhat startled by this unexpected answer to the question concerning the next presidency; but after a short pause the questions were resumed:

"What is the price of corn?"
Echo—"*The price of corn.*"
"What was the reason that Pratt and Campbell did n't fight?"
Echo—"*Pratt and Campbell did n't fight.*"
"What are you doing out there?"
Echo—"Catching Catfish!"
"Ha! ha! ha! ha!"
Echo—"*Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!*"

Thus ended the *cat*-echism. A sucker was discovered sitting on a log, down at the point, quietly pursuing his evening sports and brushing off the mosquitoes. Some of the answers had evidently been given by *him*.

A correspondent of the National Era, whose letter is dated Sussex Co., Virginia, thus describes that region:

The melancholy pine is springing up in deserted fields. As you pass along, you see a gate unhinged: the path leading to that house, with its crumbling chimney and sashless windows, is grown up with thin, pale grass. Of many an old settlement, nothing remains but the well with its broken bucket, and a few neglected graves. Such a country is full of the poetry of desolation. There is nothing in it new or noisy. In all points it is the contrast of the rushing, turbid world of the west. Everything is still. Nobody makes haste. The white sands gleam in the hot sunshine; vegetation creeps up slowly through a lean soil. The dark creeks steal through gloomy forests, as if afraid of the rustling of a leaf. You travel in the woods through a long, sad avenue of pines, where the road is but wide enough for one carriage, no one dreaming of the possibility of meeting another equipage.

We copy part of a letter from the Journal of Commerce, a vivid picture:

The attack upon Churubusco, which closed the operations of the day, was a scene of thrilling interest. The place was defended by at least 27,000 Mexican troops. Their whole force in the morning amounted to 32,000 men, of whom 5,000 may have been killed, taken, or dispersed, in the affairs of Contreras and San Antonio, in the earlier part of the day. The remainder were posted behind two strong field works—one of them enclosing a large stone church. Our troops making the attack did not exceed one fourth the number of the enemy. The conflict lasted two hours and three quarters, during the whole of which time the deafening roar of artillery and small arms was continuous and tremendous, such as no man present ever before witnessed. It was a time of awful suspense, but the issue was not for a moment doubtful. When it was over, the general-in-chief (Scott) rode in among the

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troops. It would have done your heart good to hear the shout with which they made the welkin ring. Several old soldiers seized the general's hands with expressions of enthusiastic delight. Suddenly, at a motion from his hand, silence ensued, when, in the fulness of his heart, he poured forth a few most eloquent and patriotic words, in commendation of their gallant conduct. When he ceased, there arose another shout that might have been heard in the grand plaza of Mexico. During this thrilling scene, I looked up to a balcony of the church that had been so bravely defended. It was filled by Mexican prisoners. Among them Gen. Rincon, a venerable old soldier, was leaning forward, his countenance glowing, and his eyes sparkling with every manifestation of delight. I verily believe that the old veteran, with the spirit of a true soldier, upon beholding a victorious general so greeted by the brave men he had just led to victory, forgot, for the moment, his own position—that he was defeated and a prisoner—and saw and thought only of the enthusiasm by which he was surrounded.

How unanswerable, and how beautiful is the argument contained in this notice by the accomplished editor of the literary department of the Christian Inquirer!

Littell's Living Age, No. 176, has an article from the North British, which we should abuse, (if we had time,) as containing some of those implied slanders which are the meanest of all, against women who venture upon fields which the lords of creation have chosen to consider as exclusively their own. The idea that a woman devoted to astronomical studies is likely to be a worse wife and mother than one devoted to dress and show, never was sincerely entertained by any man whose opinions on any other subject were entitled to a hearing; but this and similar *fadaises*, are broadly insinuated in the Review, apropos to the novels of the Countess Hahn Hahn, whom the reviewer affects to consider as a fit representative of literary women—a "mistake on purpose," we suspect.

We are very willing that the Presbyterians should give good measure, but do not choose to give up to party what is meant for mankind; and so copy for the use of the Church Catholic the following piece from the Presbyterian:

What a Presbyterian should do.—We sincerely hope that the following hint may not be needed by any reader of our paper; but if there be one Presbyterian within the compass of our circulation who likes to drive a hard bargain, and who, to pick up an odd penny, would screw down his measure to the extreme verge, so as barely to escape the charge of fraud, we will, perhaps, do him a service by bringing the following paragraph under his eye:

"When I was a young man, there lived in our neighborhood a Presbyterian, who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure—over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends observing him frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his advantage. Now, my friends, mark the answer of the Presbyterian: 'God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes.' Think of this, friends, but one journey through the world!"—*James Simpson.*

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A HIGHLAND CHIEF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Among the names which intestine commotion has from time to time withdrawn from obscurity and rendered historical, none has come down to posterity with a fairer or more honorable reputation than that of Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, who, one hundred years ago, was zealously engaged, with his numerous and valiant clan, in the last enterprise of the Stuart party.

The object of the present paper is not to pass over ground so much beaten as the expedition in question, nor to detail the particulars of the conspicuous part borne in it by Lochiel, which narratives approved by general acceptance have already sufficiently set forth—but to throw together, in a very brief form, a few circumstances less generally known regarding that memorable Highland chief.

Born about 1698 or 1700, he was too young to bear a part in the insurrection of 1715, (as his grandfather, the celebrated Sir Ewan, of Lochiel, was too old, being then eighty-seven years of age,) which preserved for him the succession to the estate and chiefdom, on Sir Ewan's death, in 1719. His father, John Cameron, of Lochiel, had been outlawed and attainted for his share in the rebellion of 1715, and mostly remained an exile for thirty-two years, the whole term of his subsequent existence.

Lochiel not only imbibed attachment to hereditary and indefeasible right, from the martial achievements in behalf of the Stuart family of his renowned grandfather, the most famous chief of his own day, but from the courageous example of his father, who, with his younger brother, Allan, perilled his life, and lost his fortune in that cause.

This Allan Cameron, the uncle of the subject of my paper, was a man of very considerable abilities and address, [illegible] years one of the prime agents of the Stuart family. In company with Stuart of Appin, he was commissioned by the Highland chiefs to present at court what was commonly called the "sword-in-hand" address, in 1712, and it well deserved that name, for it openly asserted principles altogether inconsistent with the Hanoverian succession.

It is, I think, highly probable that Allan and his colleague were the Highland gentlemen mentioned by Swift, in a letter of that period, as having dined in his company at Lord Treasurer Harley's, and whom he specially distinguishes as "very polite men;" no small compliment to two Scottish Highlanders, from that caustic pen. Allan exercised a very considerable influence over the mind of his nephew, the young chief, and employed it all in establishing his principles, and inflaming his zeal, on behalf of the Stuarts.

Lochiel, in his youthful days, paid many visits to France, and when about to return home from one of these, in 1729, received a regular commission from the old chevalier, to treat with such of his friends in Scotland as he considered trustworthy.

This was accompanied by a letter from his uncle, Allan, (who was chamberlain to that unfortunate prince,) then at Albano, in Italy, which contains ample proof of the tact and ability already attributed to that relative. A few extracts are subjoined:—"You are to keep on good terms with Glengarry and all neighbors, and to let bygones be bygones as long as they continue firm to the king's interests. You must see to win them by courtesy and good management, which will, I hope, enable you to make a figure amongst them—not but that you are to tell the truth, if any of them fail in their duty to their king and country. * * * As to Lovat, pray be always on your guard, yet not so as to lose him; on the contrary, you may say that the king trusts a great deal to the resolution he has taken to serve him. * * * But, dear nephew, you know very well that he is a man whose chief end has always been his own interest. It is true he wishes our family well, and, I doubt not, would wish the king restored, if he has grace to lend a helping hand to it, after what he has done. So, upon the whole, I know not what advice to give you concerning him, only you are to make the best of him you can; but always be upon your guard, for it is best not to put too much in his power, before executing a good design. The king knows very well how useful he can be, if sincere, which I have represented as fully as necessary."

Thus ably instructed, and possessed himself of an excellent understanding and accomplished manners, Lochiel was an invaluable auxiliary to the cause which, unhappily for himself, he so ardently espoused; and he brought a strength to it, superior to any resulting from mere force of intellect, or gentlemanlike bearing—the solid respect attached to an upright, honest, honorable character, which, through his entire life, he maintained unblemished, by the universal admission of friend and foe.

Placed at the head of a numerous and warlike clan, long distinguished for military achievement, but as much distinguished for predatory habits, he set his face steadily and consistently against every act of aggression and violence. "Burt's Letters from the Highlands" prove that he had done so as early as 1726. "The chief of the Camerons," writes that intelligent officer, "has, as I am very well informed, positively forbidden all such outrages, (cattle-lifting, &c.,) which has not at all recommended him to some of his followers."

But, however some of the fiercer spirits might chafe at being reigned in from their accustomed turbulence, the clan in general soon became sensible of the inestimable qualities of their amiable chief. A chieftain of the clan, a few years deceased, and a worthy example of a hospitable, warm-hearted Highland gentleman, (the late Cameron of Clunes,) who was probably better acquainted with the local history of his sept than any person now surviving, and on whose authority many of the statements in this paper are made, gave me the following description of the estimation in which the subject of this memoir was held by his clan:—"There never was a chief more beloved than Donald of the Forty-five. He took the greatest pains to improve his clan, and was himself a most amiable gentleman, so just, generous, and condescending, that he governed them entirely by the love which they had for him personally!"

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His generosity was indeed only restricted by his means. His estate, though forty miles in extreme length, by many in breadth, did not produce more than £600 or £700 a year. The same estate now produces £10,000 per annum, as it is possessed by his great-grandson. Indeed, the rental itself of the estate did not amount to the sum above stated, but part of it was covered with vast woods, and where these were contiguous to the sea, Lochiel had many large transactions in their timber with the merchants of Whitehaven, and others.

His residence at Achnacarrie, in Glenarkaig, through which a river rushes connecting the two large lakes, Arkaig and Lochy, and which was surrounded on all sides by extensive woods, formed a romantic and suitable abode for a Highland chief.

The tourist will there vainly seek any extensive ruins of Lochiel's mansion, burned by the military in 1746; nothing of it remains but a small portion of a cross wall. With the exception of a cross wall and a stone foundation, it had been entirely built of wood, which was the most abundant material in the neighborhood, about the year 1725.

A summer-house erected by him may be seen by the river-side, within which a large ash-tree grows, marking the long period during which the building has been roofless. This was a favorite resort of his, and from the window it is said he could shoot a deer in the opposite wood, or draw a salmon from the stream, in order to which a bell rang when a fish was taken by machinery fixed in the river.

Lochiel had considerable taste for the improvement of grounds. He laid out gardens, and formed plantations of trees (such as beech) which did not grow naturally in his forests.

Just at the time of the young chevalier's landing in the Highlands, he contemplated the drainage of a large tract of ground, and the addition of it to his demense, as well as the erection of a new mansion-house, for which preparations had been made, and timber actually sawn, which was thrown by the soldiery into the general conflagration, at the burning of the house already in existence at Achnacarrie.

Amidst such pursuits, and acts of real benevolence and general utility to his country, mingled, however, of course, with political plots, many years of his life passed away in the enjoyment of domestic happiness.

He was already closely allied to the clan Campbell, by near relationship to the Breadalbane family, and also to the Lochnell, the oldest cadets of Argyle, of which house his mother was a member, and he drew the bond of union with a clan generally so opposite in politics, still closer, by marrying the daughter of Sir James Campbell, of Auchenbreck, Bart.

His father-in-law, however, was of the same political principles with himself, and they were alike Protestants in religious profession—a curious inconsistency, but one very common in Scotland at that day.

There were persons of all religious persuasions to be found among the Scottish adherents of the Stuart family, but men of rank were in general (as Lochiel was) of the Protestant Episcopal church. Romanists (except among the very lowest class of Highlanders) were comparatively but few in number. The strength of the Jacobite conspiracy was among the Episcopalians.

So truly respectable a character as Lochiel, in whom Jacobitism was presented in the fairest colors, naturally attracted the notice of the friends of government in Scotland, and many efforts were vainly made by them to detach him from his party.

The celebrated John Duke of Argyle, to whose family and clan Lochiel was related, always paid him the most flattering attentions, and in conjunction with President Forbes, threw temptations in his way, which would have deprived the Stuarts of a less honest and resolute adherent.

While Lord Lovat played the game of fast and loose, watching any opportunity of personal advantage which either party afforded him, trusted by none, and disliked by all, Lochiel, steadfast in his political attachments, and earnest for his cause, attracted universal esteem, and his most bitter opponents lamented the fatuity which had thrown so worthy a man into the ranks of the Pretender.

I need not recapitulate the circumstances connected with the landing of Charles Edward, and the arrangements for insurrection. The histories of Home and Chambers are, upon these points, sufficiently satisfactory.

Lochiel was exceedingly distressed by so unadvised and rash an advent, and, in the first instance, dispatched his brother Dr. Archibald Cameron, with a message to the chevalier, absolutely declining any association with so wild an enterprise.

It had been happy for himself, as well as his family and country, if he had been content with this intimation of his views; but on further reflection he thought his loyalty required him to wait upon the prince, and explain them in person.

Mr. Home is very distinct and particular in his account of the interview which took place between Charles Edward and Lochiel, at Boradale, and there cannot be the smallest question that he is a faithful narrator of the real truth. The genuine character of the chief remarkably appears in that singular conversation—sensible and prudent, yet full of loyal enthusiasm and devoted bravery.

"I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power," was its decisive conclusion.

In the diary of Bishop Forbes, published by Mr. Chambers, an assertion is made, on the authority of Macdonnell of Glengarry, that Lochiel required security to be given him for the value of his estate, before consenting to join the standard. Even if it were true, it is no blot upon the character of the chief. In the next place, the character of the bishop's informant was very indifferent, and altogether unworthy the gallant race from which he sprang. It is too bad to find a craven, who himself skulked from danger, and allowed his brave clan to be led out by his younger brother, presume to cast a reflection upon such a man as Lochiel, who asked no clansman to encounter peril which he himself did not face before him, and of whom a friendly opponent wrote—

"Not his the pretty, prudent, modern way,
Bid others go, himself at home to stay,
But like a warrior bravely drew his sword
And reared his target for his native lord."

It may be observed, last of all, that there is not the slightest trace of such an arrangement discernible in the correspondence between the Stuarts and Lochiel, subsequent to 1746, as we have it published in the appendix to "Brown's History of the Highlanders." On the contrary, the high and disinterested character of the chief stands in honorable contrast with the selfishness of others.

When Lochiel had once determined upon the hazardous enterprise which put an end to the hap-

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piness of his own domestic circle, as well as to that of so many other families, he threw all his energies into the task of marshalling his clan for the field. His call was cheerfully responded to by that warlike people, and all his chieftains were anxiously engaged in preparing their numbers against the day of rendezvous—

"Then through the wild Glennevis,
And down by Lochy's side,
Young Donald leaves his shealing,
And Malcolm leaves his bride."

His accession to so rash an adventure seems to have surprised some who were best acquainted with his principles and character. Sir Alexander Macdonald, of Sleat, writes to President Forbes, "Young Clanronald is playing the fool, and, what is much more extraordinary, Lochiel's prudence has altogether forsaken him." The lord president himself also writes about the same time to Cluny Macpherson, "I am prodigiously concerned at the folly of our friend Lochiel."

The night of the 18th of August, 1745, was surely an anxious and agitating one at Achnacarrie. The next day was appointed for the erection of the standard at Glenfinnan, and parties of men were arriving from different quarters during the entire night. The house itself was filled with soldiers of the royal Scots, nearly two hundred of whom had been taken prisoners the day before, by Macdonald of Keppoch, and handed over to Lochiel for safe custody. Lochiel treated these prisoners with the greatest humanity and courtesy; and finding one of the officers wounded, sent him on his parole to Fort Augustus, that he might be properly taken care of. I fear that this officer broke his parole.

At an early hour on the morning of the 19th, the main strength of the Clan Cameron had arrived; but a large company, who resided in Morven and Suinart, in Argyleshire, were not to come to Achnacarrie, but to join on the march to Glenfinnan, to raise whom and bring them up, Lochiel had sent his brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron, two days before. All the Lochaber Camerons had come up under their different chieftains, by six or seven o'clock. Letterfindlay, Glennevis, Glendessary, Calaart, Eracht, Strone, Clunes, Lindevra, &c., &c., all produced their plaided warriors.

Like other large Highland clans, the Camerons consisted of various tribes, of which the three principal were, the Mac Martins, under the Laird of Letterfindlay; the Mac Molonys, under Strone; and the Mac Sorleys, under Glennevis. It was often a matter of great difficulty in clan regiments, to adjust the claims of the various chieftains to regimental rank, and required all the authority of the chief to prevent dissension. Lochiel's arrangements were, on this occasion, submitted to with little murmuring, although in general he gave the youngest cadets the highest rank, which was reckoned by some an innovation upon the ancient Highland usage. It greatly facilitated the matter, that the Laird of Mac Martin, or Letterfindlay, who was the head of the most numerous tribe in the clan, as well as the oldest cadet, was at this time a child, so that the nomination to the command of the tribe rested with the chief, who appointed his uncle, Ludovic Cameron, one of the youngest cadets, to lead the Mac Martins. This Ludovic Cameron was of a school very different from his nephew Lochiel, and has received a character from Pennant, in one of his tours, which I believe him to have merited; but although selfish and unscrupulous, he was an adroit and able partisan, and was of very signal use in recruiting for the clan regiment.

Arrangements having been completed, the Camerons marched in two columns, with the prisoners in the centre, for Glenfinnan, which was many miles distant, amidst the tears and exclamations of a crowd of females, old men, and children, who had assembled to see them depart.

"The tartan plaid it is waving wide,
The pibroch 's sounding up the glen;
And I will tarry at Achnacarry,
To see my Donald and all his men."

They marched by Strone, and then by the side of Lochiel, past Kilmalie church, and the enormous ash-tree that grew beside it, full in the view of the garrison of Fort William, but they were far too numerous to apprehend any molestation from that quarter.

They passed Achdalu, the scene of a triumph of Sir Ewan's over Cromwell's soldiers, and Fassafern, the residence of Lochiel's brother, John Cameron, who took no share in the insurrection, and had done his best to dissuade his brother, the chief, from the rash enterprise. While Lochiel rejected his brother's prudent counsel, he allowed him in his own person to follow the bent of a cautious and pacific disposition.

When Lochiel and his clansmen arrived at the head of the loch, and were now but a few miles from Glenfinnan, the Camerons of Morven and Suinart, headed by his brother Archibald, and Cameron of Dungallon, were seen advancing to join them. Loud were the mutual shouts of congratulation with which the junction was effected. The clan now formed a body of eight hundred men, and surpassed the other septs that joined Charles Edward, as well by early adhesion as by superior numbers.

The public are indebted to Mr. Chambers for a correct version of the legend of Jenny Cameron, of whom so many stories, altogether false, have been told. She was the sister of Cameron of Dungallon and Glendessary, (one of the majors of Lochiel's regiment, and a person of considerable importance as to property,) had now attained to middle age, never saw Charles except once, and that in public, on the day the standard was raised, for a short time, and was always a person of the greatest propriety of conduct and character.

I need not enter upon the general facts of the insurrection, which are so well known. Lochiel's conduct was throughout distinguished by the highest gallantry, as well as by signal humanity and moderation. He not only warmly and consistently, in the council of chiefs, opposed every design of a merely aggressive and vexatious character, but what was a more difficult task, withheld by terror the canaille of his own people from acts of rapine and violence. Mr. Chambers mentions, with some surprise, that upon one occasion he shot one of his men for committing a robbery upon a lowland farmer; but what officer could lead troops, and especially Highlanders, through a country, with any regard to discipline, without inflicting summary punishment upon the rapacious and insubordinate?

Lochiel shared his last farthing with his men, and lived himself on the march as they lived; but he would not connive at the smallest act of oppression upon their part, and however mild and indulgent towards them in his general disposition, was on this point resolute and inflexible. He was the first man to enter Edinburgh when the Highlanders took it by a *coup-de-main*, but was careful to pre-

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serve the sentinel at the gate from injury, by grasping him by the arm, so that the city was occupied by his detachment without spilling one drop of blood, or depriving any one of the smallest item of property.

Indeed, the generally admitted moderation and good discipline of the Highland army in this expedition, were greatly owing to the influence of Lochiel, and the admirable example set by him throughout to the other chiefs and commanders. At the battle of Prestonpans he was the foremost chief in leading his men into the right of the enemy's line; a contemporary ballad thus describes his conduct—

"The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clouds, man."

And although under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, with a threatened charge of dragoons, nothing could be more completely successful than his attack.

It is said that he was not favorable to the march into England, considering the Highland army quite too small to produce any decisive result in that country, though sufficient for the occupation of Scotland.

There can be no question that at Derby he joined Lord George Murray in urging a retreat, while there was still time to make one. They argued that there had been no movement throughout England in their favor, and that even if they did get to London without a battle, or after a successful engagement, they had not men enough to secure and guard the public places.

As Lochiel and Keppoch stood in the street of Derby, talking to Lord George Murray, after the determination had been taken, a person came up to them and said, "Oh, shame! a Cameron vote for retreat! a Macdonnell turn his back upon the enemy!" It was certain that the three brave men who stood there together had courage enough, as they amply proved, to face any peril, but they did not choose to lead on their men to what plainly appeared inevitable destruction. At the same time, such was the panic which prevailed in London, that it is hard to say what would have been the result of their continued and rapid advance upon that capital. They would probably have beaten any of the three armies that covered it, the more that the Highlanders would have fought with unusual desperation, as having no retreat. But their numbers were small, and the risk was fearful.

An anecdote is preserved of Lochiel, during the march into England, which marks the extreme terror that had seized the minds of the country people. One evening, as he entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady threw herself at his feet, and implored him to take her life, but to spare her children. Lochiel, astonished, asked her what she meant, and desired her to explain herself; upon which she said it was commonly thought the Highlanders ate children as their common food! The chief assured her that they would not injure her or her little children, or any person whatever. After looking at him for an instant, she called out, "Children, you may come out; the gentleman won't eat you," when several children came from a press, and threw themselves at his feet.

The Highland army was exceedingly incensed against the city of Glasgow, and resolved, on its return from England, to visit it with particular vengeance. It had well nigh been determined to give the city up to plunder, as a punishment for its zeal in the service of government, when Lochiel, with his usual aversion to harsh and oppressive measures, interfered in its behalf. The merchants and principal men of Glasgow were very sensible that any favor they obtained was through his influence, and, however odious to them his political principles might be, he was long remembered by them with respect and gratitude.* About this time, in concert with Secretary Murray and Cluny Macpherson, he wrote a letter to Lord Lovat, which a good deal marks the diplomatic talent early cultivated in him by Allan, his able uncle. The letter itself may be found in Lord Lovat's trial, as well as a remarkable one from that cunning and unprincipled nobleman to Lochiel.

Lochiel, in his letter to Lovat, designates the conduct of Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Macleod as "the shameful apathy of the one, and the scandalous activity of the other. Sir Alexander had hitherto been simply quiescent, but Macleod had raised men for the service of government. It is an undoubted fact, that they were both under positive engagements to the Stuarts.

At the battle of Falkirk, the Camerons were placed opposite the best English regiment in the field—viz., Barrell's, which bravely stood its ground, when all the rest of the army broke into a general flight. The ground certainly favored it, for there was a ravine in its front, which prevented the Camerons attacking sword in hand, according to their wont. Lochiel lost a good many men by the severe fire, and was himself wounded in the leg; but his regiment imitated his gallant example, and in the end he pursued his foes into the town of Falkirk, when darkness alone saved them from entire destruction.

Shortly after this affair, the Highland army separated into various bodies, and Lochiel, with his neighbors, the Macdonnells of Keppoch, and Stuarts of Appin, marched for his own country, to lay siege to Fort William.

While engaged in that design, he forwarded, in conjunction with Keppoch, an emphatic remonstrance against the conduct of the Clan Campbell, with reference to the people of Lochaber.

It appeared that the Campbells, taking advantage of the absence of the able-bodied, had devastated a part of the country, and committed outrages on the helpless inhabitants—burning houses, stripping women and driving them to the mountains, shooting horses, houghing cattle, &c. &c.

Lochiel felt the wrongs committed against his vassals the more keenly, that he himself had exhibited very different conduct, and had even offended some of his brother chiefs, by preventing, through his superior influence in the Highland army, incursions upon the property of those very same Campbells.

He also felt that the Clan Campbell ought to have remembered his near relationship to their most considerable chieftains, and however they might have opposed him fairly in the field, ought not to have selected his people as the prime objects of peculiar and malicious outrage.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he expressed himself warmly and indignantly in a joint letter despatched by him and Keppoch to Stuart of Invernahyle, that he might make the contents known

* A merchant of Glasgow many years ago assured me of this, and informed me that he heard by tradition of townsmen, that Lochiel was a man of fine person and engaging manners. He was called by his clan "Donald Bean," on account of his light-colored hair and fair complexion.

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to the Campbells, and from which I subjoin a few extracts :—

"As you happen, for the present, to be contiguous to the Campbells, it is our special desire that you communicate our sentiments (which, God willing, we are determined to execute) to their sheriff Airds, and to other leading men amongst them. * * * When courage fails against men it betrays cowardice to a great degree to vent the spleen on helpless women, and dumb brutes that cannot resist. We purpose to apply for permission to enter their country, with power to act at discretion, and should we be fortunate enough to obtain it, hope to show that we wage war, not against women and the brute creation, but against men. * * * No such act was committed by us since the commencement of the war, though we had it in our power, if barbarous enough, to take advantage of it. * * *"

Lochiel added the following postscript to the letter :—"I cannot omit taking notice that my people having been the first that have felt the cowardly barbarity of my pretended Campbell friends, I only wish that I may live to have an opportunity to thank them for it in the open field.

"Donald Cameron."

The crisis of the adventure now rapidly drew nigh, and Lochiel, having raised the siege of Fort William, arrived, on the evening of the 14th of April, 1746, at the camp of the Chevalier, in the park of Culloden.

The sound of the Cameron pibroch was a joyful one to that prince and his officers, as they were never in so much need of valiant men and undaunted leaders.

The Duke of Cumberland was within a few hours' march of them, yet their forces were not nearly concentrated. So entirely had the commissariat been neglected that they had not provisions sufficient for the men already with them, even for a single day. Under these circumstances, Lochiel, at a council of war on the 15th, agreed with the other principal officers to a night attack on the enemy's camp at Nairn, though he was sensible of the risk of attempting it with such an inferior force.

Mr. Home, in his account of the transaction, says—"Lochiel, who was not a man of many words, said that the army would be stronger next day by fifteen hundred men at least." Had all the other regiments in the small army marched with the same alacrity as Lochiel's, during that eventful night, the Duke of Cumberland's camp would have been reached by one o'clock in the morning, and an attack have been made with the fairest prospect of success. The Atholmen and Camerons, led by Lord George Murray and Lochiel, had the van of the column, followed by the other Highlanders, and had been retarded throughout the night by repeated messages from the Lowland regiments in the rear, requesting them to march slower, so that on reaching Culraik at two o'clock in the morning, they were still four Scotch miles from the enemy's position, which they could not now hope to reach before daylight.

It had been a better arrangement to have marched the clan regiments, amounting to about 3000 men, in a completely separate body, and that the Lowland regiments should have followed only as far as the wood of Culraik, and there in position have awaited the issue of the attack, and in case of failure have covered the retreat. The Duke of Cumberland knew from spies that the Highlanders were marching towards his camp, but he had no idea that they meditated anything more than taking their ground in the night, and attacking early the next morning, as they had done at the battle of Prestonpans.

If the attack had been made (as would have been done) fiercely and resolutely, with shouts rendered more terrific by darkness, and from more points than one, with the advantage derivable in such a combat from the nature of the Highland weapons, there can scarcely be a doubt that the issuo must have been disastrous to the Duke of Cumberland's army.

Here, again, then, the fate of England trembled on the beam ; never was the house of Hanover, in all probability, so near ruin, as when saved by the bad marching of a few inferior regiments. The weary and starved clansmen had but little time to rest after returning to Culloden, and altogether contrary to the opinion of Lord George Murray, Lochiel, and the most sensible officers, were formed on the open moor to meet the far more numerous army of the Duke of Cumberland.

The Camerons stood in the right wing, next tc the Atholmen, which had hitherto been the position of the Macdonalds, and which Lochiel had himself persuaded the other chiefs to yield to them without dispute, at the battle of Prestonpans, and doubtless he was governed by his usual good sense on this occasion. Though Macdonald of Morar, in his journal, has this record, "Our sweet-natured prince was persuaded by Lochiel and his faction to give this honor (the right) to another, which we judge they will be ready to yield us back next fighting-day." This sarcasm is, however, pointless, for the Camerons, even surpassing their usual bravery, fought on the right, not merely with valor, but with headlong desperation, while the Macdonalds, by their weak and irresolute conduct on the left, and more especially by suffering the gallant Keppoch* to perish alone before the English line, dishonored their long-established martial reputation.

When the right wing and centre, after suffering dreadfully from the cannonade, moved under the orders of the intrepid Lord George Murray, against the hostile line, Lochiel led his regiment right upon Barrell's, (the present 4th foot,) his former adversaries in the field of Falkirk.

Under a fearful shower of grape-shot, which tore their ranks and levelled many of their boldest, and a close-sustained fire of musketry, the Camerons rushed on, sword in hand, and, within two minutes, entirely pierced and broke Barrell's regiment, killing and wounding more than a hundred, and forcing the routed corps to run towards their right, in a disorganized mass. The same fate, at the same instant, overtook Munro's regiment, on the right of Barrell's, under the attack of the Macintoshes, &c. ; and had the singularly gallant onset of the right wing of the Highland army been duly supported, a different story might have been related of the field of Culloden. But the attack had no support from any quarter, and, after the exhibition of extraordinary daring and prowess, and the loss of innumerable lives, was finally defeated by the fire of the second line of infantry, and the dragoons coming in on the flank.

Lochiel did not himself share in the short-lived triumph of his valiant clan. He was within ten paces of Barrell's line, and had fired his pistol, and was drawing his sword, when he fell, wounded with grape-shot in both ankles. He was seen fall-

* There was not cordiality between this brave chief and his clan on the subject of religion. Sir Walter Scott tells us that he was a Protestant, while they were Roman Catholics, and he had offended them by positively refusing to allow a Romish priest to be with them in the expedition.

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ing by a person in Barrell's regiment, who knew him, and hence a report of his death was generally believed; but the two brave and strong brothers, between whom, according to Highland usage, he advanced to the attack, and whose sole duty it was to guard the person of the chief, raised him up, and bore him away out of the sanguinary tumult. Before they arrived at the rear of the Highland army, it was evident that the day went against it, so they carried the wounded chief into a hut, and proceeded to take off the clothes he wore, appropriate to his rank, and to dress him in a common Highland plaid. While they thus consulted for his greater safety in retreat, the house was surrounded by a troop of dragoons, and a file had actually dismounted to enter it, when the whole party was called off elsewhere, by a peremptory order. By this time some other clansmen had come to the assistance of their beloved chief, and when the dragoons drew off, he was brought out of the hut, and placed upon a Highland pony. He was in a weak and fainting condition, and could scarcely be supported on the pony by a man on either side, while it was led out of the field, and towards a rough and inaccessible country, where danger of pursuit was at an end. The painful and distressing journey was continued from day to day, until he reached the covert of his own forest, but he was frequently on the very point of expiring, from agony and exhaustion.

He did not stop at Achnacarrie, but sought a concealment near the head of Locharkaig, where he remained until his wounds were beginning to heal. A dead body was found, some weeks after the battle of Culloden, which was mistaken for his, and this second report of his death greatly contributed to his escape from his numerous pursuers.

He had many hair-breadth escapes, and was, on one occasion, surprised alone, while asleep, by a soldier, but who allowed him to get off, on receiving a guinea. This soldier was, of course, ignorant of his rank, as the reward offered for his apprehension was very considerable.

I need not detail circumstances so well known as the failure of an attempted rally after the battle of Culloden, (which was to have been made at Achnacarrie; but Lochiel alone, wounded as he was, kept his appointment,) the devastation of the country by the Duke of Cumberland, and the adventures of Lochiel after he met Charles Edward in Badenoch. He gave his distressed clansmen who resorted to him in his covert, all the consolation and assistance in his power, advising them to the best course, and sharing with them his last shilling. He thus wrote to some brother chiefs, who had appointed with him a rendezvous:—"The above is our present determination, and what I have advised all my people to, as the best and safest course, and the interest of the public, yet some of them have delivered up their arms without my knowledge, and I cannot take it upon myself to direct in this particular, but to give my opinion, and let every one judge for himself."

The embarkation of Lochiel, in company with Charles Edward, in September, 1746, is said to have been an affecting scene. A considerable number of Highlanders had assembled on the shore, and many were the tears shed on all sides. The chief promised his mourning clansmen that he would shortly return to their relief—a promise which he afterwards vainly exerted himself to fulfil, for his heart was with his bleeding country—

"Lochiel 's awa to France,
But he 'll be back again,"

expressed the vain expectations of his sorrowing vassals, who were never to see him more.

In France, Lochiel was joined by his family, whom, at one time, he had little hope of ever seeing again; but however the feelings of the husband and father were gratified, the heart of the chief was continually wrung by the melancholy tidings concerning his friends and vassals, which he received from Scotland.

So far from pressing his own individual interest on the notice of the Stuart family, for whom he had performed and suffered so much, he continually urged an expedition for the relief of the Highlanders, whose blood, he said, cried to him and claimed his help; and even when offered the command of a regiment in the French service, he expressed the uppermost desire of his heart in the following noble words:—"Others may desire to make a figure in France, but my ambition is to serve my king, and serve my country, or perish with it." It is recorded, on excellent authority, that the Duke of Cumberland caused it to be intimated to him when in France, that if he only sent him a message, he would procure for him pardon and favor from the British government, but that Lochiel shrank from owing obligation to one whom he regarded as the destroyer of his country.

Placed in the command of the regiment of Albany, and quartered in the fortress of Bergue, near Dunkirk, on the frontiers of the Netherlands—a most unhealthy situation—he took his last illness, and died in October, 1748, of an inflammation in the head, (as reported to the old chevalier, by his cousin Macgregor Drummond, of Bochaldy,) or, perhaps, of one of the country fevers. His death made a great impression at the time in his own country, and the following lines, written by a political opponent, appeared shortly afterwards in the *Scots' Magazine*:—

"Dead is Lochiel, the terror of whose arms
So lately filled this island with alarms!
Be just, ye whigs, and though the tories mourn,
Lament a Scotsman in a foreign urn,
Who, born a chieftain, thought the right of birth
The source of all authority on earth—
Mistaken as he was, the man was just,
Firm to his word, and faithful to his trust;
Humane he was, protected countries tell,
So rude a host was never ruled so well;
Not his the pretty, prudent, modern way,
Bid others go, himself at home to stay,
But, like a warrior, bravely drew his sword,
And reared his target for his native lord.
Fatal to him and to the cause he loved
Was the rash tumult which his folly moved;
For this condemned in foreign realms to bear,
Midst Gallic bands, a mercenary spear;
But Heaven, in pity to his honest heart,
Forbade him long to fill so mean a part;
To ease at once his fortune and his mind,
With exile wretched, and with error blind,
The awful mandate unto death was given,
And good Lochiel is now a whig in heaven!"

Pennant, also a whig, thus writes of him:—"Achnacarrie, once the seat of Cameron of Lochiel, but burnt in 1746. He was esteemed by all parties the honestest and most sensible man of any that engaged in the wicked and absurd attempt of that and the preceding year, and a melancholy instance of the victory of the prejudices of education over a naturally fine understanding and well-meaning heart." Douglas says of him, in his "Baronage:" "He was a man of good parts, great probity, an

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amiable disposition, universally esteemed, and was at great pains to soften and polish the manners of his clan."

Sir Walter Scott writes of him:—"It might have been our lot to have represented patriarchal authority in a very different light, as exercised by Donald Cameron of Lochiel, who, to the high spirit, courage, and loyalty of a Highland chief, added the manners of an accomplished gentleman, and the morals of a good Christian."

Campbell, who would have rendered his name famous in literature, by the beautiful poem of "Lochiel's Warning," even if he had written nothing else, thus speaks of his character:—"He was famed for the social virtues, as much as his martial and magnanimous, though mistaken loyalty." It would be easy to multiply similar testimonials.

After Lochiel's death, an ingenious application was made to the court of sessions to obtain his forfeited estate for his eldest son, on the ground of his being erroneously described in the act of attainder as "Donald Cameron the *younger*, of Lochiel," whereas he was the real fiar of the estate, though his father was alive, having succeeded at once to his grandfather, on account of his father's attainder in 1715. The application was, however, refused, but the estate was restored by act of parliament with the other Highland forfeitures, in 1784.

NOTE.—In an article on the United Irishmen, in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, it was remarked of one whose courage failed in the last extremity that "this is not the stuff traitors should be made of." Lochiel's brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron, a physician by profession, but who took a forward and courageous part in 1745, showed the very material referred to as desirable under such circumstances, at his execution, under the act of attainder previously passed against him, in 1753.

"When Dr. Cameron came to the place of execution, he looked on the preparations and spectators with an undaunted and composed countenance, and on being loosed from the sledge, he started up, and with an heroic demeanor stepped up into the cart, whence looking round with unconcern on all the awful apparatus of death, he smiled, and seeing the clergyman who attended him coming up the steps, he endeavored with his fettered hands to help him up, saying, 'This is a glorious day to me—it is my new birth-day; there are more witnesses at this birth than were at my first.' * * He thus addressed the sheriff:—'Sir, you see a fellow-subject just about to pay his last debt. I the more willingly resign my life, that it is taken from me for doing my duty according to my conscience. I freely forgive all my enemies, and those who are instrumental in taking away my life. I thank God, I die in perfect charity with all men. As to my religion, I die a sincere though unworthy member of the church in which I have always lived, the Church of England, in whose communion I hope, through the merits of my blessed Saviour, for forgiveness of my sins, for which I am heartily sorry.' * * * He then said, 'I have now done with this world, and am ready to leave it.' He joined heartily in the commendatory prayer, repeated some ejaculations from the psalms, after which he embraced the clergyman and took leave."

Dr. Cameron has, I think, been condemned in rather too sanguinary a manner by Mr. Brown, in his "History of the Highlanders," with regard to the abstraction of a sum of money belonging to Charles Edward, which was concealed in the Highlands. I shall only observe that the witnesses brought forward against him, viz., Macdonnell, of Glengarry, and Ludovic Cameron, of Torcastle, were "arcades ambo," and unworthy of credit in a court of justice, in any case where their own interests were at all concerned. That Dr. Cameron did remove some of this money, I believe; but in 1752 he wrote an explanation of the transaction to Cluny Macpherson, stating that he was compelled to do so by the extreme destitution of his deceased brother Lochiel's family. Unless his own application of the circumstances were fully had, it is most unfair to asperse the memory of this courageous partisan and humane gentleman, on such evidence.

From the Literary World.

AN HOUR WITH ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

BY MR. STEPHENS, THE TRAVELLER.

TOWARDS sunset on the first of July, the railroad cars from Hamburgh brought me to the gate of Berlin. Entering the city, the twilight of a northern summer illuminated the stately houses, and the broad avenue of Unter Den Linden. Leaving the proud portal of the Brandenburgh gate, with the car of victory on the top, carried off as a trophy by Napoleon, and after eight years of captivity, restored in triumph to its place—and riding on to the other extremity of the avenue, I had before me at one view the Schloss Platz, or Palace Square, with the colossal palace, and all the most magnificent buildings of the city, all enlarged and made more grand by the mellow twilight, and exhibiting an architectural splendor hardly to be met with in any capital of Europe. Turning off on one side of the square, at nine o'clock, I was "taking mine ease" in the salon of the Hotel de Russie.

I had gone over in the Washington, the pioneer of the American mail-steamers to Bremen, and was striking over the continent for a paseo on the Rhine, and to intercept the steamer at Southampton on her return to New York. I had but a day for Berlin. There was but one object in it I had any special desire to see, and that was—Humboldt. I might visit Berlin again, the other monuments of the city would remain; but he might pass away.

Early in the morning, I called upon Mr. Donaldson, our minister, and to my extreme regret learned from him that Baron Humboldt was with the king at Potsdam, thirty miles distant, in feeble health, and unable to receive visitors. Fortunately, I had occasion afterwards to call upon Baron Von Rœnne, formerly Prussian minister to this country, and incidently mentioning to him my disappointment and regret, he stopped me abruptly, and with friendly earnestness said, that I must not leave Berlin without seeing Baron Humboldt, at the same time looking at his watch, calling up my servant, telling him that the cars for Potsdam started at 12, and hastily writing a line of introduction, without allowing me any time for acknowledgments, he hurried me off to my carriage. A brisk ride brought me to the depot just in time for the cars; three quarters of an hour carried us to Potsdam, and almost before I had recovered from my surprise, I was at Baron Humboldt's residence.

It was in the royal palace, a stately and historic pile, once the residence of Frederick the Great, with his apartments remaining in the same state in which he left them. One wing was now occupied by Baron Humboldt, and it seemed a just tribute and a right reward—a proper crowning of his fame, alike honorable to prince and subject, that after years of travel, of physical and intellectual labor, he should, in the evening of his days, return to the town in which he was born, to live in the royal palace, the guest and friend of his king.

Ascending to the door of his apartments, I was disappointed anew by positive word from the servant in attendance, that the baron would not receive any visitors that day. With very little hope of success, but disposed to try every chance, I left my letter and card with an intimation that I would call again at 2 o'clock.

On my return, the expression of the servant's face as he opened the door relieved me of all apprehension. Showing me into an adjoining apartment,

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Baron Humboldt came to meet me, with the flattering greeting that no letter of introduction was necessary.

I was entirely mistaken in the idea I had formed of his personal appearance, and was surprised at not finding him bowed down, and bent by age. Nearly half a century ago, he had filled the first place in the world of letters, sitting as it were, upon a throne, lighting up the pathway of science to the philosopher, and teaching the school-boy at his desk. He was recorded in the annals of a past generation. Indeed, his reign had been so long, and his fame went back so far, that until I saw him bodily, I had almost regarded him as a part of history, and belonging to the past; even then, alone and in the stillness of the palace, I could hardly keep from looking at him as something monumental, receiving the tribute of posthumous fame.

He is now nearly eighty, but has the appearance of being some years younger. In stature, he is rather under than above the middle size, with a frame, probably in youth, well-fitted for the hardships of his arduous travels. His head might serve as a study for a craniologist; his face is broad, and his eye remarkable for its intellect and expression. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, without ribands or decorations of any kind, and his apartments corresponded with the simplicity of his personal appearance. He was dibilitated from an attack of illness, but the vigor and elasticity of his mind were unimpaired. He spoke English with much fluency, but with an accent, and his manner of speaking and the tone of his conversation reminded me of Mr. Gallatin, who was an old personal friend, and to whom he wished to be remembered.

The ruined cities of America, being the means of bringing me to his acquaintance, were of course the first subject referred to, but learning that my connection with the line of mail-steamers to Bremen was the immediate object which had brought me to Germany, he expressed his satisfaction that I was identified with an enterprise at that moment most interesting to Germany. He considered the action of our government in establishing the line, wise and statemanlike, as, for a commercial people like ours, it must be the means of opening new relations, and a wide field for the enterprise of our citizens. He himself felt a lively interest in its success, believing that the Germans of all classes were desirous of direct intercourse with us; that they had a great variety of manufactures which might be exchanged to advantage for the large amount of our staples now consumed in that country, when more frequent intercourse should give a better knowledge of each other's wants and resources: as between the United States and Germany there never could be any feeling of rivalry or any cause of collision, and the closer we could be drawn together, the more advantageous would it be to both countries. He spoke of the long lines of railroads now constructing in Germany, to connect the Rhine and the Danube, the Adriatic and the North Sea, with branches from towns and manufacturing districts, winding into each other all over the country, furnishing facilities for travel and transportation to the sea-board, such as had never been known before, the greater part of which, both as a matter of feeling, and on the score of interest, must in the first instance turn towards the United States.

He inquired about Mr. Wheaton, our late minister to that country, whether he had arrived in the United States before my departure, and what was to be his future career. He said that it was understood at Berlin, that he was to be appointed minister to France, and expressed his surprise that the United States should be willing to lose the public services of one so long trained in the school of diplomacy, and so well acquainted with the political institutions of Europe.

Although I had heard Baron Humboldt spoken of as one of the privy councillors of the king, I did not expect to find him, at his advanced age, and with his great work Cosmos to occupy his mind, bestowing much of his attention upon political relations; but the political condition of Prussia, and indeed of the world, seemed to be the subject which interested him most. It was, in fact, just at that moment an interesting point in the history of Prussia. The long-called-for Diet, which had been looked to with great anxiety throughout all Germany, had closed its session but two days before my arrival. For the first time in the history of Prussia, delegates had been permitted to assemble at the capital, and, in the hearing of the king, discuss the measures of his government. Great reforms had been proposed, and boldly and fearlessly debated. The debates had been published, and the voice of a liberal party heard all over Germany.

Baron Humboldt himself is a liberal, a firm believer in progress and improvement, known and recognized as sympathizing with that great political party which has for its lofty aim the greatest good to the greatest number, bettering the condition of the masses, and increasing the sum of human happiness; and while throughout the civilized world he has filled the "measure of fame" as a traveller and philosopher, in Prussia he is regarded besides as one of her soundest and best statesmen.

Out of Europe, Mexico seemed to be the country which interested him most; perhaps from its connection with those countries which had brought me to his acquaintance, or, more probably, because it was the foundation of his own early fame. He spoke of Mr. Prescott's History of the Conquest, and said that I might, when the opportunity offered, say to that gentleman, as from himself, that there was no historian of the age, in England or Germany, equal to him.

And he was keenly alive to the present condition of Mexico; he was full of our Mexican war; his eyes were upon General Taylor and the American army. I was well aware, that in the conduct of this war, General Taylor was drawing upon himself the eyes of all Europe; and that, whatever might be the differences of opinion as to its necessity or justice, it was producing everywhere, in monarchical and anti-republican countries, a strong impression of our ability and power for war—which in *enlightened* (!) Europe, even at this day, more than all the fruits of peace, industry, and extended commerce, more than the exhibition of twenty millions of people abounding in all the comforts of life, raises us to the rank of a "first-rate power," and makes us "respected."

Baron Humboldt said that with one of his own maps before them, the king and his military council had followed General Taylor from his encampment at Corpus Christi, to Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, through the storming of Monterey, and the bloody scenes of Buena Vista. They had fought over all his battles, and with his positions all marked on the map, were then looking for further tidings. They had seen and appreciated all his difficulties at Buena Vista. In Prussia war is a science, and

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according to the leading policy of Europe, to be always ready for war, every male in Prussia, the highest nobleman's son not excepted, is compelled to serve his regular term in the army. In the teeth of all settled opinions, and as it were upsetting the whole doctrine of standing armies, General Taylor, with a handful of regulars, and a small body of volunteers who had never been in battle, had stood up for a whole day against a murderous fire, and had finally defeated four times his number. Field marshals and generals of Prussia, among them veterans who had studied the art of war on the great battle-fields of Europe, were struck with admiration at the daring and skill displayed at Buena Vista; and this admiration, Baron Humboldt said, they expressed without reserve, freely, publicly, and everywhere. Amid the bitterness and malignity of the English press, it was grateful to hear from such lips, that the leading military men of a military nation did justice to the intrepidity and firmness of our volunteers, and to the courage, skill, and high military talents of General Taylor: while Baron Humboldt's comments upon his dispatches and orders, and in fact upon all that related to him personally in the conduct of the war, were such as no American could listen to without feeling proud.

I had occupied, without any interruption, more than an hour of Baron Humboldt's time, when the servant entered to summon him to dinner—with the king. I would have left him at once, but courteously saying, that, if late, he would excuse himself by mentioning the cause that detained him, he urged me to remain a few days, for the purpose of making certain acquaintances at Berlin, and, pressed as he was, insisted upon giving me a line to a distinguished gentleman of that place, without seeing whom he said I ought not to leave. Circumstances did not permit me to deliver the letter; but I had the satisfaction of bringing it home with me, written in German, in a strong, firm hand, as an autograph of Humboldt, and a memento of one of my most interesting incidents of travel.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S CASE.

DR. PARRISH'S DEPOSITION.

Joseph Parrish, of the city of Philadelphia, doctor of medicine, aged 55 years or thereabouts, being produced, affirmed, and examined, on behalf of William Meade, named in the annexed commission, deposeth as follows:

That being legally required to make a deposition, relative to John Randolph of Roanoke, I do hereby state my recollections of such incidents as I consider calculated to show the state of his mind during the period of my medical attendance.

John Randolph died under my medical care on the morning of fifth month (May) 24th, 1833, at one quarter before twelve o'clock. He breathed his last in a chamber of the City Hotel, No. 41 North Third street.

I was present at his departure, closed his eyes, and placed his limbs in a decent position. I was called to visit him on the 20th inst., by Edmund Badger, one of the proprietors of the City Hotel. It was a stormy night. The patient had arrived that afternoon in the steamboat from Baltimore. He was bound for Europe, and had been disappointed in getting on board the packet. He soon informed me that he was acquainted with my character. "I know you thro' Giles," alluding I presume to Wm. B. Giles, late governor of Virginia, respecting whose case I was repeatedly consulted. The patient appeared much disturbed on account of some difficulties he had encountered after leaving the steamboat. It was evident he was extremely ill; his debility was such, that it was with great difficulty he could expectorate, which caused much distress in respiration. He appeared fully aware of his danger; told me he had attended several courses of lectures on anatomy, described his symptoms with medical accuracy, declaring he must die, if he could not discharge the puriform matter. On inquiring how long he had been sick, he replied, "Don't ask me that question. I have been sick all my life." He soon told me, however, that he had been affected for three years with his present disease, which had been greatly aggravated by his voyage to Russia. "This had killed him." On feeling his pulse he said, "You can form no judgment by my pulse, it is so peculiar." I soon perceived that to manage the case before me, would be like steering between Scylla and Charybdis, and concluded to proceed by cautious soundings, rather than advance under full sail. I told him he had been so long an invalid, he must have acquired an accurate knowledge of the general course of practice, adapted to his case: he replied, "Certainly, at 40, a fool or physician, you know." I remarked there were idiosyncracies in many constitutions, and wished to ascertain what was peculiar about him; he said, "I have been an idiosyncracy all my life." This appeared truly a most trite and correct view of the subject, although the querist did not think it necessary to give a concurring reply. He informed me that all the preparations of camphor invariably injured him, and as to ether, "It would blow me up." Not so of opium and its preparations—for I soon discovered he was accustomed to free use of this drug in some form or other.

On one occasion he told me that he either did or could (I am not clear as to the words *did* or *could*) take opium like a Turk; but I certainly received from him the impression, that he was in the habitual use of opium in some shape or other.

His conversation was curiously diversified, and he complained with no small asperity of the difficulties he encountered after leaving the steamboat.

He was put into a wretched hack, the glass of the carriage was broken—he had been obliged to go from one hotel to another, in search of lodgings, exposed to the peltings of the storm, and everything was in a state of discomfort. He soon introduced the subject of the Quakers, complimenting us in his peculiar manner for "neatness, economy, order, comfort in everything, right in everything, except politics—there, always twistical." Before I departed, he repeated a portion of the Litany of the Episcopal church with apparent fervor. The following morning he sent for me early. I was called from bed; he apologized handsomely for disturbing me, and from this period, we appeared mutually to enter into our new acquaintance in the capacity of patient and physician.

After considerable experience in sick chambers and at death-beds, I may say, I never met with a character so perfectly original and unique. He might be sometimes compared to a spoiled and fractious child, but a little observation convinced me that, in the midst of his extreme constitutional irritability, petulance, impatience, and sarcasm, there were some noble traits of character; among these was a keen sense of propriety, and when this was gently appealed to there was a disposition to be convinced and acknowledge indiscretions. On more

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than one occasion, it seemed proper for the patient to understand, that while his physician felt every disposition to treat him with kindness and respect, he was not insensible to what was due to himself.

On one occasion, when I proposed something for his relief, he petulantly and positively refused compliance. I paused and addressed a few words to him; his good sense predominated—he apologized, and was as submissive as an infant. One evening I proposed a medical consultation, leaving the choice to himself. With an assurance of entire confidence in his medical attendant, he promptly objected to the proposal, with the remark—"In a multitude of counsel there is confusion—it leads to weakness and indecision—the patient may die, while the doctors are staring at each other."

On parting with him, especially at night, I would receive the kindest acknowledgments in the most affectionate tones, generally with the addition—"God bless you, He does bless you, and He will bless you."

It seemed as though his disposition to criticise on the pronunciation of words could not be restrained under any circumstances of bodily suffering or immediate danger of death—the slightest deviation from his standard of propriety must be met and corrected.

In the application of words to convey ideas, he was extremely exact. He once remarked to me, that "although the French was a vile language, yet it was preferable to any other for treaties and public documents, because every word was in its exact place, no double meaning—there it stands." The night preceding his death, I passed about two hours in his chamber; he told me, in a plaintive tone, that his poor John was worn down by fatigue, and compelled to go to bed.

A most attentive substitute supplied his place, but neither he, nor I, were like John, who knew where to place his hand on everything, in a large quantity of baggage prepared for an European voyage.

The patient was greatly distressed in breathing, in consequence of difficult expectoration, and requested me at my next visit to bring instruments for performing the operation of bronchotomy, for he could not live, unless relieved; yet in the same interview he directed a certain newspaper to be brought to him;—it was found after a difficult search—he put on his spectacles as he sat propped up in bed, turned over the paper several times and examined it carefully—then placed his finger on a part he had selected—handed it to me with a request that I would read it; it was headed "Cherokee." In the course of reading, I came to the word "Omnipotence"—I gave it the full sound Omni-potence, he checked me instantly, repeating it according to Walker. I offered my reasons for pronouncing it as I did; he did not rebut, but quickly said, "Pass on." Not long after I pronounced the word "Impetus," with the *e* long—he corrected me instantly. I hesitated on his criticism, and in an inquiring and doubtful tone, repeated the word as he had pronounced it; he sharply replied, "There can be no doubt of it." An immediate acknowledgment of the reader that he stood corrected appeared to satisfy the critic, and the piece was concluded. I now observed to him that there was a great deal of sublimity in the composition; he directly referred me to the Mosaic account of creation, and repeated, "'Let there be light, and there was light.' There is sublimity!" He spoke, in the interview, of the slanders and lies that had been published against him in the newspapers; even his domestic arrangements, his silver cups, &c., had been noticed, when every one might know that silver was more economical than highly finished china, or cut glass, that was liable to be broken. I believe the patient never fully relinquished his hold on life until the day he died;—it is true he had often said he was dying, he must die, or words to that effect, but these were rather to be considered as the ebullitions of a morbidly irritable mind. The hope of getting off to Europe still lingered with him—in proof, I will state that, perhaps on the third day of my attendance, he informed me that he intended to go to New York the next morning, and wished my bill to be left at the bar. I understood it to be his intention to embark at New York for Europe. Instead of going as he expected, he was so extremely ill in the night that I was called from my bed to visit him. He also requested me to have some sulphate of morphia which he had in his possession, as a pure imported article, divided into papers of one grain each.

The morning of the day that John Randolph died, I received an early and urgent message to visit him—several persons were in the room, but left it, except his servant John, who appeared affected at the situation of his dying master. I remarked to John, soon after I arrived, that I had seen his master very low several times before, and he had revived, and perhaps he would again; the patient directly said, "John knows better than that."

The interview of this morning was peculiarly impressive. I had not been long with him, before he looked at me with great intensity, and said, in a very earnest and distinct manner, "I confirm every disposition in my will, especially that respecting my slaves whom I have manumitted, and for whom I have made provision." This declaration was to me altogether unexpected; it involved a subject, which in our previous interviews had never been touched. It was one I should not have introduced.

I assured him I was rejoiced to hear such a declaration from him—he appeared anxious to impress it on my mind. Soon after this, I proposed to go for a short time, to attend an urgent message, received just before I left home, assuring my patient I would return as speedily as possible. He positively objected to my leaving him. "You must not go, you cannot, you shall not leave me." He called to his servant John to take care that the doctor did not leave the room, and John accordingly locked the door and soon reported. "Master, I have locked the door and got the key in my pocket; the doctor can't go now." My proposal to leave him for a short time, even on a promise of return, evidently irritated him for a moment.

It may show the situation of his mind, when I state, that in the moment of excitement to which I referred, he said, "If you do go, you need not return."

I appealed to him as to the propriety of such an order, inasmuch as I was only desirous of discharging my duty towards another patient who might stand in need of assistance. His manner instantly changed, and he said, "I retract that expression;" and probably a quarter of an hour afterwards, casting on me an expressive look, he again said, "I retract that expression." I told him I thought I understood him distinctly on the subject he had communicated, and I presumed the will would explain itself fully—he replied in his peculiar way, "No, you don't understand it—I know you don't. Our laws are extremely particular on the subject of slaves. A will may manumit them, but provision

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for their subsequent support requires that a declaration be made, in the presence of a white witness, and it is requisite that the witness, after hearing the declaration, should continue with the party and never lose sight of him until he is gone or dead. You are a good witness for John! You see the propriety and importance of your remaining with me! Your patients must make allowance for your situation." I saw and felt the force of the appeal.

The interest of the scene increased every moment. I was now locked in the chamber with a dying statesman, of no common order; one whose commanding talents, elevated political station, combined with great eccentricity of character, had spread his fame, not only through his native land, but over Europe. He then said, "John told me this morning, 'Master, you are dying.'" I made no attempt to conceal my views; on the contrary, I assured him, I would speak to him with entire candor on the occasion, and told him it had been rather a subject of surprise that he had continued so long.

He now made his preparations to die. Between him and his faithful servant there appeared to be a complete understanding. He directed John to bring him his father's breast button which was immediately produced. He then directed him to place it in the bosom of his shirt. It was an old-fashioned, large-sized gold stud. John placed it in the buttonhole of the shirt-bosom; but to fix it completely required a hole on the opposite side. When this was announced to his master, he quickly said, "Get a knife and cut one." I handed my pen-knife to John, who cut the hole and fixed the valued relic to the satisfaction of the dying patient. A napkin was also called for, and was placed by John upon the breast of the patient. For a short time he lay perfectly quiet, his eyes were closed, and I concluded he was disposed to sleep. He suddenly roused from this state, with the words, "Remorse," "Remorse." It was twice repeated; at the last time at the top of his voice, evidently with great agitation, he cried out, "Let me see the word." No reply followed: having learned enough of the character of my patient to ascertain, that when I did not know *exactly* what to say, it was best to say nothing. He then exclaimed, "Get a dictionary—let me see the word." I cast my eyes around me and told him I believed there was none in the room. "Write it down, then—let me see the word." I picked up one of his cards from the table, "Randolph of Roanoke," and inquired whether I should write on that. "Yes, nothing more proper." Then with my pencil I wrote Remorse. He took the card in his hands in a hurried manner, and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity. "Write it on the back," he exclaimed. I did so, and handed it to him again. He was excessively agitated at this period—he repeated, "Remorse! you have no idea what it is—you can form no idea of it whatever; it has contributed to bring me to my present situation; but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and hope I have obtained pardon." He then said, "Now let John take your pencil and draw a line under the word," which was accordingly done. I inquired what was to be done with the card; he replied, "Put it in your pocket and take care of it; when I am dead look at it."

This was an impressive scene. All the plans of ambition, the honors and the wealth of this world, had vanished as bubbles on the water. He knew and he felt that his very moments were few, and even *they* were numbered. It afforded his physician an opportunity, without being intrusive, of offering to him a few serious observations, and pointing the expiring statesman to a hope beyond the grave. My situation at this period was serious and embarrassing. Locked in the chamber of a patient, and solemnly called upon as a witness, confirming a will already made for the liberation and support of his slaves, when the only human ear that heard these declarations, except myself and the testator, was one of the very slaves included in the bequest. It required no unusual foresight to anticipate the construction which might be put upon such testimony: perhaps in a distant court, where the witness might be personally unknown, especially when, added to this, it was found he was a member of the religious society of Friends, who long since had washed their hands from the stain of slavery, and whose sentiments on that subject were universally known. I saw that even under a charitable construction of the testimony, the force of early impressions and the bias of education might be supposed imperceptibly to influence even an upright mind, and give a coloring to words and facts, which to others, differently educated, might be viewed in another light.

Under these views, I introduced the subject of calling in some additional witnesses, and suggested sending down stairs for Edmund Badger, whose attentions were very great to him. He replied, "I have already communicated that to him." I stated that it was my intention to be with him as steadily as possible until his death, but with his concurrence I would send for two young physicians who should remain and never lose sight of him until he was dead, and to whom he could make the declaration. My son, Dr. Isaac Parrish, and my young friend and late pupil, Dr. Francis West, were proposed to him, saying the latter was a brother of Captain West. He quickly asked, "Captain West of the packet?" On receiving an affirmative reply, he said, "Send for him, he is the man, I 'll have him." From some circumstances that had come to my knowledge, I had reason to believe that Capt. James West was a favorite with the patient. Before the door was unlocked, he pointed to a bureau, and requested I would take from it a remuneration for my services. To this I promptly objected, informing him, I should feel as though I were acting indelicately to comply. He then waived the subject by saying, "In England it is always customary."

The witnesses were now sent for, and soon arrived. The dying man was propped up in bed with pillows, nearly erect. Those only who know his form and singular physiognomy can form an idea of his appearance at this moment. Being extremely sensitive to cold, he had a blanket over his head and shoulders, and he directed John to place his hat on over the blanket, which aided in keeping it close to his head. The hat bore evident marks of age, and was probably the one exposed to the peltings of the storm during his discomforts on the day of his arrival.

With a countenance full of sorrow, John stood close to the bed-side of his dying master. The four witnesses, viz., Edmund Badger, Dr. Francis West, my son, Dr. Isaac Parrish, and myself, were placed in a semi-circle in full view. It was evidently an awfully interesting moment to the patient. He rallied all the expiring energies of mind and body to this last effort; his whole soul seemed concentrated in the act; his eyes flashed feeling and intelligence.

Pointing towards us with his long index finger, he thus addressed us:—"I confirm all the directions in my will respecting my slaves, and direct them to

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be enforced, particularly in regard to a provision for their support;" and then raising his arm as high as he could, he brought it down with his open hand on the shoulders of his favorite John, adding these words, "especially for this man." He then asked each of us whether we understood him.

At the close of this exhausting effort, I remarked to my fellow-witnesses, that my patient a short time before informed me in private, that according to the laws of Virginia, a will might manumit slaves, yet in order for their subsequent support, it was necessary that a declaration should be made, in the presence of one or more white witnesses, who, after receiving it from the party, should remain and never lose sight of him until he was dead. I then appealed to the dying man to know whether I had stated it correctly; he replied, "Yes!" and gracefully waving his hand as a token of our dismission, he said, "The young gentlemen will remain with me." I took leave, with an assurance that I would return as speedily as possible, and remain with him. After an absence of perhaps an hour or more, and about fifty minutes before his decease, I returned to his sick room—but now the scene was changed; his keen, penetrating eye had lost its expression, his powerful mind had given way, and he appeared totally incapable of giving any correct directions relative to his worldly concerns. To record what now took place may not be required further than to say, that almost to the last moment, some of his eccentricities could be seen lingering about him.

He had entered within the dark valley of the shadow of death, and what was passing in his chamber was like the distant voice of words which fell with confusion on the ear: the further this master spirit receded from human view, the sounds became less distinct, until they were finally lost in the deep recesses of the valley—and all that was mortal of Randolph of Roanoke was hushed in death.

In conclusion, perhaps it may be proper for me clearly and distinctly to state, that at the time he made the declarations in my presence, relative to his will, he was capable of discriminating correctly between thing and thing, and he also possessed tenacity of memory; hence, I give it as my decided belief, that he was of sound disposing mind and memory.

Early on the afternoon of the day on which John Randolph died, it was concluded by the four witnesses to commit to writing the declarations which he had made, according to their understanding of them. This I did in a room, contiguous to the one wherein he died, and where his corpse was then lying, and the original paper is now in my possession. The paper hereto annexed, marked and subscribed with my name, is a true copy of the same. Jos. Parrish.

The Bottle. In Eight Plates. By George Cruikshank. Bogue.

It is remarked of Hogarth's genius, by Lamb, in his incomparable essay, that his graphic representations are books, and have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. "Other pictures we look at—his prints we read." Mr. Cruikshank aspires to the same kind of praise; and no trifling share of it may be conceded to his honorable ambition.

The *Bottle* has the same object as Hogarth's *Gin Lane*, and, like that immortal print, is made accessible by its price to the poorest people, for whose instruction it has been composed. The series of eight plates are published for a shilling; with a more expensive edition on tinted paper, for the portfolios of lovers of art. We recollect nothing half so good that was ever so cheap. The plates are printed from surface blocks, by the new art of glyphography. There is no end to the new arts since Hogarth's time. What a pity it is that we have not made corresponding improvements in those higher matters, the condition of which, in our day as in his, still renders necessary such publications as this, for the amendment of the poor and the warning of the rich.

Mr. Cruikshank has adopted Hogarth's manner of a *Progress* to show the fatal influences and results of gin. The first plate is a happy homely mechanic's room, with every sign of comfort and order; the husband and wife at dinner, the eldest daughter attending them, the two younger children at play, and all the minor accessories of chimney-ornaments and furniture indicating habits of sobriety and virtue. But the bottle is introduced, and the husband induces the wife "just to take a drop." In the second plate the drop has done its work; the husband has been discharged from his employment, the wife is sending out the daughter with clothes to pawn for a fresh supply of gin, and the younger children look in amazement at their father, who sits in a state of bestial drunkenness before the disordered fire-place. In the third plate an execution is sweeping off the furniture, the bed, the clock, the Bible, and the little picture ornaments, while the bottle, held by the degraded wife, still consoles the wretched man. The effect of this on the children, and the half-sorrowful, half-stupefied gaze of the mother at the departing picture of the village church, are excellent points in this plate. In the next the children are begging at the railings of a churchyard, and a neighboring gin-palace receives their miserable earnings. The fifth plate shows that cold and want have destroyed the youngest child, and that even the bottle is become a very inefficient consolation. The figure of the daughter as she stands by the coffin of her sister, the lid of which she has gently opened, is very truthful and affecting. The sixth plate portrays fearful quarrels and brutal violence. In the seventh the husband has murdered the wife with the hideous instrument of all their misery. The attitude and face of the boy in this plate, and of his sister as she points to the broken bottle lying at her dead mother's feet, are admirably conceived; indeed, the treatment of these children, from step to step of their degradation, is the finest stroke of the artist. There is also something appalling in the imbecile phrenzy of the murderer. In the eighth plate "the bottle has done its work: it has destroyed the infant and the mother, it has brought the son and the daughter to vice and to the streets, and it has left the father a hopeless maniac."

We cannot doubt that this series of plates will contribute to the artist's benevolent object, as they will certainly support his deservedly high reputation. In his peculiar walk of observation Mr. Cruikshank is unrivalled; and with this he has combined, in the present series of plates, touches of universal truth, and indications of the highest artistic genius.—*Examiner*.

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THE HIGHEST CORRUPTION IN FRANCE.

HARDLY more prevailing was the licentiousness in the time of Charles II. than is the corruption in France under Louis Philippe. That it is not, as profligacy was with our cavaliers, actually a fashion, is the most that can be said in the way of favorable distinction. It is not paraded, but for the extensive practice there is an indulgent toleration. The delinquents in the recent exposures were not regarded as more culpable than their neighbors, but less fortunate. They were pitied. The common reflection was *multi* (if not *boni*) *idem feccrunt*. Or as it is expressed in the old song,

> 'The greatest and gravest—
> A truce to grimace—
> Would do the same thing,
> Were they in the same place."

To prey on the public when opportunity offers is thought fair play. The shame is only the Spartan shame, in detection, and it is but faint and transitory.

As we have before had occasion to remark, the broad difference between corruption in France and in England is, that with us the lower trusts are most abused, and with our neighbors the highest. It lies at the root of the tree in England, and amongst the flowers and fruits in France. Here we have corrupt voters, across the channel corrupt ministers. But have we even in the last the highest of those who in France do not scruple to turn their public trusts to private account? What is the example of the king himself? He does not, he cannot, peculate; but he makes the policy and the honor of France subservient to the enrichment of his family. To make great a family, he makes a nation little. He tricks in one quarter, and he truckles in others to procure sufferance. What he perfidiously gains on the one hand, he endeavors to secure on the other, by sacrificing the lasting interests and the glory of the nation. The feelings that do most honor to France, sympathy with oppressed Poland, sympathy with oppressed Italy, have all been outraged by the policy of the government, from the date of the intrigues for the Montpensier marriage. For the last two years the whole policy of France has been a Montpensier policy. All the powers and influences of a great nation have been adjusted to compassing a provision for a son, and stealing a crown for his descendants. For this object England has been defied, and Austria truckled to; and all the worst designs of the worst powers in Europe have been encouraged to action by the position to which France has been reduced to pursue the miserable intrigues in Spain for family aggrandizement. France, in the hands of Louis Philippe, is as much the instrument for his private gain, apart from the national interests, as any tradesman's stock is the means of making his profit, and to be huxtered or bartered for that end.

The example bears out the observation in our last number, on the text of abdications, on the preference of the private to the public, not indeed in this instance in respect of station, for Louis Philippe has no disposition whatever to abdicate, but of turning the opportunities of royal station to private account, or, in homely phrase, "feathering the nest."

When we see what France is now—a nation for the uses of a family, what a melancholy mockery appears the revolution of the Barricades, whose three days of glory have been the last she has seen in any exalted sense! Never was there such devotion as that which hurled down the tyranny of Charles X., and asserted the principle of the sovereignty of the people in the setting up of Louis Philippe. And what have been its consequences? A government not for the nation that made it, but for the family which it made. The constitutional forms of the government render this perversion the more mischievous. In a despotism, a prince like Louis Philippe would carve out of the substance of the people the provisions he wanted for his sons and daughters, and there would be the end of the wrong; or if he coveted a neighboring throne, he would consider whether he was strong enough to seize it or not, and act accordingly. But in a country like France this direct procedure is impossible, and it is through and at the expense of the influence and credit of the nation that the machinations for the object in view must be carried on. It is a grand peculation, not in pelf, but in policy, and an embezzlement of national honor exchanged for so much connivance at a crooked scheme to get a throne. The difference of stations makes no difference in abuse of trust. A constitutional monarch is a trustee for the nation, and is bound to discharge his trust with regard only to the public interests. If for other and selfish purposes he sacrifices the true national policy and honor, he is guilty of as low a breach of trust as the man who dips his fingers into the purse confided to his honor. It is the worst of embezzlements, preying upon the interests and the character of a people, robbery and demoralization conjoined.

The foolish ill-will to England has hitherto blinded the French to their true position. As the Montpensier intrigue has run counter to the policy of England, and has been extremely offensive to her, it has been pardoned by, if not acceptable to, a large portion of the French, whose animosities are stronger than their reason. If the matter had had no bearing on England, the clamor that would have arisen against it would have overwhelmed the government. But too many of our neighbors have been content that France should be degraded so that England should be thwarted and mortified. The signs, however, of the unworthy position in which the nation was placed to play the selfish game of the monarch soon appeared in the seizure of Cracow, and we have now another evidence of it in Austria's aggression in the occupation of Ferrara.

Austria, the most cowardly power in Europe, whose empire is a bundle of robberies, and who is always trembling lest she should lose what she should never have got, and holds uneasily, would never have ventured to take the step she has done, but for the posture of France crouching to creep through the Spanish intrigues. England and France heartily allied can sway the world; but the moment there is an interruption of the understanding between them, the despotic powers are emboldened to acts of rapine, as in Cracow, or to endeavor to crush improvement, as in Italy.

A great admiration of the wisdom of Louis Philippe was at one time the fashion, and many eulogies of him have been delivered by the leading statesmen in both houses of parliament. We have always questioned the justness of those panegyrics. We have never been able to discover the grounds for them. Louis Philippe in our view is a wily man, but not a wise one. He is crafty in his management of means for an end, but short-sighted in his choice of objects. He does not form correct calculations of difficulties; but when they arise, he

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is dexterous in coping with them. He is perpetually making the mistake proverbially described as "reckoning without your host;" but when out in his reckoning, he is very ingenious in shifts, and contrives to leave the host in the lurch. We have often heard it said, "What a clever man Louis Philippe is! see how he gets out of his difficulties." But the answer has always seemed to us to be—"See also how he got *into* his difficulties." But this is what the world does not look to. As the *Great Britain's* getting ashore was a nine days' wonder, while getting her off again has occupied the public attention for a year, so Louis Philippe's triumph over embarrassments of his own creating has filled with admiration minds that have ceased to remember how he got into the scrape. His sort of cleverness is like that of a clown in a pantomime, who vigorously knocks his head against the wall without hurting himself. Never was there a greater mistake than that of ascribing prudence to him. He is adroit, but not prudent. He has in an eminent degree the French genius for making shift—for making the best of bad positions, and turning men and circumstances to account. But this kind of dexterity will not always avail, it will be overmastered at last—the pitcher goes once too often to the well. And the present imprudence of the king of the French threatens to be irreparable. He has not observed that wise rule of Nicol Jarvie, not to put the arm in further than it can be safely drawn back again. He has overreached himself in Spain, and for dynastic objects endangered his dynasty. The train of embarrassing events is likely to be longer than his life, and any precipitated solution of them would have the most grave consequences. Louis Philippe's last days will be passed in cares and troubles, the bitter fruits of his own cupidity—"the mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due." He is, as Bacon has it, "one of those great self-lovers who will set their neighbor's house on fire to roast their own eggs in the embers;" but Louis Philippe in cooking his eggs has burnt his fingers most grievously.

The *Constitutionnel* takes a just view of the perils which impend over Europe through the conduct of the monarch who has been styled the Napoleon of peace!

"See on what a slight thread depends the peace of the world! Should the health of Queen Isabella suffer any injury—should, unfortunately, a fall from her horse or any untoward accident compromise her life, and she died without giving birth to an heir, the case of a disputed succession would arise, and the *casus belli* reserved by England would present itself. If the king and queen should remain separate and irreconcilable, there can be no hopes of a direct heir to the throne. In such a case the dissension between Great Britain and France, the effects of which are suspended during the life of the queen, will become every day more envenomed, and it reserves a menacing prospect for Europe. Should the king and queen become reconciled through the exertions of Salamanca and Narvaez, and if, nevertheless, the queen should not give birth to an heir, the situation would be no less embarrassing nor perilous. Should, on the contrary, the separation of the royal couple be prolonged and the queen obtain a divorce, the choice of a second husband would renew the conflict between England and France. Such are some of the formidable chances which Spanish affairs present for the repose of the world. Suppose, in short, that the queen, reconciled to her husband, should give a successor to the throne, the dearest wish of our government would be accomplished. Is it not so? Well, the effect of this single fortunate chance would be to destroy all the hopes of the Duchess de Montpensier succeeding to the throne of Spain. That is the destruction of all the advantages of the Spanish marriages so much vaunted last year. It would not restore the independence of Cracow, nor repair the bad results of our policy in Switzerland, Greece, and elsewhere. It would not reëstablish confidence between the cabinet about to be presided over by M. Guizot and that of which Lord J. Russell is the head."—*Examiner*, 11 *Sept.*

SALE OF SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.

THIS important national event took place on September 16, at half-past one o'clock, at the City Auction Mart. The attendance was so numerous, that half those desirous of being present could not be accommodated in the spacious sale-room. Amongst those in the room were Sir F. Madden, keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum; Mr. Amyot, chairman of the London committee; Dr. Thomson, chairman of the Stratford committee; Mr. P. Cunningham and Mr. Sheldon, treasurers of the committees of London and Stratford; Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Payne Collier, chairman of the general meeting of subscribers; Mr. Flower, Mr. Chas. Knight, Mr. Butterworth, Mr. Halliwell, many members of the Shakspeare Society, and most of the resident members of the several committees interested in the subject.

Mr. Robins, to whom the disposal of the birthplace of the great dramatist was entrusted, briefly, but with great ability, directed the attention of the crowded auditory to the circumstances connected with the sale, which were such as to exonerate from all blame the trustees who acted on the part of the minors to whom the property legally belonged. The property was very valuable as regarded its position in Stratford, and its extent; but its great value arose from its being the spot where the immortal Shakspeare first saw the light—a spot which was regarded with reverence not only by Englishmen, but by the admirers of genius from all countries. It was interesting to observe the steady increase in the number of visitors to the shrine of the poet which was taking place. A few years ago one thousand in a year was considered a large number, but last year the number had increased to seven thousand. He was quite confident that such an object as the house in which William Shakspeare first drew his infant breath would be fully appreciated by such an assembly as that which he saw around him, and that they would exhibit in a practical manner that appreciation. Mr. Robins then read the terms of sale, which were in the usual form of freehold property, and stated that he was ready to commence the sale.

The offer of 1,500*l.* was then made, which was immediately advanced upon to 2,000*l.* by Mr. Butler, of Clapton. 2,100*l.* was then offered, and after a very slight pause the following offer, on the part of the Stratford and London Shakspeare Committees, organized for the purchase of Shakspeare's house, was placed in the hands of Mr. Robins:—"To Mr. Robins. We, the undersigned, deputed by the united committees of Stratford and London, for raising subscriptions for the purchase of Shakspeare's house, hereby offer a bidding of 3,000*l.* The committees having purchased another property which really constitutes an integral portion of

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Shakspeare's house, have expended a considerable part of the amount already raised by public contribution; but, looking at the duty imposed upon them in undertaking to represent the feeling of the nation, they have come to the resolution of making this large and liberal offer for the property now for sale, without regard to the funds which they can at present command, in the confidence that the justice of the public will eventually discharge the committees from the individual responsibility which they thus incur. Signed, Thomas Amyot, chairman of the London committee; Thomas Thomson, chairman of the Stratford committee; P. Cunningham, treasurer of the London committee; W. Sheldon, treasurer of the Stratford committee. September 16, 1847."

Mr. Robins having read the offer aloud, said he had the agreeable duty of announcing on the part of the trustee that he intended to forego his privilege of bidding for the property, after the offer which the committee had made, (3,000*l.*,) an advance of 900*l.* on the last offer. (Cheers.) He was now desirous to know if any one present proposed to offer a larger sum? A few moments of anxious suspense ensued, when no other bidder appearing, the Stratford and London Committees were declared the purchasers for 3,000*l.*, amidst immense cheering, which clearly exhibited the gratification which those present felt at the circumstance of this most interesting national monument having been secured for the nation by the committees.

The following interesting lots were put up and sold at the subjoined prices:—Visitors' Books of Autographs, seventy guineas—Mr. Butler, of Clapton, who offered 2,000*l.* for the house; ditto, twenty guineas; a curious tablet, with a portrait of Shakspeare—J. W. Pearson, 5*l.* 5s.; five carved walnut-tree chairs, with needlework backs and seats—W. B. Fletcher, 5*l.* 5s.; a curious antique carved cabinet, elaborately worked—A. L. Butler, 10*l.* 10s.; an elaborately carved Elizabethan chair, cane back—Mr. Lilly, 7*l.* 7s.; another equally curious chair, high back—Mr. Lilly, 1*l.*; an inlaid walnut-tree corner beaufet or closet—Mr. Lilly, 2*l.* 2s.; two ancient portraits in frames—C. D. Butler, 1*l.* 1s.; a small bust of Shakspeare, carved from the veritable mulberry tree, to the truth of which Mr. Sharp deposed—Thomas Wilkinson, 18*l.* 18s.; a spectacle case, also carved from the mulberry tree—Mr. Butler, 15*l.* 15s.; a life-size bust of Shakspeare in plaster, and a copy of the church register tracing the family from its first settlement at Stratford—Mr. Goldsmith, 1*l.* 15s.; an elaborately carved oak cabinet, with richly decorated front and sides and corner pillars—Mr. Weedon, 10*l.* 10s.; two carved oak chairs, leather seats—Mr. Weedon, 1*l.* 10s.; a fine old black letter Bible, 1589—Mr. Weedon, 2*l.* 2s.; a small walnut-tree table, a small plaster bust, and a curious delf candlestick—Mr. Weedon, 16s.—*Examiner.*

THE WORSE OF TWO ASSASSINATIONS.

We can easily believe that the murder of the Duchess de Praslin filled Louis Philippe with horror. It must have shocked his humanity, and it ought to have touched and alarmed his conscience; not that he was in the remotest way accountable for that particular crime, but as the example of the direful extremities to which matrimonial strife may be carried in high stations should have made him reflect with sorrow and with fear on what he has done and undone in Madrid. Sickening to the imagination is the night scene of butchery in the chamber of the ill-fated Duchess de Praslin, but the assassin's malice did not go beyond the destruction of life, and his victim went to her account spotless in character, and with all her virtues unblemished. The murderer made his havoc of the body, hacked with his knife, stamped on the head with the impression of the ducal arms on the butt end of the pistol; but here ended his malice; he shortened a blameless life, he did not make a guilty one, he was assassin of the flesh, not assassin of what it enshrined. He wrought no corruption, no depravation, no debauchery, he contented himself with vulgar murder—there was an obstacle to his illicit desire, and he removed it; he did not doom the victim to a position in which the virtues could not live, and in which the vices sure to spring up would tend to ruin of every kind, ruin of character, ruin of fame, ruin of inheritance. The assassin kept all the guilt to himself; he did not work his will through making his victim guilty—his instrument was a knife, not a snare to destroy by debauchery and degradation, or to torture into the renouncement of rights.

"What the eye does not see the heart does not rue." The mind's eye sees the horrid scene of the wife sinking under the blows of the hand bound by every tie to protect her; but the assassination of character and peace is not palpable; we see the wounds, but do not trace them directly to the instrument, nor the instrument to the hand, and they are repeated at intervals. The butcher puts the sufferer out of pain in a few minutes, but demoralizing to destroy is a slow operation, requiring a sustained cruelty, which intense cupidity will supply. Such examples there have been in the annals of vulgar crime. Donellan, the guardian, who murdered his ward Sir Theodosius Boughton, commenced by giving the youth every licentious indulgence, in the hope that debauchery would do the work of death; he never, however, had the wit to think of marrying him to some woman whom he would inveterately hate, and becoming impatient of the slow process of destroying by immorality, he shortened the matter with a dose of laurel water. For this act of comparative mercy he was hung. The succession to the estate was the temptation to the crime. Successions have much to answer for in wickedness, but modes are altered, and what used to be done by wars and throat-cutting is now brought about by weddings, the hymeneal torch being borrowed from the Furies.

But to return to our text—the piteous example of the assassination of the Duchess of Praslin—what father, with the alternative for his daughter of a death like that of the unfortunate duchess or a life like that of Isabella of Spain, would hesitate as to the choice?—a sudden violent death on the one hand, on the other the cruellest position in which a woman and wife can be placed, one in which it is hardly possible that the virtues most befitting the female character could survive, and in which, if they did survive, they would not be believed to survive—an incredulity most powerfully tending to cast down morality in despair. A Lucretia may indeed exist with the repute of a Messalina, but that is not the question—it is whether any father would not prefer the worst death for his daughter with her mind unsullied, her fame unspotted, her virtues in their perfection, to such a lot as that which has been cast for the Queen of Spain, whose throne is a pillory, whose reputation is dragged through the kennel, whose married life has been a series of disgusting disappointments, mortifications, and angry

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conflict, and whose court and report, true or false, is the scandal of the whole civilized world. She may have resisted all the artful combination of adverse circumstances that would have demoralized ninety-nine women out of a hundred in the same position; but the question whether she has done so or not is in itself an infamy which makes her fate more to be pitied than the victim in the late assassination, and which renders her destroyer not less to be execrated than the felon Duke of Praslin. The objects in the two cases have been different, but in morality the motives are hardly less criminal in the one instance than the other. The evil desires had different directions, but they crushed what stood between them and the coveted object with equal ruthlessness—a mistress in the one case, a throne for a descendant in the other.

"Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato,
Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic *diadema*."

For taking away a life the law has its penalties; but for taking away the happiness of a life, for taking all that gives it value, for taking away peace, innocence, the world's respect, and, worse still, self-respect, there is in the moral code no worse name than ambition, or the craving for family aggrandizement.

Curious it is that in France, within a year, two personages have made the world ring with actions at opposite ends of the matrimonial chain, the Duke de Praslin by his method of dissolving a union, the matchmaking king by his refinement on the torture of old, of uniting a living with a dead body, to destroy by the repugnant pestiferous connection.

We see it announced that, by order of the Queen of the French, a funeral service has been performed in the chapel of Eu for the repose of the Duchess of Praslin. If the life of the Queen of Spain should be shortened, and she should be despatched to the place where the wicked cease from troubling, it will be not for the Queen but for the King of the French to order a funeral service for the repose of Isabella's soul. He will owe it to her. And when she is no longer in the way as an obstacle, he will have no indisposition to pray for the repose of the soul his machinations so troubled in the life, for there has been no malice, no ill-will in the case—nothing but greed—nothing but what makes a vulgar villain cut a throat to obtain a coveted purse. It is too general a libel on human, or on inhuman nature, that the injurer never forgives, but hates in proportion to the wrong he has done. This is far from uniformly true. One of the celebrated German assassins, a priest, who cut the throat of a mistress who embarrassed him, administered the last offices and solaces of religion to the dying victim with his hands reeking with her hot blood.

Should Louis Philippe have to order a funeral service for the repose of the Queen Isabella, let it be in the chapel of Eu, where the nuptials were discussed and the promise given which would have saved the young queen from so much trouble and misery.—*Examiner*, 4 *Sept.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR—The moral and religious world must unanimously agree in the sentiments you express so eloquently in the "Examiner" of September 4. Certainly you have pointed out the worst of two assassins, and public execration will follow him to his grave. I believe it is seldom that you admit Latin verses into your paper; but, if the following are worth a place in it, they may perhaps run forward into other channels, and shame one culprit.

I am, sir, very truly yours,
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Ad Philippum Galliarum Regem.

O patre nequam gnate multò nequior,
Philippe! quorsum te petat sicarius?
Probi-ne sunt in Gallià sicarii
Soli? æquitatis unici satellites?
At casta certè contigit tibi soror,
Gnatæque castæ; nec caret conjux fide,
Utcunque matre scorto et infami domo.
Atqui neque illud pessimæ scortum domûs
Neptem alligaret conjugi haudquaquam viro,
Adulteramque vellet et compelleret,
Ut pecus Iberum clauderet septo suo.

THE U. S. FRIGATE RARITAN.—MR. GRANT'S EXPERIMENT.—Some two or three months since, the frigate Raritan entered this port from the Gulf of Mexico with a sick crew, a large number, some of them officers, having died on the passage, with what was believed to be the yellow fever. She was ordered off by the Board of Health, and has since been anchored off Craney Island, dismantled and uninhabited. Such was the dread of the fatal disease, that though every part of her was open, and her valuable cargo of provisions, &c., exposed, no one dared board her, save some hands from the Vandalis, whose duty it was to trim the wind-sails, that were set with the hope of purifying her. Sailors who ventured below, were sure to be seized with a violent sickness—five out of seven who went on board, having been prostrated by the foul stench that arose from her hold. It was suggested by many to scuttle her, but this was objected to, as it would cause a loss of between 50 and 60,000 dollars' worth of provisions, powder, &c., which could not be removed while she remained infected. Some two or three weeks since Professor Robert Grant received permission of Com. Skinner, Chief of the Bureau of Construction, Equipment, and Repairs, to experiment on the frigate with his newly invented disinfecting gas. Such was his confidence in his own ability and the efficacy of his invention, that all the warnings of his more timid friends could not dissuade him from an undertaking which seemed deathdaring. He went on board with his apparatus on Tuesday last week, and after laboring day and night, most of the time "solitary and alone," in a week he reported the ship to Captain Stribling, of the Pennsylvania, as perfectly healthy, and "sweet as a nut." The result of his experiment was, contrary to the expectation of many, a complete triumph; and as a proof of his confidence in her purity, he will forthwith take up his lodgings on board, sleep in her cock-pit, and keep command of one of our noblest frigates, if the government will only commission him, and furnish "a bold brave crew."—*Norfolk Beacon*, 25 *Sept.*

APPLICATION OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH TO LOCOMOTIVES.—A line of electric telegraph is in active preparation along the railway from Vienna to Prague. As soon as it is completed, every locomotive engine is to be furnished with a small electric apparatus, by aid of which, and by that of a wire, which can, at pleasure, be put into communication with that of the railway, the train can announce to every station, far or near, the events it may have learnt on the road.

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From the Examiner.

Journal of an Overland Expedition in Australia, from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, during the years 1844—1845. By Dr. Ludwig Leichhardt. Boone.

The expedition described in this book excited great interest during its progress. The smallness of the party, the scantiness of its equipment, and the enormous tract of country proposed to be explored, stamped it at its commencement with a character of rashness; and when several months had passed without any tidings of the travellers, the people of Sydney generally gave them up for lost. Two parties successively went out in search of them, or, failing their discovery, to ascertain their fate; but neither could get upon their track, or learn anything concerning them: and when at last they reappeared, after more than fifteen months' absence, the delight and gratitude of the colonists of Sydney took a very substantial form. Upwards of fifteen hundred pounds were collected for them by public subscription; and a gratuity of a thousand pounds was voted to them by the legislative council of the colony. Doctor Leichhardt has since received, too, the latest honors of the Geographical Societies of London and Paris. The successful issue of his perilous enterprise, the fortitude and perseverance displayed by the persons engaged in it, the advantages derived from it to general science, and in particular to the colony and society of Sydney, were the proper and sufficient justification of these well-merited rewards.

The details of the expedition, in which a distance of upwards of three thousand miles was traversed, are given by Doctor Leichhardt in this volume, and will be read with great interest. He was the originator, director, and animating soul of the enterprise, from its commencement to its close. He limited the party, in the first instance, to five beside himself; exacting from them the condition that they were to be contented with animal food, patiently to submit to every other privation, and resign themselves implicitly to his guidance: but, on similar conditions, he allowed four additional persons to join them at Brisbane. It seems clear that it was by by these prudent precautions, by confining provisions and stores to what were actually necessary, and by keeping the expedition as far as possible in what Doctor Leichhardt calls "light marching order," they were able to encounter the difficulties of the broken mountainous countries through which they passed, to endure the unusual privations to which they were subjected, and at last to achieve success. They took with them seventeen horses and sixteen head of cattle; and not the least interesting part of the doctor's narrative relates to his brute companions. The bullocks were highly unmanageable at first; but ropes, iron nose-rings, and other artifices, were some check to their refractory bluntness; and the familiarity of constant association, and of common wants and dangers, seems to have made it at last quite a family party of "man and beast." The horses, the dogs, and the bullocks, came to have each their peculiar character, their marked individuality, their (as it were) personal interest for the men; and when the expedition fell upon its evil days—horses drowned, dogs lost, and bullocks of necessity killed—it was with no small grief they lost the old familiar brutish faces. The men of education in the party, beside the doctor himself, were four, well acquainted, for the most part, with natural history pursuits; the attendants were two aboriginal natives, a crown prisoner of Sydney, and a sturdy young lad.

We shall not attempt to give any outline of what befell the expedition. Some notion may be formed of what they had to contend with, when the reader is told, that, having stored themselves with provisions for seven months only, which the doctor had calculated to be sufficient for the journey, they were nearly sixteen months in reaching Port Essington. "I was deeply affected," says Doctor Leichhardt, describing his arrival at the latter place, "in finding myself again in civilized society, and could scarcely speak, the words growing big with tears and emotion; and even now, when considering with what small means the Almighty had enabled me to perform such a long journey, my heart thrills in grateful acknowledgment." He had arrived at Port Essington, too, with the satisfactory sense of having been engaged in no thankless or profitless labor. The result of his enterprise was thoroughly successful. It has added not a little to our existing stock of knowledge in the various departments of natural history; and has made discovery, in districts before untrodden, of an almost boundless extent of fertile country, replete with means for the establishment and growth of civilization, and connecting the Australian continent with the shores of the Indian Ocean.

We shall borrow a few extracts from Doctor Leichhardt's unassuming yet most striking narrative, to show the character of the hardships endured, the dangers braved, and the almost insuperable difficulties surmounted by steady fortitude. After the eighth month their condition began to be very critical.

"When we left our last camp at the Lynd, John Murphy's pony was missing. Charley went to look for it, and did not join us before we had arrived at our camp, after an unusually long and fatiguing stage. He brought us the melancholy news that he had found the poor beast on the sands of the Lynd, with its body blown up, and bleeding from the nostrils. It had either been bitten by a snake, or had eaten some noxious herb, which had fortunately been avoided by the other horses. Accidents of this kind were well calculated to impress us with the conviction of our dependence on Providence, which had hitherto been so kind and merciful.

"As all our meat was consumed, I was compelled to stop, in order to kill one of our little steers. It proved to be very fat, and allowed us once more to indulge in our favorite dish of fried liver. Although we were most willing to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, and to revive our own ambitious feelings at the memory of the deeds of our illustrious heroes, we had nothing left but the saturated rags of our sugar bags; which, however, we had kept for the purpose, and which we now boiled up with our tea: our last flour was consumed three weeks ago; and the enjoyment of fat cake, therefore, was not to be thought of. Should any of my readers think these ideas and likings ridiculous and foolish, they may find plenty of analogous facts by entering the habitations of the poor, where I have not only witnessed, but enjoyed, similar *treats* of sugared tea and buttered bread."

The climate was very merciful to them; but against this they had to set the unceasing anxiety of possible attack from the natives.

"The mornings and evenings were very beautiful, and are surpassed by no climate that I have ever lived in. It was delightful to watch the fading and changing tints of the western sky after sunset, and

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to contemplate, in the refreshing coolness of advancing night, the stars as they successively appeared, and entered on their nightly course. The state of our health showed how congenial the climate was to the human constitution; for, without the comforts which the civilized man thinks essentially necessary to life; without flour, without salt, and miserably clothed, we were yet all in health; although at times suffering much from weakness and fatigue. At night we stretched ourselves on the ground, almost as naked as the natives, and though most of my companions still used their tents, it was amply proved afterwards that the want of this luxury was attended with no ill consequences."

A few days after the above entry in Doctor Leichhardt's journal, the natives suddenly attacked them. They had heard, some days before, the "subdued cooees" which indicated their presence in the neighborhood, but seem to have had not the least expectation of immediate danger. They had made their tents, and had obtained some game which enabled them to dine well.

"After dinner Messrs. Roper and Calvert retired to their tent, and Mr. Gilbert, John, and Brown, were platting palm leaves to make a hat, and I stood musing near their fire-place, looking at their work, and occasionally joining in their conversation. Mr. Gilbert was congratulating himself upon having succeeded in learning to plat; and, when he had nearly completed a yard, he retired with John to their tent. This was about seven o'clock; and I stretched myself upon the ground as usual, at a little distance from the fire, and fell into a dose, from which I was suddenly roused by a loud noise, and a call for help from Calvert and Roper. Natives had suddenly attacked us. They had doubtless watched our movements during the afternoon, and marked the position of the different tents; and, as soon as it was dark, sneaked upon us, and threw a shower of spears at the tents of Calvert, Roper, and Gilbert, and a few at that of Phillips, and also one or two towards the fire. Charley and Brown called for caps, which I hastened to find, and as soon as they were provided, they discharged their guns into the crowd of the natives, who instantly fled, leaving Roper and Calvert pierced with several spears, and severely beaten by their waddies. Several of these spears were barbed, and could not be extracted without difficulty. I had to force one through the arm of Roper to break off the barb; and to cut another out of the groin of Mr. Calvert. John Murphy had succeeded in getting out of the tent, and concealing himself behind a tree, whence he fired at the natives, and severely wounded one of them, before Brown had discharged his gun. Not seeing Mr. Gilbert, I asked for him, when Charley told me that our unfortunate companion was no more! He had come out of his tent with his gun, shot, and powder, and handed them to him, when he instantly dropped down dead. * * * *

"Mr. Roper had received two or three spear wounds in the scalp of his head; one spear had passed through his left arm, another into his cheek below the jugal bone, and penetrated the orbit, and injured the optic nerve, and another in his loins, besides a heavy blow on the shoulder. Mr. Calvert had received several severe blows from a waddi; one on the nose which had crushed the nasal bones; one on the elbow, and another on the back of his head; besides which, a barbed spear had entered his groin, and another into his knee. As may be readily imagined, both suffered great pain, and were scarcely able to move. The spear that terminated poor Gilbert's existence, had entered the chest, between the clavicle and the neck; but made so small a wound, that for some time I was unable to detect it. From the direction of the wound he had probably received the spear when stooping to leave his tent."

Mr. Gilbert was one of the volunteers who joined at Brisbane, and Doctor Leichhardt had used every persuasion to deter him from the expedition; but he was bent upon prosecuting certain zoological inquiries, and thus paid for them the forfeit of his life. Yet within three days of this frightful incident, (it occurred on the 28th of June,) and with the wounded relying solely on the still kindly climate and Doctor Leichhardt's surgical skill, the whole party were in march again. They buried their ill-fated companion, and travelled upwards of fourteen miles, on the first of July; nor did the severe wounds received form any further impediment to the progress of the journey.

Among the matters that diversified it were such as this:

"By a mere accident, we discovered a remarkable medicinal property of the glutinous secretion of the seed-vessels of a drooping Grevillea. John Murphy, having no pockets in his trowsers, put the seeds which he found during the stage into his bosom, close to the skin, where he had already deposited a great number of Sterculia, and was much inconvenienced by the starry prickles which surround the seeds. Afterwards, finding the drooping Grevillea in fruit, he gathered some capsules and placed them as before stated. Upon arriving at the camp he felt great pain; and, on examining the place, he saw, to his greatest horror, that the whole of the skin of the epigastric region was colored black, and raised into a great number of painful blisters. Upon his showing it to me, I thought that it was caused by the Sterculia prickles having irritated the skin, and rendered it more sensitive to the sharp properties of the exudation of the seed-vessels of Grevillea. Brown, however, merely touched the skin of his arm with the matter, when blisters immediately rose; showing clearly its properties. The discoloration of the skin was like the effects of nitrate of silver."

Here is one of Doctor Leichhardt's notices of the fates of his brute fellow-travellers.

"We travelled down to the water, about four miles north-east along the creek, which was covered with cypress pine thickets, and tea-tree scrub. Mr. Calvert and Charley returned on our tracks to endeavor to recover our poor dog. They found him almost dead—stretched out in the deep cattle track, which he seemed not to have quitted, even to find a shady place. They brought him to the camp; and I put his whole body, with the exception of his head, under water, and bled him; he lived six hours longer, when he began to bark, as if raving, and to move his legs slightly, as dogs do when dreaming. It seemed that he died of inflammation of the brain. If we become naturally fond of animals which share with us the comforts of life, and become the cheerful companions of our leisure hours, our attachment becomes still greater when they not only share in our sufferings, but aid greatly to alleviate them. The little world of animated beings, with which we moved on, was constantly before our eyes; and each individual the constant object of our attention. We became so familiar with every one of them, that the slightest change in their walk, or in their looks, was readily observed, and the state of their health anxiously interpreted. Every bullock, every

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horse, had its peculiar character, its well-defined individuality, which formed the frequent topic of our conversation, in which we all most willingly joined, because every one was equally interested. My readers will, therefore, easily understand my deep distress when I saw myself, on recent occasions, compelled to kill two of our favorite bullocks long before their time; and when our poor dog died, which we all had fondly hoped to bring to the end of our journey. Brown had, either by accident, or influenced by an unconscious feeling of melancholy, fallen into the habit of almost constantly whistling and humming the soldier's death march, which had such a singularly depressing effect on my feelings, that I was frequently constrained to request him to change his tune."

Another extract will show that the doctor's zeal for his four-footed friends, selfish as in some sort it may have been, was not confined to words.

"About three miles above the junction of the Wilton with the Roper, we again encamped on the steep banks of the latter, at a spot which I thought would allow our horses and cattle to approach in safety. One unfortunate animal, however, slipped into the water, and every effort to get him out was made in vain. Its constant attempts to scramble up the boggy banks only tired it, and as night advanced, we had to wait until the tide rose again. I watched by him the whole night, and at high water we succeeded in getting him out of the water; but he began to plunge again, and unfortunately broke the tether which had kept his fore-quarters up, and fell back into the river. At last I found a tolerable landing place about fifty yards higher up; but, as I was swimming with him up to it, and trying to lead him clear of the stumps of trees, he became entangled in the tether rope by which I guided him, rolled over, and was immediately drowned. This reduced our number of horses to nine. When the other horses were brought to the camp, another rushed into the water, but I swam with him at once to the good landing place, and we succeeded in saving him."

Our last quotation must be a memorial of the last of the bullocks, and of his instincts of regret for the loss of his companions.

"Poor Rehmond, the last of our bullocks, came frequently to the spot where his late companion had been killed; but finding that he was gone, he returned to his abundant feed, and when I loaded him to continue our journey down the river he was full and sleek. It was interesting to observe how the bullocks on all previous occasions almost invariably took cognizance of the place where one of their number had been killed. They would visit it either during the night or the next day, walk round the spot, lift their tails, snuff the air with an occasional shake of their horns, and sometimes set off in a gallop."

Doctor Leichhardt has not been deterred by his sufferings on this expedition from engaging in another adventure, fraught with like utility and danger. He is now engaged in an overland journey to Swan river, (which is expected to occupy him two years and a half,) with the object of exploring the interior of Australia, of discovering the extent of Sturt's desert and the character of the western and northwestern coast, and of observing the gradual change in vegetation and animal life from one side of the continent to the other.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.

The old adage, "it never rains but it pours," is as fully verified in the history of scientific discoveries as by the events of life. When science rains upon us any new and long desiderated gift, it comes not in scanty crops, but torrents of inventions embodying the same principle in different shapes are poured down, so that we are in a perfect *embarras des richesses*, and know not which of the many to choose. It has been thus with most of the great discoveries and inventions in science; for no sooner has any given problem been solved that the successful discoverer finds himself surrounded by claimants for a share of the honor. It has been so from the invention of printing by types down to the more astonishing invention of printing by lightning; so it will probably continue to the end of time; and we doubt not that when the two problems of squaring the circle and setting the Thames on fire shall have been solved, the "rain" will descend on many at the same time, and multitudinous means will be at once discovered for doing what philosophers of all ages have hitherto striven for without success.

The numerous inventions of electric telegraphs are apt illustrations of the abundance that attends the new appliance of scientific principles to accommodate the wants of man. The various contrivances by which electricity may be applied to transmit signals with the speed of lightning, have indeed made the choice of the particular means a question of no small difficulty. There are four companies now competing with one another to send messages through the earth; and not only has each of these companies its peculiar mode of availing itself of the terrestrial currents of electricity for that purpose, but there are at least thirty other distinct plans for accomplishing the same object. In some of these appliances the communications are made by the deflections of gold leaf, in others by the sounding of bells of different tones; in some, again, by causing magnetic needles to point to letters of the alphabet. There are also various printing telegraphs, which will print a message delivered at one station almost instantaneously at the distant station with which the instrument is *en rapport*. Among the most recent of the printing telegraphs is the one invented by Dr. Howse, of the United States; the operating parts of which are arranged like the keys of a pianoforte, so that by pressing down a key marked with a letter of the alphabet a like letter is printed on paper at the other terminus of the connecting wire. Telegraphs of this construction are in extensive use in America; and it is intended to enable friends in distant towns to hold direct and immediate communication with each other.

The telegraph company which has succeeded in extending the electric telegraph most widely in England, transmit their signals at present by magnetic needles; but we this week inspected an ingenious plan recently invented by Mr. Bain, and which we understand it is the company's intention to adopt, whereby the communications are actually written. The galvanic pen does not luxuriate in flourishes; it neither crosses its *t*s nor dots its *i*s; but on it goes in one undeviating straight line; and yet there is such significance in its touch, that the initiated can decipher its mark more readily than he could the handwriting of most literary scribes. The line, though straight, is not unbroken; and it is by the breaks that the letters and words are made known. To produce this effect, a strip of paper is

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perforated, and then placed on a clock-work mechanism which draws it along, pressed tight against a metallic drum. The point of one of the wires which forms the electric circuit presses on the paper as it crosses the drum; and at each aperture it comes in contact with the metal. The paper being a non-conductor of electricity, the circuit is interrupted whilst it interposes, and is only completed at the perforated apertures. A similar piece of mechanism at the distant station draws a strip of moist blue paper across the drum, and a point of the connecting wire presses also upon that. The property which electricity possesses of discharging and altering the colors of substances is applied in discharging the color of the paper over which the point passes on those parts where the electric circuit is not interrupted, and on the other parts a dark-colored line is marked; consequently the breaks in the line correspond with the perforations made in the strip of paper whereon the signals are stamped. By varying the positions and by increasing the number of the perforated spaces, the letters and symbols are indicated. For example, a single small space marks one letter, a wider space another, two small spaces together a third; and by combining the wide and narrow spaces every letter is expressed. The operation of perforating the paper requires practice to do it quickly; but when the paper is prepared it is run through the apparatus very rapidly. Much improvement might, and no doubt will be made in this mode of making communications; for the principle seems capable of being applied even to transmitting the writing of one correspondent to another; and merchants in London, after quitting 'Change, might thus send their instructions in full to their correspondents at Liverpool, which might be filed as authentic documents for reference.

We have observed that the variety of forms in which useful inventions of the same kind present themselves embarrass the choice. Perhaps it is this difficulty which paralyzes the government; for, strange to say, though the wires of the electric telegraph are laid down from London to Gosport, the government officials continue to work the old semaphore on the same line, in preference to the infinitely more speedy and certain electric telegraph. Instead of being the first to encourage useful inventions, the government is always the last to adopt them, even when their utility has been long proved: therefore, perhaps, it was not to be expected that so great an innovation as the employment of lightning-messengers should be yet permitted. The speedy operations of the electric telegraph may well terrify the tardy-moving officials, who cannot find precedents for its use in the days of Pitt and Fox. There seems no tangibility about a thing that, in some incomprehensible manner, glides instantaneously through an iron wire and returns without any hinderance through the solid earth. Red tape can get no hold on lightning. The arms of the semaphore, on the contrary, are of wood, and may be held steady; they work slowly, and (weather and daylight permitting) surely;—the red tape sticks to them.—*Spectator, Sept.* 4.

From the Spectator.

TISCHENDORFF'S TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

Constantine Tischendorff is a German savan, who seeks to establish a purer text of the New Testament. He considers that the text from the later manuscripts, used by Erasmus and Stephens, (because they wanted access to earlier,) have too much fettered the later editors; and that the only proper mode of getting at a pure reading is by a verbatim print of the manuscripts from the fourth to the tenth century that lie scattered through the libraries of Europe, comparing them with the quotations of the earlier fathers as well as with the earlier Latin versions. In this way, M. Tischendorff considers that the world would have the means of arriving at the true text: and, supposing the munificent design executed, such would be the case; the more ancient manuscripts being, *cæteris paribus*, clearly of the greatest authority. The importance of this labor and expense is not so evident. M. Tischendorff speaks of the different tone or coloring of the text in the earlier compared with the later versions; but the largest changes that he notices are the text of the three heavenly witnesses —a matter that has been disputed to tiresomeness, and the omission of the story of the woman taken in adultery—also a subject of doubt from the days of St. Augustin if not earlier. And where theology or anything like theology is at issue, such disputes would arise if we had a manuscript of the age of the apostles. Those who deemed a passage to be in their favor would support, and those whom i bore hard upon would repudiate, its authenticity.

However, M. Tischendorff is enthusiastic in his object. In pursuit of it he had explored the repositories of England, France, and Italy, when, in 1844, an opportunity offered of going to the East, and he embraced it with ardor. Leaving Leghorn in March, he reached Alexandria; and after examining such collections of manuscripts in the Egyptian monasteries as he could get access to, he started for Mount Sinai. Thence he returned to Egypt; then went to Judea, to survey Jerusalem and its neighborhood; and visited the monasteries of Mount Carmel and Patmos, Smyrna and Constantinople, with a variety of less important places, on his way home.

The scholarly results of his tour M. Tischendorff reserves for classical publications and his editorial labors. His descriptions chiefly refer to the state in which he found the libraries and their contents; the learning of the monks, and the value they attached to their treasures, or rather the sort of knowledge they had of them; some discussions on manuscripts which were *not* there, and any little incidents that occurred in connection with the pursuit. In fact, the main object of the tour merely falls into place as forming a part of the personal adventures of the writer: nay, it is sometimes postponed to antiquarian discussions on localities, as at Mount Sinai and Jerusalem. This is to be regretted: because the subject was a novelty in books of travels, and our author was strongest on his own ground. Writing to Germans, who do not travel quite so much as the motion-loving Britons, and probably do not so often tell their adventures to the world, he makes too much of matters with which the English public are already familiar, and which, be it said, they have had presented by artists with a more graphic style and a better taste. M. Tischendorff has something of the sedateness of the German and the rust of the scholar and recluse, which he aims at combining with the vivacious manner and sentiment of the Frenchman. Not content with describing things and routes which are familiar to English readers, he must indulge in rhapsodies, sometimes upon the scene before him, sometimes about personal reminiscences, the last not always intelligible, but intended to be tender. There is, too, a dash of bad taste about some of his

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stories, and for a learned man he seems occasionally rather ignorant of oriental usages.

Upon other matters of learning our author is more at home. He is familiar with the early travellers in the East, and by that means is sometimes able to give to the present the interest of contrast by comparing it with the past. The foreign eye with which he regards things is another source of occasional novelty, or at least of curiosity, especially when German and British ideas clash. The savan's personal qualifications for a traveller are not of the highest kind: in the desert or in Syria he takes every one for a bandit; "the sea, the open sea," turns him very queasy; and the common accidents of navigation become memorabilia—

—"the waves oozing through the port-hole made
His berth a little damp and him afraid."

But in spite of these amusing traits, the book is slow, and somewhat dry. The descriptions of nature are short, without producing the effect which follows a brief exhibition of salient points; and the author falls into the plan of the common tourist who has crammed for his journey and exhibits at every spot the commonplaces of its history. In the case of Tischendorff the knowledge is probably genuine; and the scenes of Palestine are memorable both in sacred and profane story. The mode, however, is so common that it has become vulgarized.

The best parts of the book are those which relate to the search for manuscripts. The interest may often be only bibliographical, and the result is sometimes nothing; but there are reality in the subjects, understanding in the author, and often some incident in the pursuit.

THE GERMANIC GRECIAN AND THE GREEK PATRIARCH.

"I was informed by many persons of a treasury of manuscripts that had reached Cairo from Antioch about twenty years ago. It consisted of an entire library conveyed to Cairo as security, and was in the immediate possession of the patriarch. No person conversant with such matters had seen these manuscripts, and therefore the stories about them were exaggerated into romance. The incredible addition was soon made that this library was walled-up. The Austrian consul-general endeavored in the kindest manner to obtain for me an elucidation of the mystery. To effect this, he thought the best plan would be to make a direct application to the patriarch, with whom he was personally acquainted. We therefore rode one Sunday in company with a native Greek to Old Cairo, where the patriarch resides when absent from Alexandria.

"After the preliminaries of reception by an aged female domestic, who hospitably entertained us with coffee and pipes, the patriarch himself appeared in his home costume, which was sufficiently distinguished to indicate his high rank. Pope Gregory XIV. was more simply clad when he admitted me to a private audience. The patriarch, who is now in his ninety-first year, has great dignity in his appearance; his long white beard, which falls down upon his breast, becomes him very well; his stature is above the ordinary height. We exchanged a few friendly words; in the course of which I told him, that the chief ecclesiastic of my own country was, like him, a wonder also in his reverend appearance; for he equally resisted the attacks of extreme old age by the indestructible bearing of a cheerful temperament.

"We rapidly approached the object of our visit. The consul-general told him that I was a profound Hellenist, although I had never been in Greece. The patriarch then called for a printed Greek book in folio, I think it was a volume of Chrysostomus, and he requested me to read in it. I presumed he wished to hear how we un-Grecians pronounce Greek, and I read him a couple of lines according to our Leipsic pronunciation. To my great mortification, I did not succeed in this examination; I may fairly record it as a failure. The patriarch upon this experiment was of opinion that I had scarcely yet learnt the alphabet. We intermingled a little mirth in our hasty explanations; but the mishap was not to be repaired. I conversed also in Greek with him: but the least mistake in the Romaic pronunciation, or even a false accent—I had latterly become accustomed to pronounce the Greek according to its quantity—he urged harshly in confirmation of his opinion. It would seem that the patriarch had the delicate ear of a Parisian lady. It was now, indeed, difficult to make him comprehend that my studies of manuscripts could be of any consequence. My *Codex Ephræmi Syri Rescriptus* sounded like a pleasant fable. Upon hearing of it, he retorted with how could I read manuscript, when I could not even read a printed text?

"The consul began to lose his temper, and told him he might wholly rely upon him, and that our great object was only to obtain the privilege of the sight of his concealed library. Upon wishing to know why we so eagerly sought to see it, we informed him that my object was to inspect the ancient codices of the original text of the New Testament, in order to derive a text from their combination which might approach as closely as possible to what was written by the apostles. But he added, we have all that we require: we have the evangelists, we have the apostles, what can we desire more? The idea of criticism seems to have struck his ears for the first time in his ninety-first year. He became thoughtful and distrustful upon our explanations. At last he availed himself of the circumstance that the library was walled-up, and could be entered only at a great outlay; whereupon we mentioned that we were willing to bear all the charges. Nevertheless he seemed only apparently to concur, and we very speedily withdrew. * *

"But to revert to the walled-up library of the patriarch: we induced several Greeks of distinction to attach themselves to our interests; nevertheless we were still unsuccessful, for as an opponent we had to combat with a narrow-minded dogmatism, which saw in my critical labors upon the sacred text some undefined danger threaten the *status quo* of the faith of the Greek church.

"At last I found a powerful auxiliary in a German physician, a man whose name had been already very long dear to me. He made his professional intercourse, as family physician to the procurator of the patriarch, available for my object, and upon him some influence was gained by the representation that upon my return to Europe I should make an unfavorable report respecting this unapproachable walled-up patriarchal library. The procurator promised that he would have this library opened for me; but I was not present personally when this took place; and the number of manuscripts that I had the opportunity of examining from it was very small, whereas the remaining contents of the library consisted ostensibly of many thousand printed books. I strongly suspected that I was not ingenuously dealt with: yet those few manuscripts have yielded most welcome results."

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LIBRARY OF THE SAMARITANS AT NAPLUS.

"I was now anxious to visit the Samaritan synagogue, being exceedingly curious to inspect the celebrated manuscripts which it contains. There was no difficulty in obtaining access. A rabbin, but not the chief, who had remained engaged with the pasha, led us to a small oratory which was covered with straw mats, and not to be trodden except bare-footed. Upon a book-shelf I observed about twenty manuscripts, chiefly upon parchment. To several I unhesitatingly accord an age of many hundred years. One exhibited by many peculiarities—for instance, that of being written in three columns—an antiquity of more than a thousand years. But I was chiefly occupied with the alleged exceedingly ancient manuscript which is said to contain a statement to the effect that it was written thirteen years after the death of Moses, by Abischua, the son of Phineas, who was grandson of Aaron. The rabbin brought us a tin case, within which lay the manuscript, like a large, synagogue roll of parchment, enveloped in a costly covering of crimson silk with embroidered golden letters. It bears undeniable traces of antiquity. I examined the parchment, the color of the ink, the system of the lines, the punctuation, the divisions, none of which have initials, and the characters, as well as they could be examined without a knowledge of the Samaritan. All combine to convey the idea of a manuscript of the sixth century. Even under this supposition it necessarily holds a very distinguished rank among all the ancient parchment codices of both the East and the West. With respect to the alleged statement, it may not, if in fact it exist, be considered otherwise than as a transcript carelessly copied from former documents, and incorporated in it as a note founded on a remote tradition. Perhaps this Abischua took some share in writing the original pentateuch. In that case, the statement in question would receive some elucidation from the practice in the Greek manuscripts of the Gospel, wherein is frequently noted that it was written by Matthew, by John, &c., as well as the year in which it was first promulgated. These notices have misled uninformed persons. For instance, I found in a celebrated library, inscribed in a manuscript of the gospel, a remark from the pen of the librarian himself, to the effect that the manuscript was written by the rhetorician Hebraides, in the tenth century after Christ's ascension, and referred to an ancient commentary. But what stood in this commentary? Nothing more than that the Gospel of St. Matthew was published ten years after Christ's ascension, and that in the Hebrew tongue.

"But I return to the Samaritans at Naplus. I do not believe that it would be impossible to obtain their manuscripts; and I feel convinced that thereby a precious treasure would be gained for even the largest library in Europe."

The following is a rather favorable specimen of the manner in which M. Tischendorff combines Scriptural reminiscences and tradition; generally treating the latter with a singular mixture of critical scepticism and sentimental belief.

"Bir enjoys distinction in Christian tradition. It formed the first day's journey of Joseph and Mary (St. Luke, ii. 43.) upon their return from the passover; and it was here they sought Jesus, when twelve years old, among their friends, and missed him. There is nothing inconsistent in this tradition; as from ancient custom, even at the present day, the Easter pilgrims extend their first day's journey homeward only as far as Bir; the pilgrims from Galilee may also long since have practised the same custom. Our road to Nazareth was certainly the same which our Lord and his disciples repeatedly took when he went to the festival. These reminiscences were the dearest company. In our frequent descent from the precipitous mountain declivities of this district, I clearly comprehended how correctly the sacred text, speaking of the paschal journey of Jesus, usually says (John vii. 10) 'went he also *up* unto the feast.'"

M. Tischendorff's parting at Patmos from the wife and sister-in-law of his host, furnishes an example of the manner in which he sometimes mingles sentimental and Scriptural matters with creature comforts.

"But I must relate my farewell from the house of my host. As my visit happened during the Greek fasts, our mid-day repast consisted consequently of appropriate dishes; but before I again stepped on board ship a roasted chicken was sent after me by the careful hostess. During the afternoon, I had exchanged many friendly words with both the black-eyed sisters, and had certainly entertained more kind thoughts than I could express in words. Upon taking leave, the lady herself hastened suddenly to a flowering shrub close to the house, broke two blossoms off, and brought them to me. The blossoms were very beautiful, but the eyes of the giver shone still more beautifully. Her sister ran to an odoriferous plant, and brought me a nosegay from it. It was therefore with tender emotion that I parted from the two sweet daughters of the island of St. John. I thought of the favorite exhortation of St. John with which he was accustomed to address the community, 'Beloved, let us love one another.' (1 John, iv. 7.) Who would not suppose that these ladies of Patmos bore the farewell of their instructor faithfully in their hearts!"

From the Spectator.

EVANS' SUGAR-PLANTER'S MANUAL.

DESTRUCTION at certain epochs, to be followed by replacement in order to advance, seems a law of the natural, the national, and the social world. The history of the earth as unfolded by geology exhibits this principle in every stage of progress. History and tradition, or tradition's echoes, point to the invasion of an inferior by a superior race, and the national destruction or absorption of the former. Greece and Italy, under unknown or disputed colonists—Gaul, Spain, and Britain, under the Romans—are merely an illustration of the principle which is now at work among the aborigines of America and Australasia. It would be needless to point out how social changes operate upon manners, and whole classes become extinct as one grade advances upon another: where is now the feudal baron, or the courtier wit, or even "the fine old English gentleman!" In looking at industrial occupations, the destruction of copyists to be replaced by printers will at once recur to every mind. In the memory of us all, the "long stage" with its "characters" has nearly vanished from the land; and other if less rapid and staring changes have already taken place in various branches of industry, or are now in progress. It is possible that the entire English and Irish agriculturists must be replaced; probable that the West Indian planters must share the same fate. Whether this is to be

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accomplished by total ruin, or by absorption, or by a social change brought about by giving new ideas to the existing race, would be difficult to decide upon after the experiment, much more à priori.

To contribute something to the last alternative—to change measures rather than men—is the object of Dr. W. J. Evans in the *Sugar-Planter's Manual*. Dr. Evans fully admits the difficulties in which the planter is involved by partial free trade, which has destroyed his protection without giving *him* freedom of industry, by the want of labor under which he suffers, by the destruction of capital and the loss of profits which crude and popularity-hunting legislation entailed upon him, and the depression and lack of enterprise that such a state of pressure produces in the mind. Still he thinks that something may be done by the introduction of agricultural machinery or implements, except in British Guiana, which, from "the nature of the country, is at present wholly dependent on manual labor." In his opinion, however, the principal means of safety are, first, greater attention to the quality of the cane and the precise time of cutting it, so as to secure a richer quality and larger quantity of "juice;" second, improvements in the manufacture, from the first "pressure" of the canes till the shipment of the sugar and molasses. This last section is indeed *the* subject of the book; for the quality and treatment of the cane are rather generally suggested than specifically directed.

The Sugar-Planter's Manual consists of two leading divisions; the first relating to the physiology and chemistry of the sugar-cane, the second to the various processes of the sugar manufacture. In the first part, Dr. Evans explains the structure and component parts of the cane in various stages of its growth; and, by an analysis of its elements, shows how readily *sugar*, through minute causes, may become *glucose*, (that is, the saccharine matter of fruits which never crystallizes,) or undergo other changes that injure the quality or lessen the quantity of the produce, or cause increased expense in extracting it. Hence he adduces the rules he lays down as to judgment in the choice of the plant and the time of cutting, the rapidity with which it should be conveyed to the mill for crushing lest decomposition should ensue, and the advantage of draining where the soil requires it and the means of the proprietor permit it. In a literary point of view, this part is perhaps too elaborated, by evolving too minutely the principles of botanical chemistry, and an arrangement which has the effect of repetition; but it is well adapted for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the physiology and properties of the sugar-cane.

The practical application of botanical and manufacturing chemistry to the production of sugar is the subject of the second division; and it forms, we think, the most useful part of Dr. Evans' work. The doctor himself appears to be practically acquainted with the processes as conducted in several sugar-growing colonies; he has carefully studied the various contributions of foreign chemists to the science, or the business of sugar-manufacture, especially from the beet-root; and he has gleaned some floating knowledge upon the subject from those colonies in which he has not been. He possesses a great quality for a practical improver—a sensible mind. He draws a distinction between *chemical* and *commercial* production—between that which is best and that which under the circumstances can best be done. Many processes, available to the refiner amidst the skilled labor and dense manufacturing population of Europe, are beyond the power of the planter, or could not in his circumstances be profitably applied. As the subject is of great importance to the West Indian proprietor and the public at large, it may not be useless to give a general idea of the sugar-manufacture, so far as to make Dr. Evans' views intelligible.

Healthy cane in a state of maturity is shown by chemical experiment to consist of 90 parts of fluid and 10 of solid matters; the fluid constituting what is called cane-juice, the solid consisting of woody fibre. The quantity of sugar in the juice has been variously estimated; indeed, independently of accidental circumstances, it must differ with the quality of the cane. Dr. Evans takes the sugar at 18 per cent. of the fluid, but considers that it not unfrequently exceeds 22 per cent. To extract it *all* is possible to the chemist in his laboratory, but impossible for the planter; or if it could be done, the expenses would absorb the profit. Our author, however, considers that a much larger amount may be obtained than is now done; and the chief end of *The Sugar-Planter's Manual* is to point out the way.

When the cane is cut, the first operation is to carry it to the mill, where it is *crushed* by means of rollers in order to extract the juice. There are no regular statistics of the average amount of cane-juice practically extracted; it must vary with the efficiency of the mills and the motive power; but instead of 90 parts, the highest estimated average is only between 50 and 60 per cent. M. Duprez, who was sent by the French government to Gaudaloupe to make experiments, could only extract from the mills in that island 68.5 per cent. at the highest, and his average was only 56 per cent. Other calculators give a lower amount for other places. Dr. Evans says—

"The lowest amount that my observation, in the West Indies, permits me to give, is 47 per cent., and the highest 61 per cent.: but, as I have just mentioned, it has been too limited to be offered as an authority. In the island of Madeira, I obtained at two different times by the same mill, and from canes of similar character and quality, 47.5 and 70.2 per cent. of juice. The mill was a small one, made at Aberdeen about two years previously, on the ordinary principle, with horizontal rollers; and the motive power was cattle. During the experiment which furnished the last and largest result, the rollers were braced more than usually tight, and the number of canes introduced at a time were five or six, being the utmost that the strength of the cattle would admit of. The canes were squeezed once only; indeed, the megass was too much lacerated to admit of its being passed between the rollers a second time with advantage."

Dr. Evans therefore concludes that a much larger quantity of cane-juice could be produced than is now obtained, by increasing the motive power of the mills, and by a better system of managing them, as well as by treating the canes when in a certain condition.

"By following the foregoing rules, the quantity of cane-juice may be increased at least 20 per cent.; that is, a mill which ordinarily gives 50 lbs. of juice for every 100 lbs. of canes which are crushed by it, may by a little attention be made to increase the quantity to 60 lbs. at least, and the one which now produces 60 lbs. may be made to yield 70 lbs. from a like quantity.

"This amelioration may be obtained without any additional outlay of money; a little watchfulness on the part of the planter, to see that his order are car-

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ried out, being all that is required for its accomplishment.

"There are, unfortunately, many mills, which, either from age, the want of solidity originally, or from a construction altogether imperfect, produce even an inferior result to those given above. A comparative amelioration will follow the application of these rules in all cases; but the only real amelioration which can be effected in the cases alluded to, is the removal of the old mill and the erection of a new one. The present, it is true, are not the times when sugar properties in the West Indies permit an indiscriminate outlay of capital for the purchase of new machinery. But it must be remembered, that the difference between 45 or 50 lbs. and 70 lbs. of juice, extracted from equal quantities of canes, indicates a corresponding difference in the amount of the crop; while the annual expense attending the cultivation of the estate would be in both cases the same."

There lurks, however, in the planter's mind, a reason for not extracting all the juice which he can, and very probably he may urge it in formal argument: the refuse of the canes, or *megass* as it is called, is his fuel, by which the succeeding crop of sugar is prepared. If, therefore, he increases his quantity of juice, he lessens his stock of fuel. To this Dr. Evans replies, that natural changes deprive him of much of the combustive matter in the megass; and that were it not so, it would be cheaper to make more sugar and buy fuel.

"It is found in practice impossible to dry the megass in such a manner as to preserve within it the quantity of combustible materials given above. For whether it be stacked at once, or be previously exposed for some hours to the rays of the sun, fermentation of the juice retained in it commences, and the sugar is converted into incombustible bodies, as gum, lactic acid, &c., or into others which are rapidly evolved, as carbonic acid and alcohol; so that when the time arrives when its use as fuel is required, little more remains available for the purpose than the woody fibre; that is to say, that instead of obtaining 17½ of fuel from canes which have given 50 parts in 100 of juice, 10 parts only are actually serviceable; and the amount of evaporation which could be effected by this quantity would be equal to 50 lbs. of water only.

"The planter would appear to be in a great measure aware of this fact, by offering as a reason for the imperfect pressure to which he submits the canes, the fear of having a larger evaporation to effect than his fuel is capable of accomplishing. When he states, however, that by imperfect pressure he is thereby obtaining a proportionately increased supply of fuel for the following year, he is manifestly in error; for the only constituent of the cane on which he can rely for that purpose is the woody fibre, which will be equally abundant to whatever extent the pressure may have been carried.

"To exemplify the loss which a sugar plantation annually sustains from an adherence to this most shamefully extravagant system, I will suppose, that by increased pressure the amount of cane-juice obtained is augmented merely from 50 lbs. to 60 lbs. in every 100 lbs. of canes. It is clear that the amount of sugar, molasses, and rum, must be increased in the same proportion; and, therefore, an estate which otherwise would give 200 tons as its annual product of sugar, would from this cause alone afford 240 tons.

"Let us also suppose, that there being no other available fuel at hand in place of the megass, coals have to be imported from England at an expense of 1*l.* per ton, and that 240 tons would be required to evaporate the requisite quantity of cane-juice to make the same number of tons of sugar; the price of the coals would represent the expense attending the augmentation of the produce. The sugar would be worth at least 20*l.* per ton; consequently the clear gain would be 800*l.* less 240*l.*, or 560*l.*

"The profit, however, would not be confined to the mere increase of 40 tons of sugar; the megass, after due fermentation, would produce an amount of farm and yard manure, which, when thrown upon the land, would augment the quality of canes for the ensuing crop at least 20 per cent., and in the greater number of colonies very much more. In Barbadoes, for instance, there are many estates that after a good supply of manure readily yield, in favorable seasons, three tons of sugar per acre, which without that assistance would not yield one."

The cane-juice, whatever may be the percentage extracted, holds in solution other substances besides sugar. These are not large in point of quantity, but important from their effects. Some of these particles are saline, which art cannot remove: they must be *prevented*, by acting upon the soil in which the cane grows. The other substances are threefold—insoluble impurities, such as earthy matter, pieces of cane, &c.; the proteine compounds, albumen, caseine; and soluble coloring matter. These are got rid of partly by mechanical means, and partly by the application of heat and the use of clarifying substances. The first process, which is called *clarifying*, is followed by *evaporation;* whose object is, by means of heat, to drive off some of the watery particles, till the cane-juice is concentrated into the consistency of a *syrup* of a certain degree of density. After this syrup has undergone treatments according to the evils to be remedied, it is fitted for *crystallization;* a process which it performs of itself while in the act of cooling, though it requires some mechanical assistance. The crystals form the common brown sugar of commerce; the viscid part which drains away is the molasses; and then the sugar-manufacture under the present system terminates.

An account is given in detail of all these processes; and Dr. Evans enters at length into various modes of improving them, either with the existing means or by new methods. He also discusses the different discoveries that have lately been made on the continent or in this country in relation to the sugar manufacture, and considers how far they may be applicable to our colonies. These points will all have much interest for the sugar-planter, even when he may be already acquainted with some of them; but we have said enough to indicate the scope and character of the work. And the latter suggestions of Dr. Evans are rather distinguished for cumulative effect than for the large promise which he holds forth by improved modes of crushing the canes. The recommendation to reboil the molasses is perpaps of the most striking character.

"By the mode at present pursued of potting in the hogshead, the drainage as it escapes passes directly into the molasses cistern, a cavity situated immediately beneath the beams of the curing-house This cistern is consequently exposed and open. It is lined with cement, and is seldom in a perfect state of repair.

"Here the molasses remain until they are shipped, or until they are required for distillation. The result is, as might be expected, rats, cockroaches,

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and other vermin, creep in and assist by their decomposition the rapidity and degree of the fermentation which under any circumstances is sooner or later certain to arise.

"In the palmy days of West India prosperity, this lax and improper system may in some degree have been excusable, owing to the highly remunerative prices obtained for all the produce; at present it can only be considered as one of extravagance, and therefore of loss.

"In the first place, a quantity of molasses is always lost, either in consequence of the leakage of the cistern, or from its absorption by the cement. 2. Owing to the evaporation constantly going on, a quantity of a soft, whitish, and amorphous sugar is precipitated to the bottom of the cistern. 3. The vinous and acetous fermentation set in; and a part of the saccharine matter is converted into carbonic acid, alcohol, and ascetic acid or vinegar, while another part is converted into uncrystallizable glucose. Thus, from a fluid possessing a bland, sweet, and sugary taste, the molasses are often changed into one having an offensive smell and a foreign and disagreeable taste. During the voyage these changes continue, and often increase in intensity, from the high temperature existing in the hold of the ship. *Nevertheless, in spite of all the injuries which they have received, the molasses, on their arrival in this country, find a market, and by the skill of the purchaser are converted into sugar of a quality superior to that from which they were originally obtained.*

"Can there be a greater proof of the ruinous management of a West India sugar estate than this fact? (In Jamaica, owing to the high price obtained for the rum, the molasses are wholly converted into that spirit, and the loss is considerably diminished in consequence; but in those colonies from which molasses are exported, the decomposition which they undergo is a serious item in the depreciation of revenue of every estate.)"

Since Dr. Evans fully admits the evils under which the West Indian labors from a depressing legislation, his last remark bears rather hard upon the planter. It is but a few years since refined or indeed improved processes were entirely forbidden to him, in order to protect the sugar-refiner at home. A duty of 8*l.* 8*s.* the hundred-weight was imposed upon what is popularly called "lump" sugar; duties of varying amount, but higher than the article could fetch in the market, were placed upon any intermediate produce; and, in short, brown sugar (muscovado) was enforced upon the planter by act of parliament. From the time when the whig ministry began their career of West Indian impolicy by the Apprentice Bill, to the moment of their deathbed corn, timber, and sugar budget, these evils remained unmitigated; Sir Robert Peel left them untouched in his great reform of the tariff; and though some modification of the restrictions which fetter the sugar-grower have latterly taken place, very many still remain to encumber the free action of the planter.

From the Literary World.

THE PROCESS OF SCULPTURE.

THE GREEK SLAVE.—This statue having, on its first presentation to the American public, excited unbounded admiration and enthusiasm, a brief account of it will be interesting to its author's fellow-countrymen.

The Greek Slave is the second ideal work of the American sculptor, Hiram Powers; the Eve being his first. The clay model was begun and finished in the summer and autumn of 1842. American sculptors having been hitherto obliged to work abroad, but few of our citizens have had opportunities of witnessing the labors of the studio; acceptable, therefore, will be some explanation of the several processes through which a work in sculpture must pass ere the artist can present his conception smoothly embodied in marble The visitors to the "Slave" will thus be made acquainted with the bodily birth and growth of the wonderful creation that stands before them in dazzling beauty.

The conception being matured in the artist's mind, the first step in the process of giving form to it is to erect, on a firm pedestal, a skeleton of iron, whose height, breadth, and limbs are determined by the size and shape of the proposed statue. In this case it would be about five feet high, with branches, first at the shoulders, running down forwards for the arms, then at the hips, to support the large mass of clay in the trunk, and thence divided in two for the legs. About this strong, simple frame is now roughly built, with wet clay, the predetermined image. Rapidly is this moulded into an approximation to the human form; and when the trunk, head, and limbs have been definitely shaped, then begins the close labor of the mind. The living models are summoned, and by their aid the surface is wrought to its last stage of finish. I say models, for to achieve adequately a high ideal, several are needed. Nature rarely centres in one individual all her gifts of corporeal beauty. For the Eve, Powers had more than a score of models. The modern Christian artist cannot be favored as was the painter Zeuxis of old, to whom a Grecian city, that had ordered from him a picture of Helen, sent a number of its choicest maidens, that out of their various graces and beauties he might, as it were, extract one matchless form. For the "Slave," the character Powers had established in Florence, for purity and uprightness, obtained for him one model (who was not a professional sitter) of such perfection of form as to furnish nearly all that he could derive from a model. With this breathing figure before him, and through his precise knowledge of the form and expression of every part of the human body, obtained from the study of nature, and his own deep artistic intuitions, the clay under his hand gradually grew into life, and assumed the elastic, vital look, which no mere anatomical knowledge or craft of hand can give, but which is imparted by the genial sympathy with nature's living forms in alliance with a warm sensibility to the beautiful—qualities which crown and render effectual the other less elevated endowments for art. Thus, by the most minute manual labor, directed by those high and refined mental gifts, the clay model of the "Slave" was wrought out; and there the artist's work ended: the creation was complete. The processes whereby it was now to be transferred to marble, though of a delicate, difficult kind, and requiring labor and time, are purely mechanical, and are performed, under the artist's direction, by uninspired hands.

In order that the soft clay image be transformed into a harder substance, without suffering the slightest change in its surface, a mould is applied to it in the same way and with the same material as when a cast is taken of the living face or head, by means of semi-liquid plaster of Paris. The clay figure is entirely covered with this substance, from one to two or more inches thick, provision being made for taking off the arms, and for splitting the trunk after

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the plaster shall have hardened. The clay is then all taken out, the hollow mould is cleaned, and then refilled with semi-liquid plaster of Paris. When this, which now occupies entirely and minutely the place of the clay, has in its turn become hardened, the outside crust of plaster is broken from it, and then is laid bare an exact fac-simile of the original clay figure, in hard, smooth plaster of Paris, capable of bearing the usage of the studio, and of receiving the many marks that are to guide the marble-cutters, whose work now begins.

First comes the blocker-out, with his heavy mallet and coarse chisel, under whose rough blows the white block soon begins to grow into a rude likeness of humanity. Then, a finer workman, who loosens more of the folds that overlay the beaming image that the artist is bent on disclosing from the centre of the marble. And finally, the artist himself, or, as in this case, a refined worker, schooled under the eye of Powers, gives the finishing touches, reproducing with unsurpassed accuracy, in the transparent, pure marble, every swell and indentation and minutest curve, all the countless delicacies of detail, the which, combined with and forming grand sweeping lines, characterize the original as moulded in clay by the hand of Powers.

And now in the midst of us here is the marvellous work, drawing from our hearts a flood of vivifying, purifying emotion—a revelation made by its author to his countrymen of the power and majesty of Art. They who have looked in silent delight on the Venus of the Tribune in Florence, no longer enjoy a unique privilege. On our native shore, sprung from the warm bosom of native strength, a fresh emanation from the exhaustless soul of beauty, stands a work as resplendent with the impress of genius as the famed Grecian goddess, as sublimely simple, as vividly graceful, and more touching in its moral appeal. The stronger the genius, the simpler the elements wherewith it delights to work. How simple, how common are those by which such overpowering effect is wrought—a young maiden in a condition of painful constraint. But the two great sources of human interest, the human body, and, shining through it, the human soul, are here. The artist has had the creative vigor to reproduce, in its indescribable symmetry, its matchless grace, its infinite beauty, that chief marvel of the earth, the human body, making transparent through these attributes, deep inward power and emotion; and it is because he has had this inspired mastery, that, standing before his work, the beholder is not only spell-bound by beauty, but awed by a solemn, ineffable feeling, and mysteriously drawn closer into the chastening presence of God. J. H. CALVERT.

LARGE SUM FOR COPYRIGHT.—The late Dr. Chalmers has left a large quantity of unpublished manuscripts, among which is a Commentary on the Scriptures, as far as the Book of Jeremiah. Among the manuscripts fully written out, and in a fit state for publication, are also the series of lectures which he, as professor of divinity in the University of Edinburgh, addressed to the students, whose theological education was committed to his care. These lectures are understood to be singularly original and brilliant. There has likewise been found among the correspondence which Dr. Chalmers carried on with nearly all the distinguished men of the present century, a number of letters of a deeply interesting nature, sufficient to make, with a memoir of himself, four large octavo volumes. The whole of the Rev. gentleman's manuscripts have been bought by Mr. T. Constable, brother-in-law of Mr. Cowan, the new member for Edinburgh, and son of Mr. Constable, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and publisher of all his works. Mr. Constable has given the enormous sum of 10,000*l.* for Dr. Chalmers' manuscripts—a sum, we believe, much greater than was ever before given for the posthumous works of an author. The largest amount ever given, under similar circumstances, was 4,500*l.*, which Mr. Murray gave to the sons of Mr. Wilberforce for his "Life and Correspondence."

COAST DEFENCES IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.—The government, in fortifying the English coast, have also directed their attention to the channel islands. A breakwater is being constructed at Alderney, and engineers are now inspecting Guernsey. In Jersey, a breakwater is in the course of construction, at St. Catherine's Bay, on the eastern coast of the island, extending, at about a distance of three miles from the shore, from the N. E. to S. W., a range of four miles. The sites and plans of these works have lately been examined by Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, the Marquis of Anglesea, the Earl of Auckland, Colonel Irvine, Mr. James Walker, civil engineer, and other eminent personages. These works are being constructed opposite the French coast, which is only about eighteen miles distant. The government have also purchased all the heights between St. Catherine's Bay and Mount Orgueil Castle, a distance of about four miles, and intend building important fortifications thereon, which are to be commenced forthwith.

From the National Era.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, oh mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The Night is Mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His Hope with all!

4th 1st month, 1847. J. G. W.

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THE MAIDEN AUNT.—NO. IV.

CHAPTER I.

"BEAUTIFUL!—yes, there can be no doubt that she is very beautiful; her face is absolutely faultless, and her figure magnificent. But it gives me no pleasure to look at her;—her manifest self-consciousness destroys the charm at once. It is always so with perfect beauties;—you may be forced to *admire*, but you are not *fascinated*. They are like Pope's poetry;—all possible care seems to have been lavished on the form, but the soul has evaporated during the process."

A common-place observation enough, reader. Can you guess the sex of the speaker? According to all conventional rules—and it is by those that the world walks—it ought to be a lady. The prime article in the creed of that great complex, hollow-hearted rationalist, society, is a belief that women love delicately to detract from each other's merits. Not a man in the world, who has outlived the noble credulousness of his youth, (which, trust me, comes ever nearer to the truth than the shallow unbelief of after years—just as the man who walks blindfold towards a tree is more likely to reach it than he who goes in an opposite direction, with his eyes wide open,) but thinks that his safest way of recommending himself to any woman is to proclaim his indifference to the attractions of another. And what do the ladies all the while? They tolerate it, as an attempt to please, however mistaken, and they laugh inwardly to think how little the mystery of their hearts is comprehended by those who seek to win them.

Exactly thus felt Mrs. Dalton, while listening to the observation which we have just recorded;—perhaps a secret consciousness that she herself possessed, in the highest degree, the species of fascination alluded to, rendered her peculiarly alive to its meaning. The speaker was Sir Mark Wyvil, a middle-aged baronet, of unimpeachable fashion, laboriously attractive, and resolutely youthful. The subject of his criticism was Edith Kinnaird.

Her third season had just drawn to a close, having consisted, like the two which preceded it, of a series of uninterrupted triumphs, a perpetual incense of admiration. She was now staying at Selcombe Park, the noble owners of which had assembled a large circle of guests, to beguile the tediousness of a magnificent autumn in a beautiful country. Lord and Lady Selcombe were amiable, respectable, and moderately pleasant people; they had great wealth, of which they duly expended a reputable fraction in charities, public and private; the gentleman was a regular attendant in the house, a most affable president of agricultural meetings, a hearty tory, a steady church-goer, (on Sundays,) and a profound hater of "the Oxford theology,"—in short, the popular ideal of a country gentleman could scarce have found anywhere a better embodiment. The lady was *passée*, but elegant—of toilette studious and elaborate; she patronized district societies and charity bazaars; was frequently heard to lament that she lived in such a whirl of engagements that she had no leisure for any serious pursuit; kept a first-rate governess for her daughters; worked a pair of slippers annually for her husband; and was esteemed by all her acquaintance "a pattern wife and mother." The other members of the party at Selcombe Park shall speak for themselves as they are introduced to the reader. Yet we must bestow one word on Mrs. Dalton ere we proceed to record her answer to Sir Mark Wyvil's observation. She was, by some, considered *a little too blue to be feminine*—Heaven forbid that we should unravel all the meaning of that phrase, or develop all the consequences which it involves!—but even this worst sin in woman was tolerated, for the sake of the fascinations which accompanied it. She might perhaps have seen thirty summers, but her attraction depended not on feature or complexion, and was rather increased than impaired by time. Its elements consisted in the singular gracefulness of her figure, movements, and manners, the varying expression of her large dark eyes, the only really fine feature which she possessed, the ready, ringing laugh, musical as that of childhood, and that rarest, and perhaps most winning of all gifts—perfect melody of voice. For these she was forgiven if she presumed to discourse of literature at a dinner party, and to know a little more of art than most of the men who devoted themselves to her. Yet, even these would scarcely have preserved her from the danger of being secretly voted a bore, had she not added to them the charm of a vanity sufficiently under discipline to avoid offensiveness, sufficiently evident to save her friends from the painful necessity of compelled respect. She was accessible to delicate flattery, capable of refined coquetry, pleased with attention, and always ready to glide from literature to playfulness—from playfulness to sentiment, at least in the social sense of the term. She was therefore charming; and when we add that her voice was as bewitching in singing as in speaking, her talent for music so remarkable as to be recognized even in these days when education labors to bring all students up or down to the same level of undistinguishable but cultivated mediocrity, it will be at once allowed that she was irresistible. We have here sketched the external development of her character—heart, mind, and soul, (if she has them,) must be left for a more gradual discovery. Her husband was a member of parliament, still engaged with his duties, though it was the second week of August. They had been married several years, but had no children.

With a slightly sarcastic expression in her beautiful eyes, she rejoined—"A stronger proof of the omnipotence of Miss Kinnaird's claims could scarcely be found than that she has inspired Sir Mark Wyvil with a simile."

The sting of the words was neutralized by the smile with which they were spoken, and Sir Mark, drawing his chair very decidedly forwards, seemed to be preparing himself in a business-like manner for a playful encounter of wits, when he was checked by the entrance of Miss Kinnaird herself.

She came from the garden, laden with flowers. A scarf, hastily substituted for a bonnet, was twisted round her head, the ends falling on her shoulders; her delicate color flushed into crimson with the exertion of her late employment; her hands full of roses. Since we last saw her, her marvellous beauty has matured into a steadier brilliancy, her step has acquired something of stateliness, her manner something of composure, blended with a more even vivacity; the world admires her ten times as much as it used to do, for the last lingering tint of the glory of childhood has faded away—and childhood is a mystery and a wonder—and the world does not like mysteries, and is far too well educated to wonder at anything.

Two gentlemen advanced from opposite sides of the room—the one from a book, the other from a lounge—to relieve her of her fragrant burden. Sir Mark Wyvil lifted his cold critical eyes to her face,

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and then turned to Mrs. Dalton with an expressive smirk (for such a man cannot *smile*—there is heart in a smile.) In every gesture and movement of poor Edith—in the manner in which she resigned her flowers to her two assiduous squires, in the tone with which she declared herself tired, in the careless grace with which she threw herself upon the nearest chair, in the little pause which intervened ere she removed her unwonted head-dress—he saw only the panoply of conquest, consciously assumed and used for a purpose. His discernment was lost on Mrs. Dalton, however, for she had joined her younger friend at the table, and was helping her to sort the flowers. Few things had more entirely gratified Edith than the manner in which Mrs. Dalton had singled her out from the circle at Selcombe Park, with the apparent resolution of making her a friend. To a girl of intelligence, enthusiasm, and warm affections, the caressing demeanor of the first woman of genius with whom she had ever come in contact, was absolutely irresistible, and she repaid it with a kind of uncalculating idolatry, which effectually secured its continuance. The influence which Mrs. Dalton thus acquired was of somewhat dubious advantage to the character of her admirer; for if the delicious sophistry of love should fail in making all she did and said appear "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best," the danger was rather that Edith would learn to undervalue wisdom, virtue, and discretion, than that she would approach to any distrust of the perfection of her idol. Aunt Peggy would have been alarmed, could she have witnessed this period of her darling's mental history; but her alarm would have been groundless. The exercise of hearty love and admiration, if only the object be in the main good and admirable, is, in itself, the most ennobling process to which the spiritual part of man's nature can be subjected. Let all who are around the young, or around those whom any peculiarity of temperament preserves in the youth of their hearts to a later period of life, beware how they shut up this sweet fountain, or turn it into bitterness by ridicule, by surprise, by criticism, by contradiction, or by cold withdrawal of sympathy. Lose not the glory of a sunset by seeking to count the spots in the sun. We confess that they are there, if you *will* force us to the confession; but we are not thinking about them, and we do not mean to look at them;—suffer us to take the beauty and goodness of God's works into our inmost hearts!

"Miss Kinnaird," said one of the two gentlemen who were hovering around the chairs of that lady and Mrs. Dalton, "how does the diary proceed? and when are you going to fulfil your promise, and read us the events of a whole day?"

"When they are written," returned Edith, laughing. "What a gigantic idea you must have of my powers, both bodily and mental, if you think I have strength enough left to make an entry in my diary, after dancing as I have done every night since I came here!"

"Is it a green book with silver clasps?" pursued the questioner.

"Yes," answered Edith, a little puzzled.

"Then I have seen it!" exclaimed he, triumphantly. "I passed under the window of your room after breakfast this morning: the table was standing in the window, and I saw a green book with silver clasps upon it. It was lying by a pocket-handkerchief with a lace border, and a white kid glove, trimmed with blue, was lying in a heap with it. Yes!" continued he, accumulating the evidence, "there were two roses in a china vase, and a gold vinaigrette, and a sash, checked white and lilac. I said to Vaughan, at the moment, 'I am quite sure that is Miss Kinnaird's diary.' He did not think it was, but I felt quite sure."

The smile with which Edith looked up at Lord Vaughan, as this speech was concluded, proved, that, on her side at least, all unpleasant recollections connected with the ovent of three years ago had passed away. Whether it also betokened a lurking consciousness that her power was undiminished, we will not determine.

"I am not by any means certain that you are right," observed she, gravely addressing the speaker, whose eyes opened to their widest extent, in pure astonishment.

"O! my dear Edith," cried Mrs. Dalton, "you do not know what a dangerous thing it is to contradict Mr. Delamaine. His accuracy is positively unbounded. I don't believe he ever was mistaken in a date, a name, or a number, in his life."

"Well," said Mr. Delamaine, visibly delighted, "I do believe I am tolerably accurate. That is the habit of mind which I have always labored to acquire. I could tell you some curious traits relative to that very subject—I mean, the accuracy with which Mrs. Dalton is good enough to say that I remember even the most trivial occurrences. Remind me"—turning to Lord Vaughan—"to tell you a story about a pair of ear-rings, and the way in which I recollected something. It is not exactly *apropos* just now; but I dare say we shall resume the conversation."

Lord Vaughan promised to remind him, with the air of a well-bred victim, and Mr. Delamaine proceeded, "Thornton always used to remark, 'If memory be not accurate, it is worthless.' I remember perfectly the occasion upon which he said that.—He was saying, that he had painted a hundred and fifteen portraits since he began his career as an artist, out of which there were only three which had satisfied him. I said he had painted a hundred and sixteen, and I offered to recount the names of the sitters. He did n't wish me to do it; but I did, though, after the first twenty or so, I required a little reflection to bring each name to my remembrance. It was a dinner-party, and, long before I finished, Thornton and I, and our good host, who was dozing in his arm-chair, were left quite alone; however, I went through the whole number, and it was as we crossed the hall to take our leave of the ladies—for it was getting very late—that he made the remark which I have just now quoted."

"You were correct, then," said Edith, politely.

"Why, no, not exactly—that is to say, I was correct in remembering all the names, which was, after all, the great thing, you know—but there were only a hundred and fifteen of them; so Thornton was right there."

"That gives a somewhat different coloring to his observation," observed Mrs. Dalton, in a very low tone of voice, to Edith, as she stooped over her flowers.

"I found out afterwards," continued Mr. Delamaine, "how I had added that hundred and sixteenth. He had painted the same portrait twice;—you know that was a very satisfactory sort of thing—I must say that it gratified me, for I was altogether at a loss to know how I had contrived to make the confusion. I offered afterwards to give the names in the order in which they had really presented themselves; but Thornton would n't take the bet. I suppose he felt sure of losing."

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"Time or money," said Mrs. Dalton, with an arch look at Sir Mark Wyvil.

"Ah! time," cried Lord Vaughan; "that brings us back to the diary, you know. Have you much waste of time to chronicle, Miss Kinnaird?"

"That is scarcely a fair question to ask a young lady," interposed Lady Selcombe, who was comfortably ensconced in a bay window, embroidering a spaniel on a footstool in livid and unearthly hues, which suggested that you were setting your feet on the discolored corpse of a dog, whose profile, moreover, seemed to have been much battered by frequent crushing; "trifles, I am afraid, generally make the sum of human things at that age." And Lady Selcombe glanced with good-natured condemnation at the group round the table, and then looked complacently down upon her work, feeling convinced that embroidering dogs was a much fitter occupation for an immortal soul than contemplating flowers.

"I fear I must plead guilty," said Edith, looking from one of her admirers to the other with a playful ease very unlike penitence. "But before I begin my confession, do tell me who Mr. Thornton is, and whether it is the same Mr. Thornton who is coming here to-day."

"Thornton! coming here!" cried Mr. Delamaine; "Good heavens, how extraordinary! My dear Miss Kinnaird, you could not have applied to a better person than myself to tell you all about Thornton; for I think I may venture to say that he is one of the most intimate friends I have in the world. If you will allow me, I will tell you his whole history."

Edith looked imploringly at Mrs. Dalton, who instantly came to her rescue.

"I protest against this!" cried she to Mr. Delamaine. "You are not to speak on the subject at all. Mr. Thornton is my cousin, and I claim the right of kindred as giving me precedence in the matter."

"But, my dear lady——" cried the rebuked orator.

Edith playfully held a rose against his lips, so as to stop the torrent of words. He accepted the flower with a bow and a gratified smile, as though he felt that the favor accorded was so great as to pledge him to observance of the terms on which it was granted; and Mrs. Dalton commenced her history at once, as fearing that the pause would not be of long duration.

"My cousin, Godfrey Thornton," said she, "is young, rich, of good family, handsome, and a genius."

"And coming here!" added Edith; "that completes the list of his attractions. I heard Lord Selcombe tell Mr. Davis so, as they passed to the stables, while I was gathering my flowers."

"But if he is rich and of good family," inquired Lord Vaughan, "how comes he to be an artist?"

Mrs. Dalton's eyes kindled into more than common brilliancy. "Oh, what an *English* observation!" exclaimed she. "He is an artist because God made him one, and he has neither the power nor the will to unmake himself."

"Then he lives for art!" cried Edith, with a sudden burst of her old romance; "and has given up the world's life, though, with all the attractions which you have enumerated, it would have been to him nothing but triumph and enjoyment. He ought to have a tower like Balta's in Minstrel Love, where, in the midst of the grandeur and beauty of nature, he might be a true artist-hermit, and forget men and women altogether. How delightful! He must be quite an ideal character."

"*Quite!*" responded Sir Mark Wyvil, coolly. "He 'lives for art' at No. 15, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, and studies nature from his drawing-room windows."

"My dearest Edith," said Mrs. Dalton, a little impatiently, "that is one of your pretty heresies of which I have not yet been quite able to cure you. You seem to have a sort of vague, unpractical idea that a man must needs withdraw from the world in order to achieve anything really great. Now I, on the contrary, believe that society is the very food and stimulus of genius, which droops without it, grows morbid, and loses both the creative power and the power of self-measurement."

"Long may the idea continue unpractical," exclaimed Lord Vaughan, answering the only part of Mrs. Dalton's speech which was within the limits of his comprehension, "if Miss Kinnaird meditates achieving greatness in her own person!"

"Why, yes," replied Edith, "I confess I have no inclination to shut myself up in a hermitage. That would be rather too high a price to pay for *any* sort of greatness."

She did not speak exactly as she *felt*—but there was no discrepancy between the words and the manner in which she *lived*. How long would the world, which had already divorced the outer life from the inner thought, leave the thought unmolested?

"There is only this difference," said Sir Mark, with studious sportiveness; "to shut Mr. Thornton up in a hermitage would be an act of cruelty to an individual, but to immure Miss Kinnaird would be punishing the world."

CHAPTER II.

THE quiet and graceful nonchalance with which Edith received all the varieties of compliment, homage, and devotion, which were tendered to her acceptance, spoke volumes for the experience she had acquired since her first introduction into society. Yet it could scarcely be called indifference—certainly not that indifference which would seem to be the natural result of preöccupation; for she was keenly alive to all that passed around her, and her appetite for gayety had none of that languor which is often the result of satiety, and which, though it does not begin with disgust, frequently ends with it. Lightly as she appeared to esteem the admiration of which she was the object, so long as it was undisputedly hers, it might easily be discerned that she would have felt its withdrawal as a trial of no light order.

Mr. Delamaine here broke in, panting under the enforced silence of the last five minutes. "Yes," cried he, "only just fancy shutting Thornton up from society. Why, now," addressing Miss Kinnaird, "I'll just tell you exactly, without further circumlocution, what Thornton is. He is the centre of every circle into which he goes."

"My dear fellow, don't be so geometrical!" said a voice from the window which opened upon the lawn.

Mrs. Dalton clapped her hands. "I thought you would not be able to contain yourself much longer," exclaimed she. "Come in, Godfrey! How long have you been within hearing?"

"Only since you saw me, half a minute ago," answered the new comer, cordially responding to her shake of the hand, and then turning to pay his compliments to the rest of the company. He was about eight-and-twenty years old, a little below the middle height, but formed with singular grace and symmetry. His hair was dark and profuse, his face

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rather picturesque than handsome, his voice and manner peculiarly gentle, his eyes full of fire. After the ceremonies of greeting and introduction were at an end, he seated himself on a low ottoman at Mrs. Dalton's feet, his eyes seeking Edith's face with a frequency which nothing but good breeding prevented from degenerating into a fixed stare, and requested to be enlightened as to the subject under discussion.

"We were talking," began Mr. Delamaine, "of society in general—"

"Of society in particular, I should say," interrupted Sir Mark Wyvil.

"Did n't somebody say something about seclusion?" inquired Lady Selcombe from her bay-window.

"It was Miss Kinnaird," replied Lord Vaughan, "who was celebrating the praises of a life of seclusion."

"No, no, my dear fellow," exclaimed Mr. Delamaine; "I beg your pardon, but you entirely mistook Miss Kinnaird's meaning. She only said that she should like to live in complete retirement if she were going to be an artist."

"I did not exactly mean that," interposed poor Edith, suffering from the embarrassment which so frequently befalls a woman when, having been betrayed by impulse into the expression of a sentiment at variance with the ordinary course of small talk, she is condemned to hear a distorted paraphrase of it quoted as hers by some afflicting bystander, and is thereby involved in the necessity of denying, defending, or explaining words, which she now feels that it was folly to utter at all.

Mr. Thornton's face expressed a mixture of sarcasm and impatience, restrained by politeness. Wisely deeming, however, that his best method of securing the two ladies for himself, would be to keep the conversation at too high a level for the others to teach, he ventured to assume a tone somewhat graver than his wont, except in a tête-à-tête.

"I don't wonder," said he, "that seclusion should seem, in England, to be the only atmosphere in which art can breathe. Our miserable 'common sense,' as it is sarcastically called, is, in its way, as destructive of the true spirit of art as the frivolity of our neighbors the French."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dalton, "and the popular idea of beauty finds here its fit embodiment in the 'handsome and substantial,' while there it is in the fantastic and incongruous."

"But in Italy," suggested Edith, with some hesitation.

"In Italy," said Mrs. Dalton, "where common daily life is, as it were, steeped in poetry, and the present is so beautiful that it almost wins you from contemplating the past—and such a past!—art seems there to be born of nature, to come unsought and stay unasked."

"And is therefore undisciplined and impulsive, possessing men rather than possessed by them," returned Mr. Thornton.

"My dear Godfrey! what new theory is this?" cried his cousin in amazement. "You a painter, and decry the art of Italy!"

"You mistake me," replied he smiling; "I was not speaking of works of art, but of the expression of their spirit in the actual life of the artist, moulding the structure of society into a correspondence with itself, so as to dispense with the necessity of seclusion to the production of its highest development. We must go to Germany for this—to Germany, which, if you will allow me to say so, leaves Italy as far behind in architecture, in music, and in poetry, as she is herself outstripped in painting."

"I could dispute that of all but architecture," said Mrs. Dalton.

"I will not allow you to do so—at least not in music," answered he. "That which is passion in the one becomes spirit in the other—do you not *feel* the difference? But I know you do, for you expressed it just now far better than I could hope to do. The one, as you truly said, comes by nature; it is a cavern full of radiating crystals, where you walk in a labyrinth of bewildering beauty; but the other is a mighty temple, symmetrical and stately, reared by laborious and devout hands, symbolizing something which is above earth, and which art cannot represent except by symbol."

"And England," said Edith. "Will you allow us no art at all?"

"Nay!" cried Mr. Thornton; "we have had art of the first order, at least in poetry. But it must be content to be like that flower," pointing to a cactus; "it springs in sudden splendor out of a rugged and unsightly stem, which has no harmony or consistency with itself. The more fully we recognize its beauty, the more do we wonder at the strange and anomalous position in which we find it."

"It is a part of our national reserve," said Mrs. Dalton, "of the moral cowardice which accompanies our physical courage, of the strange timidity which makes us distrust alike the past and the future, and believe only in the present, because, and so far as, we actually see it before us. Our eyes are obstinately fixed on the planks of the boat which carries us, and we see neither the leafy shore from which we have departed, nor the glowing depths of the sunset into which we are sailing."

"Don't call it by so high a name as *reserve*," cried Mr. Thornton. "Call it, as I did, *common sense*—by which I mean a resolute adherence to conventionalism in defiance of original thought."

"Call it by what name you please," said Mrs. Dalton, "it is everywhere present with us, like fetters on the limbs and ice on the heart, and the only warmth and freedom one ever enjoys, is when one has succeeded in getting away from it for a few happy moments."

She spoke with a bitterness of tone very unusual to her; and Mr. Thornton, glancing round the room, replied with a well-satisfied smile, "We have got away from it now, Amy. This is one of those 'few happy moments.'"

Mrs. Dalton looked up, and perceived with some amazement that Sir Mark Wyvil had drawn his chair to Lady Selcombe's side, so as to be virtually absent from the *conversazione* party at the table, while Mr. Delamaine had seized on Lord Vaughan and carried him off to the terrace, where, within sight of the window, he was pitilessly inflicting upon him the deferred story about the ear-rings.

"Let us enjoy it while we can!" cried she. "Tell me, Godfrey, what have you been doing, thinking, and feeling, all this age that we have been separated?"

"For the *doing*, first," he answered, "I have been enduring society."

"What an expression!" exclaimed Edith, "and I am so fond of society!"

"So was I once," returned Mr. Thornton; "but since then I have looked under the surface, and the vision of what I saw there has haunted me from that moment forwards. Do you suppose that if the diver had come back from those ghastly hollows where he saw the sea-hyænas and the hundred-

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jointed snakes, he could ever have admired the beauty of the ocean afterwards with an unruffled spirit!"

"You remind me," said Edith, "of that strange little poem of Milnes', in which he describes the wretchedness of the soul which is forced to look upon the world as it really is, and to see the seeds of decay and death visibly present in the midst of life and beauty. If that would be the result of opening one's eyes, I would rather keep mine always shut."

"Milnes' poem," said Mrs. Dalton, "is only an amplification, and a feeble one, of Hamlet's grand idea;—I need not quote, need I?"

"If Mr. Delamaine were here," observed Edith, "he would give us the passage entire."

"Don't mention him," cried Mr. Thornton; "don't let there be a thought to break the unity of 'one happy moment.' If you only knew what an indulgence this is to me after the life I have been leading for the last six months, mere charity would induce you to prolong it."

"But, if you detest society so utterly," said Edith, simply, "why do you not break away from it altogether? A man has always the privilege of being able to act independently of others—to follow the dictates of his own will."

"Yes," added Mrs. Dalton, "while a woman is —oh, give me a simile! Your favorite Germans would say she was like a Psyche in the grasp of the serpents—she may weep, implore, writhe in the toils—but she can never escape." Her manner was playful, but the same bitterness to which we have before alluded might be discerned beneath the assumed levity.

"My will is my Psyche," returned he; "it struggles and suffers, but has not strength to set itself free."

"But then," said Edith, "I think your desire to be free can scarcely be so *very* strong. There must be something else to contend with it."

"You are right," he replied, "I could not live in solitude. Sympathy is as necessary to me as the very air I breathe. I am forever seeking for it—accepting mere dross and tinsel instead of it—hugging them for a little while with a fool's fancy that they are real—finding out that they are not the true gold—flinging them away in wrath and scorn, and setting out anew upon the same search, to be again deceived, and to begin it all over again; till I am inclined at last to question whether there is really any such thing in the world, and whether, if there be, it is worth while to take so much trouble in looking for it. But I don't want to arrive at this conclusion, for if I were once thoroughly convinced of it, I believe I should take the first opportunity of walking out of the world altogether, by a shorter and more effectual way than merely secluding myself from it."

"No, you would not," cried Mr. Dalton; "weakness of will would again beset you. Like Goethe, you would take the dagger to bed with you night after night, hold the point tenderly to your heart for half an hour, reasoning meanwhile most philosophically with yourself—then—go to sleep."

"If I am Psyche, you are the serpent!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton.

"Yes," retorted she, "but you would require no *effort* to escape from my toils."

"And now," said Edith, "you have told us what you have been thinking of during these six months —the third question was, what were you feeling?"

"Don't ask me," replied he, quickly; "I believe I never felt at all till this moment."

From most persons this speech would have sounded like a mere jesting compliment, but there was so strong a coloring of sentiment in Mr. Thornton's playfulness that Edith felt herself blush, and then blush doubly lest the first embarrassment should be misinterpreted.

"The dressing-bell rang ten minutes ago," said Mrs. Dalton, abruptly, "and Sir Mark and Lady Selcombe have already taken wing. Come, Edith, or we shall not have time to arrange our bouquets."

She quitted the room as she spoke, followed by Miss Kinnaird. Mr. Thornton sauntered to the window, and stood for some minutes listlessly gazing at the smooth green lawn, with its carefully grouped shrubs, trim borders, and delicate flower-baskets—no inapt, though certainly a most favorable symbol of the elegant conventionalism of which he had just expressed his languid abhorrence. He was roused by a light tap on the shoulder, and turning round, he beheld his cousin, her face radiant with restored good humor.

"Now, Godfrey, what do you think of her?" cried she, eagerly.

"She is faultless," returned he, "or else I have lost my power to criticise. Amy, I *must* paint her picture. Do contrive it for me—you know you can manage anything, and anybody, when you please."

"Even you?" inquired she, archly.

"Yes, truly," he answered. "Am I not here in obedience to your summons? though in this case to obey was to please myself."

"Ah!" replied Amy, "I am afraid that is always the secret of my power over you. I should not dare test it by asking you to do what did not please yourself."

"Nay, not seriously, my cousin," said he, taking her hand, and looking earnestly into her eyes, "do you not know that the task would become a pleasure if it were done at your request?"

She shook her head, smilingly, as she answered, "Well, Godfrey, I will have faith in your friendship. Having so little to lose, perhaps, makes me cowardly about losing that little;—now, don't answer me—that does not apply to you. And as to your present wish, 't is the easiest thing in the world. You cannot suppose that so beautiful a creature as Edith has finished her third season without learning her own charms. It will only seem to her a very natural and necessary little bit of homage on your part."

"Ah," said he, with a sigh, "pity that she has been out three seasons!"

Mrs. Dalton fixed her eyes on him for a moment with an expression of restrained mirth. Then compressing her lips, and keeping silence with an effort, she darted from the room to commence the important business of the toilette.—"Simpleton that I am!" said she, chidingly, to herself, as her maid looped up her dress with geranium and myrtle, and fastened the blossoms among her profuse ringlets. "I had nearly marred my own scheme at its very commencement by a little outbreak of jealous vanity. So irrational! To pick out a wife for Godfrey, and then begin to be angry because he overlooks me in his admiration of her! Absurd! Well, I only hope he will not be too precipitate. Edith is not a woman likely to dispense with the wooing which is our sex's privilege. We have a full month before us; I shall be quite satisfied if, by the end of that time, he comes to the point. And then

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—I shall go down to Beechwood for the winter."

And a sombre expression stole into her large dark eyes, and a gradual languor seemed to unstring her graceful limbs. Few who had beheld the apathy with which she submitted to the adornments which her silent attendant lavished upon her, would have believed that her face was capable of such sparkling animation—her manner of such vivacious coquetry. But when the last curl had been arranged, and the last boquet fastened, she passed her hand over her forehead, and, with a sudden expression of contempt, whether for herself or for the subject of her meditations we cannot say, she resumed, as with an effort, her ordinary demeanor, and descended to the drawing-room.—Beechwood was her HOME.

Shall we inquire into Edith's thoughts during the same half hour? No. Time will develop them. At dinner she was a little surprised to see Mr. Thornton the life and leader of the party, but she felt strangely interested by the idea that, under all this sparkling vivacity, there was a concealed melancholy of temperament, known, in all probability, only to herself and to his cousin. The latter appeared fully to understand the art of drawing him out, and under her judicious management he scattered repartees, puns, and illustrations, with a prodigality perfectly astonishing. Edith was at some distance from him, and fully occupied in listening; she was thankful to be seated between a fat squire and a taciturn curate, neither of whom endeavored to divert her attention. The style of Mr. Thornton's conversation was perfectly new to her, and she enjoyed it not a little. Nothing seemed to come amiss to him; no subject was evaded, no remark unanswered. From theology down to gourmandism, from politics to pic-nics—wherever the conversation-ball glanced, there was he ready to catch and to return it with untiring vigor. If he had no argument at hand, he had a simile; and if that failed him, he supplied its place by a jest. Nothing was too deep or too shallow, too high or too low, but his wit could touch, or his fancy embellish it. She had no time to analyze, even if she had been capable of doing so—she could only admire. And a strange kind of feeling came upon her as she walked meditatively back to the drawing-room, as though all deep thought and laborious study were but waste of time, and there was no topic which could not be fully discussed and satisfactorily settled in a conversation. Strange, also, it seemed, that some of the topics should be handled at all; stranger still, that one who could handle them so delicately should not have shrunk from exercising his skill in public. But of this she had neither leisure nor inclination to think at any length. She was entertained, interested, fascinated; she had experienced a new sensation.

THE DEATH OF THOMAS CLARKSON.

THE good man's arms are folded now—
The great man's race is run—
The warm, brave heart, and thought-worn brow
Rest—for their work is done!

'T is well! the fine gold back we give
Ere it was changed or dim;
The curtain none can lift and live
Falls between us and him.

It was not grief, it was not fear,
Feeling for tears too deep
Subdued us, when that white-haired seer
Serenely fell asleep.

As the word passed from lip to lip,
Silence upon us fell;
The way-worn man laid down his scrip,
Pilgrim his scallop shell.

Age moved more slowly on its way,
Less firm was manhood's tread,
And thousands bore themselves that day
As present with the dead.

As the word passed from line to line
Of Freedom's allied host,
The answer came, "For us still shine
The footprints of the lost.

"To us his spirit speaketh still,
'Be faithful to the end!'
Not for ourselves our sad hearts fill—
THE SLAVE HATH LOST A FRIEND!"

When he was friendless, on his chain
Fell the great Clarkson's eye;
And in that hour he vowed to gain
His brother's cause, or die!

He went forth, an enthusiast boy—
He fought, an earnest man—
He conquered—and laid down in joy,
As only Christians can.

We thank Thee, Father! that on earth
Thy servant staid so long;
Thou gavest his noble purpose birth,
And made his spirit strong.

Glory to Thee! his wayside seed,
In Faith and Patience sown,
Has blossomed for the bondman's need:
Glory to Thee alone!

And all o'er England's rich domain,
His spirit hath begot,
For her crushed poor, for Want and Pain,
Friends—and they know it not.

Beside the forge, and at the loom,
Amid the factory's din,
Where little children weave their doom,
His lineage looks in.

Around the laborer's cold hearth,
Where Want hath cast out Love,
Where Misery hath conquered Mirth,
Unseen his offspring move.

With hearts his life hath warmed, they come,
With steady souls and brave,
To lift a clear voice for the dumb,
To succor and to save.

We mourn him not! he did not go,
His great heart was not stilled,
Till all the streams that from it flow
Had with his life been filled.

NON-SLAVEHOLDER.

Philadelphia, 11th month, 1846.

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ITALY.

The Italian question becomes one of intense interest. Although anxiety on the subject cannot be expected to have abated, yet the conflict of favorable and adverse interest appears to proceed hopefully. The Roman government has taken an important and judicious step in transmitting a formal protest to Vienna, and threatening the recall of its nuncio from the Austrian court. This is all strict and regular. The protest of King Charles Albert, if it be confirmed, is a demonstration of immense importance. It was due to the reputation which the king claimed as a patriot even when he was prince of Carignan. The popular manifestations at Leghorn are another proof of the general sentiment. And the further aggressions of the Austrian commander only help to weaken Austria by putting her still more palpably in the wrong. So far the intelligence of the week represents Rome in a position maintained with discreet energy, and strengthened by the fault of the enemy.

At the first view, the attitude of France seems unfavorable; but it is far better than the most sanguine could have expected a week or two back. It would be too much to assume that the "feeler" in the *Journal des Débats* strictly represents the definite views of Louis Philippe's government; yet it may be taken as an approximation to the view which that government would wish to avow, and also as betraying the feeling by which the official party is moved. The *Débats* is very angry with divers journals in Italy and England, for censuring the coldness that France shows in support of liberty; is angry with the court of Vienna, for not having more skilfully maintained the status quo; with the pope, for not having kept the dispute "purely diplomatical." "The sovereign pontiff," says the French editor, "has been publishing protests of a nature to inflame the Italian people." Now this is false. We do not of course mean that the highly respectable journalist deliberately states what he feels to be a falsehood; but his bias is such as to warp his perception; and we use the strongest term because no other would express the extent of the misrepresentation. The protests of the pontiff are not calculated, any more than they are intended, to inflame the Italian people. Before the time of Pius the Ninth, Rome was on the point of ruin through internal corruption—an effete official despotism struggling hopelessly with a growing spirit of reform, which being unlegalized was revolutionary. Pius began reforms with all the deliberation requisite for safety, with all the sincerity requisite to secure faith in the renovating process. The existence of Austrian despotism in contiguity with liberal institutions would be difficult if not impossible; and Austria tries to mar the legalized reforms. Nothing could be more calculated than *that* to inflame the Italian people. Pius issues protests against that hostile intervention; also exhortations to his people against any irregular violences, and assurances that he will firmly support their substantial interests in a regular and discreet way. It is impossible to imagine any declaration less calculated to inflame the Italian people, or more calculated to soothe and cool their anxiety and indignation. Pius is really what in France and England is called a conservative reformer; and if it were possible to avoid blame in a position so beset with every difficulty, he deserves to have done so.

In the midst of these testy criticisms, the *Débats* makes some important declarations: France, we are told, will interfere if any other country interferes; France will support "all legal and pacific reforms," —[the sovereign pontiff evidently contemplates none other;] and will support the independence of the Italian princes if that be threatened. Good.

But it is from the very irritation of the ministerial paper that we draw the most hopeful inference of all. The government of Louis Philippe has been unable to dictate the course which it wishes affairs to take; hence its splenetic distribution of censure on all concerned. It would best have suited that government to have *no* movement in Italy just at present, and accordingly it hates all who move: it deprecates any step against Austria, with whom the King of the French sympathizes; also any against the Italians, with whom the French people sympathize. But the traditional policy of France in Italy is too strong for the government, and part of its anger is the cry wrung from it by the knowledge that to that policy they *must* succumb. The government of the French nation must take the side of freedom in Italy; hence the bitter anger of the present ministers, who wish to side with Austria: but that anger is a sign that the government does recognize the necessity under which it lies; in obeying that, possibly it may learn also to know its real interests. We agree with our contemporary, that if any other country intervene in Italy, France must: we could have informed the respected writer that France also will defend all legal and pacific reforms in Italy; but it is very satisfactory to perceive that the French ministers, in spite of their bias, are equally clear-sighted.—*Spectator*, 4 *Sept.*

The destiny of Italy is too strong for the powers that have so long held her down. The discretion and firmness of Pius the Ninth have kept his case so clear from doubt, whether in equity or policy, that state after state has felt forced to give in its adhesion. Naples is now said to have declared her concurrence in the Roman policy of internal reforms, and to have expressed her disapproval of Austrian aggression. Without a declared alliance, the conduct of Tuscany is that of imitation and sympathy. Sardinia maintains her friendly declarations with offers of troops and arms. It may now be said that all Italy is with the pope. Naples is a good third of the peninsula; Tuscany will complete the half; the Roman States, with Piedmont and Genoa, another quarter. Austria may perhaps boast the alliance of Lucca and Modena and the little states; and she retains her somewhat doubtful sway in her own territory; Austria occupies barely one quarter of Italy; three quarters are against her.

It does not appear that Austria gains in other parts of Europe that support which in Italy she is manifestly losing. England is understood to stand by Rome. Even France can no longer hold back, and is said to have made an offer of arms. No country has yet declared for the government of Vienna. On the contrary, some of the Austrian provinces are known to constitute a standing diversion in favor of the Italians; and at this very moment the Imperial government is refusing concessions demanded by Bohemia.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Austria should show signs of a disposition to retract her false move at Ferrara. This penitent disposition is displayed in a manner intended to save the dignity and feeling of the aggressive power: the responsibility of the military advance is laid upon the Austrian commander Radetzky, but without disapproval; hostile

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intentions are disclaimed: an offer is made to refer the question of right to the arbitration of any foreign power, to be chosen by the pontiff. Such is understood to be the nature of the concession made by the government of Vienna. As to the responsibility of the local commander, that may very probably be true. It is evident that the infirmities of Prince Metternich are telling seriously on the administration of Austrian affairs: had he done the work himself, it is not probable that he would have made so great a political blunder as the gratuitous aggression on the Roman territory. But in his decline a good deal is necessarily left to subordinates. And that fact furnishes Austria with a loophole to back out by.

The pope is said to have declined to negotiate until Austria should have relinquished her armed occupation of his territory: but practically the question has been brought within diplomatic discussion, and it is to be hoped that the wiser spirit now manifested by Austria may be improved. If it be possible to reëstablish Italy among the nations, without bloodshed or war, the achievement would be worthy of the enlightened views which statesmen of our day so loudly boast.—*Spectator*, 11 *Sept.*

If the rulers of Italy are of accord, they do not as yet go fast enough for the people, and the progress of the peaceful revolution is hastened by the popular impatience. The record of the journalist can barely keep pace with the march of events: now some great movement occurs in Rome, now the sound of revolt in the Neapolitan domains penetrate through the muffling of the press; now the scene is shifted to Lucca, to Leghorn, to Genoa; and the Austrians cannot keep stillness even in their own territory.

We last week learned the ready concession yielded by the Grand Duke de Lucca to the demands of his subjects: he retracted, but only to make his concession the more complete. After his paternal proclamation, Charles Louis ran off, like Louis the Sixteenth, and repudiated his concessions: a deputation was sent to bring him back: he declined to go home, but offered to appoint a regency with the chief of the popular deputation at its head: the managers of the revolution were not to be thus foiled, they threatened to confiscate the duke's goods; on which he returned with haste and did all that he was required to do. It has been ascertained, therefore, who is master in Lucca.

Tuscany benefited by this great political experiment on the obduracy of princes: the people called upon the Grand Duke Leopold to hasten his concessions, and he complied at once. A national guard is now the guardian of order in Tuscany. It has therefore been ascertained who is master there.

Parma, a small quasi-Austrian duchy, seems disposed to follow Lucca.

A similar spirit has been manifested in all parts of the Italian territory, though it takes an endless variety of shapes: in Sicily and Calabria, it is armed revolt; in the towns of the Roman States, it is fervid and clamorous loyalty to Pius the Ninth; in Genoa, it is exulting displays in honor of the old expulsion of the Austrians; in Piedmont, it is suggestive cries in praise of Charles Albert. In many places "the *Italian* flag," a tricolor, has been unfurled, instead of the flags of the separate States; and among the cries has been one for a "King of Italy."

But the most significant of all demonstrations, perhaps, is the out-break at Milan, the capital and head-quarters of Austrian Italy. The arrival of a new archbishop was the occasion for a sudden and irrepressible burst of cries to the honor of the prelate's spiritual lord, the sovereign pontiff: the authorities were alarmed, and tried to suppress the popular feeling by force of arms; in the attempt they sustained a damaging repulse, and a few days later were fain to establish a military occupation of their own capital. The Milanese have not yet revolted; but the hint must alarm the Austrians.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that the communications from Vienna to Rome are said to be couched in language that grows more and more conciliatory. Austria, if she knew her own interests, would not repel, but would invoke, the intervention of Pius the Ninth in reconstructing the political constitution of the Italian states.—*Spectator*, 18*th Sept.*

The important event which, though productive of so little effect at the time, has decidedly changed the fate of Italy, was the occupation of Ancona, an armed protest against the violent interference of Austria in the affairs of southern Italy. The occupation of Ancona, be it remembered, was not merely an act of France, or of a French captain. It was a measure deliberated upon, resolved, and sanctioned by the joint accord of France and England, and was a position taken up by the two great constitutional countries of the west against the despotic tendencies and dictation of the east. The occupation of Ancona, as well as the reduction of Antwerp, were acts of France, supported by English assent. Without this support, France would in both cases have brought down war upon her. Austria mooted the point; but seeing England and France arrayed against her, bowed her head, and submitted to the occupation of Ancona, and to something more serious, viz., the principle implied and established in that occupation.

Since that period until now, Austria has marched no columns across the Po. She has even much relaxed of her absolutism. Her efforts have been directed rather to conciliate than intimidate the princes of Italy, and to manage that country amicably through its courts and statesmen, without bullying or dictation. There was the more necessity for this, since France having so signally come forward to captivate the good will of the Italian people, now addressed herself also to Italian princes. It is known how Louis Philippe sought to conclude a marriage between the King of Naples and one of his daughters. This was defeated by Austria, who gave the monarch an archduchess. In Piedmont and Rome, Austria was equally successful, preventing the pope from acknowledging the constitutional queens of either Spain or Portugal, and checking, in short, every move of France. The abilities of Count Rossi, and his efforts, when sent ambassador to Rome, changed the fortunes of this secret and diplomatic war. Rossi procured the election of Pius the Ninth, thereby routed the Austrians, and drove them from the very centre and strength of their Italian position.

The King of the French had thus a straight and glorious path before him, and had but to pursue it with moderation in order to emancipate Italy, and neutralize the power and the despotism of Austria. But dynastic purposes and interests intervened. The settlement of a younger son, and the hope of his wearing the Spanish crown, overweighed with Louis Philippe all the interests of France or of freedom, and his majesty has evidently been anxious to sell both to Austria, in return for its support of the Montpensier succession.

In consequence of such an understanding with

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France, Austria imagined that she might recur to her old policy, might once more intimidate the sovereigns of Rome, Naples, and Sardinia, without any fear of an Ancona occupation; and accordingly Prince Metternich pushed his legions to the city of Ferrara. He, however, reckoned without his host. Although France might have been bought, England remained unsold. One of the powers that had sanctioned the occupation of Ancona and the independence of Italy was true to its old policy, and took up that standard which the French king had purposely let fall, and which announced that the apparition of Austrian bayonets beyond the Po would bring British guns and vessels into the Italian ports both of the Adriatic and of the western coast. The demonstration was enough. Austria has withdrawn. The pope and the Italians are left to right themselves, and work out their own reforms; each government being left undisturbed in its confidence and councils to guide and control the popular effervescence and its outbreaks—most dangerous, indeed, but inevitable in such a state of things, and which hitherto has been marked by no fatal or disastrous symptoms. Never did a great, a national, a universal change from monarchic monopoly to the acknowledgment of popular rights, take place with less of the character, or more of the realities, of revolution.—*Examiner*, 18 *Sept.*

Diplomatic Intercourse with Rome.—The truth is that there is hardly a single court of Europe with which it is of greater importance that we should be in regular and legitimate communication than this. The pontifical dominions promise to be the birthplace of that enlightened and liberal policy which is to retrieve the long degradation of the Italian peninsula, and which it is the interest of all philanthropists to promote. Nor is the influence of their sovereign confined to his own territories. As the spiritual head of a vast number of British subjects, he exercises a certain controlling power within these realms which it might indeed be thought very desirable to transfer to more amenable hands, but which it is the height of childishness to ignore. The influence, such as it is, actually exists, not in force sufficient, as experience has often proved, to be weighed for a moment against the suggestions of loyalty or patriotism, but with quite enough reality to deserve attention. And yet, for the sake of a statute already condemned by the conclusions of sense and reason, we have been contented to forego all the benefit which might be derived from amicable relations with a sovereign whose voice on certain points would be respectfully listened to by some millions of British subjects.—*Times.*

Promotion of the Italian Princes.—There is reason to hope that the sovereigns of Italy have not only yielded to the peaceful revolution which keeps the even tenor of its way among them, but that they have adopted it, and perceive how large an interest they have in its consummation. It will virtually promote them from the rank of vassals to that of potentates. This is apparent from the facts.

Italy has never altogether lost her greatness. Her country is still blessed with the same sun that shone upon it when Rome emerged into the light of history, or when the city of Fiesole looked down upon the flooded Arno and saw no younger rival in Florence the Fair. From the earliest dawn of history, Italy has been a favored seat of intellect and art, more than once of political power. Although hideous corruption destroyed the empire of Rome, the Romans still exist. Florence and the other Italian city-states first helped civilization to struggle out of the dark ages; and although their returning greatness bore in it the seeds of decay, from the very necessity of inexperience, which made them adopt imperfect political principles, it should never be forgotten that they set Europe the example of civilization and self-government. Italians redeemed the lost learning of the ancients. Italians revived the arts, as they still lead in the youngest of the arts—music. Long as the Italians have been kept in bondage, they have never sunk so low as the other countries in the south of Europe. Spain, whose brightest history was that of her Arab rulers, has never rivalled Italy in intellect or art, but has always been in the comparison semi-barbarous. Greece, the great teacher and prototype of Italy, though possibly she may retain her natural faculties, is but emerging from the dark ages, prolonged for her by Mussulman oppression even to our own day. Italy has been held down, but has never yielded—has never forgotten, has never ceased to vindicate, her nationality; and Mr. Cobden can tell whether her politicians are behind our own in knowledge.

The accidents of their own priority in civilization, of their consequent dissensions, of the course of events in Europe, have contributed to split up the people of Italy into a number of petty states. The feeble sovereigns have sought a strength from without, and in return for Austrian protection have been the servants of Austria. That fatal reliance has deprived them of internal strength: defended against their own people, they have aided Austria in oppressing and weakening their people; their people have been an enemy, not a support; and thus the princes have been content to be sovereigns over states which were stunted, feeble, and poor. But the government of a poor and feeble state is itself poor and feeble; and the princes of Italy have scarcely ranked with the private peers of England or the marshals of France. They have been of no account in the councils of Europe.

It is all altered now. Italy, even while divided, has been one of the great nations of Europe; as intellectual as any; as replete with political information, as ripe for modern self-government, as most. But, divided among feeble princes, possessing no unity, she has been a blank in the European system. At present, when any question arises in Europe, we talk of its being settled by "the five powers"—Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia; the secondary powers, such as Holland and Belgium, occasionally take their share; but Italy is a nullity. Let her be free and united, and, with her high intellect, she becomes a leading, a first-rate power: we shall henceforth speak of the six powers—Austria, France, Great Britain, *Italy*, Prussia, and Russia. When Austria or Russia seeks to keep back the progress of the world, France and England will look to the princes of Italy to join them in maintaining the lead. Apart from all considerations of disinterested humanity, the princes of Italy, if they are as wise as they seem inclined to be, will perceive that the emancipation of their land under Pius the Ninth will confer upon them an immense accession of political power and royal dignity.—*Spectator.*

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From the Examiner.

History of the Bank of England, its Times and Traditions. By JOHN FRANCIS. Two vols. Willoughby; Effingham Wilson.

EVERY one has laughed at Sydney Smith's witty and wise assertion that the warlike power of every country, in these modern and mercantile days, depends on their three per cents. "If Cæsar were to reäppear on earth," said the peaceful canon, *Wettenhall's List* would be more important than his *Commentaries*; Rothschild would open and shut the Temple of Janus; Thomas Baring, or Bates, would probably command the tenth legion; and the soldiers would march to battle with loud cries of scrip and omnium, reduced, consols, and Cæsar." Great accountants bear out the great wit; and Mr. Finlayson, examining the states of the three per cents. all over the world, tells the House of Commons assembled in grave committee at what precise time it may look for insolence, and when for patience, from the full or empty purses of the rival powers of Europe. What more dignified subject for history, then, in these modern days, than banks and banking operations? So it seemed to Mr. Francis, who has written a very amusing book. He appears to be connected in some way with the great corporation, and familiar with its practical workings and ways. But he has treated his subject popularly; and does not affect to discuss the many grave questions which rise in connection with it, and are likely to force themselves soon more nearly upon public attention. He has a clever knack at compiling, fits in his anecdotes very pleasantly, and writes what he has to say for himself with considerable ease and freedom of style.

To any knowledge of the science of political economy, we should think Mr. Francis made small pretension; and his book will win little regard from the graver economical pundits. He is simply and as it were personally devoted to the very respectable Old Lady of Threadneedle street. Her griefs are his; her accidents, adventures, and glories. What she owed to her founder, William Paterson; how far she has been befriended by the state, and with what rich interest she has repaid that service; how the fates of such schemes as the Mississippi in France, and the South Sea in England, were but testimonies in her behalf; how panics arising from the pope, the devil, the pretender, joint-stock schemes, and railways, have at various times agitated the old lady; how she has borne up against the "runs" that have on these occasions threatened to bear her down; how she has been able, when necessary, without any very material loss of character, to suspend her payments in cash; how she might have profited by branch banks, and how much more the country would have profited by their adoption; how the curious forgeries of Price, the desperate frauds of Fauntleroy, and all the various exchequer bills, wills, and continental forgeries, have variously affected or afflicted her; and finally, what countless human beings' blood she has shed in a vain attempt to keep her own one-pound-circulation pure;—all this is Mr. Francis' theme. We must do him the justice to add, that in the last-mentioned case, he does not think his venerable client void of blame. His opinions on such matters are liberal and intelligent, as we find them for the most part on every subject introduced.

Occasionally we have a slip of the pen; as where he mentions a celebrated incident of the reign of Charles the First:

"The treasure arising from the accumulated gains of the merchants had been deposited by them in the mint, then within the tower, with a perfect conviction of its safety. If the short-sighted policy of the earlier kings of England had extorted money from the Jew and the Lombard, at least they borrowed from their English subjects; it remained for the polished Charles to sully his fair fame by robbing them. Yet let him not be judged too harshly. Right and wrong assume new aspects under varying circumstances. The monarch trembled on his throne. His prerogatives were denied. His favorite minister was impeached. The claims of his children were endangered. A discontented people were opposed to a perfidious court. An irritated parliament were thwarting a proud aristocracy. The supplies were stopped, and levies were made in vain. To compass these dangers money was required; to gain it by ordinary means was impracticable. Ere judgment be passed, let these things be remembered. Rank, family, life, were in the balance, and the monarch yielded. The money placed by the merchants in the mint, amounting to two hundred thousand pounds, was seized; the sanctuary of a people's commercial faith was violated to supply the royal necessities."

Is not this somewhat dangerous "bank" doctrine? If the circumstances Mr. Francis mentions, and not the immutable moral laws, are to determine right and wrong, what wretched culprit that ever held up his hand at the Old Bailey might not have pleaded precisely such in acquittal of his crime? The murderer lifts the knife, and the thief takes the purse, because "to gain his object by ordinary means is impracticable."

The passage is also an illustration of a somewhat vicious excess of short sentences which impairs the otherwise easy style of Mr. Francis' writing. "The prize for which he struck was a kingdom." says Mr. F. of the Pretender. "The spirit with which he contended was worthy of the prize. His march was one scene of triumph. Men fought for him. Women embraced him." And so forth. "He soon learned to play many parts," says Mr. F. of Charles Price the forger. "Now a comedian, and now a gentleman's servant. At one time a rogue and the companion of rogues, and then a fraudulent brewer or a fraudulent bankrupt. Great talent was employed in enormous crimes, and great evil was the result. His only confidant was his mistress. He practised engraving till he became proficient. He made his own ink. He manufactured his own paper." All this, with its huge affectation of pretence about it, is miserable slip-slop. Let us give one more instance. "England," says Mr. F., speaking of the time of the French Three Days, "felt that mighty and revolutionary spirit. The demands for reform grew earnest and incessant. Ireland was told by the Liberator to look at France and Belgium. Kent, the garden of England, witnessed the first disturbances. Night after night, conflagrations were lighted up by bands of incendiaries. Mills were attacked. Machinery was demolished. All protection for property seemed at an end." A man who can write so well as Mr. Francis should be ashamed of such writing as this.

We close with a few extracts that are more amusing. Lovers of mere anecdotical gossip will find Mr. Francis' book agreeable reading.

FATE OF ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE BANK.

"Mr. Michael Godfrey, whose pamphlet has been quoted, and to whose exertions, with those of William Paterson, may be traced the successful estab-

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lishment of the bank, met with a somewhat singular fate in 1695. Previously to this year, the allied armies had retreated before the wisdom of Louis, and the bravery of his soldiers. The funds supplied by the new corporation changed the scene; but the transmission of specie was difficult and full of hazard, and Mr. Godfrey left his peaceful avocations to visit Namur, then vigorously besieged by the English monarch. The deputy governor, willing to flatter the king, anxious to forward his mission, or possibly imagining the vicinity of the sovereign to be the safest place he could choose, ventured into the trenches. 'As you are no adventurer in the trade of war, Mr. Godfrey,' said William, 'I think you should not expose yourself to the hazard of it.'

"'Not being more exposed than your Majesty,' was the courtly reply, 'should I be excusable if I showed more concern?'

"'Yes!' returned William, 'I am in my duty, and therefore have a more reasonable claim to preservation.'

"A cannon-ball at this moment answered the 'reasonable claim to preservation,' by killing Mr. Godfrey with several officers near the king, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to fancy a saturnine smile passing over the countenance of the monarch, as he beheld the fate of the citizen who paid so heavy a penalty for playing the courtier in the trenches of Namur. Tradition states that Mr. Godfrey's remains, which were buried in the churchyard of St. Christopher le Stocks, were disinterred, to make room for the enlargement of that prosperous establishment in which he once felt so deep an interest, and in the service of which he may be said to have fallen."

THE MISSISSIPPI MANIA.

"The dirty street, Quincampoix, in which Law resided, was impassable. People of the highest rank clustered about his dwelling to learn their destiny, and delicate women braved all weathers with the hope of enriching themselves. 300,000 applications were made for 50,000 shares; and the destiny of an empire, remarkable for its national *hauteur*, seemed in the hands of John Law, the son of a Scottish jeweller. * * * From six in the morning until eight in the evening the street was filled with fervent worshippers of mammon. The dissolute courtiers of the yet more dissolute regent shared in the spoil. The princes of the blood were not too proud to participate. They mingled with the eager crowd, they added their voices to the Babel-like confusion, and when they won the money of the *canaille*, thought they did them too much honor in accepting it. The antechamber of Law was crowded by women of rank and beauty—the mistress of Law was flattered by ladies as irreproachable as the court of the regent would allow them to be—and interviews with Law were sought with so much assiduity, that one lady caused her carriage to be upset to attract his attention; and another stopped before his hotel, and ordered her servants to raise the cry of 'Fire.' The people emulated one another in luxury. Equipages more remarkable for splendor than taste rolled about the streets. Footmen got up behind their own carriages, so accustomed were they to that position. One of those who had done so recollected himself in time to cover his mistake by saying he wished to see if room could be made for two or three more lackeys whom he had resolved to hire. The son of a baker, wishing a service of plate, sent the contents of a jeweller's shop to his wife, with directions to arrange the articles properly for supper. The opera was crowded with cooks, ladies' maids, and *grisettes*, dressed in the superbest style of fashion, who had fallen from a garret into a carriage."

A FRENCH SETTLEMENT.

"A considerable banker at Paris having a draught brought to him from a public office in that city for a large sum, which he could not answer, after cramming down the draught into a loaded pistol, called to the gentleman who brought it, and telling him, 'This, sir, is the way that persons who have no money pay bills that are due,' instantly clapped the pistol to his ear, and shot himself dead."

THE FIRST FORGER.

"The day on which a forged note was first presented at the Bank of England forms a memorable era in its history. For sixty-four years the establishment had circulated its paper with freedom; and during this period no attempt had been made to imitate it. He who takes the initiative in a new line of wrong doing has more than the simple act to answer for; and to Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linen-draper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed, and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes, the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty; and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how much longer bank-notes might have been free from imitation, had this man not shown with what ease they might be counterfeited."

THE FIRST CLIPPER.

"A new crime was discovered in 1767. The notice of the clerks at the bank had been attracted by the habit of William Guest, a teller, picking new from old guineas, without assigning any reason. An indefinite suspicion—increased by the knowledge that an ingot of gold had been seen in Guest's possession—was attracted; and although he asserted that it came from Holland, it was remarked to be very unlike the regular bars of gold, and that it had a considerable quantity of copper on the back. Attention being thus drawn to the behavior of Guest, he was observed to hand one Richard Still some guineas, which he took from a private drawer, and placed with the others on the table. Still was instantly followed; and on the examination of his money, three of the guineas in his possession were deficient in weight. An inquiry was immediately instituted; and forty of the guineas in the charge of Guest looked fresher than the others upon the edges, and weighed much less than the original amount. On searching his home, four pounds eleven ounces of gold filings were found, with some instruments calculated to produce artificial edges. Proofs soon multiplied; and the prisoner was found guilty. The instrument with which he had effected his fraud, of which one of the witnesses asserted it was the greatest improvement he had ever seen, is said to be yet in the mint, a memento of the prisoner's capacity and crime."

INGENUITY OF FRAUD.

"In 1780, a gentleman of eminence in the mercantile world was grieved by the contents of a letter

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which he received from a correspondent at Hamburgh, the post-mark of which it bore. From the statement it contained, it appeared that a person most minutely described had defrauded the writer, under extraordinary circumstances, of 3000*l*. The letter continued to say, information had been obtained that the defrauder—the dress and person of whom it described—was occasionally to be seen on the Dutch Walk of the Royal Exchange. The object of the writer was to induce his correspondent to invite the party to dinner; and, by any moral force which could be used, compel him to return the money; adding, that if he should be found amenable to reason, and evince any signs of repentance, he might be dismissed with a friendly caution and five hundred pounds, as he was a near relation of the writer. As the gentleman whose name it bore was a profitable correspondent, the London merchant kept a keen watch on the Dutch Walk, and was at last successful in meeting, and being introduced to the cheat. The invitation to dine was accepted; and the host, having previously given notice to his family to quit the table soon after dinner, acquainted his visitor with his knowledge of the fraud. Alarm and horror were depicted in the countenance of the young man, who, with tones apparently tremulous from emotion, begged his disgrace might not be made public. To this the merchant consented, provided the 3000*l*. were returned. The visitor sighed deeply; but said that to return all was impossible, as he had unfortunately spent part of the amount. The remainder, however, he proposed to yield instantly, and the notes were handed to the merchant, who, after dilating upon the goodness of the man he had robbed, concluded his moral lesson by handing a cheque for 500*l*. as a proof of his beneficence. The following morning the gentleman went to the banker to deposit the money he had received, when, to his great surprise, he was told that the notes were counterfeit. His next inquiries were concerning the cheque, but that had been cashed shortly after the opening of the bank. He immediately sent an express to his Hamburgh correspondent, who replied that the letter was a forgery, and that no fraud had been committed upon him. The whole affair had been plotted by a gang, some of whom were on the continent, and some in England."

Mr. Francis dedicates his book, as "illustrative of the origin and progress of the Bank of England, and forming the first history yet attempted of the greatest monetary establishment in the world," to Sir Robert Peel, whom he thinks the greatest statesman of the day.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

THE BATTLES OF CONTRERAS AND CHERUBUSCO.

THE following clear and admirable description of the march and achievements of the American army, under Gen. Scott, from the day of its leaving Puebla, until it became master of the city of Mexico, will be read with universal interest, and we therefore give it place, to the exclusion of much other matter prepared for to-day's paper:

SAN ANGELO, Mexico, Aug. 31, 1847.

We left Puebla on the morning of the 7th, and entered upon a beautiful rolling country of great fertility, supplying with its gardens the inhabitants of Puebla with food, and surrounded by lofty mountains, some of which were covered with snow. Our road was gradually ascending and so good that on looking back from the head of the column, our train could be seen for miles in rear, dotting with its snow-white tops the maguey covered plain. On our left was Popocatapetl and Iscatafetl, the snow on their not distant tops rendering the air quite chilly. General Scott did not leave with us, but came on the next day with Captain Kearney's dragoons.

The second day's march was like the first, gradually ascending, passing through defiles, narrow passes and over deep chasms, where a more determined enemy might have seriously annoyed us by merely making use of the obstacles nature everywhere presented. Thick woods of the finest forest trees were abundant, and the rugged nature of the country would readily carry one back to the northern parts of New England or the passes of the "Notch." Here and there beautiful little lakes were interspersed in the deep valleys, and the clearness and coldness of their waters were almost incredible.

The third day we were to encounter the much vaunted pass of "*Rio Frio*," and also the passage of the mountain which was to lead us to the El Dorado of our hopes, the great plain of Mexico. Our march was to be long and difficult, and three o'clock saw us under way with heart and hopes full of the prospect before us. The much dreaded pass is reached and passed. The mountains which skirt the road on the left, here close upon it for about a mile, overhanging and enfilading it completely and affording with their crests most excellent coverings for an enemy's marksmen. The newly cut trees and long range of breast-works thrown up on the crest, showed us that preparations had been made, while numerous parapets with embrasures in the logs taught us what might have been done. But no men were there—the muskets and cannon were gone. Valencia, with 6,000 Mexicans, was full a day's march ahead, making for Mexico with a speed which betrayed home-sickness. Rio Frio was found to be a little stream, pouring down from the snow mountain, of icy coldness and crystal purity. After a slight pause for refreshment, we commenced our ascent of the ridge which separates the plains of Puebla and Mexico, the former of which it had hitherto skirted. For several long miles we toiled up the hill, only recompensed for our labor by what we hoped to attain at last. When all were pretty nearly worn out, a sudden turn in the road brought to our view a sight which none can ever forget. The whole vast plain of Mexico was before us. The coldness of the air, which was most sensibly felt at this great height, our fatigue and danger were forgotten, and our eyes were the only sense that thought of enjoyment. Mexico, with its lofty steeples and its chequered domes, its bright reality, and its former fame, its modern splendor and its ancient magnificence, was before us: while around on every side its thousand lakes seemed like silver stars on a velvet mantle.

We encamped that night at the base of the mountain, with the enemy's scouts on every side of us. The next day we reached *Ayotla*, only fifteen miles from Mexico by the national road, which we had hitherto been following. Here we halted until Generals Quitman, Pillow, and Worth, with their divisions, should come up. We were separated from the city by the marshes which surround *Lake Tezcuco*, and by the lake itself. The road is a causeway running through the marsh and is commanded by a steep and lofty hill called *El Pinnol*. This hill completely enfilades and commands the

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national road, and had been fortified and repaired with the greatest care by Santa Anna. One side was inaccessible by nature, the rest had been made so by art. Batteries, in all mounting 50 guns of different calibres, had been placed on its sides, and a deep ditch, 24 feet wide and 10 deep, filled with water, had been cut connecting the parts already surrounded by marshes. On this side Santa Anna had 25,000 men against our force of a little over 9,000 all told.

On the 22d, we made a reconnoissance of the work, which was pronounced *impracticable*, as the lives of 5,000 men would be lost before the ditch could be crossed. We continued our search, and found another road which went round on the left, but when within five miles of the city, were halted by coming suddenly upon five strong batteries on the hill which commanded this road, at a place called *Mexicalcingo*. We soon countermarched, and then saw our danger. With one regiment and three companies of cavalry, in all about 400 men, we saw that *El Pinnol* lay directly between us and our camp, distant full 15 miles. Every eye was fixed on the hill with expectation of an approaching column, which should drive us back into a Mexican prison, while we stepped off with the speed and endurance of 400 Captain Barclays! At about midnight we arrived safely at camp, and General Scott did us the honor of calling it "the boldest reconnoissance of the war." General Worth was encamped about five miles off, that is, in a straight line, across the *Lake Chalco*, at a place of the same name, but about ten miles by the road. The Mexicans had a foundry in the mountains, at which we were getting some shells made, and on returning from which, Lieutenant Schuyler Hamilton was badly wounded.

By means of his scouts, General Worth had found a path round the left of *Lake Chalco*, which led us to the western gate of the city, and which, up to that time, had not been fortified. On the 14th, the other divisions commenced their march, while we brought up the train and the rear. In the morning, the train was sent in advance, while Smith's brigade acted as rear guard. It was composed of the rifles, 1st artillery, and the 3d infantry, with Taylor's battery. As the rear guard, marching slowly along, came up with the train, word came to General Twiggs that a force of about five thousand men were trying to cross the road between them and the train, in order to cut it off. We were then passing through a small village which, by a curious coincidence, was called *Buena Vista*. On our left were large fields of half-grown barley, through which was seen advancing, in splendid order, the enemy's column. It was the most splendid sight I had ever seen. The yellow cloaks, red caps and jackets of the lancers, and the bright blue and white uniforms of the infantry, were most beautifully contrasted with the green of the barley field. Our line of battle was soon formed, and we deployed through the grain to turn their left and cut them off from the mountains. A few shots, however, from the battery, soon showed them that they were observed, and countermarching in haste, they left their dead on the field. Thus ended our fight of Buena Vista. That night we stayed at Chalco. The next day we made a long and toilsome march over a horrible road, through which, with the utmost difficulty, we dragged our wagons by the assistance of both men and mules. The next was nearly the same, except that the road was, if possible, worse than before, as the Mexicans had blocked it up with large stones, rolled down from the neighboring hills. This night we encamped at a most beautiful olive grove, of immense size and accommodating at once both divisions. In the town, as well as in Chalco, there are still standing the churches of the Indians where the fire-worshippers assembled before Cortez had introduced a new religion. They are large and sombre edifices, differing but little from the churches of this country, and being near the city, are said to have been formerly resorted to by the ancient kings.

The next day we arrived in sight of the rest of the army, and heard the guns with which Worth was breaching the walls of San Antonio. That night the news of the death of Captain Thornton of the second dragoons reached us. He was a brave officer and a thorough gentleman, but was always unfortunate in his military career.

On the morning of the 19th, we left the little village where we had heard this sad news, and took the road to *San Juan*, about seven miles to the west and only about ten miles from the city. When we arrived here, we heard the sound of General Worth's guns, who was said to have attacked *San Augustine*, a village three miles nearer the capital, where Santa Anna was said to be with 20,000 men. When we arrived at San Juan, the men were told to sling their blankets across their shoulders, put their knapsacks into their wagons, and to put two days' bread and beef in their haversacks. When this order came, all knew that the time had come. The officers arranged their effects, put on their old coats, and filled their haversacks and flasks. Soon we were all ready for anything but a thrashing. We here heard the position of the enemy, which was nearly as follows:—Santa Anna with 20,000 men was at *San Augustine;* Valencia with 10,000 was at a hill called *Contreras*, which commanded another road parallel to the San Augustine road, but which led into it between the city and Santa Anna. Now, by cutting a road across, if we could whip Valencia, we could follow the road up and thus get in between Santa Anna and Mexico, and whip him too. General Worth, supported by General Quitman, was to keep Santa Anna in check, while Twiggs, backed by Pillow, was to try and astonish Valencia, which, you will see, he did very effectually. Pillow with some of the ten regiments was to cut the road. We left San Juan about 1 o'clock, not particularly desiring a fight so late in the day, but still not shunning it in case we could have a respectable chance. About 2 P. M., as we had crawled to the top of a hill, whither we had been ourselves pulling Magruder's battery and the mountain howitzers, we suddenly espied Valencia fortified on a hill about 200 yards off, and strongly reinforced by a column which had just come out of the city. We laid down close to avoid drawing their fire, while the battery moved past at a full gallop. Just then General Smith's manly voice rung out, "*Forward the rifles—to support the battery.*" On they went, till we got about 800 yards from the work, when the enemy opened upon them with his long guns, which were afterward found to be sixteen and eight inch howitzers. The ground was the worst possible for artillery, covered with rocks large and small, prickly pear and cactus, intersected by ditches filled with water and lined with maguey plant, itself imperviable to cavalry, and with patches of corn which concealed the enemy's skirmishers, while it impeded our own passage. The artillery advanced but slowly, under a most tremendous fire, which greatly injured it before it could be got in

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range, and the thickness of the undergrowth caused the skirmishers thrown forward to lose their relative position, as well as the column. About 4 the battery got in position under a most murderous fire of grape, canister and round shot. Here the superiority of the enemy's pieces rendered our fire nugatory. We could get but *three* pieces in battery, while they had *twenty-seven*, all of them three times the calibre of ours. For two hours our troops stood the storm of iron and lead they hailed upon them, unmoved. At every discharge they laid flat down to avoid the storm, and then sprung up to serve the guns. At the end of that time, two of the guns were dismounted and we badly hurt; thirteen of the horses were killed and disabled, and fifteen of the cannoneers killed and wounded. The regiment was then recalled. The lancers had been repelled in three successive charges. The 3d infantry and 1st artillery had also engaged and successfully repelled the enemy's skirmishers without loss of either officers or men. The greatest loss had been at the batteries. Officers looked gloomy for the first day's fight, but the brigade was formed, and General Smith in person took command. All felt revived, and followed him with a yell, as, creeping low to avoid the grape, which was coming very fast, we made a circuit in rear of the batteries, and passing off to the right we were soon lost to view in the chapparal and cactus. Passing over the path that we scrambled through, behold us, at almost 6 o'clock in the evening, tired, hungry and sorrowful, emerging from the chapparal and crossing the road between it and Valencia. Here we found Cadwallader and his brigade already formed, and discovered Riley's brigade skirmishing in rear of the enemy's works. Valencia was ignorant of our approach, and we were as yet safe. In front of us was Valencia strongly entrenched on a hill-side and surrounded by a regular field work concealed from us by an orchard in our rear. Mendoza with a column of 6000 was in the road, but thinking us to be friends. On our right was a large range of hills, whose continued crest was parallel to the road, and in which were formed in line of battle 5000 of the best Mexican cavalry. On our left we were separated from our own forces by an almost impassable wilderness, and it was now twilight. Even Smith looked round for help. Suddenly a thousand *vivas* came across the hill-side, like the yells of prairie wolves in the dead of night, and the squadrons on our right formed for charging. Smith 's himself again! "Face to the rear!" "Wait till you see their red caps, and then give it to them!" Furiously they came on a few yards, then changed their minds, and, disgusted at our cool reception, retired to their couches. On the edge of the road between us and Valencia, a Mexican hamlet spread out with its mud huts, large orchards, deep cut roads and a strong church, and through the centre of this hamlet ran a path parallel to the main road, but concealed from it: it is nearly a mile long. In this road Smith's and Riley's brigade spent the night. Shields, who came up in the night, lay in the orchard, while Cadwallader was nearest the enemy's works. As we were within range of their batteries, which could enfilade the road in which we lay, we built a stone breastwork at either end to conceal ourselves from their view and grape. There we were, completely surrounded by the enemy, cut off from our communications, ignorant of the ground, without artillery, weary, dispirited, and dejected; we were a disheartened set. With Santa Anna and Salas' promise of "no quarter," a force of four to one against us, and one half defeated already, no succor from Puebla, and no news from General Scott, all seemed dark.

Suddenly the words came whispered along, "*We storm at midnight.*" Now we are ourselves again! But what a horrible night. There we lay—too tired to eat, too wet to sleep, in the middle of that muddy road, officers and men side by side, with a heavy rain pouring down upon us, the officers without blankets or overcoats, (they had lost them in coming across,) and the men worn out with fatigue. About midnight the rain was so heavy that the streams in the road flooded us, and there we stood crowded together, drenched and benumbed, waiting till daylight. At half past three the welcome word, "*Fall in*," was passed down, and we commenced our march. The enemy's works were on a hill-side, behind which rose other and slightly higher hills separated by deep ravines and gullies and intersected by streams. The whole face of the country was of stiff clay, which rendered it almost impossible to advance. We formed our line about a quarter of a mile from the enemy's works, Riley's brigade on our right. At about 4 we started, winding through a thick orchard which effectually concealed us, even had it not been dark, debouching into a deep ravine which ran within about 500 yards of the work, and which carried us directly in rear and out of sight of their batteries. At dawn of day we reached our place, after incredible exertions, and got ready for our charge. The men threw off their wet blankets and looked to their pieces, while the officers got ready for a rush, and the first smile that lit up our faces for twelve hours boded but little good for the Mexicans. On the right, and opposite the right of their work, was Riley's brigade of the 2d and 1st infantry and 4th artillery, next the rifles, then the 1st artillery and 3d infantry. In rear of our left was Cadwallader's brigade as a support, with Shields' brigade in rear as a reserve, the whole division under command of General Smith in the absence of General Twiggs. They had a smooth place to rush down on the enemy's work, with the brow of the hill to keep under until the word was given.

At last, just at daylight, Gen. Smith, slowly walking up, asked if all was ready. A look answered him. "*Men, forward.*" And we *did* "forward." Springing up at once, Riley's brigade opened, when the crack of a hundred rifles started the Mexicans from their astonishment, and they opened their fire. Useless fire, for we were so close that they overshot us, and before they could turn their pieces on us we were on them. Then such cheers arose as you never heard. The men rushed forward like demons, yelling and firing the while. The carnage was frightful, and though they fired sharply it was of no use. The earthen parapet was cleared in an instant, and the blows of the stocks could be plainly heard, mingled with the yells and groans around. Just before the charge was made, a large body of lancers came winding up the road, looking most splendidly in their brilliant uniforms. They never got to the work, but turned and fled. In an instant all was one mass of confusion, each trying to be foremost in the flight. The road was literally blocked up, and while many perished by their own guns, it was almost impossible to fire on the mass, from the danger of killing our own men. Some fled up the ravine on the left, or on the right, and many of these were slain by turning their own guns on them. Toward the city the rifles and 2d infantry led off the pursuit. Seeing that a large crowd of the fugitives were jammed up in a pass in the road,

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some of our men ran through the cornfield, and by thus heading them off and firing down upon them, about 30 men took over 500 prisoners, nearly a hundred of them officers.

After disarming the prisoners, as the pursuit had ceased, we went back to the fort, where we found our troops in full possession, and the rout complete.

We found that the enemy's position was much stronger than we had supposed, and their artillery much larger and more abundant. Our own loss was small, which may be accounted for by their perfect surprise at our charge, as to them we appeared as if rising out of the earth, so unperceived was our approach. Our loss was one officer killed, Captain Hanson of the 7th infantry, and Lieutenant Van Buren of the rifles shot through the leg;—and about 50 men killed and wounded. Their force consisted of 8000 men under Valencia, with a reserve, which had not yet arrived, under Santa Anna. Their loss, as since ascertained, was as follows:—killed and buried since the fight, 750—wounded 1000, and 1500 prisoners, exclusive of officers, including four generals, Salas, Mendoza, Garcia and Guadalupe, in addition to dozens of colonels, majors, captains, &c. We captured in all on the hill 22 pieces of cannon, including five 8 inch howitzers, two long 18, three long 16, and several of 12 and 8 inches, and also the two identical 6 pounders captured by the Mexicans at Buena Vista, taken from Captain Washington's battery of the 4th artillery. The first officer who saw them happened to be the officer of the 4th, selected by General Scott to command the new battery of that regiment, Captain Drum. In addition were taken immense quantities of ammunition and muskets; in fact, the way was strewed with muskets, escopets, lances and flags for miles. Large quantities of horses and mules were also captured, though large numbers were killed.

Thus ended the glorious battle of Contreras, in which 2000 men, under General P. F. Smith, completely routed and destroyed an army of 8000 men under General Valencia, with Santa Anna and a force of 20,000 men within five miles. Their army was so completely routed that not 1500 men rejoined Santa Anna and participated in the second battle. Most people would have thought that a pretty good day's work. Not so. We had only saved ourselves, not conquered Mexico, and men's work was before us yet.

At 8 A. M. we formed again, and General Twiggs having taken command, we started on the road to Mexico. We had hardly marched a mile before we were sharply fired upon from both sides of the road, and our right was deployed to drive the enemy in. We soon found that we had caught up with the retreating party, from the very brisk firing in front, and we drove them through the little town of San Angelo, where they had been halting in force. About half a mile from this town we entered the suburbs of another called San Katherina, when a large party in the church-yard fired on the head of the column, and the balls came right among us. Our men kept rushing on their rear and cutting them down, until a discharge of grape shot from a large piece in front drove them back to the column. In this short space of time five men were killed, ten taken prisoners, and a small color captured, which was carried the rest of the day.

Meanwhile General Worth had made a demonstration on San Antonio, where the enemy was fortified in a strong hacienda; but they retired on his approach to *Cherubusco*, where the works were deemed impregnable. They consisted of a fortified hacienda, which was surrounded by a high and thick wall on all sides. Inside the wall was a stone building, the roof of which was flat and higher than the walls. Above all this was a stone church, still higher than the rest and having a large steeple. The wall was pierced with loop-holes and so arranged that there were two tiers of men firing at the same time. They thus had four different ranges of men firing at once, and four ranks were formed on each range and placed at such a height that they could not only overlook all the surrounding country, but at the same time they had a plunging fire upon us. Outside the hacienda, and completely commanding the avenues of approach, was a field work extending around two sides of the work and protected by a deep, wet ditch, and armed with seven large pieces. This hacienda is at the commencement of the causeway leading to the western gate of the city, and had to be passed before getting on the road. About 300 yards in rear of this work, another field work had been built where a cross road meets the causeway, at a point where it crosses a river, thus forming a bridge head, or *tête de pont*. This was also very strong and armed with three very large pieces of cannon. The works were surrounded on every side by large corn-fields, which were filled with the enemy's skirmishers, so that it was difficult to make a reconnoissance. It was therefore decided to make the attack immediately, as they were full of men and extended for nearly a mile on the road to the city, completely covering the causeway. The attack commenced about 1 P. M. General Twiggs' division attacked on the side towards which they approached the fort, i. e., opposite the city. General Worth's attacked the bridge head, which he took in about an hour and a half; while Generals Pillow and Quitman were on the extreme left, between the causeway and Twiggs' division. The rifles were on the left and in rear of the work, entrusted by General Scott with the task of charging the work in case General Pierce gave way. The firing was most tremendous—in fact, one continued roll while the combat lasted. The enemy, from their elevated position, could readily see our men, who were unable to get a clear view from their position. Three of the pieces were manned by "*The Deserters*," a body of about 100, who had deserted from the ranks of our army during the war. They were enrolled in two companies, commanded by a deserter, and were better uniformed and disciplined than the rest of the army. These men fought most desperately, and are said not only to have shot down several of our officers whom they knew, but to have pulled down the white flag of surrender no less than three times.

The battle raged most furiously for about three hours, when, both sides having lost a great many, the enemy began to give way. As soon as they commenced retreating, Kearney's squadron passed through the *tête de pont*, and charging through the retreating column, pursued them to the very gate of the city. As they got within about 500 yards of the gate, they were opened upon with grape and canister, and several officers wounded. Amongst the number was Captain Kearney, 1st dragoons, who lost his left arm above the elbow. Lieutenant Graham, of New York, received a severe flesh wound in his left arm. Captain McReynolds, ditto. Our loss in this second battle was large. We lost in killed seven officers, Capts. Capron, Burke, 1st artillery; Lieuts. Irons, Johnson, Hoffman, Captain Anderson, Lieut. Easely, 2d, infantry; Captain Han-

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son, 7th infantry. Lieut. Irons died on the 28th. Colonel Butler, of South Carolina, and about 30 officers wounded—exclusive of the volunteers. The official returns give our loss in killed and wounded at 1150, besides officers. The Mexican loss is 500 killed in the second battle, 1000 wounded, and 1100 prisoners, exclusive of officers. Three more generals were taken, among them General Rincon, and Anaya, the provisional president; also 10 pieces of cannon, and an immense amount of ammunition and stores. Santa Anna, in his report, states his loss in killed, wounded and missing at 12,000. He had only 18,000 left out of 30,000 which he gives as his force on the 20th in both actions.

Thus ended the battle of Cherubusco, one of the most furious and deadly, for its length, of any of the war. For reasons which he deemed conclusive, General Scott did not enter the city that night, but encamped on the battle field about four miles from the western gate of the city. The next day a flag of truce came out and propositions were made which resulted in an armistice.

Meanwhile the army is encamped in the villages around the city, recruiting from their fatigue and nursing the sick and wounded. There are but few sick, and the wounded are getting along comfortably in their hospitals.

From the Union.

DIFFERENCE OF LONGITUDE BY TELEGRAPH.

One of the earliest uses of Morse's electro-magnetic telegraph, was that of determining geographical longitude. A few signals were passed between Washington and Baltimore in 1844, under the direction of Captain Wilkes, by carrying chronometers from astronomical stations to the telegraph offices. But the most complete trial of this method extant, has recently been made under the direction of the present superintendent of the United States coast survey, Professor Bache.

In the autumn of 1845, arrangements were commenced for making an experiment on the whole extent of the line from Jersey city to Washington, a distance of 250 miles. Immediately after the completion of the line in 1846, trials were made. The violent storms of the autumn, and the continual repairs along these new lines, prevented complete success in 1846. Accordingly, in the months of July and August of this year, operations were resumed on the new and more perfectly insulated lines.

Professor Bache had built, at the expense of the survey, a line from the Washington post-office to the National Observatory. He had procured for the three observatories of Washington, Philadelphia, and Jersey city, full and complete telegraph apparatus, and had connected them with the main line, so as to make these observatories temporary telegraph offices; having rented the line of the Telegraph Company for astronomical purposes only. Professor Bache had also, at the expense of the survey, erected the temporary observatory at Jersey city, and engaged the services of Professor Loomis, the late distinguished director of the Western Reserve Observatory, now in the chair of physics in the New York University. He had also engaged the services of Professor Kendall, the director of the observatory of the Central High School of Philadelphia. Lieutenant Maury, the superintendent of the National Observatory, had, early in 1845, tendered to Professor Bache the co-operation of that establishment. The arrangement of the details of the work was entrusted to Sears C. Walker, one of the assistants of the survey. It is understood that a full and detailed report of these operations will be made this autumn, by the superintendent, to the secretary of the treasury. As some partial notices of the work have already found their way prematurely into the public prints, we are authorized to lay before our readers, in an authentic form, a general view of the nature of these operations, of which the results will, in proper time, be made public.

The clocks at the observatories having been carefully regulated by astronomical observations, at 10 P. M., possession of the line for the night is given over to the astronomers, and skilful operators accompanying them at each station.

The performances of the 3d of August, 1847, may be quoted as an example of a successful night's work. The source of electrical power was a Grove's constant battery, having forty-four half-pint cups. The magnets were adjusted by the operators, and twenty clock signals were given by Mr. Zantzinger, the operator at Jersey city, at intervals of ten seconds each, and at coincidences with the clock beats. These twenty signals were compared with the Jersey city clock by Professor Loomis, and by Professor Hubbard, U. S. N., (then on a visit to Jersey city.) The same twenty were received and compared with the clock of the Philadelphia observatory by three observers, Messrs. Walker, Reynolds, and Mason, (Professor Kendall being absent.) The same set of twenty signals was also received and compared with the clock at the Washington observatory by Professor Keith, the officer charged with this duty by Lieutenant Maury.

In the same manner the twenty signals from Philadelphia and from Washington were recorded at the three stations. It is known that no two observers, with the same transit instrument and clock, obtain for it the same correction. Each has his peculiar habit of seeing and hearing. It became necessary for all the observers to meet together, and to make observations at the same place, on the same evening, with the same instruments, in order to find the reduction of each one's clock correction to a normal or average value.

After applying this correction for the peculiarities of the observers, it may be presumed, from the excellence of the instruments and experience of the observers, that the corrected clocks at Washington, Philadelphia, and Jersey city, indicated the true siderial time of these meridians, within a quarter—perhaps within a tenth part—of a second.

The method adopted of observing zenith stars before and after reversal of the transit instrument, gives to the clock time, after correcting for personal equations, a precision little short of the actual levelling. Now, with the levels in use at these places, a second of arc, or seventy feet of longitude, is represented by a line, or tenth of an inch. The precision of a full night's work may be readily reduced within forty feet, so far as the levelling instrument is concerned.

If these clocks, or chronometers, so corrected, could be suddenly brought side by side, without deranging their motions, a simple comparison of their corrected readings for the same instant of time would give the difference of longitude, with a precision not far short of the clock corrections themselves, or of the levelling observations on which they chiefly depend. This method forms the basis of the chronometer expeditions, of which extensive

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and successful use was made by Robert Treat Paine, Esq., in the Massachusetts survey.

It is in the same manner that the observatories of Liverpool, England, and of Cambridge, New England, have been connected together by William Cranch Bond, Esq., by means of the chronometers of the Liverpool steamers.

But the magnetic telegraph method dispenses with the transportation of chonometers, and only transports the essential portion, viz., the clock beat itself.

The practised observer can readily strike on his key with such precision that the most delicate ear cannot distinguish any want of accord between the clock beats and the key beats. This method of beating time resembles the process of the leader of an orchestra.

So far, then, as the giving of signals is concerned, no error need be apprehended. But the party who, at another observatory, receives this signal and enters the clock time of it, according to the best of his judgment, is liable to three separate and independent sources of error.

The *first* is in the time (if any) employed by the electro-magnetic fluid or wave, in traversing, for instance, the two hundred and fifty miles of the wire that connects the Washington and Jersey city observatories.

The *second* is the time that elapses after the fluid or wave has traversed the interval and commenced the induction of magnetic action in the receiving magnet, and before it brings up the armature, and causes an armature beat that is recorded by the receiving observer.

The *third* is the error committed by the receiving observer, in noting the fraction of a second between the clock beats preceding and following his armature beat.

From this enumeration of the sources of error, it appears that, when we take the mean of the two values for the longitude between two observatories by the *eastern* and the *western* signals, the result requires four corrections:—one is for the difference, or personal equation, of the *clock corrections;* one is for that of *clock notings;* a third is for that of circuit time, (astronomically, *aberration time;*) and a fourth for that of *armature time.*

The first two corrections are ascertained by bringing the two observers together. The sum of the other two may be obtained by subtracting the longitude, by *eastern* signals, from the longitude by *western* signals. Half the remainder is the sum of the two *circuit times* and of the two *armature times.*

Now, the more the experiments are repeated, and the greater the care bestowed on them, the more nearly does the sum of these four errors approach to nothing. The conclusion from this circumstance is irresistible, that if the sum of these two pairs of quantities (all positive) is inappreciable, the difference between the two similar individuals of these pairs is, for a stronger reason, insensible.

The number of clock signals transmitted along the line is about a thousand; the number of clock notings for signals, and for personal equations, is about five thousand. It appears from a discussion of them, as might have been expected beforehand, that this method of determining geographical longitude between the stations of a trigonometrical survey, first put into successful practice by Dr. Bache, is free from all appreciable sources of constant error; and that a sufficient multiplication of the nights of observations, (those of 1846 include eleven nights,) must give to the astronomical department of the United States coast survey a precision which, for want of such a method, no other nation has attained.

Previous to the application of Morse's telegraph to purposes of geodesy by Dr. Bache, (with the exception of Robert Treat Paine's stations in New England,) hardly two points in America, out of sight of each other, could be relied upon for longitudes obtained by astronomical methods, within a thousand feet. After its free use in the United States coast survey, it may happen that this uncertainty of a thousand feet may be reduced below a hundred —a degree of precision hardly attained to by any two observations in Europe. W.

SHIP-BUILDING IN THE WEST.

We have no doubt that the building of sea vessels will hereafter become a much more important interest to the west than it has heretofore been. The experiments in ship-building that have already been made have succeeded admirably, and the enterprise of those who have engaged in that branch of industry has been properly rewarded. That the west possesses peculiar advantages for ship-building is known to all who have ever devoted attention to the subject. We have timber, iron, hemp, and every material that enters into the construction of ships, in great abundance, and the skill to put them together in their most perfect form. The vessels that have been built on the Ohio have been noticed in the seaports for their excellence, and have made their trips in such time as to prove themselves to be good sailers.

We take the subjoined article, in relation to this interesting subject, from a late Philadelphia paper:—

"Our attention has been attracted, within a few days past, to a remarkably beautiful bark lying at the foot of Washington street wharf, Southwark, the history of which, we know, would awaken the interest of our citizens. She is named the John Farnum, in honor of the senior partner of the firm of Farnum, Newhall & Co., of this city. The bark was built in Marietta, Ohio, by Capt. William Knox, for Messrs. A. & I. Waters, of that place, who are engaged extensively in the project of ship-building.

"This vessel is built in modern and approved style, and, in the judgment of many, will favorably compare with the best and prettiest of the eastern built ships.

"The John Farnum *was sent laden with Ohio corn to Ireland;* arrived in 'good order and well conditioned' at Cork, and then *sailed for this city.*

"The feasibility of ship-building on the Ohio is no longer to be questioned. On the contrary, for many reasons, it appears to be an admirable investment for eastern capital. The difficulty of getting vessels to sea is entirely obviated; four times in the year a sufficient amount of water may be depended upon in the Ohio and Mississippi, and, with the assistance of a steamer, a vessel of any ordinary draught may be safely towed to New Orleans from Marietta, a distance of two thousand miles, in less than eight days. Nor is there any difficulty in procuring freight at Cincinnati or other places at any time, of pork, flour, or other western produce, for the eastern cities, which will pay a net profit of twenty per cent., on the cost of the vessel.

"The Marietta ship-builders have all the timber necessary within a few miles of the place; the best white oak, white pine, black locust, and black walnut. The durability of the work and materials may

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be judged of by the fact, that the ship Rufus Putnam, which was built in Marietta, in 1810, is still in active employ, and in good condition.

"Timber in the east is gradually becoming more scarce and expensive, and it appears to us that, sooner or later, the attention of our ship-builders must be directed to the west for their supplies."

Now, if the above estimate is correct, and if, as we presume is the case, the cost of timber is much less on this river than it is in the neighborhood of the eastern ports, why are we not to expect the establishment of extensive ship-yards on the Ohio, Kentucky, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers? We have all the materials of which a vessel is built and fitted for sea, in the greatest abundance. Timber is abundant on the banks of all our rivers, for the hull; pine is found on the Alleghany, Tennessee, and Cumberland, for masts and spars; while all around us is iron for bolts, anchors, and chains, and hemp for cordage. When the ship is completed, we have freight for her suitable to any foreign market. Why should we continue tributary to the east for the facilities of sending our great staples to the consumers, and why cannot we avoid, in part, the heavy duties at New Orleans, in the shape of commissions, expenses of reshipment, &c., with which our produce is now burdened? We are glad to learn that a vessel is now building at the mouth of Salt river, by Messrs. Cunningham & Rogers, of this city, and that a Philadelphia and New Jersey company have recently invested a large capital at Paducah, in a ship-yard and mill, and intend to ship kiln-dried corn-meal direct from their wharf to the foreign market. Success to the undertaking.—*Louisville (Ky.) Journal.*

From the National Era.

FAREWELL TO THE SEA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

Around my skiff, come, ocean, play,
And dash thy billows, cherished main;
Which do, like love, both night and day,
With an eternal moaning lay,
O'er these poetic wrecks complain.

I love to float upon thy face,
When, from the high and lofty shore,
The orange tree and vine, with grace,
Cast their dark shadows at its base,
When timid seamen feel secure.

Without an oar, oft, in my boat
I fondly trust myself to thee,
And lulling sleep try to promote,
As on thy tossing surge I float,
And close my eyes with apathy.

As a bold courser, swift and kind,
Which goes with speed, without a rein,
A safe asylum dost thou find,
And, with a soft and steady wind,
Dost bring me back in port again.

Ah! rock, and rock, and rock once more,
Ah! rock again, thou mighty sea;
Rock him who from his earliest hour
Has felt and owned thy awful power,
And mused on nought but woods and thee!

When God in wisdom did ordain
The sea the earth should beautify,
One thing another should enchain,
He made the sky shine on the main,
And the deep sea reflect the sky.

As freemen's thoughts so thou art free;
The ships of kings thou cast'st away,
And in thy wild insanity,
Faithful to God, who governs thee,
His voice alone wilt thou obey.

Image sublime of boundless power,
From wave to wave in vain the eye
Does follow thee to seek a shore,
In vain thy vastness I explore,
As boundless as eternity.

Thy voice majestic, sweet, and grand,
Echo upon thy shores resounds,
Or when it falls upon the strand,
Like Zephyr's whispers, soft and bland,
Murmurs melodious dying sounds.

How I love thee, when in the breeze
My timid bark does glide on thee,
When like a giant, as they please,
Under its weight the running seas
A liquid cradle make for me.

How I love thee, when at his ease
In his cool grotto Zephyr lies,
And when thy shore, covered with trees,
With smiles upon thy bosom sees
Its dancing shadows and the skies.

How I love thee, when from my poop
A thousand streamers gayly sail,
Play in the breeze which keeps them up,
And crown my batteau like a cup
Whose edge sweet flowers adorn and veil.

How sweet, when under sunny skies
Thy face is ruffled by the air,
When my hand on thy surface lies,
Thy billows fall, and swell, and rise,
Like the soft bosom of the fair.

Come, as my bark now glides away,
Come, ere we part, a kiss bestow;
With plaintive voice now farewell say,
And with a wild and dashing spray,
Once more, oh sea, come wet my brow.

And now let on thy rolling wave
My little bark float frank and free,
And whether 'neath the Sibyl's cave,
Or over Virgil's silent grave,
Sacred thy billows are to me.

Upon thy shore, 'neath heaven's dome,
Where cherished love first broke my peace,
My soul, then softened by thy hum,
Finds an asylum and a home,
And wrecks of my departed bliss.

At random float, for on the sea,
Where'er I 'm carried by the stream,
An image in each wave I see;
Upon thy banks, each rock, each tree,
Brings back some youthful charming dream.

Bubulcus.

The creative spirit streams, like the Nile, from unknown and secret sources, bursts its way through rocks and over mountains, enriches the regions through which it flows with untold wealth, and finally, when it empties by many mouths, increases the sea of knowledge.—*Jacobs.*

New, bold, and inspiring ideas are only born of a clear head that stands over a glowing heart. The most precious wine is produced upon the sides of volcanoes.—*Jacobs.*

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From the National Era.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Oh, Mother Earth! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving!
Fold softly in thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word
And serpent hiss of scorning;
Nor let the storms of yesterday
Disturb his quiet morning.
Breathe over him forgetfulness
Of all save deeds of kindness,
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye
He heard Potomac's flowing,
And, through his tall ancestral trees,
Saw autumn's sunset glowing,
He sleeps—still looking to the west,
Beneath the dark wood shadow,
As if he still would see the sun
Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, sage, and tribune!—in himself
All moods of mind contrasting—
The tenderest wail of human woe,
The scorn like lightning blasting;
The pathos which from rival eyes
Unwilling tears could summon,
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower
From lips of life-long sadness,
Clear picturings of majestic thought
Upon a ground of madness:
And over all romance and song
A classic beauty throwing,
And laurelled Clio at his side
Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him: each in turn
Beheld its schemes disjointed,
As right or left his fatal glance
And spectral finger pointed.
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down
With trenchant wit unsparing,
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand
The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign
A love he never cherished,
Beyond Virginia's border line
His patriotism perished.
While others hailed in distant skies
Our Eagle's dusky pinion,
He only saw the mountain bird
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of fortune strange,
Racked nerve, and brain all burning,
His loving faith in mother-land
Knew never shade of turning;
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave,
Whatever sky was o'er him,
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves: yet made withal
No false and vain pretences,
Nor paid a lying priest to seek
For scriptural defences.
His harshest words of proud rebuke,
His bitterest taunt and scorning,
Fell fire-like on the northern brow,
That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves: yet kept the while
His reverence for the Human;
In the dark vassals of his will
He saw but Man and Woman!
No hunter of God's outraged poor
His Roanoke valley entered;
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured.*

And when the old and wearied man
Laid down for his last sleeping,
And at his side, a slave no more,
His brother man stood weeping,
His latest thought, his latest breath,
To Freedom's duty giving,
With failing tongue and trembling hand,
The dying blest the living.

Oh! never bore his ancient state
A truer son or braver!
None trampling with a calmer scorn
On foreign hate or favor.
He knew her faults, yet never stooped
His proud and manly feeling
To poor excuses of the wrong,
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,
None heard more sure the steps of Doom
Along her future treading.
For her as for himself he spake,
When, his gaunt frame upbracing,
He traced with dying hand "Remorse!"†
And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,
From Vernon's weeping willow,
And from the grassy pall which hides
The sage of Monticello,
So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,
Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves
A warning voice is swelling!

And hark! from thy deserted fields
Are sadder warnings spoken,
From quenched hearths, where thy exiled sons
Their household gods have broken.
The Curse is on thee—wolves for men,
And briers for corn-sheaves giving!
Oh! more than all thy dead renown
Were now one hero living!

J. G. W.

* Randolph had a hearty hatred of slave-traders, and it is said treated some of them quite roughly who ventured to cheapen his "chattels personal."

† See the remarkable statement of Dr. Parrish, his medical attendant.

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RAILROADS IN THE INDIES.

THE British people are making a new movement upon the globe—one that interests the United States not a little, too—and that is, for the establishment of railways in the East Indies, mainly with the view of developing the cotton culture of the East, and to bring it cheap from a distance to a market on the sea-board. British writers in India have all along contended that the reason why the East India cotton planters could not compete with the United States was in the greater cost of the transportation. In many a province the cotton now perishes upon the ground because it is not worth the cost of transportation, or is wasted away in value to what is worse than nothing, if the transportation is attempted. Thus a serious drawback has existed upon the cotton fields of India which, added to inexperience and inferior qualities, has hitherto discouraged all competition, and given the United States her supremacy in the British markets. That supremacy, however, has been and continues to be such a source of annoyance to British enterprise and British pride, that her people have not only made extravagant and extraordinary enterprises successfully to raise cotton in India, but are now renewing them with more vigor than ever, notwithstanding past discouragements, and, thus far, very poor success. Time alone, however, can develop what is to be their success; but one thing is quite clear, that what man can do England will do, with all the wealth of the world at her feet, and with colonies in such varieties of latitude and climate that they are well said to encircle the globe, and everywhere to welcome the rising sun with her morning drumbeat.

In the month of August, we see by the London papers that an East Indian Railway Board was organized, and that on the 20th of September the three commissioners appointed were to sail for the scene of their enterprise, with a full executive staff of surveyors and engineers. The Indian government has guarantied to the Bengal company undertaking the first enterprise a *minimum* dividend of five per cent., to commence immediately, and to continue for twenty-five years, or for seventeen years after the completed work shall have been opened for traffic. A free lease for ninety years of all the land required has also been granted by the same authorities. There will be no compensation to landholders, no competition, either now or hereafter, with any rival applicants, and no parliamentary expenses. The cheerful and undivided energies of a government which, for such a purpose, may be termed despotic, will be at the ready service of the adventurers. It must be recollected, also, that labor will be abundantly and cheaply supplied, and that the requisite materials are furnished by the productions of the country in most serviceable profusion.

The British press have for a long time past indulged in lively anticipations of what would be the grand spectacles in the East Indies, when all the Indian seas were coasted by British steamers and were touched by railways. It is difficult for us Americans, remote from the scenes, or ignorant of Indian geography and resources, to appreciate the worth of all these British visions; but there can be no doubt, even with the few lights before us, that the locomotive and the steamboat are soon to recuperate and rejuvenate the earliest, the infant home of ancient civilization. The steam fleet of the British authorities in India already exceeds sixty in number, and a regular mail is running from Hong Kong, in China, to the Red Sea. Now, when there is added to this oceanic power, already constituting England the Neptune, and giving her the trident of the Eastern seas, the further power of iron roads over all the presidencies of British India, who does not feel that Great Britain is to be the Jupiter Tonans of this our earth, and that the "Indies" are emphatically at his feet? The London Times, in the ecstasies of the prospect before its countrymen, and before India, exclaims:

"If the rich produce of the plains of Bengal could be interchanged with the crops of the table land of the Deccan, or the luxuriant abundances of Candeish and Tanjore be made reciprocally available for the ryots of either province, the desolating plagues of past years would be seen no more. There will be a check to sickness. By the means of these communications, the malaria of a locality or a season may be cheaply and summarily exchanged for a climate more salubrious than Cumberland and more genial than Madeira, and the appliances of skill and the aids of nature may be brought home to every man's door. There will be new impulses and opportunities for civilization. The simple or suspicious native of the interior will be brought into easy communication with the seats of our power, and will appreciate more readily and deeply the creeds and character of a people who are now nearly the oldest as well as the mightiest amongst the rulers of his land. The commercial results of the enterprise would be equally extensive. The value of every province in India would be multiplied tenfold, and the wealth of that land of fable, which was so glowingly depicted and so seldom discovered in early days, would now really flow in full stream to our harbors. The cotton of Berar and Bejapoor, which now perishes on the ground, or is frittered to dust on the road, would supply work and bread to thousands of our industrious countrymen, and the produce of every loom and plough from the Jumna to the Cauvery would be trebled in its worth both to the laborious native and to the people with whose exports he could provide himself in exchange. But these benefits, great as they are, are exceeded by the inexpressible accession to the general welfare of the poor Hindoos. There is a class of our readers in whose eyes philanthropy outweighs every other consideration, and to their notice we recommend this enterprise; for, if the well-being of others is to command the coöperation of men, we do most boldly assert that no mission ever sailed fraught with more momentous interests to a vast population than that which is to depart from our shores on the 20th of next September."

We Americans forget, with only England, Ireland, and Scotland on the map before us, and the North American provinces about us, that Britain is at this moment founding and establishing an empire in the Indies, as plenipotent as that we ourselves boast of having upon this continent. Looking at what she is now striving to bring about in that remote quarter of the world, and contemplating the vast consequences to trade, civilization, and Christianity that her movements threaten or promise, we may all well join with the "Times" in saying "no mission ever sailed fraught with more momentous interests" than that which is composed of Mr. Macdonald Stephenson, Mr. Arthur Adams, and Mr. Alfred Beeston, with the engineers, &c., all of whom were to proceed to Calcutta in the steamer of the 20th.—*New York Express.*

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MISCELLANEOUS FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Pusey has thought it necessary to send the subjoined disclaimer to the *Morning Herald*;—

"Sir—In consequence of a circumstantial statement copied by you from the *Standard*, that one formerly a clergyman in the English Church said that he had 'gone to Rome' by my advice, it seems best to say, once for all, that if any person ever said anything of the sort, he was guilty of a wilful untruth. I never advised *any individual* whatever to 'go to Rome,' or leave the English Church. Such advice mostly comes from a very different quarter. On the contrary, those who know me, know well, that, being convinced of the Divine office and mission of the English Church, I have never ceased to endeavor to remove the doubts of any who have applied to me.

"I contradict this account because it was brought before me, and is detailed so very circumstantially; but I cannot undertake to contradict all the idle tales in circulation; nor, if people are willing to believe them, must I leave my proper duties to correct them.

"I remain your humble servant,

"E. B. Pusey."

"*Christ Church, 4th Sept.*"

The *Morning Post* states that some gentlemen, of high character and considerable influence with the middle classes of society, have determined to make a serious effort to establish "a corporate or collegiate institution of females," with somewhat similar objects in view to those of the Sisters of Charity on the continent. The proposal is, to establish an institution for the maintenance and education of nurses and visiters of the sick and poor. The Bishop of London, it is said, not only sanctions the plan, but has consented to become president of the proposed institution.

The Gazette publishes an order in council announcing that copyright is secured to authors and composers in the Thuringian Union, for such works as may be printed and sold in Great Britain and Ireland, and *vice versa*. The Thuringian Union consists of the following States—Saxe-Weimar Eisenach, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Meiningen, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Schwarzburgh-Sondershausen, Reuss-Greitz, Reuss-Lobenstein-Eberdorf, and Reuss-Schleitz.

A letter from Rome, of the 20th August, says that M. Rossi, the French minister, having made an offer of armed protection to Cardinal Ferretti, the latter frankly refused it; adding, that the Pope had never relied on the intentions of France, and that he could not help considering the governments of France and Austria as bound by a secret compact.

Lord Dundonald has addressed the elective peers of Scotland, offering himself as a candidate for one of the vacancies in the representation. He bases his claims on his practical knowledge of naval affairs, which may be soon called into requisition; on his capability of suggesting important naval reforms; and on his plans for improving naval warfare, which, at one fourth of the cost of making forts and ports of refuge, "would enable the navy to annihilate every ship of war in the ports of Europe or elsewhere."

"There is scarcely any doubt," says a letter from Frankfort, "that a congress for postal reform will be held in October next, at Dresden. Hanover has assented, and the few objections made by Bavaria will be easily waived at the congress. All the principal postal administrations of Germany are agreed on the urgency of a reform."

The General Free Trade Congress will be held at Brussels on the 14th instant, in the Hotel de Ville, which has been offered by the authorities for the occasion. The deliberations of the congress, it is said, "will turn upon the general principles which constitute the basis of political economy, and of the doctrine of free trade; on the special reasons of each country for or against free trade; on the influence of the freedom of interchange on the working classes; on the arts and sciences; on civilization in general; and on the maintenance of a good understanding between nations. Any financial questions in connection with the freedom of commerce will also be discussed. The writers on political economy, and statistical writers of all countries, are invited to attend; and the congress, in all respects, is expected to be an important one."

The Belgian Association for promoting the Liberty of Commerce has issued a circular setting forth the advantages of the meeting—

"By assembling at Brussels the individuals who from their exertions and position are at the head of the politico-economical movements of the world, the Belgian Association for the Liberty of Commerce apprehend it should take the shortest road for reducing the difficulties and destroying the prejudices which continue to be opposed to the extension of the commercial relations between different countries. * * * *

"Advantage has been taken of a meeting at Brussels for the extension of reformative punishments, (*congrès penitentiare*,) and of the fortunate coincidence of an exhibition of the products of Belgian industry, to call together the present congress of the friends of political economy and statistics. Its meetings will take place four days before those of the meeting on reformative punishments—that is to say, on the 16th of September.

"The civic authorities of Brussels have placed the great hall of the Hotel de Ville at the disposal of the committee.

"A special committee, composed of Messrs. Corr-Vandermaeren and Fortamps, members of the Tribunal of Commerce and of the Committee of the Belgian Association, and Ad. Le Hardy de Beaulieu, civil engineer and secretary of the committee, has been appointed to arrange the construction of the congress, and make provision for the personal comfort of its foreign associates during their stay in the Belgian capital."

The new regulations respecting the removal to Australia of the young prisoners who have completed their term of confinement in this country, were carried into effect on Saturday last, for the first time; between seventy and eighty male prisoners being conveyed from the Millbank Prison to Woolwich. They will there be joined by another batch from the Model Prison, and will be shipped for Australia; the ship calling at Cork on the way for more. They will all be provided with "free tickets," and on their arrival in Australia will be free, like other settlers and emigrants.

A writer at Berlin, speaking of the protracted trials of the Polish prisoners for treason, says it is scarcely possible to imagine the conceit, the love of display and evident desire to attract attention,

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which are manifested by the accused. Their studied and theatrical manner, from Mieroslawski downwards, shows very plainly the weakness of their character. Dombrowski's answer to his counsel was very characteristic. "How do you mean to defend yourself?" inquired the counsel.—"In a black dress coat and yellow kid gloves."

Mr. George Green, the son of the veteran aëronaut, ascended in his balloon at Frankfort, on Sunday, the 22d of August, during a storm. The voyager thus describes his trip—"The ascent, which took place at a quarter to five, excited great alarm and astonishment, because, just after a violent peal of thunder, the balloon rose almost immediately under the clouds from which the storm proceeded: when at about four thousand five hundred feet high, and on a level with them, several electrical discharges occurred; which afforded me the long wished for opportunity of observing the effect of lightning upon the air, as the clouds and the balloon were going abreast of each other at only a few hundred yards distant. The air was very much disturbed; it seemed full of eddies, which agitated the balloon a good deal. Every fresh discharge communicated a vibrating motion to the balloon, and caused it to oscillate considerably; while the rain falling on the earth made a noise like a waterfall at a great distance. In descending, we fell in with a current blowing a few points more to the north, which bore us away from the storm; and after being up about an hour, I descended at Windeeken."

Mr. Charles Ellerman, of Pelham Place, Brompton, has been taken into custody on a charge of having been concerned in the recent manufacture of counterfeit Turkish piastres. It is alleged that he got the false coin shipped to Turkey as "iron nails." The accused was taken to Marlborough street police-office, on Thursday; and the magistrate authorized his removal to Birmingham.

The *Gazetta Piemontese* states that the illustrious composer Rossini is acting as captain of the National Guard of Bologna, and displays extraordinary energy in that capacity.

Drainage of Land.—We have received a circular, issued by Mr. Hutchinson, of Manthorpe Lodge, Grantham, demonstrating the great advantage in draining which arises from the construction of air-drains for connecting head-drains in addition to the ordinary parallel drains. This improvement is shown by an experiment made by Mr. Hutchinson in a ten-acre field of strong loamy soil, upon a clay subsoil, where the system answered perfectly. The conclusion at which Mr. Hutchinson arrives is, that drains two feet deep, with air-drains to facilitate evaporation, &c., are equal to drains two feet six inches deep without such auxiliaries.

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[We copy this from the National Era. It has the initials of J. G. Whittier.]

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

COMMEND me to autobiographies! Give me the veritable notchings of Robinson Crusoe on his stick —the indubitable records of a life long since swallowed up in the blackness of darkness, traced by a hand the very dust of which has become undistinguishable. The foolishest egotist who ever chronicled his daily experiences, his hopes and fears, poor plans, and vain reachings after happiness, speaking to us out of the Past, and thereby giving us to understand that it was quite as real as our Present, is in no mean sort our benefactor, and commands our attention, in spite of his folly. We are thankful for the very vanity which prompted him to bottle up his poor records and cast them into the great sea of Time, for future voyagers to pick up; for we note, with the deepest interest, that in him too was enacted that miracle of a conscious existence, the reproduction of which in ourselves awes and troubles us. He, too, had a mother; he hated and loved; the light from old-quenched hearths shone over him; he walked in the sunshine over the dust of those who had gone before him, just as we are now walking over his. These records of him remain, the footmarks of a long-extinct life, not of mere animal organism, but of a being like ourselves, enabling us, by studying their hieroglyphic significance, to decipher and see clearly into the mystery of existence centuries ago. The dead generations live again in these old self-biographies. Incidentally, unintentionally, yet in the simplest and most natural manner, they make us familiar with all the phenomena of life in the by-gone ages. We are brought in contact with real flesh and blood men and women, not the ghostly outline figures which pass for such, in what is called History. The horn lantern of the poor biographer, by the aid of which, with painful minuteness, he chronicled, from day to day, his own outgoings and incomings, making visible to us his pitiful wants, labors, trials, and tribulations of the stomach and of the conscience, sheds, at times, a strong, clear light upon contemporaneous activities; what seemed before half fabulous, rises up in distinct and full proportion; we look at statesmen, philosophers, and poets, with the eyes of those who lived perchance their next-door neighbors, and sold them beer, and mutton, and household stuffs, had access to their kitchens, and took note of the fashion of their wigs and the color of their breeches. Without some such light, all history would be just about as unintelligible and unreal as a dimly-remembered dream.

The journals of the early Friends or Quakers are in this respect invaluable. Little, it is true, can be said, as a general thing, of their literary merits. Their authors were plain, earnest men and women, chiefly intent upon the substance of things, and having withal a strong testimony to bear against carnal wit and outside show and ornament. Yet, even the scholar may well admire the power of certain portions of George Fox's journal, where a strong spirit clothes its utterance in simple downright Saxon words—the quiet and beautiful enthusiasm of Pennington—the torrent energy of Edward Burrough—the serene wisdom of Penn—the logical acuteness of Barclay—the honest truthfulness of Sewell—the wit and humor of John Roberts, (for even Quakerism had its apostolic jokers, and drab-coated Robert Halls,) and last, not least, the simple beauty of Woolman's Journal —the modest record of a life of good works and love.

Let us look at the "Life of THOMAS ELLWOOD." The book before us is a hardly-used Philadelphia reprint, bearing date of 1775. The original was published some sixty years before. It is not a book to be found in fashionable libraries, or noticed in fashionable reviews, but it is none the less deserving of attention.

Ellwood was born in 1639, in the little town of Crowell, in Oxfordshire. Old Walter, his father, was of "gentlemanly lineage," and held a commission of the peace under Charles I. One of his most intimate friends was Isaac Pennington, a gentleman of estate and good reputation, whose wife, the widow of Sir John Springette, was a lady of superior endowments. Her only daughter, Gulielma, was the playmate and companion of Thomas. On making this family a visit, in 1658, in company with his father, he was surprised to find that they had united with the Quakers—a sect then little known, and everywhere spoken against. Passing through the vista of nearly two centuries, let us cross the threshold, and look with the eyes of young Ellwood upon this Quaker family. It will doubtless give us a good idea of the earnest and solemn spirit of that age of religious awakening.

"So great a change from a free, debonair, and courtly sort of behavior, which we had formerly found there, into so strict a gravity as they now received us with, did not a little amuse us, and disappointed our expectations of such a pleasant visit as we had promised ourselves.

"For my part, I sought, and at length found, means to cast myself into the company of the daughter, whom I found gathering flowers in the garden, attended by her maid, also a Quaker. But when I addressed her after my accustomed manner, with intention to engage her in discourse, on the foot of our former acquaintance, though she treated me with a courteous mien, yet, as young as she was, the gravity of her looks and behavior struck such an awe upon me, that I found myself not so much

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master of myself as to pursue any further converse with her.

"We staid dinner, which was very handsome, and lacked nothing to recommend it to me but the want of mirth and pleasant discourse, which we could neither have with them, nor, by reason of them, with one another; the weightiness which was upon their spirits and countenances keeping down the lightness that would have been up in ours."

Not long after, they made a second visit to their sober friends, spending several days, during which they attended a meeting, in a neighboring farm-house, where we are introduced by Ellwood to two remarkable personages—EDWARD BURROUGH, the friend and fearless reprover of Cromwell, and by far the most eloquent preacher of his sect; and JAMES NAYLOR, whose melancholy after history of fanaticism, cruel sufferings, and beautiful repentance, is so well known to the readers of English history under the protectorate. Under the preaching of these men, and the influence of the Pennington family, young Ellwood was brought into fellowship with the Quakers. Of the old justice's sorrow and indignation at this sudden blasting of his hopes and wishes in respect to his son, and of the trials and difficulties of the latter in his new vocation, it is now scarcely worth while to speak. Let us step forward a few years, to 1662, considering meantime how matters, political and spiritual, are changed in that brief period. Cromwell—the Maccabeus of Puritanism—is no longer among men; Charles the Second sits in his place; profane and licentious cavaliers have thrust aside the sleek-haired, painful-faced Independents, who used to groan approval to the scriptural illustrations of Harrison and Fleetwood; men easy of virtue, without sincerity, either in religion or politics, occupying the places made honorable by the Miltons, and Pyms, and Vanes of the commonwealth. Having this change in view, the light which the farthing candle of Ellwood sheds upon one of these illustrious names will not be unwelcome. In his intercourse with Penn, and other learned Quakers, he had reason to lament his own deficiencies in scholarship, and his friend Pennington undertook to put him in a way of remedying the defect.

"He had," says Ellwood, "an intimate acquaintance with Dr. *Paget*, a physician of note in London, and he, with *John Milton*, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions.

"This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived a private and retired life in London, and, having lost his sight, kept always a man to read for him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom, in kindness, he took to improve in his learning.

"Thus, by the mediation of my friend, *Isaac Pennington* with Dr. *Paget*, and through him with *John Milton*, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant to him, nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his house at certain hours when I would, and read to him what books he should appoint, which was all the favor I desired.

"He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. *Paget*, who introduced me, as of *Isaac Pennington*, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect. And, having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progression in learning, he dismissed me to provide myself with such accommodations as might be most suitable to my studies.

"I went, and took lodgings as near to his house (which was then in *Jewen street*) as I conveniently could, and from thenceforward went every day in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week, and, sitting by him in his dining room, read to him such books in the *Latin* tongue as he pleased to have me read.

"He, perceiving with what earnest desire I had pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could. For, having a curious ear, he understood by my tone when I understood what I read, and when I did not, and accordingly could stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me."

Thanks, worthy Thomas, for this glimpse into John Milton's dining-room!

He had been with "Master Milton," as he calls him, only a few weeks, when, being one "first day morning," at the *Bull and Mouth* meeting, *Aldersgate*, the train-bands of the city, "with great noise and clamor," headed by Maj. Rosewell, fell upon him and his friends. The immediate cause of this onslaught upon quiet worshippers was the famous plot of the Fifth Monarchy men, grim old fanatics, who (like the Millerites of the present day) had been waiting long for the personal reign of Christ and the saints upon earth, and, in their zeal to hasten such a consummation, had sallied into London streets with drawn swords and matchlocks. The government took strong measures for suppressing dissenters' meetings or "conventicles;" and the poor Quakers, although not at all implicated in the disturbance, suffered more severely than any others. Let us look at the "freedom of conscience and worship" in England under that irreverent Defender of the Faith, Charles II. Ellwood says: "He that commanded the party gave us first a general charge to come out of the room. But we, who came thither at God's requiring to worship Him, (like that good man of old, who said, *we ought to obey God rather than man*,) stirred not, but kept our places. Whereupon, he sent some of his soldiers among us, with command to drag or drive us out—which they did roughly enough." Think of it, grave men and women, and modest maidens, sitting there with calm, impassive countenances, motionless as death, the pikes of the soldiery closing about them in a circle of bristling steel! Brave and true ones! Not in vain did ye thus oppose God's silence to the Devil's uproar—Christian endurance and calm persistence in the exercise of your rights as Englishmen and men to the hot fury of impatient tyranny! From your day down to this, the world has been the better for your faithfulness.

Ellwood and some thirty of his friends were marched off to prison in old Bridewell, which, as well as nearly all the other prisons, was already crowded with Quaker prisoners. One of the rooms

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of the prison was used as a torture chamber. "I was almost affrighted," says Ellwood, "by the dismalness of the place; for, besides that the walls were all laid over with black, from top to bottom, there stood in the middle a great whipping-post."

"The manner of whipping there is, to strip the party to the skin, from the waist upward, and, having fastened him to the whipping-post, (so that he can neither resist nor shun the strokes,) to lash his naked body with long, slender twigs of holly, which will bend almost like thongs around the body; and these, having little knots upon them, tear the skin and flesh, and give extreme pain."

To this terrible punishment aged men and delicately nurtured young females were often subjected during this season of hot persecution.

From the Bridewell Ellwood was at length removed to Newgate, and thrust in, with other "Friends," amidst the common felons. He speaks of this prison, with its thieves, murderers, and prostitutes, its over-crowded apartments, and loathsome cells, as "a hell upon earth." In a closet, adjoining the room where he was lodged, lay for several days the quartered bodies of Phillips, Tongue, and Gibbs, the leaders of the Fifth Monarchy rising, frightful and loathsome, as they came from the bloody hand of the executioners! These ghastly remains were at length obtained by the friends of the dead, and buried. The heads were ordered to be prepared for setting up in different parts of the city. Read this grim passage of description:—

"I saw the heads when they were brought to be boiled. The hangman fetched them in a dirty basket, out of some by-place, and setting them down among the felons, he and they made sport of them. They took them by the hair, flouting, jeering, and laughing at them; and then, giving them some ill names, boxed them on their ears and cheeks; which done, the hangman put them into his kettle, and parboiled them with bay salt and cummin seed: *that* to keep them from putrefaction, and *this* to keep off the fowls from seizing upon them. The whole sight, as well that of the bloody quarters first, as this of the heads afterwards, was both frightful and loathsome, and begat an abhorrence in my nature."

At the next session of the municipal court at the Old Bailey, Ellwood obtained his discharge. After paying a visit to "my Master Milton," he made his way to Chalfont, the home of his friends the Penningtons, where he was soon after engaged as a Latin teacher. Here he seems to have had his trials and temptations. Gulielma Springette, the daughter of Pennington's wife, his old playmate, had now grown to be "a fair woman of marriageable age," and, as he informs us, "very desirable, whether regard was had to her outward person, which wanted nothing to make her completely comely, or to the endowments of her mind, which were every way extraordinary, or to her outward fortune, which was fair." From all which, we are not surprised to learn that "she was secretly and openly sought for by many of almost every rank and condition." "To whom," continues Thomas, "in their respective turns, (till he at length came for whom she was reserved,) she carried herself with so much evenness of temper, such courteous freedom, guarded by the strictest modesty, that as it gave encouragement or ground of hope to none, so neither did it administer any matter of offence or just cause of complaint to any."

Beautiful and noble maiden! How the imagination fills up this outline limning of thee by thy friend, and, if truth must be told, admirer! Serene, courteous, healthful—a ray of tenderest and blandest light, shining steadily in the sober gloom of that old household! Confirmed Quaker as she is, shrinking from none of the responsibilities and dangers of her profession, and therefore liable at any time to the penalties of prison and whipping-post, under that plain garb and in spite of that "certain gravity of look and behavior" which, as we have seen, on one occasion awed young Ellwood into silence, youth, and beauty, and refinement assert their prerogatives; love knows no creed, and the gay, and titled, and wealthy, crowd around her, suing in vain for her favor.

"Followed, like the tided Moon,
She moves as calmly on,"

"until he at length comes for whom she was reserved," and her name is united with that of one worthy even of her—the wise, and gifted, and world-renowned WILLIAM PENN.

Meantime, one cannot but feel a good degree of sympathy with young Ellwood, her old schoolmate and playmate, placed, as he was, in the same family with her, enjoying her familiar conversation and unreserved confidence; and, as he says, the "advantageous opportunities of riding and walking abroad with her, by night as well as by day, without any other company than her maid; for, so great, indeed, was the confidence that her mother had in me, that she thought her daughter safe, if I was with her, even from the plots and designs of others upon her." So near, and yet, alas! in truth, so distant! The serene and gentle light which shone upon him, in the sweet solitudes of Chalfont, was that of a star, itself unapproachable. As he himself meekly intimates, she was reserved for another. He seems to have fully understood his own position in respect to her; although, to use his own words, "others, measuring me by the propensity of their own inclinations, concluded I could steal her—run away with her and marry her." Little did these jealous surmisers know of the true and really heroic spirit of the young Latin master. His own apology and defence of his conduct, under circumstances of temptation which St. Anthony himself could have scarcely better resisted, will not be amiss!

"I was not ignorant of the various fears which filled the jealous heads of some concerning me, neither was I so stupid nor so divested of all humanity as not to be sensible of the real and innate worth and virtue which adorned that excellent dame, and attracted the eyes and hearts of so many, with the greatest importunity, to seek and solicit her: nor was I so devoid of natural heat as not to feel some sparklings of desire, as well as others; but the

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force of truth and sense of honor suppressed whatever would have risen beyond the bounds of fair and virtuous friendship. For I easily foresaw, that, if I should have attempted anything in a dishonorable way, by fraud or force, upon her, I should have thereby brought a wound upon mine own soul, a foul scandal upon my religious profession, and an infamous stain upon mine honor, which was far more dear unto me than my life. Wherefore, having observed how some others had befooled themselves, by misconstruing her common kindness (expressed in an innocent, open, free, and familiar conversation, springing from the abundant affability, courtesy, and sweetness of her natural temper) to be the effect of a singular regard and peculiar affection to them, I resolved to shun the rock whereon they split; and, remembering the saying of the poet—

'Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cantum,'

I governed myself in a free yet respectful carriage towards her, thereby preserving a fair reputation with my friends, and enjoying as much of her favor and kindness, in a virtuous and firm friendship, as was fit for her to show or for me to seek."

Well and worthily said, poor Thomas! Whatever might be said of others, thou, at least, wast no coxcomb. Thy distant and involuntary admiration of "the fair Guli" needs, however, no excuse. Poor human nature, guard it as one may, with strictest discipline and painfully cramping environment, will sometimes act out itself; and, in thy case, not even George Fox himself, knowing thy beautiful young friend, (and doubtless admiring her too, for he was one of the first to appreciate and honor the worth and dignity of woman,) could have found it in his heart to censure thee!

At this period, as was indeed most natural, our young teacher solaced himself with occasional appeals to what he calls "the Muses." There is reason to believe, however, that the Pagan sisterhood whom he ventured to invoke seldom graced his study with their personal attendance. In these rhyming efforts, scattered up and down his journal, there are occasional sparkles of genuine wit, and passages of keen sarcasm, tersely and fitly expressed. Others breathe a warm devotional feeling; in the following brief prayer, for instance, the wants of the humble Christian are condensed in a manner worthy of Quarles or Herbert:

"Oh! that mine eye might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That Truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived in my breast;
That by each word, and deed, and thought,
Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry:
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 't is clean, Lord, keep it too,
For that is more than I can do."

The thought in the following extracts from a poem, written on the death of his friend Pennington's son, is trite, but not inaptly or inelegantly expressed:

"What ground, alas, has any man
To set his heart on things below,
Which, when they seem most like to stand,
Fly like the arrow from the bow!
Who 's now atop ere long shall feel
The circling motion of the wheel!

"The world cannot afford a thing
Which to a well-composed mind
Can any lasting pleasure bring,
But in itself its grave will find.
All things unto their centre tend—
What had beginning must have end!

"No disappointment can befall
Us, having Him who 's ALL IN ALL!
What can of pleasure him prevent
Who hath the Fountain of Content!"

In the year 1663 a severe law was enacted against the "sect called Quakers," prohibiting their meetings, with the penalty of banishment for the third offence! The burden of the prosecution which followed fell upon the Quakers of the metropolis, large numbers of whom were heavily fined, imprisoned, and sentenced to be banished from their native land. Yet, in time, our worthy friend Ellwood came in for his own share of trouble, in consequence of attending the funeral of one of his friends. An evil-disposed justice of the county obtained information of the Quaker gathering; and, while the body of the dead was "borne on Friends' shoulders through the street, in order to be carried to the burying-ground, which was at the town's-end," says Ellwood, "he rushed out upon us with the constables and a rabble of rude fellows whom he had gathered together, and, having his drawn sword in his hand, struck one of the foremost of the bearers with it, commanding them to set down the coffin. But the Friend, who was so stricken, being more concerned for the safety of the dead body than for his own, lest it should fall, and any indecency thereupon follow, held the coffin fast; which the justice observing, and being enraged that his word was not forthwith obeyed, set his hand to the coffin, and with a forcible thrust threw it off from the bearers' shoulders, so that it fell to the ground in the middle of the street, and there we were forced to leave it; for the constables and rabble fell upon us, and drew some and drove others into the inn. Of those thus taken," continues Ellwood, "I was one. They picked out ten of us, and sent us to Aylesbury jail.

"They caused the body to lie in the open street and cartway, so that all travellers that passed, whether horsemen, coaches, carts, or wagons, were fain to break out of the way to go by it, until it was almost night. And then, having caused a grave to be made in the *unconsecrated* part of what is called the churchyard, they forcibly took the body from the widow, and buried it there."

He remained a prisoner only about two months, during which period he comforted himself by such verse-making as follows, reminding us of similar enigmas in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress:

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"Lo! a Riddle for the wise,
In the which a Mystery lies.

"RIDDLE.

"Some men are free whilst they in prison lie;
Others who ne'er saw prison, captives die.

"CAUTION.

"He that can receive it may,
He that cannot, let him stay,
Not be hasty, but suspend
Judgment till he sees the end.

"SOLUTION.

'He 's only free indeed, who 's free from sin,
And he is fastest bound, that 's bound therein."

In the mean time, where is our "Master Milton?" We left him deprived of his young companion and reader, sitting lonely in his small dining-room, in Jewen street. It is now the year 1665—is not the pestilence in London?—A sinful and godless city, with its bloated bishops, fawning around the Nell Gwyns of a licentious and profane Defender of the Faith—its swaggering and drunken cavaliers—its ribald jesters—its obscene ballad-singers—its loathsome prisons, crowded with God-fearing men and women—is not the measure of its iniquity already filled up? Three years only have passed since the terrible prayer of Vane went upward from the scaffold on Tower Hill: "When my blood is shed upon the block, let it, oh God, have a voice afterward!" Audible to thy ear, oh bosom friend of the martyr! has that blood cried from earth; and now, how fearfully is it answered! Like the ashes which the seer of the Hebrews cast towards heaven, it has returned in boils and blains upon the proud and oppressive city. John Milton, sitting blind in Jewen street, has heard the toll of the death bells, and the night-long rumble of the burial-carts, and the terrible summons, "BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!" The Angel of the Plague, in yellow mantle, purple-spotted, walks the streets. Why should he tarry in a doomed city, forsaken of God! Is not the command, even to him, "Arise! and flee for thy life?" In some green nook of the quiet country, he may finish the great work which his hands have found to do. He bethinks him of his old friends, the Penningtons, and his young Quaker companion, the patient and gentle Ellwood. "Wherefore," says the latter, "some little time before I went to Aylesbury jail, I was desired by my quondam Master Milton to take an house for him in the neighborhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him and seen him well settled, but was prevented by that imprisonment. But now being released and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country. After some common discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which having brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon."

Now, what does the reader think young Ellwood carried in his great-coat pocket across the dikes and hedges and through the green lanes of Giles Chalfont that autumn day? Let us look further: "When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled PARADISE LOST. After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit; and, returning his book with due acknowledgment of the favor he had done me in communicating it to me, he asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise *Lost;* what hast thou to say of Paradise *Found?*' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject."

"I modestly but freely told him what I thought" of Paradise Lost! What he told him remains a mystery. One would like to know more precisely what the first critical reader of that song "of man's first disobedience" thought of it. Fancy the young Quaker and blind Milton sitting some pleasant afternoon of the autumn of that old year, in "the pretty box" at Chalfont, the soft wind through the open window lifting the white hair of the glorious old poet. Backslidden England, plague-smitten, and accursed with her faithless church and libertine king, knows little of poor "Master Milton," and takes small note of his puritanic verse-making. Alone, with his humble friend, he sits there, conning over that poem which, he fondly hoped, the world, which had grown all dark and strange to the author, "would not willingly let die." The suggestion in respect to Paradise Found, to which, as we have seen, "he made no answer, but sat some time in a muse," seems not to have been lost; for, "after the sickness was over," continues Ellwood, "and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when afterwards I waited on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called 'PARADISE GAINED;' and, in a pleasant tone, said to me, '*This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.*'"

Golden days were these for the young Latin reader, even if it be true, as we suspect, that he was himself very far from appreciating the glorious privilege which he enjoyed, of the familiar friendship and confidence of Milton. But they could not last. His amiable host, Isaac Pennington—a blameless and quiet country gentleman—was dragged from his house by a military force, and lodged in Aylesbury jail; his wife and family forcibly ejected from their pleasant home, which was seized upon by the government as security for the fines imposed upon its owner. The plague was in

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the village of Aylesbury, and in the very prison itself; but the noble-hearted Mary Pennington followed her husband, sharing with him the dark peril. Poor Ellwood, while attending a monthly meeting at Hedgerly, with six others, (among them one Morgan Watkins, a poor old Welshman, who, painfully endeavoring to utter his testimony in his own dialect, was suspected by the Dogberry of a justice of being a Jesuit trolling over his Latin,) was arrested, and committed to Wiccomb House of Correction.

This was a time of severe trial for the sect with which Ellwood had connected himself. In the very midst of the pestilence, when thousands perished weekly in London, fifty-four Quakers were marched through the almost deserted streets, and placed on board a ship, for the purpose of being conveyed, according to their sentence of banishment, to the West Indies. The ship lay for a long time, with many others similarly situated, a helpless prey to the pestilence. Through that terrible autumn, the prisoners sat waiting for the summons of the ghastly Destroyer; and, from their floating dungeon,

"Heard the groan
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
Heard nightly plunged beneath the sullen wave
The frequent corse."

When the vessel at length set sail, of the fifty-four who went on board, twenty-seven only were living. A Dutch privateer captured her, when two days out, and carried the prisoners to North Holland, where they were set at liberty. The condition of the jails in the city, where were large numbers of Quakers, was dreadful in the extreme. Ill-ventilated, crowded, and loathsome with the accumulated filth of centuries, they invited the disease which daily decimated their cells. "Go on!" says Pennington, writing to the king and bishops from his plague-infected cell in the Aylesbury prison, "try it out with the Spirit of the Lord, come forth with your laws, and prisons, and spoiling of goods, and banishment, and death, if the Lord please, and see if ye can carry it! Whom the Lord loveth, He can save at pleasure. Hath He begun to break our bonds and deliver us, and shall we now distrust him? Are we in a worse condition than Israel was when the sea was before them, the mountains on either side, and the Egyptians behind pursuing them?"

Brave men and faithful! It is not necessary that the present generation, now quietly reaping the fruit of your heroic endurance, should see eye to eye with you in respect to all your testimonies and beliefs, in order to recognize your claim to gratitude and admiration. For, in an age of hypocritical hollowness and mean self-seeking, when, with a few noble exceptions, the very Puritans of Cromwell's Reign of the Saints were taking profane lessons from their old enemies, and putting on an outside show of conformity, for the sake of place or pardon, ye maintained the austere dignity of virtue, and, with king, and church, and parliament arrayed against you, vindicated the rights of conscience, at the cost of home, fortune, and life. English liberty owes more to your unyielding firmness than to the blows stricken for her at Worcester and Naseby.

In 1667, we find the Latin teacher in attendance at a great meeting of Friends, in London, convened at the suggestion of George Fox, for the purpose of settling a little difficulty which had arisen among the Friends, even under the pressure of the severest persecution, relative to the very important matter of "wearing the hat." George Fox, in his love of truth and sincerity, in word and action, had discountenanced the fashionable doffing of the hat, and other flattering obeisances towards men holding stations in church or state, as savoring of man-worship—giving to the creature the reverence only due to the Creator—as undignified and wanting in due self-respect, and tending to support unnatural and oppressive distinctions among those equal in the sight of God. But some of his disciples evidently made much more of this "hat testimony" than their teacher. One John Perrott, who had just returned from an unsuccessful attempt to convert the pope, at Rome, (where that dignitary, after listening to his exhortations, and finding him in no condition to be benefited by the spiritual physicians of the Inquisition, had quietly turned him over to the temporal ones of the Insane Hospital,) had broached the doctrine that, in public or private worship, the hat was not to be taken off, without an immediate revelation or call to do so! Ellwood himself seems to have been on the point of yielding to this notion, which appears to have been the occasion of a good deal of dissension and scandal. Under these circumstances, to save truth from reproach, and an important testimony to the essential equality of mankind from running into sheer fanaticism, Fox summoned his tried and faithful friends together, from all parts of the United Kingdom, and, as it appears, with the happiest result. Hat-revelations were discountenanced, good order and harmony re-established, and John Perrott's beaver, and the crazy head under it, were from thenceforth powerless for evil. Let those who are disposed to laugh at this notable Œcumenical Council of the Hat, consider that ecclesiastical history has brought down to us the records of many larger and more imposing convocations, wherein grave bishops and learned fathers took each other by the beard upon matters of far less practical importance.

In 1669, we find Ellwood engaged in escorting his fair friend, Gulielma, to her uncle's residence in Sussex. Passing through London, and taking the Tunbridge road, they stopped at *Seven Oak* to dine. The Duke of York was on the road, with his guards and hangers-on, and the inn was filled with a rude company. "We hastened," says Ellwood, "from a place where we found nothing but rudeness; the roysterers who swarmed there, besides the damning oaths they belched out against each other, looked very sourly upon us, as if they grudged us the horses which we rode and the clothes we wore." They had proceeded but a

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little distance, when they were overtaken by some half dozen drunken rough-riding cavaliers, of the Wildrake stamp, in full pursuit after the beautiful Quakeress. One of them impudently attempted to pull her upon his horse before him, but was held at bay by Ellwood, who seems, on this occasion, to have relied somewhat upon his "stick," in defending his fair charge. Calling up Gulielma's servant, he bade him ride on one side of his mistress, while he guarded her on the other. "But he," says Ellwood, "not thinking it perhaps decent to ride so near his mistress, left room enough for another to ride between." In dashed the drunken retainer, and Gulielma was once more in peril. It was clearly no time for exhortations and expostulations, "so," says Ellwood, "I chopped in upon him, by a nimble turn, and kept him at bay. I told him I had hitherto spared him, but wished him not to provoke me further. This I spoke in such a tone as bespoke an high Resentment of the Abuse put upon us, and withal, pressed him so hard with my Horse, that I suffered him not to come up again to Guli." By this time, it became evident to the companions of the ruffianly assailant that the young Quaker was in earnest, and they hastened to interfere. "For they," says Ellwood, "seeing the contest rise so high, and probably fearing it would rise higher, not knowing where it might stop, came in to part us; which they did, by taking him away."

Escaping from these sons of Belial, Ellwood and his fair companion rode on through Tunbridge Wells, "the streets thronged with men, who looked very earnestly at them, but offered them no affront," and arrived, late at night, in a driving rain, at the mansion house of Harbert Springette. The fiery old gentleman was so indignant at the insult offered to his niece, that he was with difficulty dissuaded from demanding satisfaction at the hands of the Duke of York.

This seems to have been his last ride with Gulielma. She was soon after married to William Penn, and took up her abode at Worminghurst, in Sussex. How blessed and beautiful was that union may be understood from the following paragraph of a letter, written by her husband, on the eve of his departure for America to lay the foundations of a Christian colony:

"My dear Wife! remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life—the most beloved, as well as the most worthy of all my earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellences, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes."

About this time, our friend Thomas, seeing that his old playmate at Chalfont was destined for another, turned his attention towards a "young friend, named Mary Ellis." He had been for several years acquainted with her, but now he "found his heart secretly drawn and inclining towards her." "At length," he tells us, "as I was sitting all alone, waiting upon the Lord for counsel and guidance in this, in itself and to me, important affair, I felt a word sweetly arise in me, as if I had heard a voice which said, *Go, and prevail!* and faith springing in my heart at the word, I immediately rose and went, nothing doubting." On arriving at her residence, he states that he "solemnly opened his mind to her," which was a great surprisal to her, for she had taken in an apprehension, as others had also done, that his eye had been fixed elsewhere and nearer home. "I used not many words to her," he continues, "but I felt a divine power went along with the words, and fixed the matter expressed by them so fast in her breast that, as she afterwards acknowledged to me, she could not shut it out."

"I continued," he says, "my visits to my best beloved friend until we married, which was on the 28th day of the eighth month, 1669. We took each other in a select meeting of the ancient and grave Friends of that country. A very solemn meeting it was, and in a weighty frame of spirit we were." His wife seems to have had some estate; and Elwood, with that nice sense of justice which marked all his actions, immediately made his will, securing to her, in case of his decease, all her own goods and moneys, as well as all that he had himself acquired before marriage. "Which," he tells, "was indeed but little, yet, by all that little, more than I had ever given her ground to expect with me." His father, who was yet unreconciled to the son's religious views, found fault with his marriage, on the ground that it was unlawful, and unsanctioned by priest or liturgy; and consequently, refused to render him any pecuniary assistance. Yet, in spite of this and other trials, he seems to have preserved his serenity of spirit. After an unpleasant interview with his father, on one occasion, he wrote, at his lodgings in an inn, in London, what he calls "A Song of Praise." An extract from it will serve to show the spirit of the good man in affliction:

"Unto the Glory of Thy Holy Name,
Eternal God! whom I both love and fear,
I hereby do declare, I never came
Before Thy throne, and found Thee loth to hear,
But always ready with an open ear.
And, though sometimes Thou seem'st Thy face to hide,
As one that had withdrawn his love from me,
'T is that my Faith may to the full be tried,
And that I thereby may the better see
How weak I am when not upheld by Thee!"

The next year, 1670, an act of parliament, in relation to "Conventicles," provides that any person who should be present at any meeting, under color or pretence of any exercise of religion, in other manner than according to the liturgy and practice of the Church of England, "should be liable to fines of from five to ten shillings; and any person preaching at or giving his house for the meeting, to a fine of twenty pounds—one third of the fines being received by the informer or inform-

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ers." As a natural consequence of such a law, the vilest scoundrels in the land set up the trade of informers and heresy-hunters. Wherever a dissenting meeting or burial took place, there was sure to be a mercenary spy, ready to bring a complaint against all in attendance. The Independents and Baptists ceased, in a great measure, to hold public meetings, yet even they did not escape prosecution. Bunyan, for instance, in these days, was dreaming, like another Jacob, of angels ascending and descending, in Bedford prison. But upon the poor Quakers fell, as usual, the great force of the unjust enactment. Some of these spies or informers, men of sharp wit, close countenances, pliant tempers, and skilled in dissimulation, took the guise of Quakers, Independents, or Baptists, as occasion required, thrusting themselves into the meetings of the proscribed sects, ascertaining the number who attended, their rank and condition, and then informing against them. Ellwood, in his journal for 1670, describes several of these emissaries of evil. One of them came to a Friend's house, in Bucks, professing to be a brother in the faith, but, overdoing his counterfeit Quakerism, was detected and dismissed by his host. Betaking himself to the inn, he appeared in his true character, drank and swore roundly, and confessed over his cups that he had been sent forth on his mission by the Rev. Dr. Mew, Vice Chancellor of Oxford. Finding little success in counterfeiting Quakerism, he turned to the Baptists, where, for a time, he met with better success. Ellwood, at this time, rendered good service to his friends, by exposing the true character of these wretches, and bringing them to justice for theft, perjury, and other misdemeanors.

While this storm of persecution lasted, (a period of two or three years,) the different dissenting sects felt, in some measure, a common sympathy, and, while guarding themselves against their common foe, had little leisure for controversy with each other; but, as was natural, the abatement of their mutual suffering and danger was the signal for renewing their suspended quarrels. The Baptists fell upon the Quakers, with pamphlet and sermon; the latter replied in the same way. One of the most conspicuous of the Baptist disputants was the famous Jeremy Ives, with whom our friend Ellwood seems to have had a good deal of trouble. "His name," says Ellwood, "was up for a topping Disputant. He was well read in the fallacies of logic, and was ready in framing Syllogisms. His chief art lay in tickling the humor of rude, unlearned, and injudicious hearers.

The following piece of Ellwood's, entitled "*An Epitaph for Jeremy Ives*," will serve to show that wit and drollery were sometimes found even among the proverbially sober Quakers of the seventeenth century:

"Beneath this stone, depressed doth lie
The Mirror of Hypocrisy—
Ives, whose mercenary tongue
Like a Weathercock was hung,
And did this or that way play,
As Advantage led the way.
If well hired, he would dispute,
Otherwise, he would be mute.
But, he 'd bawl for half a day,
If he knew and liked his pay.

"For his person, let it pass;
Only note his face was brass.
His heart was like a pumice stone,
And for Conscience he had none.
Of *Earth* and *Air* he was composed
With *Water* round about enclosed.
Earth in him had greatest share,
Questionless, his life lay there;
Thence his cankered Envy sprung,
Poisoning both his heart and tongue.

"Air made him frothy, light, and vain,
And puffed him with a proud disdain.
Into the Water oft he went,
And through the water many sent,
That was, ye know, his element!
The greatest odds that did appear
Was this, for aught that I can hear,
That he in *cold* did others dip,
But did himself *hot* water sip.

"And his cause he'd never doubt,
If well soaked o'er night in Stout;
But, meanwhile, he must not lack,
Brandy, and a draught of Sack.
One dispute would shrink a bottle
Of three pints, if not a pottle.
One would think he fetched from thence
All his dreamy eloquence.

"Let us now bring back the Sot
To his Aqua Vita pot,
And observe, with some content,
How he framed his argument.
That his whistle he might wet,
The bottle to his mouth he set,
And, being Master of that Art,
Thence he drew the *Major* part,
But left the *Minor* still behind;
Good reason why, he wanted wind;
If his breath would have held out,
He had *Conclusion* drawn, no doubt."

The residue of Ellwood's life seems to have glided on in serenity and peace. He wrote, at intervals, many pamphlets in defence of his society and in favor of liberty of conscience. At his hospitable residence, the leading spirits of the sect were warmly welcomed. George Fox and William Penn seemed to have been frequent guests. We find that, in 1683, he was arrested for seditious publications, when on the eve of hastening to his early friend, Gulielma, who, in the absence of her husband, Governor Penn, had fallen dangerously ill. On coming before the judge, "I told him," says Ellwood, "that I had that morning received an express out of Sussex, that William Penn's wife (with whom I had an intimate acquaintance, and strict friendship, *ab ipsis fere incunabilis*, at least, *a teneris unguiculis*) lay now ill, not without great danger, and that she had expressed her desire that I would come to her as soon as I could." The judge said, "He was very sorry for Madam Penn's illness," of whose virtues he spoke very highly, but not more than was her due. Then he

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told me, "that, for her sake, he would do what he could to further my visit to her." Escaping from the hands of the law, he visited his friend, who was by this time in a way of recovery; and, on his return, learned that the prosecution had been abandoned.

At about this date his narrative ceases. We learn, from other sources, that he continued to write and print in defence of his religious views up to the year of his death, which took place in 1713. One of his productions, a poetical version of the Life of David, may be still met with, in the old Quaker libraries. On the score of poetical merit, it is about on a level with Michael Drayton's verses on the same subject. As the history of one of the firm confessors of the old struggle for religious freedom, as a genial-hearted and pleasant scholar, as the friend of Penn and Milton, and the suggester of PARADISE REGAINED, we trust our hurried sketch has not been altogether without interest; and that, whatever may be the religious views of our readers, they have not failed to recognize a good and true man in Thomas Ellwood.

From Chambers' Journal.

BELIEF AND CONVICTION.

BETWEEN these two there is all the difference in the world. Perhaps there are scarcely ten thieves or dishonest tradesmen in England who do not *believe* that "honesty is the best policy;" but the actual conduct of each shows clearly enough that they are not *convinced* of this truth. Men scarcely ever act from opinions to which they have given merely theoretical assent. Unless the mind has been compelled into conviction by the reasons and grounds of assent having been repeated over and over again, brought before their eyes, and forced into their attention by instances and examples constantly renewed and impressed indelibly by the frequency with which they are presented—unless, I say, this be the way in which opinions are formed, they have not the slightest influence over men's actions. Just as in the material world the unceasing operation of some force, such as gravitation, is necessary to carry on and keep up with constancy the movement of the universe, where no mere casual impulse would suffice to produce aught beyond a momentary start, so in the world of thought and moral action, it is no bare and momentary sight of the truth which can effect anything practical. The wisdom of age and experience is precisely this —*conviction from long familiarity with the proofs* of those truths which the young and inexperienced have merely read in books or heard from others. If you tell a young and vigorous man that he will injure his health by this or that practice, he will probably give his verbal assent; but no *impression* is made on the mind, and he proceeds to do that which the older man has so strongly associated with the feelings of pain and disease consequent on it, that even if he were as young and healthy, he would not, and could not neglect the danger. The statements of science are *believed* by the great mass of peoplo of course on trust. If you tell one who is totally ignorant of astronomy, that on such a day a hundred years to come there will be an eclipse, he will believe it; but if any great stake depended upon it, such as his fortune or his life, he would immediately become restless and unsatisfied, showing clearly that his *belief* was not *conviction*, whilst the astronomer, who had gone carefully through every step of the investigation, would be perfectly at ease.

No one can ever become a man of decided character, whose opinions are not thus founded on "conviction," as opposed to mere "belief." For some excellent remarks on this point, the reader is referred to that admirable work, "Foster's Essays." For, without firm grounds for his "belief," he will "waver about with every wind of doctrine." If we examine the daily conduct of all classes of society, we see in every one this want of "conviction." If a set of propositions were drawn up, on which half a million of people agreed, by nine tenths of them would the greater portion be violated in their conduct. Take, for instance, a set of such assertions as those relating to the preservation of health. "Fresh air is necessary," "Exercise is necessary," "Moderation in eating and drinking," &c. &c. Now, if people really were *convinced* of these facts, their conduct would show it. But they are *not* convinced, or anything like it. Nothing is so difficult as to *convince* people of the most obvious and generally admitted truths, especially if their own welfare depends upon acting on these truths. You may easily enough find persons to support aërial machines, impossible railways, or any other absurdity; but directly you try to make them *act* in accordance with principles, the truth of which they have admitted all their lives, you find you are talking to empty air. If one ten-thousandth part of the money, time, and energy were employed in putting into practice the most simple and evident truths, which are now squandered in useless vagaries, the comfort, health, wealth, and happiness of all classes throughout Europe would be more advanced in two years than in the last two hundred years. What is wanted is not a crusade to preach new opinions, but to get everybody to act up to those he already has. The object to be aimed at is the substitution of that thorough, clear-sighted, determined "conviction" which impels a man on as effectually as if the pains and punishment of neglect were staring him in the face, and about to fall on him immediately—the substitution of this for that lazy "belief" which gives assent because it is no more trouble than to dissent. Money won easily is lost again easily: opinions taken up without much care are either changed in the same way, or at any rate remain barren, lifeless, useless things. It is only by going carefully through every reason on which they are founded, and by thus having the mind deeply and frequently impressed with the reality of the truth, that these profitless and empty "beliefs" can be converted into practical principles. The difference between one man and another will be found to depend very greatly on the attention he has given to the *proofs* and *reasons* of things. The creed of one man is his own property, for he has made it himself; that of another is made up of odds and ends borrowed from all sources, often disagreeing with each other, and having no firm foundation whatever. Such a man is "unstable as water, and shall not prevail."

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE MERCHANT.

CHAPTER I.

We might discover an interesting chapter of human life, well filled with curious facts, could we board that noble East Indiaman just entering the Plymouth docks, and read the hearts and the lives, as well as scan the features, of the anxious crowd who, gathered together on her deck, appear all impatient to land. Seldom could we find more variety of character and circumstance.

We must, of necessity, mingle with that group, for from among it have we to single out the chief subject of our tale. Ah! now you cast a curious eye around. It is not that young dragoon, with twisted moustache, and sallow skin, who, on account of ill-health, is returning to join the depot of his regiment; nor is it that very lovely, delicate-looking woman, who, for the same cause, has been sent by a husband, far more advanced in years, to reside for a while with his family in England, on whom the young soldier we have just mentioned is bestowing many little attentions, of the same class as those by which he has striven to alleviate the dulness of the long voyage to her. It is not that veteran hero who has fought on so many bloody fields; not that imperious judge, whose arbitrary behests are obeyed by his servants with trembling haste; nor is it that pale, sickly widow, who presses her young child to her breast, and anxiously reflects on what welcome will await her and her orphan at the family hearth of him who was her protector and support. It is none of these (though each may have a tale to tell) that I am seeking earnestly. But I discover him now; and though you did not fix on him for a hero, and exclaim triumphantly, "This is he!" yet, when you mark him closer, you shall acknowledge that perhaps I have chosen well, or at least, that twenty years ago he must have been admirably qualified to sustain the character. Nay, reader, when you are as well acquainted with him as I intend to make you, you shall confess that (strange as it seems to talk of romance at forty!) he yet retains most of the necessary ingredients of a hero. You hinted at twenty years ago. Well, it is exactly twenty years since Edmund Neville quitted his native land, never to set foot on her shores till this very day; and at his departure he was all that you may suppose him to have been, from what you see now. Those locks, now whitened by a fiery sun, by arduous toil, by grief of heart, were then of a glossy chestnut; those lips, now habitually compressed, wore then a smile of uncommon sweetness, into which they can still occasionally relax; those thoughtful, mournful eyes, then sparkled with hope; that well-proportioned figure, that wears an air of becoming dignity, had then an elasticity and freedom of motion at once graceful and exhilarating to behold. No young adventurer ever set out with a more sanguine spirit than did Edmund Neville; and now he returns with feelings of loneliness and depression even far beyond those usually entertained by the exiles of many years. He had quitted England an orphan, but not, therefore, without leaving fond hearts to mourn at his departure. Destitute of fortune—loving passionately the beautiful sister of a friend, by whom he was in turn beloved, and who was as portionless as himself—he turned with the ardor of youth, and of a sanguine and energetic temperament, to bright prospects which opened to him in the East, promising to return in a few, a very few years, to claim Juliet Markham as his bride, and again to seek with her a golden land. It was twenty years ago that he gave that promise—and it is yet unfulfilled. The most indefatigable application was rewarded by gradual advancement; but she for whom all his efforts were made, meanwhile sickened and died, while he labored for her in a distant land, and did not learn, for months after the event, that she who animated all his endeavors had passed into that state in which all he could bestow could profit her nothing. Still he did not abandon his avocations; he was far too wretched to be idle. In vast and splendid attempts he ran bold risks, and amassed princely wealth. At length he wearied of his labors; he felt a yearning for his native land, and yielded to the impulse, though to do so at that moment asked the sacrifice of thousands. He set sail for England, and proposed, the moment he reached her shores, to seek the dearest friend he possessed in her, the brother of his betrothed—a man happy in those domestic ties which Neville wanted, but slenderly furnished with the riches with which he was so amply supplied.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Markham, holding in his hand an open letter, which conveyed the welcome promise of Neville's arrival that very evening at the Grange, was standing with his wife before a picture representing a very beautiful girl in the costume worn twenty years before. Both gazed on it with mournful reflections. At length Mr. Markham said, "Shall we remove this picture, or shall we leave it here, Maria? Do you think that Edmund Neville will perceive Juliet's strong resemblance to it? Do you think the sight of it will distress him?"

"I know not what to advise," replied Mrs. Markham; "he cannot come here without being reminded of his youth; he must be aware of that, and yet, you see, he comes. If he must see Juliet, he may as well see the picture; it is one and the same thing."

"She is so exactly in age and person what my sister was when he parted from her," said Mr. Markham, thoughtfully and sadly—"so exactly what he may imagine her to have been when grieving over his absence. Poor Juliet! had he come a few months ago, when she was gay and happy, he would not have found a resemblance so distressing!"

"Does he ever mention his betrothed to you in his letters?"

"Never. He is one of those who never speak or write on subjects on which they feel acutely, unless duty calls for the exertion."

At this moment a pretty child ran into the room. "Tell me, dear papa," she said, "is the great 'Indian Nabob' really coming to see us?"

By this name the wealthy merchant often went in his friend's family, and it conveyed very mysterious ideas of him to the younger members of it. He was half identified in their minds with the strange idols which once arrived in one of the boxes of rich Indian curiosities which had often found their way to the Grange. Little Marion, having procured an answer to her first question, had still an important one to propound.

"Papa," she said, "we all very well know how beautiful and good Juliet is, and that she deserves much more than any of us; but how did Mr. Neville guess this, that he should always mark all his prettiest gifts with her name?"

Her father patted her cheek, amused by her

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earnest curiosity, and replied with a smile, "Probably the benevolent fairy who presided at her christening, and gave her all her good gifts, floated across the ocean to whisper this in the ears of the nabob, Marion; what do you think?"

"Why, I really think that is very likely, papa," cried Marion, who loved the marvellous, and in her merry mood always feigned to credit the wildest fancies with which her favorite books abounded; and those favorite books, I almost fear to confess it, were no other than the Arabian Nights and other tales, with which I and those of my generation were allowed to delight ourselves; and which Mr. Markham, remembering the exquisite pleasure which he had enjoyed, had the good nature, if I may not say the good sense, to let his children enjoy also. And now Juliet entered; and you, my reader, seeing her thus for the first time, will wonder why Marion talked such nonsense as to call her beautiful, and why Mr. Markham appeared to hold the same opinion. Why should this pale girl, with her sad and serious countenance, and her listless step, be termed beautiful? Wait a little; perhaps she will raise those drooping eye-lids, fringed with their long black eye-lashes; then shall you behold eyes of a wondrous lustre—large, liquid, gray eyes—that beam with intellect and with feeling. Perhaps she will speak, and you will see a brilliant glow mount up on her cheek, and fade away again as quickly; you will see two rows of pearly teeth; and, if Marion can make her smile, you will see a hundred dimples play around her mouth. Ah! if you had beheld her a few months since, I need not have written all this to convince you that she is lovely.

Juliet has not yet seen her nineteenth birth-day. What can have worked so great a change in one so young? Nay, reader, why ask the question? Sure I am that every one who reads this passage can answer it. It is true that the heart of youth is not easily cast down; it triumphs over dangers, difficulties, hardships, sufferings, poverty; it recovers the loss of friends, the defeat of projects; it can hope on, and continue to pursue the happiness which has a thousand times eluded its grasp; it can do all this; but there are pangs at which older hearts mock, and at which it will mock too, in its turn—pangs which, to the young, fresh, ardent heart, are as the severing of soul and body, inexpressibly agonizing.

And Juliet, this beautiful young girl, what is it but that she has drunk the first draught of the bitter waters of Marah—the waters of disappointment! And before she tasted of them she fancied herself in the garden of Eden, so happy and rejoicing was she; but now it seems to her that she has suddenly discovered herself to be a wanderer and an outcast in the waste howling wilderness. Now may she, with George Herbert, say, not repiningly, but with a grateful, though a broken, spirit:—

"At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesse—
I had my wish and way:
My days were strewed with flowers and happinesse—
There was no moneth but May;
But with my yeares sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party, unawares, for woe."

Juliet, languid as she was, shared the eager wish for the arrival of her father's noble-hearted merchant friend. She knew well the history of his early love and grief, and could trace in memory a fair vision of her aunt, which she cherished with the utmost tenderness. Everything that remained of her, in the hearts and minds of those who had known and loved her, and in the memorials which she had left behind, conveyed the impression of so much tenderness and truth, such meekness and devotion of spirit, such touching resignation, that Juliet could not but believe that she had been a being rarely equalled, and never to be forgotten. She felt that she could conceive and sympathize with the feelings of him who was now about to return to her home, and would find her not. She contrasted their fates with her own; and, though she wept for them, the tears which she shed for herself were far more bitter. They had loved with unbroken constancy and unshaken trust. Juliet sickened as she remembered the beautiful image which had once been enshrined in her heart, and then looked on it disfigured and dethroned, lying in shame and degradation in the dust; and, first to love, and then to despise—Juliet thought that no dart from the quiver of Death could inflict a wound like this.

CHAPTER III.

At length evening came, and with it came Mr. Neville, and the merchant was quite unlike what any one of the expecting group had supposed that he would prove. Mr. Markham, who had parted from a fiery, enthusiastic youth, was scarcely prepared for the calm dignity of his manhood. The children, who regarded him from a distance with something of the awe and curiosity which a Bengal tiger might inspire, were amazed by the sweetness and gentleness of his voice and manner. Juliet had not thought that he would look so old, but, in spite of his whitened hair and bronzed skin, the unquenched fire of his dark eye, the whiteness of his teeth, and the freedom of his movements, quickly removed the impression of advanced age. Mrs. Markham was surprised to find him so young.

After the first warm greeting of the friends was over, and the feelings excited by it had partly subsided, Mr. Neville showed how desirous he was to make acquaintance with each member of the little group. Juliet was quite in the background, and her little brothers and sisters crowded round her, and completely shut her out from view. Her father put them aside, and called her to him. She well knew the tide of painful associations which must fill the stranger's breast on hearing her name, and on beholding her for the first time. She advanced with head and eyes inclined downwards; her raven hair was drawn back from her classic brow; the color mounted visibly on her cheek, then rushed back, leaving her colorless as marble. She breathed quickly with agitation. Her father glanced at his friend as she approached. He saw him start, and briefly, but tenderly, he said:—

"This is my eldest child, my Juliet."

Taking her hand, he placed it in that of Neville, and by a kind pressure spoke his acquaintance and sympathy with all that was passing in his breast. Neville was in a dream;—one of those heart-sickening dreams in which we act over again the happy scenes of youth.

"Oh, miserable power to dreams allowed!"

None of the supernatural horrors, the terrific perils, which we often encounter in sleep, cause half the pain which we experience in retracing reality step by step.

Juliet felt Neville's hand tremble; the moment that she could withdraw hers, she fell back, and a few hot tears rolled down her cheek unperceived.

Neville grew absent in his replies, and declined all refreshment, though he had travelled far. His

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friend interpreted these signs as weariness, and conducted him to the chamber prepared for him. When alone together, they could not abstain from retrospections of the past. At length Neville himself alluded to the perfect resemblance which Juliet bore to her whom he had left as fresh a flower, blooming in the same soil. As he spoke his countenance changed, his manly voice faltered. Emotion banished self-possession. He resolved that this comment should be made for the first and last time. He would never again venture to approach this subject.

When Neville was left to himself, he found it impossible to obtain rest. Old recollections haunted and agonized him. Visions of an hour's birth flitted before him. In vain did he attempt to separate the Juliet who was not, and the Juliet who was. He trembled on the brink of a discovery, that to him they must henceforth be the same. He passed a night of restless pain, shamed and harassed by this strange intermixture of the past with the present. He rose with the dawn, and threw open the window of his chamber to breathe the morning air, which seldom fails to refresh the sickest head or heart. He gazed forth on a scene once so familiar to him, and retraced with little difficulty every feature of it. While thus employed, he forgot the lapse of time. Suddenly the sound of the church-bell struck his ear. What village ceremony is about to take place? He felt a superstitious desire that no funeral train should meet his eye, as the omen attending his first return to the Grange. He was diverted from his fears by beholding his host issue from the house with his family, and, quitting the garden, take the winding path over the rising common, which he so well knew led immediately to the church porch. He quickly descried among the group the slight form of Juliet. He saw, too, how the younger children hung about her with fondness, and her father drew her tenderly to his side. Neville's eyes were fixed upon her till she disappeared among the trees which bounded the common. Then he covered his face with his hands, and in his loneliness he wept. It was as if he had returned to find Juliet in unimpaired youth and beauty, while, in himself, all freshness of feeling, all liveliness of hope, all elasticity of spirit, had been numbed by the touch of time. The contrast was bitter.

CHAPTER IV.

Neville was roused from his deep reverie by the merry shouts of the children as they came bounding over the common on their return. The merchant prepared to join his friend, and, after their first greeting, asked an explanation of the proceeding he had witnessed. "Was it not uncommon?"

"No, not uncommon," replied Mr. Markham; "for it is of daily occurrence. At this hour Mr. Villiers, the excellent clergyman whom we have now possessed more than six months, performs the Morning Service, and many, with little detriment to their necessary avocations—though few, I believe, without some slight self-sacrifice—are able to attend. We find it the most beneficial, the most pleasurable mode of commencing the day that we can follow."

"To-morrow I will so commence it with you," replied Neville, readily; and Juliet, who had just reached the spot where they stood, was pleased with the cheerful alacrity of his voice. Neville's eye rested attentively on her as soon as she appeared. Her cheek was glowing, and her eyes were sparkling, with the exercise she had taken; but he watched all this brilliancy fade away, and an expression of mournful resignation overspread her countenance. "She does not look happy," he thought; and throughout the day he could not banish from his mind this distressing supposition.

The time passed chiefly in familiar conversation between the two friends; by which, in a few hours, they realized the existing circumstances of each other more than they had done in the correspondence of years. Neville found that Markham enjoyed few of the superfluities of life. His children were frugally reared, and simply attired, which added vigor to their health, and charms to their beauty. His sons were carefully educated, and were already fitted for introduction into the world; to advance their fortunes Neville resolved should be his earliest care. Juliet owed chiefly to her aunt and god-mother a cultivation of mind and taste which might be a solid basis for further acquirements. Nature had gifted her with talents for the arts which she had formerly exercised with great delight, though with little knowledge; but that delight did not now exist. Her most pleasing occupation now was the instruction of her little sister in such rudiments as she could impart; and she was no unskilful teacher, as the progress of the lively, intelligent little Marion evinced. Neville saw, with vexation, that while Juliet welcomed him with all the cordiality due to her father's friend, yet, as much as possible, she withdrew from the conversation generally held, and her silence was less that of timidity than of abstraction. Clearly to ascertain whether the grief which he suspected did or did not exist—if it did, to proceed to the discovery of its cause, and finally to relieve it—became, ere evening, Neville's prevailing wish and design. But he was resolved that the impression made on him should receive corroboration solely from his own observation, and, actuated by delicacy, he abstained from communicating his doubts, by the slightest hint, to the parents of Juliet.

The following morning found him walking at her side towards the village church. She conversed with intelligence and animation until her father overtook them. Then she immediately fell back, and walked and talked with Marion, evidently with more real satisfaction. But in the church they were again side by side, and Neville could not but be sensible, that while they joined in the most impressive prayers which man ever framed wherewith to address his Maker, Julia wept—silently—as secretly as might be—but, calm as she ordinarily was, she could not here wholly restrain the emotion which betrayed a heart full to overflowing. Neville's first inquiry was answered.

CHAPTER V.

The merchant had not yet visited all his friends, and he wandered away by himself in the direction of a little thatched cottage on the borders of the common. Some yew trees, trimmed in grotesque shapes, formed an archway over the entrance into the garden, which was in perfect order. The most scrupulous cleanliness and neatness reigned within and without this little abode, and were equally remarkable in the person of its proprietor, an old, attenuated, wrinkled dame, in closely crimped cap and folded kerchief, who sat in a wicker chair, so placed as to afford her a view of her garden and gate. Neville cast a look around, which was evidently not the scrutiny of a stranger, but that of one who was seeking familiar things. The old woman, whose curiosity was easily stirred, cried: "Won't you walk in, sir, and gather some flowers?"

Neville silently accepted the invitation, and enter-

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ing the garden picked some rich, dark wall-flowers as he passed them.

"Hester," he said, as he stood beside the old woman's chair; "you do not recollect me!"

"No, indeed, sir, I don't," she replied, after steadfastly surveying him.

Neville smiled, but it was mournfully.

"Bless me!" cried the old woman, resting her hands on her knees, and gazing up in his face; "there certainly is something in your smile that I ought to know."

"Indeed there is, Hester; and my name you cannot have forgotten,—it is Neville."

"Neville!—Is it possible!—You are Mr. Edmund, then. That ever I should live to see it! My poor young mistress! Ah! Mr. Edmund, how little did you or I think that you would come back to find this poor old withered body, and not to find her!" And she raised her bony hands to her face, and was for a while overpowered with the painful recollections which his presence awakened in her.

Neville was silent. His companion never was so for many minutes together, so she now recommenced:—

"When you stopped at my gate, I felt, I don't know why nor wherefore, for you are altogether changed, Mr. Edmund, that it was no stranger that was there. Now, if Miss Juliet had come down to me, as she often does, and said, 'Mr. Edmund is coming home, nurse,' I might have fancied that old times were come back again—for she is just my young lady to my eyes."

Neville started. How chanced it that his own wild thoughts were the first that found utterance from the lips of her whom he sought that he might learn the history of the past? He conquered his agitation, and replied:—"Hester, I should think that you could tell me as much of what passed after my departure as any one can."

Now perhaps it may seem strange that Neville thus sought the side of this aged rustic to listen to facts and comments—nay, more—to give utterance to feelings—all of which he would hush to silence in the intercourse between himself and Markham. Why does he feel it more endurable to listen to her unhesitating rehearsal, in her common phraseology, of circumstances which Markham would tremble to make known in the most guarded terms? There is something in the simplicity with which the poor mention the most startling and heart-breaking truths, which has a less painful effect than the timid allusions made to them by the more educated. Again and again the old woman touched on the likeness which his friend's daughter bore to her who should have been his bride, and declared that the likeness was borne out in her sweet and gentle temper; and Neville felt, that again and again could he return to her cottage, to hear her pursue the same theme. At length he said:—

"She seems to be more grave and silent than—than is natural at her age."

"Aye, indeed, she was blithe enough when you were here;—but, Mr. Edmund, if you had come a few months ago, you would not have had occasion to complain that Miss Juliet wanted life;—no, indeed. It did me good to see her coming with her merry laugh, that I was sure to hear before she was in sight; but now I watch her creeping along the common; and once, I declare, she passed the very gate, not knowing it, and turned back again with a start. Oh! it is a sad thing to see her; and enough to make your heart ache! She looks so like her who went before her, that I can't but think she 's a going the same way!"

Neville gave a deep sigh.

"What ails her, nurse!—Do they not mark this change, and care for her health?"

"What ails her! Ah! Mr. Edmund, what is it that ails young folk?—You have not yet forgotten! But the other day she was standing just where you stand, looking so pale and sad—and I said to her: 'Don't let things press too heavily on your young heart; pray don't!' In a moment she was as red as that damask rose, and she cried: 'What do you mean, nurse? Nothing presses on my heart.' But I know very well that there does."

"Tell me all you know, Hester. I don't ask from curiosity."

"But here she comes herself, sir;" and Juliet was within a few steps of the gate. Her arrival entirely changed the nature of the discourse. A few kind and cheerful words passed between her and Hester, and then she left the cottage, accompanied by Neville.

"I hope Hester is a favorite with you all," he said. "She stands high in the list of the few friends England has to afford me."

"Oh, yes, we all love her for her warm heart, and for a cheerfulness and merriment which one little expects to find at her age, and not often in her class. I don't think such gayety is common among the poor; I suppose hard toil and hard fare wear down their spirits, and of the first Hester has had her share. Whenever we come to see her, however sick or weary we find her, she is always full of life before we quit her."

"You," said Neville, in a low voice, "must be especially dear to her, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of one whom she sees again in you."

He felt as if, in painfully uttering these words, he taught Juliet to expect from him that deep and fervent love which filled his heart, and revealed to her the necessity of its existence; and so to have done was some relief.

CHAPTER VI.

Neville, during the remainder of their walk, was as abstracted and spiritless as Juliet in her most dejected moments. She attributed his sadness to the remembrances of the past brought before him by the old domestic with whom he had been conversing, and she was deeply touched and interested when she perceived that years had not impaired his constancy, nor chilled his affections. She was inclined to muse on what seemed to her, smarting from recent disappointment, almost a phenomenon. She could not consider this faithful love without a disposition to repine, for she deemed his sufferings, bitter as they were, in nature preferable to those which she had undergone. Absorbed in these reflections, she walked sadly and silently by his side, little aware how much his thoughts were occupied by her; at length she felt that his eyes were fixed on her face, and that tears were stealing down her cheek. She turned her head away hastily.

"Juliet," said Neville, kindly, "surely I am a very old friend, if a very new acquaintance. There need no preliminaries to intimacy between us. Let me speak to you henceforth always in the former character. My first visit to your home must soon end. Impatience to see my dearest friend brought me here in such haste that I must depart again with no less speed; but I would, before I go, speak to you on subjects with which no stranger intermeddleth. Why should I speak to you as a stranger, Juliet—to you, the child of my friend, and far more to me than that alone could make you. I have

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returned to England, Juliet, without relations, without friends; I bring with me princely wealth, and my chief object is to advance the interests and the happiness of my friend's children. I came here hoping to find no uneasiness that I could not remove. I discover it where it grieves me most to see it. From your own lips I would learn if I can do anything to promote your happiness."

Juliet made no reply, nor raised her eyes to his. She turned very pale, and trembled violently. Neville, in some alarm, drew her arm within his, exclaiming:—

"I have been too abrupt where I should have spoken most guardedly. Do not try to answer me, Juliet! Only think on what I have said, and communicate your wishes to me in any way you like. Consult with your parents, and let your father speak with me. All that I ask from you is candor, and believe me that to serve you will be the utmost happiness I can know."

Juliet strove to speak, but could not. The anguish of her countenance betrayed no common grief, and deeply distressed her companion.

"I will not leave you till you reach home," he said, in tones of regret and self-reproach, and they moved slowly down the shady lane which led to the grange. When within a short distance from the house, Juliet began in a low voice, which trembled at first, but grew firmer as she went on:—

"Mr. Neville, I cannot part from you without saying a few words in reply to an offer of such unbounded generosity and kindness. I feel indeed that you are no stranger to us in heart, and I will show you the candor you desire. The grief which you have marked in me is one which no remedy which you can propose could possibly remove. Pray forget its existence, and never recur to it again."

"I cannot bear to see you as you are, Juliet," said Neville, in a tone of deep feeling.

"Nor shall you," replied Juliet, with a dignity beyond her age. "I have said that you can do nothing for me, but I can do much for myself, and with the aid of Heaven, so I will. I will not long sadden those who love me by outward dejection."

"Nay, Juliet," interrupted Neville, glancing with alarm at her slight form and pallid cheek, "tax not your strength too severely."

"I am much better than I have been," she said, in her former tremulous tone, and for the first time a flood of tears came to her relief.

"Oh, Juliet! if, on further deliberation——"

"Urge me not, urge me not," exclaimed Juliet, vehemently. "You tempt me—and it is to certain misery!"

These mysterious words ended their discourse. She hastily opened the gate of the shrubbery, and, pointing out to Neville a path which led to the house, she abruptly turned into another.

CHAPTER VII.

Neville did not ask himself directly, whether any secret joy mingled with the pain which it cost him to see his scheme for Juliet's happiness overthrown. He soon forgot himself, to think solely of her, and the compassion which such thoughts awakened led him back again to his generous projects. As he passed the evening with his friend, he could not abstain from approaching the subject, and at length he repeated to him all that had passed. Mr. Markham's eyes glistened as he heard him; joy beamed in them though they swam with tears.

"She is a matchless girl!" he exclaimed, with irrepressible emotion. "She is the most high-minded, the noblest creature! She speaks truly," he continued, after a pause, with more calmness. "Juliet has a natural energy which will not allow her to remain downcast. She has many to love, and she has many duties to perform, and she does perform them with all the ardor of an affectionate heart and a high spirit. I trust confidently that there is enough around her to enable a strong mind in all the vigor of youth to rally from deeper affliction than hers has been; for, though bitter, it is not of a nature to be lasting. Still I confess that to see, as we do at present, resignation holding the place of happiness, is a spectacle which touches us deeply."

"But must this be?" cried Neville. "Can nothing be effected to restore the latter?"

Mr. Markham extended his confidence further, and related these facts to his friend. The former incumbent of the living now held by Mr. Villiers, (and the resident at the rectory, so near to the grange,) had been a man of good education and considerable abilities, who eked out a scanty stipend by preparing young men for their entrance into the universities. These so-called pupils enjoyed, however, the main disposal of their own time, and profited as little or as much as pleased themselves by the powers of instruction certainly possessed, but not certainly exerted, by their tutor. Among those intrusted to his care, was the son of a great man, at least in his own estimation very great, for Sir Ralph Harvey was a man of very old family, and of unbounded pride, though by no means superabundantly wealthy. His son, Lyttelton Harvey, was handsome, impetuous, evidently headstrong, apparently resolute. His society was generally fascinating to those of his own age; it was especially so to the young and lovely girl whom he felt impelled to please by every means in his power. In a short time he was Juliet's passionate adorer. Mrs. Markham was not a very wise woman, Mr. Markham not a very prudent man—at least so Neville gathered from the details he heard. The first built castles in the air, and believed them founded on earth; the second did not recognize the danger till the evil was accomplished. Then he behaved like a man of honor and of resolution. He reminded Lyttelton of his youth; he forbade his visits to his house; he referred him to his father for a sanction of his passion, to time as a test of his earnestness. In consequence of these injunctions, he discovered that Lyttelton was rather rash than resolute. His arbitrary father had been from his earliest years the object of his fear, and he quailed in his presence, though, apart from him, he boasted of independence. Time also led him to consider that it was not wise for a man so young, and born to such hereditary honors, who might command a choice of the beauty, or rank, or wealth of England, to ally himself with one as destitute of the two more solid advantages as she was richly endowed with the first, and with "all with which Nature halloweth her daughters."

He began to acquiesce in the superior wisdom which had withheld him from carrying out a rash purpose, and, though he blushed to avow the complete change, he went so far as to inculcate resignation to Juliet, and to evince that he was an apt scholar in the lesson he taught. Juliet was quick-sighted, and had more than a common dignity and delicacy of perception. She recognized the alteration, and, smarting under the grief and the humiliation, she made it clearly known to Mr. Lyttelton Harvey, that she fully appreciated the wisdom of

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her father's conduct, and the meek submission of his own. She returned some foolish tokens which were to have lived with her in life, and to have lain with her in the grave. Life is short, but we outlive many things which had a promise of durability. Mr. Lyttelton Harvey returned no more. It was almost equally fortunate for Juliet that Mr. Halifax, his tutor, departed soon afterwards, giving place to Mr. Villiers. The advantages which Juliet derived from this change were not confined to those which he conferred on her by his full and excellent discharge of all the pastor's duties. He brought with him to the rectory a sister whose whole life had been passed in his home; one who was endeared to him not only by her devoted love and excellent qualities, but by being one of those doomed to pain which admits of little alleviation from human skill —set apart to serve in suffering—a spectacle involved in mystery, and never to be looked on but with awe. Miss Villiers became to Juliet the best and wisest of earthly friends. To a heart of peculiar tenderness she joined the most enlightened and impartial views of life. Her understanding was highly cultivated, her judgment sound, her penetration acute, and her sympathy lively. Beside her couch Juliet spent many hours, and none without learning some lesson of high import. She had already regained her calmness; for cheerfulness she was yet striving. The strength of her resolution had this day been tested, and her father rejoiced to find that it had withstood all temptation to strive to win back what he esteemed well lost. He was convinced that Juliet's happiness could not be ensured by the recall of her youthful lover. Whether this truth was equally impressed on the mind of his wife he somewhat doubted, and, though she offered no contradiction to his comments on the facts which he communicated to her that night, she fell asleep and dreamed that she saw Lyttelton Harvey repentant at the feet of her pale child; and, before it was clear whether she would spurn him from her with majestic scorn, or whether she would melt into forgiveness, she awoke again to contemplate what she considered as sober certainty, Juliet's future endowment with at least a vast portion of the merchant's wealth.

CHAPTER VIII.

The merchant's first visit to the Grange was a very short one, but he promised that it should soon be repeated. His departure was followed by the arrival of a box of Indian treasures which he had promised to Mrs. Markham; but there were not, as there used to be, many things marked with Juliet's name, only a very beautiful and costly gold chain. An accompanying letter acquainted Mrs. Markham that Neville had chosen for Juliet a harp, and some drawings which her pencil might be worthily engaged in copying. Juliet saw that her father and mother were gratified. She sighed, and thought that Neville was very generous, more than she felt that he was very kind. She was averse to the occupation with which he had provided her; nevertheless, when once engaged, as she felt constrained to be, she derived a pleasure from them which won her from herself. She had never touched so fine an instrument before; never looked on any representations of nature so excellent as those which Neville had selected for her. She often thought of him, and went with pleasure to tell Hester that he was coming again, and for a much longer time than before. The old woman rejoiced, and detained Juliet to tell her tales of the past. She ended:

"Ah, Miss Juliet! the tears stood in his eyes when he spoke to me of your likeness to her that is gone. And you look more like yourself, and more like her as he knew her, than you did when he came. Now you must do all you can to cheer him; indeed you must."

"Well, so we will, all of us, and Marion too, and it will do him good to hear her laugh."

"No, Miss Juliet, it will do him more good to see you smile."

Juliet thought of these words as she went away, and she felt touched by the tender consideration in which it was evident that Neville held her.

Neville came, and he was rejoiced to see that Juliet met him with a countenance more animated, and a step less listless. He also perceived that the gold chain which the box had contained hung round her neck.

"Let us take our friend to see Mr. Villiers and his sister, Juliet," said her father, the day after Neville's arrival.

"Oh, yes," replied Juliet with alacrity, "let us take him to Miss Villiers without delay. Indeed, I promised to do so as soon as he returned. I have shown her all the beautiful drawings you have sent me, and have inspired her with a wish to make acquaintance with you."

"And Mr. Villiers?" said Neville.

"He is more silent, less clever than his sister; not less good. His countenance tells you how benevolent he is, but in society he speaks little on ordinary topics. I like better to meet him in a cottage or the school; his voice and his smile when he is with children are so gentle and so affectionate."

"Pray do not engage Juliet in the praises of her friends, if you wish to see them to-day," cried Mr. Markham, and they set out to the rectory.

Miss Villiers received her visitors with a courtesy of manner peculiarly her own. She possessed quick perception of character, and had a readiness in adapting herself to the tastes and habits of others, which caused every one, however much they differed from each other, to find time pass easily and delightfully in her society. The constancy and severity of her sufferings had never rendered her selfish, nor taught her to believe that the feelings and convenience of others must be without hesitation sacrificed to her own. On the contrary, every trifling instance of accommodation to her, and of sympathy for her, she received, not as a right, but as a favor.

Juliet had never yet seen Neville to such advantage as on this occasion; he was perfectly at his ease. With her he was often harassed by contending feelings; with Miss Villiers he readily followed in the track on which she led him, and conversed with her with remarkable judgment, knowledge, and taste, on subjects to which he had given previous thought. At length the two gentlemen rose to depart, for Mr. Villiers was not expected home. Juliet, much as she had enjoyed Neville's conversation, proposed to remain with Miss Villiers. With an affectionate smile, her friend acquiesced in her desire, and, as soon as they were alone, she said—

"My dear, what a very charming person your friend has proved; I had no idea you would bring me any one so handsome and so accomplished. It must be very delightful to spend days in his society, as you do, and it ought to be very improving, too, Juliet. I hope you will persuade him to come and see me again."

Juliet felt surprised that she had not made these observations for herself, for she acknowledged their

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truth, and that they proceeded from Miss Villiers' mouth, gave them great additional weight. Juliet had previously told her of the circumstances which had connected Neville with their family, and they now recurred to that theme, with an interest diminished in neither by their intercourse with him.

"I see that he regards you with peculiar affection," said Miss Villiers. "I could hear the very tone of his voice alter when he spoke to you. You see, my dear, neither my eyes nor hearing are grown very dull yet."

As Juliet walked home, she reflected on the favorable impression which Neville had made on Miss Villiers, and came rapidly to the conclusion that hitherto she had not at all duly appreciated him. As she went through the village, she saw him at a little distance, and no sooner did he turn and perceive her, than he came towards her.

"May I accompany you in your walk?"

"Yes," replied Juliet, with frank satisfaction. "I have but a word to say at a cottage which we pass. I shall not delay you a moment, though, indeed, I know not why I should not defer this visit till to-morrow morning."

"I beg you not to do so. I like to see your English ways, Juliet, of which you know I have long lost sight. Above all, I like to see how you love these people, and how they love you. I prefer accompanying you now to doing so in a course of formal visits to people of elegance or fashion."

"Do you!" cried Juliet, with pleasure; "then we are quite agreed. I deplore my fate when the necessity arises which you describe. I yawn in anticipation—in retrospection; and it is only politeness and a little awe of mamma's indignation which prevents me from doing so at the time; but, when I go to yonder neat little cottage, I commonly stay twice as long as I intended. But don't look alarmed; I will not do so to-day."

"The reason why you do not find the conversation of these poor people dull, is probably because, however trivial their subject, it is usually one in which they themselves take a lively interest, and this gives them the power of exciting your sympathy. This is a law of our nature."

"Much that one hears from them is indeed interesting," replied Juliet, "but it is usually of a mournful nature. How seldom the poor seem gay! I suppose it is because they realize, so much more than any other class does, the curse under which man labors of earning his bread in the sweat of his brow."

"Apparently they do; but depend upon it, Juliet, that the curse falls not unfulfilled to the ground in any one instance. It extends from the peasant in his hut, to the king upon the throne."

"But those feel it most sharply who must toil unceasingly, or starve!"

"I would not depreciate the hardships which the poor undergo. I would only assert, on a broader scale, that, of all the modes of maintaining existence which necessity has invented, there is none without its peculiar sufferings, to which numbers of those who pursue it annually fall victims. The lawyer, the soldier, the physician, the statesman, those who encounter the perilous climate from which I return, all bear witness to this fact as much as the worn-out laborer, or the wretched artisan perishing of the pernicious atmosphere which he daily inhales. What is this but the universal working of the curse?—The curses of the fall have never been revoked. Men toil and die as they did before the Saviour of mankind came on earth, but, according to the merciful law of God, who ever works good out of evil for his faithful servants, there is a call heard by those who meekly listen: 'Come unto me, ye who are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and the sting of death is plucked out."

"I see the truth of all your words," replied Juliet, "but still the sufferings of the poor are of a more sacred character than any others can assume. Our Lord shared their lot in life, and committed them to our charge, even as if they were himself —'*I* was an hungered.' Nor can I behold, without awe, pain such as the dear friend whom we saw to-day is visited with. Surely in those to whom pain is sanctified, as it is to her, we seem most plainly to discover the servants of a suffering master."

Juliet's countenance showed how deeply she felt on the subjects on which they spoke, and the mention of such themes created a stricter intimacy between her and her companion than had hitherto existed. Neville led her to speak of those with whose necessities she was well acquainted, and who were the objects of her sincere commiseration, and he did this with the generous design of enabling her to relieve them. There were not many cases of pressing and unalleviated distress in this small and happy village, but Juliet, with a beating heart, reflected on one act of charity, far beyond her own power, and which she had often most ardently wished to see effected. This was the apprenticeship of the son of a poor widow to a trade which he had been learning under his father during his lifetime, which he was incapable of pursuing alone and in which his mother could afford to give him no further instruction. Now Juliet knew these people well; she was quite sure that into this channel Neville's generosity might be safely directed. She could not speak without agitation. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes filled with tears as she tried to explain all the circumstances to Neville. He was not difficult to satisfy, and he proposed to visit the widow, and carry their purpose into execution before they returned home.

"It was there I was going," replied Juliet; and, quickening her steps, and not speaking again, her heart was so full, she eagerly led Neville in the desired direction.

Juliet was soon at the door of the widow's cottage.

"Go in by yourself," said Neville; "I will wait your return under that lime tree."

"You ought to have the pleasure of doing this," replied Juliet, hesitating.

"No, no; the poor woman would only be embarrassed by seeing me."

Juliet, feeling that he was equally delicate and generous, entered alone.

"Oh! my dear Mary!" she cried with delight, (taking both the hands of the poor widow in hers,) "I have some very, very good news for you, concerning George. Oh! my good little Anna, (she said to a child who was trying to attract her notice,) I cannot attend to you now—run and play."

"Go into the garden, dear," said her mother, and putting the child out at the door, she returned with a face of great agitation.

"Well, now I will tell you all," continued Juliet; "there is a friend staying with us, a friend of my father's. He is most kind, and good, and generous. He is rich too, and he inquired of me if I knew any case of distress which he could relieve; and I thought of George, and how glad you would be to

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have him bound as an apprentice—and this he has promised to do."

Now if Juliet had not known her poor friend too well to expect words of thanks she would have been disappointed, for none came. Mary changed color, and looked ready to sink. Juliet made her sit down, and when she had done so, she took Juliet's hand, and pressed it repeatedly, but she could not speak. At length Juliet said, "I will come again to-morrow—you will then have had time to think over all this—and I will bring the gentleman with me."

Tears now came freely to the relief of the widow's full heart. "Thanks, thanks," she whispered, and Juliet, leaving the room, called Anna from the garden, and sent her to her mother, while she herself sought Neville. Her face wore a most touching expression of joy, for the tears of sympathy were still on her cheek; she took Neville's proffered arm, and exclaimed:

"I know not how to thank you, and I am sure she will never know how to thank you either;—with our lips I mean—with our hearts we do."

Neville made no reply; at length he said, in a voice of much emotion:

"Oh! Juliet, how have I desired to see you happy, and now I see you so; but it is only in the happiness of others."

Juliet answered in a low but firm voice:

"I am happy now." Then smiling she added, "Soon you will see me very happy, for my brother is coming home."

The next day Juliet and Neville did not forget their visit to Mary's cottage, nor did they omit anything that was requisite for the fulfilment of their benevolent purpose.

CHAPTER IX.

One morning, Juliet received a letter, the seal of which Neville saw her break with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes. After the first glance, she ran to the window, and beckoned to the younger children, who were playing in the lawn, to come to it. "Are there news of Albert!" they cried, as they obeyed her call.

"Yes, yes; he will be here this evening. Oh! what joy!" Mr. Markham entered the room. Juliet hastened towards him, and throwing her arms round his neck, cried: "Albert will be here to-night!"

Neville knew that Albert was the eldest son of his friend, or a year or two younger than Juliet. He was now at Sandhurst, receiving a military education. During the day, Neville talked with Mr. Markham of his future intentions with respect to his son, and told him that he thought his interest could procure him a cadetship, if it would be acceptable. This offer was received with gratitude for the kindness which prompted it, but Mr. Markham requested a little time for consideration ere he closed with it.

Evening came, and seven o'clock; the happy party walked down to a little bridge at a turn in the road, beyond which the coach did not come, and there awaited Albert's arrival. The children, ere long, wandered into the field at the road side, to play. Mr. and Mrs. Markham walked up and down, the latter wondering that Neville did not join them; but Juliet had placed herself where she should see the coach the moment it appeared; and Neville was at her side, as if his interest were as lively as her own. At length the trampling of horses' feet caught Juliet's ear; then the children came running to the spot, and Mr. and Mrs. Markham followed. Now the horses gallop up the slight ascent—they stop—a young gentleman descends in haste from the coach-box and runs to greet them. Now they have all welcomed him, and they gaze with fond admiration on his tall, active figure and handsome face; his clear brown eye and chestnut curls, and complexion glowing with health and joy. Neville has shaken hands with him, and they begin to move homewards. Juliet is hung on Albert's arm, as if he engrossed every thought and feeling; and they talked earnestly to each other in a low voice, as if they neither wished to be addressed or to be heard by any one else. Neville felt his first sensations of depression and restraint return in all their force; he felt quite out of place, at least quite out of the only place he cared to fill. His sudden gloom was perceptible to Mr. Markham, who would gladly have given Juliet a hint not to allow her brother wholly to distract her attention from a friend so lavish of kindness to her. But it was in vain that he called Albert to his own side, and made him reply to numerous interrogations. Neville did not avail himself of these exertions in his favor.

Never had Neville's reflections been more dispiriting than they were on that night. He felt convinced that he had deceived himself most absurdly, in supposing that Juliet had any real pleasure in his society. At last he resolved that in the morning he would plead a necessity for returning to London the following day. This resolution calmed him, and allowed him to taste of sleep. The next morning he wavered a little, but he heard Albert's voice calling to Juliet to come out and walk with him, and from his window he saw her hastening to join him, with a light step, which spoke a gayer heart than he had ever known her to possess. He sighed, and resolved that he would leave her to companions more congenial to her than he could be. Accordingly, as soon as the rest of the family had retired from the breakfast room, he announced to Mr. Markham his intention of returning to London. Mr. Markham expressed annoyance, —could not guess the reason of this sudden decision, —but Neville was firm, and said that if Mr. Markham wished to consult him further about Albert, he must write to him. Mr. Markham left the room; in a few minutes Juliet entered it, and came to the window at which Neville was still standing. His first glance at her face told him, that, however glad her feelings were a few minutes since, they were quite changed now; he felt anxious to know the cause, and Juliet meant not to leave him in ignorance of it. Her voice was a little tremulous, her cheeks a little flushed.

"Mr. Neville," she said, and paused; "is it possible that, as papa tells us, you are going to leave us to-morrow? Must you really do so? You never said so before, and I am so disappointed. Just as Albert is come, whom I so much wished you to know; I said I would try to make you change your resolution; now, pray, do not send me away with a refusal." And Juliet, instead of smiling, as she probably expected to do, was forced to turn away her head to conceal the tears which had started to her eyes: she was as much surprised at her own emotion as Neville could be. He could not resist the impulse of the moment; he took her hand, and said in a low earnest voice; "Juliet, I will not deceive you by pleading any false necessity for departure. I go from the sight of so much happiness which I may not share."

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"I hoped that you would share it more from day to day," replied Juliet, sorrowfully.

"If I were to tell you the mad, vain wishes, the accomplishment of which could alone make this place any longer tolerable to me, you would bid me go, you would bid me to grow wiser and calmer ere I saw you again. Juliet, you are too sincere, too generous to counsel me untruly." The blood rushed crimson to Juliet's cheek and brow. She burst into tears; but Neville thought he read more than compassion in them. He bent over her, and murmured: "Must I go?" "Yes," replied Juliet, "if you wish to destroy the happiness which you have striven to create."

"So, Juliet," cried her father, "you have prevailed on Neville to remain! But the enchantress was forced to try her most potent spells ere she could lure the knight back to her bower."

Juliet tried to smile at her father's bantering, but her heart was too full; she threw herself on his neck, and clung silently to him.

"My dear child," said Mr. Markham, with emotion, "I am heartily rejoiced that you sent him not away in despair. May his noble heart never know another pang! Well! I suppose now he has some chance of sharing your thoughts, looks, and words, with Albert!"

"Ah! dearest father," cried Juliet, smiling joyfully, "I hope to reverse all his schemes, for Albert shall never go to India."

THE London correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says of the manuscripts of Dr. Chalmers, lately purchased by Mr. Constable:

Among the most interesting documents are a vast quantity of letters, which passed between Dr. Chalmers, and nearly every distinguished person in the various spheres of life. Clergymen, authors, artists and statesmen, of England, of Europe, and of the United States have, within the last twenty-five years, corresponded with Dr. Chalmers. This most interesting correspondence, with a memoir, will form four or five large octavo volumes. In addition to this work, the next in importance and value is, perhaps, an elaborate commentary on the Bible, which, it is to be regretted, is unfinished, as it extends only to the book of Jeremiah. Another manuscript of great value is Dr. Chalmers' series of Lectures to Students, when he was professor of divinity in the Edinburgh University. As a class-book, this work will become widely popular. It will be seen from this sketch that the religious and literary world will soon become possessed of one of the richest, most interesting, valuable and important contributions to the literature of the day that has been published during the last half-century

From the same letter we copy a notice of Miss Eliza Cook:

Miss Eliza Cook, the poetess, is now residing at Great Malvern, for the benefit of her health. When Miss Cook was only "sweet sixteen" she contributed several very beautiful pieces of poetry to the *Literary Gazette*, and occasionally the effusions of her pen graced the pages of the New Monthly, and the Metropolitan Magazines. It is singular that she discontinued writing for these highly respectable journals, and wrote exclusively for the *Weekly Dispatch*, a paper which enjoys a wide circulation, but that circulation is confined principally to the pot-houses, gin-palaces and rookeries of the metropolis! She certainly secured through this channel a wide popularity among the masses, but Miss Cook's effusions one seldom finds copied into any of the higher class journals; hence she is not read by the more intelligent portion of the public. Miss Cook has written for the *Dispatch* for the last ten years, and during that time she has most undoubtedly fully equalled Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, or the most popular writer of Great Britain. In every line that she writes there is to be found the true essence of poesy. Her versification is smooth, her lines are musical her sentiments are pure and always contain a fine moral. Look at her deeply affecting song of the "Old Arm Chair;" but that is only one among scores of equally charming pieces. Her very last, written at Great Malvern, and during illness, is a composition of superior merit, and shows that the fire of her genius burns as brightly now as ever. It is called a "Song for the Season." The first verse will show its style.

"Look out, look out, there are shadows about;
The forest is donning its doublet of brown,
The willow tree sways with a gloomier flout,
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown!
'T is true we all know that Summer must go,
That the swallow will never stay long in our eaves;
Yet we 'd rather be watching the wild rose blow
Than be counting the colors of Autumn leaves!'

In the following stanzas, speaking of the withering "hedge-row boughs," she says:

"Oh! well it will be if our life, like the tree,
Shall be found, when old Time of green beauty bereaves;
With the fruit of good works for the Planter to see
Shining out in Truth's harvest, through Autumn leaves!"

Miss Cook commences this song by telling us to "look out, look out," for the shadows, the trees and the swallows, and then she tells us to "look high, look high," and then to "look low, look low," and to "look on, look on," and finally,

"Look back, look back, and you 'll find the track
Of human hearts, strown thickly o'er
With Joy's dead leaves, all dry and black,
And every year still flinging more.
But the soil is fed where the branches are shed
For the furrow to bring forth fuller sheaves,
And so is our trust in the Future spread
In the gloom of Mortality's Autumn leaves!"

Eliza Cook is now about forty years of age, although she looks much younger. She has quite a masculine countenance, which is remarkably expressive. Her forehead is broad and high, indicative of great genius. Her father was formerly a tradesman in London, but afterwards took a farm in Sussex, where Eliza, the youngest of eleven children, first became enamored of nature and her glorious works, and where, it is believed, she first attempted to pour out her thoughts in delicious verse. Miss Cook was born in the London Road, Southwark, London.

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From the North British Review.

1. *A Narrative of an Exploratory Visit to each of the Consular Cities of China, in behalf of the Church Missionary Society, in the years* 1844-5-6. By the Rev. GEORGE SMITH, M. A. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. London, 1847.
2. *Desultory Notes on the Government and People of China.* By THOMAS TAYLOR MEADOWS, Interpreter to Her Britannic Majesty's Consulate at Canton. London, 1847.
3. *Three Years' Wanderings in China.* By ROBERT FORTUNE, Botanical Collector for the London Horticultural Society. London, 1847.
4. *China and the Chinese Mission.* By the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, National Scotch Church, Regent Square. London, 1847.

CHINA is undoubtedly the most singular country in the world. Possessing a population amounting to at least a third of the whole human race, and occupying a vast yet continuous and well defined portion of the globe, it has existed as a peculiar and entirely secluded kingdom for a longer period of time than any other nation on the face of the earth. While migrations and wars and foreign conquests were making vast changes on the rest of the world—while nations were rising up from barbarism, flourishing for a season, and then sinking into insignificance, the Chinese held on in one uniform tenor—with the same arts, the same government, the same laws, unchanged and uninterrupted, except by casual outbreaks and tumults within themselves, which were soon calmed and smoothed over. While many mighty nations of the western world were still in a state of comparative barbarism, the Chinese had their various arts to embellish domestic life—they were clothed in their silks and cottons—were expert in the culture of the soil—knew something of the nature of the magnetic compass—of gunpowder, and various other inventions still unheard of in Europe.

The extreme caution of their natures, a certain timid and exclusive policy, which has all along characterized their intercourse with surrounding nations, as much, perhaps, as their self-conceit, which made them look down upon all others as barbarians, had the effect of keeping them for so long a time in such a state of singular seclusion. At last, however, the spell has been broken; an almost unavoidable war of aggression has done to them, what wars and conquests seem to have been the chief agents in performing among all the nations of the world—it has opened up this vast empire to the intercourse, and influence, and example of other races, and other modes of civilization. If it be not good for man to live alone, neither is it for nations; for we find that the same narrow, contracted, and selfish notions which arise in the solitary and secluded individual, are no less apt to take possession of a whole community. Hence the exclusive jealousy of strangers, the vain boasting, and ignorance of the manners and history of all other nations, so conspicuous in the Chinese.

Hitherto our information regarding the actual state of China has been derived from the hasty survey of ambassadors quickly passing through it, or the casual reports of a few missionaries who had been permitted, under many restrictions, to enter the country. But now that five of the largest maritime cities have been opened up by treaty to the trade and free intercourse of all nations, we begin to have the accounts of travellers who have made themselves acquainted with the language, and whose opportunities of observation have been more extensive and more unreserved than those of any of their predecessors. Of the works more recently published on this subject, we have selected a volume by the Rev. George Smith, of the Church Missionary Society; another volume by a diplomatist, resident in Canton; and a third by a scientific traveller;—all of whom have spent from two to three years in China, and have acquired a knowledge of the language. It is true that the range of these travellers has been limited to the maritime cities and surrounding districts, and has not extended into the central parts of the empire, or even to the capital, Pekin; but when it is considered that such a uniformity and sameness pervade the whole empire—that the people and institutions of any one province are so like to those of any other—it may be presumed that we glean from their partial observations a pretty accurate conception of the average condition of the whole empire.

The population of China, both from native statements and the calculations of foreigners, has been estimated at not less than 360 millions. Immense as this amount of human beings appears, it is perhaps not an over-estimate. The city of Canton is said to contain a million of inhabitants; that of Foo-chow 600,000; and the other cities visited are reported to be generally swarming with inhabitants. But even supposing the estimate above given to be correct, the whole area of China Proper contains 1,300,000 square miles; so that we have to each square mile 277 human beings. Now, if we compare this rate of population with that of England, as afforded by the last census of 1841, we shall find that in it there are 297 persons to every square mile. We must not then be deceived by exaggerated conceptions of the extreme density of the population of China. With a comparatively level and arable country, a rich soil, that in many localities bears two crops a year, and an industrious and frugal people, the average density of the population comes considerably short of that of England.

With an extent of surface, and an amount of population equal to twenty-five Englands, this vast empire is ruled by the despotic sway of one individual. The genius of a people most frequently moulds their government. The mild and submissive, and generally unimpassioned character of the Chinese, peculiarly fits them for implicit subjection. Their leading mental characteristic is plain homely common sense—they have not the imaginative qualities or passionate enthusiasm of other oriental nations, neither have they the profound, excursive, and restless intellects of the nations of the west. Filial respect and veneration is their

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most prominent instinct—their notions of rule are patriarchal. From their fathers and kindred their respect extends to their rulers and their emperor, who again, on their parts, take care to foster and encourage such feelings, and not to outrage them. Public opinion exists and prevails to such an extent as to keep a check on bad government, or outrageously corrupt administration; but there is neither the desire nor energy to carry it further. There is no permanent or hereditary nobility among this people. There are many old families who are held in estimation, but the two great distinctions of the people are into the literary class and the plebeian. Admission into the literary class is open to every individual of the empire, however poor or unknown; and from this class alone are selected all government officials, from the lowest clerk up to the greatest mandarin. Candidates for admission are subjected to a strict and generally an impartial examination. After having passed this first examination, they undergo a second and more searching one before they can become eligible for office; and a third is necessary for those who aim at the highest posts. The candidates for these literary honors are always very numerous, and an intense interest is shown at the periods of examination, both by the individuals themselves and their relatives. A great many are of course rejected, but these return again and again to their studies, and make repeated attempts to pass the ordeal. Once accepted, they are almost sure to succeed in time to some government employment, and the highest appointments are open to all. So highly is admission into this literary class prized by the people, that a successful aspirant sheds a lustre on his family, and even ennobles his more humble parent.

The same government and laws extend over the whole of the empire, and each province has its full complement of government officials. If we call to mind that each province is in extent equal to an ordinary European kingdom, we need not be surprised at the number of these officials. There are, in the first place, three grand orders of mandarins: 1st, the civil; 2d, the literary, who superintend the examinations for degrees and admission into the literary class; 3d, the military. Each of these orders may again be subdivided into other three, so that there are in all nine mandarins, or higher officers, in each province—all these being distinguished by the quality and color of the buttons on the top of their caps. A simple enumeration of the different denominations of the several officers of the province of Kwang-tung will so far indicate the nature of their duties, and afford a general idea of the officials of the other provinces. There is first the tsung-tu or governor-general, whose power not unfrequently extends over more than one province. Then a governor, superintendent of finance, provincial judge, collector of salt duties, grain collector, intendant of circuit, prefect of department and three sub-prefects, district magistrate and assistants, township magistrate and assistants, inspector of police, inspector of river police, secretary, treasurer, prison master, superintendent of customs. The government salaries of these officials are very small; the highest, that of the governor-general, amounting only to £60 of English money, and the lowest ranging from £12 to £20. The consequence is that their incomes are made up by extortion and bribes, levied on the community. This, like the arrangements of some of our European governments, (the Russian, for example,) is a most unfortunate one, and leads to endless abuse of justice. The vast extent of the empire, too, and the impossibility of the most vigilant central government taking due cognizance of the whole, tends greatly to peculation and abuse of authority, and to that feebleness of the executive power which prevails throughout China.

"I have found it impossible," says Mr. Meadows, "to learn, with any degree of certainty, what the real incomes of mandarins, as increased by illegal fees and special bribes, may amount to. They vary with the harvests, which, according as they are good or bad, render it easy or difficult to collect the land-tax—a proceeding in connection with which much extortion is carried on. They vary also with the number of law-suits, and the wealth of the litigating parties; and, lastly, they vary with the characters of the individual mandarins. The legal incomes of the lower mandarins are, indeed, so notoriously insufficient, that they have little hesitation in speaking, even to a foreigner, of their other gains in a general way; but they have many reasons for not entering into particulars. Under these circumstances it is little better than a guess when I assume the highest mandarins to get about ten times, the lowest about fifty times, the amount of their legal incomes. One of those in the receipt of about £22 legal income, once complained feelingly to me about his poverty, and on my hinting that his post was after all not a bad one, he protested, with some earnestness, that his whole income did not exceed 7,000 taels, (£2,333,) of which he had, he said, to give a great deal away."—P. 100.

Mr. Meadows exhibits a table of the government salaries of the state officials, and the actual incomes which they derive by extortion, and other means, deduced from the best information he could obtain. Thus, a governor-general receives from government £60 per annum, but he contrives to make his actual income £8,333. A governor of a province gets, nominally, £50, and makes it up to £4,333. A judge has, £43 of salary, and makes up £2,000. The collectors of taxes from £1,500 to £1,000. Even a subordinate officer, with a nominal salary of £10 or £12, eks it out, by various means, to £200 and £300.

The *yamun* is a large building, where the courts of justice, prisons, and offices and houses of the mandarins, and other officials, are situated. It consists of four divisions. The outermost contains the gaols, and places of confinement for short periods, as also the dwellings of the inferior officers. The second contains a hall of justice, for the formal trial of causes and criminals, as also apartments for public records, treasury, &c. The third includes the office of the mandarin himself, and rooms for the public reception of visitors;

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while the innermost division comprises the private residence of the mandarin and his family. Attached to each of these establishments are the shiye, the judicial advisers, and private secretaries of the mandarin. These men are the only people in China who devote themselves solely to the study of the law, and in so far they resemble our advocates, barristers, and sergeants-at-law; but they are scarcely ever made mandarins, (judges,) and none of them act as counsel for either of the litigating parties in an action at law; their sole business is to protect the interests of the mandarin their employer, to point out to him the proper way of conducting his judicial examinations, and to see that the decisions he pronounces are in strict accordance with the laws, so as that he may not incur any of the penalties laid down in the code of the Board of Civil Office, and thus be subjected to degradation or dismissal. These lawyers are not recognized as official servants of government, but are in the private employment of the mandarins. Certain of these devote their attention to the criminal, and others to the civil law. Besides these, there are a set of nondescript retainers, who hang about the mandarin, and are the negotiators of all the special bribes, and other illegal gains of their master, and a number of inferior government clerks, who keep accounts of the revenue, and make copies of all law papers, and other government business. The judges alone investigate, and decide in all causes and trials; there are no counsel for the prisoner, and of course nothing corresponding to juries. Threats and torture, too, are of daily occurrence. The interior of a yamun is said to present a very strange and bustling scene.

"The almost unceasing flail-like sounds of beating with the bamboo, either as a punishment for ascertained guilt, or to extort confessions and evidence—the cries of the sufferers—the voices of the examining mandarins questioning, bullying, and wheedling—the voices of the porters stationed at the doors, between the first and second and the second and third divisions, transmitting, in a loud singing tone, orders for different officers to repair to certain places where they are wanted—the constant running hither and thither of some of the inmates of the place, and the frequent appearance of criminals and witnesses being escorted to and from the prisons and rooms for examination—are sounds and sights that bewilder and agitate those who have not been accustomed to them, and serve to heighten that dread which all Chinese entertain of entering a yamun."—*Meadows*, p. 115.

The yamun of a district magistrate thus comprises within itself what may be called the general police station on a great scale—the county gaol, as it were, for the custody of debtors and of criminals, awaiting trial or execution—the place where quarter-sessions and assizes are held—the offices of all the subordinate officers of these courts, and the office and residence of the chief mandarin, who is at once judge, sheriff, coroner, and commissioner of taxes. In a populous district such a building is calculated to contain from 300 to 500 individuals, and in a less populous place about 200. The Chinese, however, in their domiciles, contrive to pack into amazingly little room, so that their buildings do not at at first view appear so extensive.

In general, the habits of the Chinese population, especially in the country districts, are peaceful and submissive. In the large towns, however, especially in Canton, there are frequent tumultuous ebullitions of the mob. Their contempt and hatred of foreigners cannot be easily restrained, and the appellation "Fanquee," or "foreign devil," is a term of common reproach. Canton, however, affords not a favorable specimen of Chinese manners. In the more northern cities, and in the country districts, a stranger may safely mingle with the people, without any other inconvenience than that arising from their excessive curiosity. They are almost uniformly kind, hospitable, and good-humored.

A great proportion of the lower orders of the community fare but poorly, and have great difficulty in making out their daily bread, while hosts of beggars are to be found in all the cities. For these a tax is levied in Amoy, and perhaps in other cities throughout the kingdom, the collector of which is called "the king of the beggars." This tax is partly optional with the payers, and is indirectly under the cognizance of the government. "The king," who is duly elected from among the number of the beggars, calls on each householder at the beginning of the year, and ascertains the monthly subscription which he is willing to give, in order to be free from the annoyance of their visits for alms, and the clatter of the sticks by which they implore relief. For the sum of five or six hundred *cash** a month, he gives a red piece of paper, inscribed with three copies of the characters for "great good luck," inclosed within an outline of a jar or vase; this is affixed to the door-post as a sign of immunity, and is renewed at the commencement of every year. Any beggar overlooking this bill of exemption, and entering a shop for relief, may be seized by the householder, and be beaten on the spot. "The king," after giving a certain proportion to the mandarins, and appropriating a certain fund for the support of the incorporated society of beggars, contrives to appropriate the remainder to his own use, and to become a rich man. The beggars are covered with tattered rags, wear long dishevelled hair, and are not very particular in the mode of satisfying their hunger.

"I observed," says Mr. Smith, "one of these beggars pass the shop of a confectioner, and stealthily slip a cake into his hand, and throw it into his sleeve. One of the partners, who saw the theft, ran out and followed the thief, caught him by the hair, made him restore the cake from the folds of his sleeve, and then, by a species of lynch-law very common in a country where ordinary law is expensive, and bribes must precede justice, gave the beggar a severe beating, and let him depart, amid the applause of the crowd, the good humor of the tradesman himself, and a remarkable *nonchalance* on the part of the offender."

The Chinese cities have a general resemblance

* A hundred *cash* are worth fourpence half-penny of our money.

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to each other. They are irregularly built, crowded within a small space—have a dirty appearance, have few large or fine streets, but innumerable narrow lanes, and are generally traversed by canals in all directions, and are surrounded by walls and ramparts. There are few public buildings which make any show, with the exception of pagodas and temples, which are common both within the walls and in the suburbs. Mr. Smith thus describes his first impressions of Canton :—

"The recently-arrived stranger naturally manifests surprise and incredulity on being told that the estimated population of Canton exceeds a million. As soon, however, as he visits the close streets, with their dense population and busy wayfarers, huddled together into lanes from five to nine feet wide, where Europeans could scarcely inhale the breath of life, the greatness of the number no longer appears incredible. After the first feelings of novelty have passed away, disappointment, rather than admiration, occupies the mind. After leaving the open space before the factories, or, as the Chinese call them, the thirteen hongs, and passing through Old China street, New China street, Curiosity street, and similar localities, the names of which indicate their propinquity to the residence of foreigners, we behold an endless succession of narrow avenues, scarcely deserving the name of streets. As the visitor pursues his course, narrow lanes still continue to succeed each other, and the conviction is gradually impressed on the mind, that such is the general character of the streets of the city. Along these, busy traders, mechanics, barbers, venders, and porters, make their way; while occasionally the noisy, abrupt tones of vociferating coolies remind the traveller that some materials of bulky dimensions are on their transit, and suggest the expediency of keeping at a distance, to avoid collision. Now and then the monotony of the scene is relieved by some portly mandarin, or merchant of the higher class, borne in a sedan-chair on the shoulders of two, or sometimes four men. Yet, with all this hurry and din, there seldom occurs any accident or interruption of good nature. On the river the same order and regularity prevail. Though there are probably not fewer than 200,000 denizens of the river, whose hereditary domains are the watery element that supports their little dwelling, yet harmony and good feeling are conspicuous in the accommodating manner with which they make way for each other. These aquatic tribes of the human species show a most philosophic spirit of equanimity, and contrive, in this way, to strip daily life of many of its little troubles; while the fortitude and patience with which the occasional injury or destruction of their boat is borne, is remarkable.

"To return from the wide expanse of the river-population to the streets in the suburbs, the same spirit of contented adaptation to external things is everywhere observable; and it is difficult which to regard with most surprise—the narrow abodes of the one, or the little boats which serve as family residences to the other. There is something of romance in the effect of Chinese streets. On either side are shops, decked out with native ware, furniture and manufactures of various kinds. These are adorned by pillars of sign boards, rising perpendicularly, and inscribed from top to bottom with the various kinds of saleable articles which may be had within. Native artists seem to have lavished their ingenuity on several of these inscriptions, and, by their caligraphy, to give some idea of the superiority of the commodities for sale. Many of these sign-boards contain some fictitious emblem, adopted as the name of the shop, similar to the practice prevalent in London two centuries ago. On entering, the proprietor, with his assistants or partners, welcomes a foreigner with sundry salutations; sometimes advancing to shake hands, and endeavoring to make the most of his scanty knowledge of English. They will show their saleable articles with the utmost patience, and evince nothing of disappointment if, after gratifying his curiosity, he departs without purchasing. At a distance from the factories, where the sight of a foreigner is a rarity, crowds of idlers, from fifty to a hundred, rapidly gather round the shop, and frequent embarrassment ensues from an incipient or imperfect knowledge of the colloquial medium. In these parts the shopkeepers know nothing but their own language, are more moderate in their politeness, and, as a compensation, put a less price on their wares. To write one's name in Chinese characters is a sure method of enhancing their good favor. Sometimes no fewer than eight or ten blind beggars find their way into a shop, and there they remain, singing a melancholy dirge-like strain, and most perseveringly beating together two pieces of wood, till the weary shopman at length takes compassion on them, and provides for the quiet of his shop by giving a copper *cash* to each; on receiving which they depart, and repeat the same experiment elsewhere. The streets abound with these blind beggars, who are seldom treated with indignity. A kindly indulgence is extended to them, and they enjoy a prescriptive right of levying a copper *cash* from every shop or house they enter. It is said that this furnishes a liberal means of livelihood to an immense number of blind persons, who, in many instances, are banded together in companies or societies, subject to a code of rules, on breach of which the transgressor is expelled the community, and loses his guild.

"In every little open space there are crowds of travelling doctors, haranguing the multitude on the wonderful powers and healing virtues of the medicines which they expose for sale. Close by, some cunning fortune-teller may be seen, with crafty look, explaining to some awe-stricken simpleton his future destiny in life, from a number of books arranged before him, and consulted with due solemnity. In another part, some tame birds are exhibiting their clever feats, in singling out, from amongst a hundred others, a piece of paper enclosing a coin, and then receiving a grain of millet as a reward of their cleverness. At a little distance are some fruit-stalls, at which old and young are making purchases, throwing lots for the quantity they are to receive. Near these again are noisy gangs of people, pursuing a less equivocal course of gambling, and evincing, by their excited looks and clamors, the intensity of their interest in the issue. In another part may be seen disposed the apparatus of some Chinese tonsor, who is performing his skilful vocation on the crown of some fellow-countryman unable to command the attendance of the artist at a house of his own."

The five cities which by treaty have been opened up to the general trade of all nations are, Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow, Ning-po, and Shang-hai. All foreigners have free access to these cities. They may reside in any of them, but they are not per-

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mitted to penetrate into the country beyond, further than one day's journey. Canton and Amoy have been the sea-ports longest known to British merchants; but they are nevertheless the cities where the greatest hatred against the British prevails. No foreigner is yet allowed to pass through the gates which inclose the city of Canton, and frequent insults have been offered to strangers by the population. To such a degree had these insults proceeded of late, that while we now write, accounts have reached this country of a warlike demonstration, which the British government of Hong Kong was compelled to make in order to overawe the Chinese authorities, and again extort from them renewed assurances of better treatment. Foo-chow is the capital of the black-tea district, and is computed to contain upwards of half a million of inhabitants. It is situated on the river Min, across which is a bridge containing a thousand arches, or rather a series of openings, covered with large slabs of granite. This city has comparatively little trade, and is said to be falling to decay. Ning-po, further north, and situated on the mainland, nearly opposite to the island of Chusan, is also a place of considerable size, and has the reputation of being the finest city on the coast open to foreigners. It is also regarded as one of the most literary cities in the empire, and inferior only to Loo-chow and Hang-chow, in the refinement and taste of the people. According to the statistics of an intelligent native scholar, as communicated to Mr. Smith, of the people included within the city walls, four fifths may be estimated as engaged in trade, merchandise, and labor, while one fifth were calculated as belonging to the literary class. This included the graduates and candidates for literary promotion, as well as the writers and clerks in the public offices. Of the population in the suburbs and on the level plain, extending to the hills, six parts out of ten are estimated as deriving their livelihood from agriculture, three parts as artisans of various kinds, and the remaining tenth as consisting of fishermen and boatmen. The manufacture of carpets and mats furnishes employment to a large proportion of the people. The female part of the population are employed to a considerable extent in weaving cloth. The city is surrounded by a wall of about five miles in circuit, through which there are six gates opening into the suburbs or upon the river. There are 100,000 houses and shops assessed in taxes to the government, and the population may amount to 400,000. In the city there is an unusually large proportion of temples and of spacious private buildings, and the width and cleanliness of the principal streets give a favorable impression of the wealth and rank of the inhabitants; yet, from many of the houses being empty, and the dilapidated state of others, it appears evident that the city is on the wane. Shang-hai is the most northerly of the free cities, situated on an extensive alluvial plain, watered by a number of streams. It is surrounded by a wall of about three miles in circuit, and may include about 200,000 inhabitants. The character of these is peaceful and industrious; and they are friendly and respectful to foreigners. Though suffering considerable extremes of climate, the thermometer ranging from a summer heat of 100° to 24° of winter cold, it is said to be very salubrious, the sky in spring and autumn being clear, mild, and delightful. Shang-hai is the great emporium of the central and northern parts of China, and in regard to its commercial and export trade, is greatly on the increase. In this respect it already rivals Canton, and from its central position is likely to become in time the first trading port of the empire. Cotton is extensively cultivated in the vicinity of Shang-hai, as well as rice and wheat; and tea and silks are brought from the interior to this as a shipping port, where, in consequence of the shorter inland carriage, they may be purchased ten per cent. cheaper than at Canton.

Mr. Fortune, while at Shang-hai, was particularly anxious to visit the famous city of Soo-chan, situated about fifty miles inland. As this was far beyond the limits that strangers are permitted to proceed from any of the free-port cities, Mr. Fortune resolved to adopt the Chinese dress, and visit it incognito. In this he succeeded, and found this grand city, which is the great emporium of the central provinces of China, very similar in its general features to the other towns he had visited, only it appeared more the seat of luxury and wealth, and has none of those signs of dilapidation and decay which are apparent in such towns as Ning-po. A noble canal, as wide as the river Thames at Richmond, runs parallel with the city walls, and acts as a moat, as well as for commercial purposes. This canal is carried through arches into the city, where it ramifies in all directions, sometimes narrow and dirty, and at other places expanding into lakes of considerable beauty, thus enabling the inhabitants to convey their merchandise to their houses from the most distant parts of the country. Junks and boats of all sizes were plying on this wide and beautiful canal, and the whole place presented a cheerful and flourishing aspect. The city gates were well guarded, and the streets and lanes inside were intersected at intervals with gates, which are closed at nine or ten o'clock at night. Groups of gay and cheerful-looking people loitered on the bridges, and sailed along the canals. The ladies here are considered by the Chinese to be the most beautiful in the country, and, judging from those seen by our traveller, they deserved this character. Their dresses were of the richest material, and made in a graceful and elegant style; the only faults he could discern were their small feet and the white powder with which their faces were too unsparingly covered.

Chusan, the island taken possession of by the British during the war, and again resigned to the Chinese, is allowed by all visitors to be a very delightful spot—well cultivated, and abounding in grain, fruit, and vegetables; the natives, who are of the same character as those on the neighboring main-land, being peaceable, friendly, and, at the same time, orderly and industrious. They regret

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the departure of the British troops; and it now begins to be apparent that this would have been a preferable spot for planting the British flag as a permanent commercial station to that of Hong-Kong. If friendly relations continue to be preserved with the Chinese, Shang-hai and the neighboring group of cities will in time become the centre of trade, as possessing advantages of locality superior to that of Canton, and thus the island of Chusan would have possessed great local advantages as a British station.

Hong-Kong is a mountainous, rocky island, about ten miles in length and five in breadth. Its northern side bends into a capacious bay, well adapted for shipping, and forming a secure harbor. Only small portions of the surface of the island are capable of tillage, the greater part consisting of bare rugged cliffs, with only a partial vegetation of green herbage during the rainy season. Already has British enterprise cut roads and streets out of the solid rocks, and the town of Victoria has risen up, containing many buildings of magnificent structure. The native population has more than trebled since the English gained possession of it, and it is now entirely under British rule and jurisdiction. The powerful heat of the sun on this bare and rugged spot, the want of a free current of ventilation from the hills of the adjoining main-land, and the noxious exhalations from the surface, all conspire to render this a trying climate for Europeans, and latterly the health of the inhabitants has suffered greatly.

Notwithstanding their inherent suspicion of all strangers, the Chinese are neither unkind nor inhospitable. Mr. Fortune, whose botanical pursuits frequently led him into the country, almost invariably met with a good reception from the peasantry, and from the inmates of such temples and religious houses as he visited. One of these excursions we shall detail in his own words, as it affords a characteristic sketch of the timid yet inquisitive and kindly manners of the Chinese peasantry :—

"I was one day travelling amongst the hills in the interior of the island of Amoy, in places where I suppose no Englishman had ever been before. The day was fine, and the whole of the agricultural laborers were at work in the fields. When they first saw me they seemed much excited, and from their gestures and language I was almost inclined to think them hostile. From every hill and valley they cried, 'Wyloe-san-pan-fokie,' that is, 'Be off to your boat, friend;' but on former occasions I had always found that the best plan was to put a bold face on the matter, and walk in amongst them, and then try to get them into good humor. In this instance the plan succeeded admirably; we were in a few minutes excellent friends, the boys were running in all directions gathering plants for my specimen-box, and the old men were offering me their bamboo-pipes to smoke. As I got a little nearer to the village, however, their suspicions seemed to return, and they evidently would have been better pleased had I either remained where I was, or gone back again. This procedure did not suit my plans; and though they tried very hard to induce me to 'wyloe' to my 'san-pan,' it was of no use. They then pointed to the heavens, which were very black at the time, and told me that it would soon be a thunder-storm—but even this did not succeed. As a last resource, when they found I was not to be turned out of my way, some of the little ones were sent on before to apprize the villagers of my approach, and when I reached the village every living thing, down even to the dogs and pigs, were out to have a peep at the 'Fokie.' I soon put them all, the dogs excepted, (which have the true national antipathy to foreigners,) in the best possible humor, and at last they seemed in no hurry to get rid of me. One of the most respectable amongst them, seemingly the head man of the village, brought me some cakes and tea, which he politely offered me. I thanked him, and began to eat. The hundreds who now surrounded me were perfectly delighted; 'He eats and drinks like ourselves,' said one. 'Look,' said two or three behind me, who had been examining the back part of my head, 'look here; the stranger has no tail!' and then the whole crowd, women and children included, had to come round me to see if it was really a fact that I had no tail. One of them, rather a dandy in his way, with a noble tail of his own, plaited with silk, now came forward; and taking off a kind of cloth which the natives here wear as a turban, and allowing his tail to fall gracefully over his shoulders, said to me in the most triumphant manner, 'Look at that!' I acknowledged that it was very fine, and promised if he would allow me to cut it off I would wear it for his sake. He seemed very much disgusted at the idea of such a loss, and the others had a good laugh at him."—*Fortune*, pp. 39, 40.

Much has been written in praise of Chinese agriculture.* No doubt, they have been diligent cultivators of the soil from a remote period; and some centuries ago, when their agricultural and gardening operations were viewed by Europeans, they appeared to be superior to much which was practised in the west. But like all their other habits and arts, agriculture has been and still continues stationary amongst the Chinese; while in Europe, and in Britain especially, it has made great advances. The consequence is, that Chinese agriculture, as compared to British, is now far behind. It evidently appears a mistaken notion, too, which we have all along adopted, that every acre and inch of land in China is under a state of high cultivation. It is true, that the level plains and hills of moderate height, are all under cultivation, and especially so in the neighborhood of cities; but Mr. Fortune, in his botanical excursions, roamed for many miles over mountains and ravines that were still in a state of nature; some of the hills were perfectly bare and rocky, and destitute of all vegetation; and others were covered with wild plants and brush-wood. The houses of the peasantry and small farmers were also of a very mean description, built of mud and stones, with mud floors, and very few domestic conveniences. The agricultural implements are of the simplest kind, and not in the very best condition; in short, everything betraying a state of matters

* The Chinese excel in horticulture. Mr. Fortune, who, we understand, was educated in the Botanic Garden of Edinburgh, has obtained from them a number of new and rare plants, to be added to our British collections.

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somewhat similar to what prevailed in Scotland some fifty years ago, when agriculture had not generally attained that perfection to which it has now arrived with us. The generally fertile soil, however, the favorable climate, and the really industrious habits of the people, are all conducive to an abundant production of the fruits of the earth over the whole extent of the country.

Rice is the staple production in all the valleys of the warmer southern provinces. As it forms a chief article of food among the Chinese, its cultivation is extensive. In the south, two crops of this grain are raised in the hot months, besides a crop of some more hardy vegetable in winter. The ground is prepared in spring for the first crop of rice, as soon as the winter grain crops are removed from the fields. The plough, which is commonly drawn by a buffalo or bullock, is a rude instrument, but light, and perhaps more suited to the kind of work than the British plough, which has been tried and found too heavy and unmanageable. As the land is always flooded with water before it is ploughed, this process consists in turning up a layer of mud and water, six or eight inches deep, which lies on a solid floor, or hard stiff clay. The plough never goes deeper than this mud and water, so that the ploughman and his bullock, in wading through the field, find a solid footing at this depth below the surface. The water buffalo, generally employed in the south, is well adapted for this work, as he delights to wallow amongst the mud, and is often found swimming and amusing himself in the canals on the sides of the rice fields. But it must be an unhealthy operation for the poor laborer, who, nevertheless, pursues it cheerfully and apparently happy. After the plough comes a harrow, without long teeth like ours. The laborer stands upon the top of it, and its use is to break down and pulverize the surface of the muddy soil, and to press in the manure. Previously to the preparation of the fields, the rice seed is sown thickly in small patches of highly manured ground, and the young plants in these seed-beds are ready for transplanting when the fields are in a fit state to receive them. Sometimes, especially in the south, the seeds are previously steeped in liquid manure. The seedling plants are carefully dug up from the bed, and removed to the fields. The fields are now smooth and overflowed with water to the depth of three inches. The operation of planting is performed with great rapidity. A laborer takes a quantity of plants under his left arm, and drops them in bundles over the land about to be planted, as he knows, almost to a plant, what number will be required. These bundles are then taken up in succession. A dozen plants are selected at a time, and plunged by the hand into the muddy soil. The water, when the hand is drawn up, immediately rushes into the hole, and carries with it a portion of soil to cover the roots, and the seedlings are thus planted and covered in without further trouble. In the south the first crop is fit to cut by the end of June or the beginning of July. Before it is quite ripe, another crop of seedlings is raised in the beds or corners of the fields, and is ready for transplanting as soon as the ground has been ploughed up and prepared for their reception. This second crop is ready for cutting in November. In the north, where the summer is shorter, a different plan is followed. The farmers here plant a second crop, two or three weeks after the first, in alternate rows. The first planting takes place about the middle of May, and the crop is reaped in the beginning of August. After the early crop is removed, the ground is stirred up and manured, and the second crop comes to maturity about the middle of November. In the Shang-hai district the summers are too short to get two crops of rice, but an autumn crop of vegetables is not unfrequent. Rain falls in great abundance during the change of the monsoon in May, and the Chinese are very expert at irrigation, so that during the growth of the rice the fields are flooded with water. The terraced bases and sides of hills are supplied with water by mountain streams, and the valleys by canals, the water being raised by a simple but very effective water-wheel. The mountain terraces, which rise one above the other like the steps of a stair, are so constructed both for facilitating the process of irrigation, and for preventing the mountain torrents from washing down the soil.

The Chinese or Nanking cotton plant—the *gossypium herbaceum* of botanists, and the "*Mie wha*" of the northern Chinese—is a branching annual, growing from one to three feet in height, according to the richness of the soil, and flowering from August to October. The flowers are of a dingy yellow color, and remain expanded only for a few hours. They are followed by the seed-pod, which swells rapidly, and, when ripe, the outer coating bursts, and exposes the pure white cotton, in which the seeds of the plant lie imbedded. The yellow cotton, from which the beautiful Nanking cloth is made, is called "*Tze-mie-wha*," and differs little, except in color, from the other variety. This latter is chiefly cultivated in the level ground around Shang-hai, in a strong, rich loamy soil capable of yielding immense crops year after year, although it receives but a small portion of manure. Early in spring the cotton grounds are ploughed up, and manured with a rich mud dug from the drains and ditches. In the end of April or beginning of May, the cotton seed is sown, generally in broadcast, and trodden by the feet of laborers into the soil. The spring rains now commence, and the vegetation of the cotton makes rapid progress. During the summer months the plants are carefully thinned and hoed. Much now depends on the season. If dry, the plants are stinted; but if refreshing rains fall, the crop proves a good one. The cotton plant produces its flowers in succession from August to the end of October, and even, in mild seasons, during November. As a succession of pods burst every day, it is necessary to have them gathered with great regularity, otherwise they fall upon the ground and are spoiled. Little bands of the Chinese are now seen in the after-

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noon in every field, gathering the ripe cotton, and carrying it home to the houses of the farmers. As the farms are generally small, they are worked almost entirely by the farmer and his family, consisting sometimes of three or even four generations, including the old gray-haired grandfather, or great-grandfather, who has seen the crops of four-score years gathered into his barns. Every member of such a group has a certain degree of interest in his employment. The harvest is their own, and the more productive it is, the greater number of comforts they will be able to afford. In such a delicate article as cotton, much of the success of the crop depends upon a dry and mild autumn; for wet and cold are both inimical to it. When the cotton is brought from the field it is spread out to dry, and then it undergoes a process to separate the seeds, which is done by passing it through a machine with two rollers. It is then put into bags, which, slung across a bamboo stick, are thus carried into the towns, on the shoulders of the farmers, and disposed of to the cotton merchant. Every family retains a portion of the produce for its own use, and this the female members clean, spin, and weave at home. The spinning-wheel and the hand-loom, both once so common in this country, are still in use in China, and to be seen in every village in the cotton districts. The cotton stalks are used as fuel, the refuse as manure, and the cleared fields are immediately planted with clover, beans, or other vegetables, for a second crop.

The tea districts are situated in the provinces of Canton, Fokein, and Chekiang. There are two *species*, or probably only *varieties* of the tea shrub, the *Thea Viridis* and *Thea Bohea* of botanists. It has been frequently stated and believed that our black teas are derived from the Bohea shrub, and the green teas from the *Thea Viridis*. Mr. Fortune, however, ascertained, by actual inspection, that both shrubs yield green and black teas, and that, in fact, although the Bohea plant is that which grows in the southern districts, and the *Thea Viridis* in the northern, both green and black teas are regularly prepared in all the localities, and that the difference arises from the quality and mode of preparation of the leaves. The tea plant requires a rich soil, otherwise the continual gathering of the leaves would soon destroy its vigor. In the north of China, the tea plantations are always situated on the lower and most fertile sides of the hills, and never on the low lands. The shrubs are planted in rows about four feet apart, and about the same distance between each row, and look at a little distance like little shrubberies of evergreens. The farms are small, each consisting of from one to four or five acres; indeed, every cottager has his own little tea garden, the produce of which supplies the wants of his family, and the surplus brings him in a few dollars which are spent on the other necessaries of life. The same is the case with the cotton, rice, and silk farms; all are small, and managed by the members of the family. In the green tea districts, near Ning-po, the first crop of leaves is generally gathered about the middle of April; this consists of the young leaf buds, just as they begin to unfold, and forms a fine and delicate kind of hyson, which is highly esteemed by the natives, but it is scarce and expensive. About the middle of May the shrubs are again covered with fresh leaves, and are ready for the second gathering, which is the most important of the season. The third gathering produces a very inferior sort of tea, which is rarely sent out of the district. When the weather is fine the natives are seen in little groups, on the hill sides, stripping the leaves off, and throwing them into baskets. These leaves are then carried home to the barns adjoining their cottages, and dried in pans held over little furnaces constructed in the wall. They are then rolled up by the hand on a bamboo table, and twisted and curled into the shape we see them. After this they are exposed upon a large screen, and dried further in the sun, when they are again subjected to a second drying in the pans, and are then picked, sifted, and sorted, and finally packed up for market. For the European markets this green tea undergoes a further process of coloring, which is done by the addition of Prussian blue and gypsum; but this adds nothing to the flavor or other qualities of the tea, except heightening the color.

When the teas are ready for sale, extensive tea-dealers come from the towns and make purchases from the small growers. The tea is then conveyed to the shipping ports, and packed and shipped for the European and American markets.

"There are few sights," says Mr. Fortune, "more pleasing than a Chinese family in the interior engaged in gathering the tea-leaves, or indeed in any of their other agricultural pursuits. There is the old man, patriarch-like, directing his descendants, many of whom are in their youth and prime, while others are in their childhood, in the labors of the field. He stands in the midst of them, bowed down with age. But to the honor of the Chinese, as a nation, he is always looked up to by all with pride and affection, and his old age and gray hairs are honored, revered, and loved. When, after the labors of the day are over, they return to their humble and happy homes, their fare consists chiefly of rice, fish, and vegetables, which they enjoy with great zest, and are happy and contented. I really believe that there is no country in the world where the agricultural population are better off than they are in the north of China. Labor with them is a pleasure, for its fruits are eaten by themselves, and the rod of the oppressor is unfelt and unknown."—p. 202.

There is no state religion in China, the government permitting a general toleration of all sects. The doctrines of Confucius are adopted by the literary class, and a considerable proportion of the people. Instead of a religion, it may rather be termed a system of philosophy, commonplace enough, and possessing no great depth, yet of a practical worldly nature, suited to the tone of the general mind. It consists chiefly of moral and political maxims, and avoids entering on the existence or nature of Deity, or allusions to a future

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state. Another sect, the Tauists, or followers of Laou-tsze, seem to be identical with the Schamanists, or demon-worshippers of the ruder tribes of the great Mongolian race. This sect now seems to have few votaries in China, or at least little or no mention is made of them by recent travellers, except the casual notice of a temple dedicated to their gods. It no doubt prevailed more in the earlier and ruder stages of their history. Budhism, introduced from India probably about the commencement of the Christian era, has spread to a considerable extent in China; but it is less its mysticism and abstract speculations than its image-worship, its external observances, and its monastic system, which have taken hold of the people's minds. In general, its priests and votaries are extremely ignorant, few comparatively being able to read or write, and it is only the lower and more ignorant classes of the population who belong to this religion. Budhist temples and monastic institutions are not unfrequent in the cities and country, but in general they are on the decay, and are regarded by the people with less interest and reverence than formerly. Yet image-worship is in universal practice. Their temples, houses, streets, roads, hills, rivers, carriages and ships, are full of idols, and their houses and shops, and corners of their streets, are plastered with charms, amulets, and emblems of idolatry. In external forms and regulations, there are some singular coincidences between the Romish religion and Budhism. The existence of monasteries and nunneries, the celibacy, the tonsure, the flowing robes and the peculiar caps of the priesthood, the burning of incense, the tinkling of bells, the rosaries of beads, the intonation of service, the prayers in an unknown tongue, purgatory, and the offerings for the dead in their temples, and, above all, the titles of their principal goddess, the "Queen of Heaven," and "Holy Mother," represented by the image of a woman with a male child in her arms—present features of mutual resemblance which must strike every one. Mr. Smith paid a visit to Pootoo, an island of about thirty miles in extent, in the neighborhood of Chusan, which is entirely tenanted by Budhist priests. At the time of his visit there were about six hundred resident priests, besides three hundred mendicant friars and itinerant priests, who were absent on the neighboring mainland. This island, he was informed, had been ceded to the Budhists, as an endowment for the diffusion of their religion, by one of the Chinese emperors, of the Han dynasty. This date would make the origin of their endowment contemporaneous with the earliest centuries of the Christian era. The priest who was Mr. Smith's informant said that Pootoo had seen brighter days, and he spoke with regret of the degeneracy of the present age in respect of zeal for idolatry. He especially mentioned the fact of there having been three hundred more priests on the island a century ago, and accounted for the diminution in their number by the want of interest and devotion shown by the people on the mainland, who suffered the temples, one after the other, to fall to ruin, without incurring the expense of rebuilding them. The endowment of the temple in which he himself resided arose from 200 acres of land assigned to it as its revenue on the opposite island of *Chew-ko-tze*. Besides this, they enjoyed an uncertain revenue from the offerings of casual devotees visiting the sacred locality. He stated his opinion, that out of every hundred priests in Pootoo, only twenty were men of education.

A great proportion of the inmates of these temples consists of those who have been brought thither when they were mere children, by needy relatives, or of those who, by poverty or crime, have been forced to take up their abode there as an asylum for the remainder of their lives. Without any kind of employment, either bodily or mental, and in a state of lonely celibacy, cut off from all the usual pursuits or enjoyments of society, they spend a miserable existence in indolent vacuity. By means of self-righteous asceticism they hope to be delivered from the grosser elements which form the compound being—man, and to be assimilated to, and at length finally absorbed into, the immaterial substance of the holy Budh. For this purpose they abstain from animal food, and repeat their daily routine of *O-me-to-fuh*, till the requisite amount of purity and merit has been gained, and the more devout are enabled to revel in the imaginary paradise of absorption, or, in other words, of annihilation. This is the grand hope of Budhism—this is the only stimulus to present exertion which it offers. The material part of man is to be purged away, and after transmigration through certain stages of animal life, more or less numerous, in proportion to the guilt or merit of the individual, the soul is at last taken into the deity, and becomes a part of Budh himself. This is the purely imaginative invention of a more poetical race than the prosaic Chinese. In fact, Budhism in China appears to be a mere religion of external form. The most intelligent of its priests do not believe its doctrines, and even on its more ignorant votaries it can have no heart-influence.

As little effect does the cold and lifeless morality of Confucius appear to exercise on the characters of the mass of the people. With naturally mild dispositions, and patient and industrious habits, they have no regard for truth—they are guided by expediency alone, and will lie, deceive, and cheat, just as it suits their own personal interest. No high or pure motives actuate them. They look with great indifference, or even levity, on the misfortunes of their companions, and though vanity and self-conceit make them boastful, yet they have no true and genuine patriotic love for their country. Their unimpassioned nature does not permit them to be ferocious or terribly wrathful, but they have a host of minor vices, and few of the more ennobling active virtues of humanity. Thus they are sensual, coldly cruel, insincere, mendacious, devoid of general philanthropy. Yet it must be allowed that they have the domestic attachments—

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filial piety—a sense of gratitude, and a cool and reasonable way of settling and cementing disputes. From the general insincerity and duplicity which prevails, one would be apt to suppose that a total want of confidence in the ordinary affairs of life would be common, and so it would, were this not rectified by what appears a strange adjustment.

"In England," says Mr. Meadows, "we trust a man because we put some confidence in his own honesty, and because we know we can, through the law, obtain redress for breach of trust. In China, people place little or no confidence in each other's honesty, and there is so much uncertainty, difficulty, and even danger, in obtaining redress for breach of trust or contract, by applying to the authorities, that few will venture on an application. Every Chinese, therefore, who expects to have any kind of trust placed in him, is provided with a guarantee of a standing and respectability sufficient, in proportion to the nature and extent of the trust, who, according to the custom, makes himself responsible, in the fullest sense of the word for any unfaithfulness on the part of the person guaranteed. It may be objected that the guarantee himself might violate his guaranty—and at first sight there certainly appears no cause why he should not; he is, however, effectually prevented from this by the power of public opinion. Every man, without reflecting deeply on the subject, feels that some reliable bond of mutual security is necessary; the guaranty form, by the general consent of the nation, is that bond in China, and any man who would venture deliberately to contemn it, would lose—what to most people is of the highest importance—the good opinion of all classes of society, and the fellowship of his own; while even in a pecuniary point of view he would not be permitted to derive any benefit from his breach of good faith. I may state as a fact, that I have never yet known an instance of a Chinese openly violating a guaranty known to have been given by him; and though I have remarked, that under strong temptations they will sometimes try to evade it, yet instances of this are extremely rare, and they generally come promptly forward to meet all the consequences of their responsibility."—p. 218.

Mr. Smith, after giving the people credit for their good qualities, thus proceeds with the other side of the picture:—

"Facts of daily occurrence, brought to the knowledge of the missionaries, and frequently gained through the medium of the missionary hospitals, revealed the prevalence of the most fearful immoralities among the people, and furnished a melancholy insight into the desolating horrors of paganism. Female infanticide openly confessed, legalized by custom, and divested of disgrace by its frequency—the scarcity of females, leading as a consequence to a variety of crimes habitually staining the domestic hearth—the dreadful prevalence of all the vices charged by the Apostle Paul upon the ancient heathen world—the alarming extent of opium indulgence, destroying the productiveness and natural resources of the people—the universal practice of lying, and suspicion of dishonesty between man and man—the unblushing lewdness of old and young—the full, unchecked torrent of human depravity borne along in its tempestuous channel, and inundating the social system with the overflowings of ungodliness—prove the existence of a kind and degree of moral degradation among a people, of which an excessive statement can scarcely be made, and of which an adequate conception can rarely be formed."—p. 490.

With regard to the truth of the commonly received reports of infanticide among the Chinese, there can be no doubt. Mr. Smith took special care personally to inquire into this fact. It is practised chiefly among the poorer classes, and it is the female infants who suffer; a poor man in his old age usually receiving support and assistance from his sons, whereas his daughters are generally married early, and are then no longer considered as part of the family. On repeated occasions, and before a numerous assemblage, fathers, when questioned by Mr. Smith regarding this subject, seemed to have no hesitation in openly and simply avowing the fact. He was told that in the province of Fokeen, at a place called Kean Ying-Chou, five days' journey above Canton, there were computed to be from 500 to 600 female infanticides in a month. The comparative infrequency of the practice at Canton, arose from the establishment by government of a foundling hospital there, where 5000 female children, of the lowest classes, were annually received. While visiting some of the villages in the vicinity of Amoy, the subject of infanticide was introduced to the people. They stated that out of six daughters it was customary to kill three. Some murdered four, and a few even five, out of the same number. They said that the proportion of female children which they put to death entirely depended on the poverty of the individual. They told that the death of the infant was effected immediately after birth, and that four different modes of infanticide were practised amongst them: drowning in a vessel of water, pinching the throat, stifling by means of a wet cloth over the mouth, and choking by a few grains of rice placed into the mouth of the infant. If sons were alternately interspersed with daughters in a family, the people esteemed it good luck, and were not accustomed to murder the female children. One old man who was questioned, confessed publicly before the crowd, that out of six daughters he had murdered three. At first he said that he did not remember whether he had murdered two or three. He said that he smothered them by putting grass into their mouth. The people, perceiving the disgust and indignation which the recital of these facts caused, at last became ashamed of their conduct, showing how easily the conscience may be awakened to the enormity of such actions. In the other parts of China visited by Mr. Smith, no well authenticated cases were brought within his notice, sufficient to prove that this crime prevailed to any considerable extent. In the vicinity of Shang-hai and Ning-po, the moral atrocity, if perpetrated, lurks in secret, and is comparatively too rare an occurrence to be regarded as possessing the sanction of public opinion.

Another prominent vice of the Chinese is opium smoking. This to a certain extent has been practised for a long period, but of late years has in-

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creased. An opium house in Amoy is thus described by Mr. Smith :—

"The first opium house which we entered was situated close to the entrance to the Taou-lais palace. Four or five rooms, in different parts of a square court, were occupied by men stretched out on a rude kind of couch, on which lay a head pillow, with lamps, pipes, and other apparatus for smoking opium. In one part of the principal room the proprietor stood, with delicate steel-yards, weighing out the prepared drug, which was of a dark, thick, semi-fluid consistency. A little company of opium smokers, who had come hither to indulge in the expensive fumes, or to feast their eyes with the sight of that which increasing poverty had placed beyond their reach, soon gathered around us, and entered into conversation. They formed a motley group of sallow, sunken cheeks, and glassy, watery eyes, as with idiotic look, and vacant laugh, they readily volunteered information, and described the process of their own degradation. There was to be seen the youth, who, just emerging from boyhood, had only commenced the practice a little time before, and was now hastening to a premature old age. There was the man of middle age, who, for half his life a victim of this pernicious indulgence, was bearing with him to an early grave the wreck of his worn-out constitution. There was again the more elderly man, whose iron strength of frame could better ward off the slow but certain advances of decrepitude, but whose bloated cheek, and vacant stare, told of the struggle that was raging within. There was again the rarely seen spectacle of old age, and the man of sixty lived yet to tell of forty years consumed in the seduction of this vice. They all assented to the evils and sufferings of their course, and professed a desire to be freed from its power. They all complained of loss of appetite—of the agonizing cravings of the early morning—of prostration of strength, and of increasing feebleness, but said that they could not gain firmness of resolution to overcome the habit. They all stated its intoxicating effects to be worse than those of drunkenness, and described the extreme dizziness and vomiting which ensued so as to incapaciate them for exertion. I subsequently visited about thirty other opium shops in different parts of the city. The people say that there are nearly a thousand such establishments in Amoy."—pp. 433—4.

A confirmed opium smoker generally consumes daily about a mace of opium, which is equal to one drachm, of sixty grains, the price of which is about eight-pence sterling, a large sum of money in China. In fact, many of the poorer classes consume from a third to a fourth of their whole earnings in this pernicious practice, notwithstanding they may have a wife and family depending on them for support. This is a melancholy account, and can only find a parallel in the gin and whiskey consumers of our own island. For one million pounds' worth of opium, however, which is thus used in the extensive empire of China, there are at least twenty millions' worth of intoxicating liquors consumed in Great Britain. Both are clamant evils, and are potent means of debasing society; but evils cannot be banished from this world of ours—our chief aim must be, by God's blessing, to elevate men's minds above temptation, and fight the battle on the side of strenuous resistance. It is, no doubt, unfortunate that this pernicious, and in a certain degree illegal traffic, should be carried on by Britons; and the missionaries have frequently had this retorted to them in the midst of their expostulations and advices to the misguided victims of opium smoking. The usual good common sense of the Chinese, however, will soon be able to distinguish the true position in which this traffic, or any other of the kind, as regards the intercourse of nations, must be put, and they will cease to confound the philanthropic endeavors of the missionaries with the gain-seeking pursuits of other members of the community to which they may belong. The opium trade, though still nominally illegal, is now tacitly recognized by the Chinese authorities, and perhaps the best plan for all parties would be to legalize it at once, imposing a certain duty on it as we do on the similar luxuries of tobacco and alcoholic liquors.

Drunkenness does not appear to be a prevailing vice among the Chinese. In general the people are temperate both in eating and drinking. Rice, vegetables and fish, eggs, poultry, form the simple diet of the rural districts, though, amongst the richer inhabitants of towns, a considerable degree of epicurism is common. Long protracted dinners, with an absurd and hurtful profusion of dishes, are as common among the city mandarins of China as among the city aldermen and higher castes of Britain. Like us, too, they range over earth, sea and air for delicacies to stimulate the satiated appetite. Hence we hear of the marvellous dishes of swallows' nests, sharks' fins, and the *trepang*, a species of *holothuria* or sea-slug fished up from the Indian Ocean, and served up as a rarity at the feasts of the rich and wealthy. So generally is the country under cultivation, and such has been the density of population for many ages, that wild animals, especially game, are very rare in China. To make up for this, however, domestic animals are reared in considerable quantities, such as bullocks, sheep, pigs, fowls, and even dogs, which are admitted into the category of culinary beasts among this people. In Chusan, and probably in many other places throughout the country, young ducks are hatched in thousands by artificial heat, and then fed up for the table; and on the rivers and estuaries, cormorants, are regularly trained to catch fish and bring them to their masters.

Mr. Smith thus describes his reception at a mandarin's table :—

"On Sept. 3d, I went with some friends to visit the principal mandarin in Ning-po, usually styled the taou-tai. Due notice had been given some hours previously, and there were circumstances attending our visit, which ensured a polite reception from his excellency. We were borne in chairs along the streets to the *ya-mun*, or public office, in which the taou-tai was then residing. As we approached the large folding-doors, leading into the first of a number of spacious courts, a gong was struck, which was immediately answered by other gongs and a bell from within. At the same time a native piper commenced playing a noisy air, accompanied by a kind of cymbal, to do honor to us as we passed.

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As door opened within door, we saw signs of bustle and activity among the numerous attendants, till our sedan-chairs were set down on a pavement at the bottom of a little flight of steps leading into a vestibule. Here the great man, Ching-ta-jin, descended to welcome us; and after a good deal of bowing and other salutations, we were conducted to a reception-hall, where we were invited to take our seats. But preliminary matters of etiquette had to be settled, which occupied some time. The taou-tai would not occupy the highest seat on the left side, the place of honor; and the members of our little party affected like humility. One pressed the other, and tried to lead him into the uppermost seat, which gentle attempt the other as gently resisted. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been fatiguing; but in the excessive heat of the summer it was doubly irksome; and matters were at last abruptly brought to a satisfactory adjustment by one of our party coolly occupying the highest seat, and thus terminating the debate. One of our friends was a fluent speaker of Chinese, and acted as our spokesman. The taou-tai's cap of authority, which was ornamented with the usual knob or button of a light blue color, indicating his rank as being of the third of the nine orders of mandarins, was now taken from his head, and handed to an attendant, who placed it in a conspicuous part of the room. Soon after, another servant came at his bidding to assist in removing his upper garment of blue silk; and as, notwithstanding the heat, we had paid his excellency the compliment of appearing in woollen coats, we gladly availed ourselves of his invitation to put off the incumbrance, and sat during the rest of our visit in our shirt-sleeves. The room did not afford the signs of any great wealth in the proprietor, the furniture being simple and substantial, rather than elegant. A number of servants were standing outside, and sometimes, in their eagerness to see and listen, pressed around the door. A wave of the hand from their master once or twice seemed to remove them to a little distance on either side. But when he subsequently sat so as to have his back towards them, they quietly returned, and their number was increased by the addition of several others eager to satisfy their curiosity. After we had taken tea, the signs of preparation for a morning collation were apparent in the various dishes brought and set out on a table in the centre of the room. On the announcement being made that all was ready, the same ceremony and delay as to precedence took place. The taou-tai took his seat at the lowest end of the table. As our meal proceeded, he reverted to former topics, especially to our literary degrees. As I had been introduced as a literary teacher, he now inquired what literary degree in my own country I had attained. My friend very inconsiderately replied that I was the same as a *tsin-sze*, i. e., the second of the four Chinese literary degrees, to which Ching-ta-jin had himself attained. The taou-tai then commenced congratulating me on the felicity of my lot in getting literary promotion at so early an age. He proceeded to take a strict survey of my physiognomy, and made some remarks on my personal appearance. At last, fortunately for our preservation of gravity, the conversation was led to the subject of literary examinations and degrees in China, on which he was very lengthened in his observations.

"Meanwhile we endeavored to do honor to the dishes, which in rapid succession were placed before us, our host helping us from each dish with the chop-sticks with which he himself was eating. A kind of spirit, distilled from rice, was poured out into small cups and saucers and placed before us. Deference had been paid to our foreign palates, and in addition to the usual routine of Chinese dainties, small slices of ham, beef, duck, and foul were served on the table. Plovers' eggs, nuts, sweetmeats, formed also portions of our repast. Our host continually watched our saucers, and replenished them from time to time with what he deemed the choicest morsels. Once or twice we ventured to act on our choice, and to taste some of the unknown dishes; but we quickly came to the decision that it was better to trust to his selection. At last we were tired with the number of dishes, which one after another made their appearance. But it was to no purpose that he was informed that we had eaten a sufficient quantity. He begged to assure us that the repast would soon be over; and our apologies for occasioning him so much expense only made him insist more rigorously on our remaining till the end. During this time an animated discussion took place on the subject of foreign customs. He again reverted to the subject of my literary degree, and inquired my family name. This was altered to suit the Chinese sounds, and written *Sze-mei*. He then asked my personal name, which he tried in vain to pronounce, saying it took four Chinese characters to write it. He made several ineffectual attempts to catch the sound *George*, changing it to *Jih-ah-le-jih*. At last, in despair of mastering the outlandish sounds, he ceased from the attempt, and, falling back into his large chair, gave a hearty prolonged laugh. Then he inquired of my friend respecting the *koo-wan*, or ancient classical literature of our country. This led to his being informed of the gradual improvement of our native tongue—the comparatively recent date of English literature—the stores of ancient learning imported from Greece and Rome—the prevalence of Latin as the general medium of communication between the literati of Europe—and the different races who successively peopled Britain. To all these topics, he listened with attention, bringing frequent illustrations from similar events in the history of China. He afterwards inquired about some European country, by a name which we had never before heard. On our further listening to his pronunciation of the word, we discovered the name to be a strange combination of sounds, intended for Denmark. Afterwards the current of topics flowed to America and its twenty-six states; the separation of the United States from Britain in the last century; their common descent and language; their commercial rivalry and political emulation; the number of annual emigrants from Britain to America; the process of clearing away forests and preparing the soil for cultivation; the enterprising character of American merchants; and the political supremacy of Britain. He made some inquiries respecting the causes of emigration, and of the willingness of the British merchants to come to so distant a country as China. He continually responded, sometimes giving a hearty laugh, and not in the slightest degree affecting an appearance of gravity. He mentioned his having been formerly sent on a special mission by the Chinese government to the country of Mongolia, and spoke of the cold temperature and the forests as probably resembling those of America.

"At length, after many unavailing attempts to rise from the table, which he as often prevented, we were enabled to make preparations for our departure. During our stay of more than an hour, he showed us the usual marks of politeness and cour-

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tesy. As his jurisdiction extended over three of the eleven departments, into which the province of Che-keang is divided, he was an officer of some consequence, and ruled a territory as large as Scotland. He was apparently about fifty-six years of age, and his manners were commanding and graceful. In spite of our remonstrance, he insisted on accompanying us to our sedans, and we took our departure with the same ceremony, and amid the same noise of piping and gongs, as greeted us on our entrance."

Throughout this populous and toiling empire, there is no seventh-day's rest or Sabbath bell to call the minds of the multitude from their gross and worldly pursuits, and elevate them to heaven. New-year's-day is observed as a holiday, and they have frequent festivals in honor of their ancestors, and of their idols, when feasts are spread out either in temples or in the streets, or in groves and gardens. The abundant viands, after being laid out and offered to the manes of their kindred, are then feasted on by the assembled company.

Mr. Smith thus describes a new-year's festival at Amoy :—

"*Jan. 26th.*—This being the last day of the Chinese year, busy preparations were in progress for terminating business, for laying in a stock of provisions, and for celebrating the superstitious observances of the evening. In all directions companies of cooly-bearers might be seen carrying large packages of new-year presents to the friends of their master. In the various houses which we visited after sunset, the head of the establishment, attended by his sons or his partners, was to be observed balancing his mercantile accounts, and settling the debts of the year. So punctilious are the Chinese in the observance of this commendable practice, that they say they could not enjoy the festive occasion, nor sleep during the night, unless they had previously relieved their mind of this burden. The *swan-pwan*, or counting-board, was in constant use; and when the business seemed well-nigh terminated, and the books were about to be closed, a neighbor would hurry into the shop, and pecuniary transactions would again for a season be renewed. While these important matters were in progress, the family were engaged in burning gilt paper, with the occasional discharge of fire-works, and in making preparations for the peculiar annual custom named *hwui loo*, or 'surrounding the furnace.' This is performed by the members of each family sitting down to a substantial supper, with a pan of charcoal placed under the table in the centre of the party. The only explanation which they gave of this odd custom was, that fire is the most potent of the elements; and hence, probably, they derived a notion of its efficacy in averting evil, or in strengthening the bonds of family union. The women observed this custom in an inner room by themselves; while the master of the house, with his sons and his hired assistants, sat down in an outer room. In one of the families, in which we were invited to remain in order to view the detailed observances of the occasion, the proprietor, a man apparently of some little wealth, sat down with his assistants, his younger son, and two little grandsons. The eldest son, a youth of about nineteen, sat near us, attending to our wants, but without partaking of the feast himself. Every minute he was on his legs, attending to the beckoning motions of his father, on whom he waited without the least appearance of its being esteemed unusual. At one time he brought a spoon, or a pair of chop-sticks; at another time he fetched a paper-napkin for his father's use, or re-filled his glass with samshoo. The old gentleman, after a short time, became silent and drowsy. But the rest of the party meanwhile increased in mirth, as they rapidly consumed the good fare placed before them. The conversation became increasingly animated, and some of the women soon entered at the further end, and joined in the subjects of amusement. These were the secondary wives of the household, the proper wife and the daughters-in-law being never permitted to mingle in the free, unrestrained conversation with strangers, which is sometimes allowed in the inferior class of female domestics. Great civility was shown to us, but we declined to partake of the feast. It was very melancholy to witness the habit of reckless lying, which manifested itself so frequently in their replies; both the old man and the son showing not the least compunction or sense of shame in telling flagrant falsehoods whenever it suited their purpose. In reply to our question about one of the women present, the old man said, first, that she was an acquaintance; then, shortly after, that she was a daughter-in-law; and, at last, the plain truth came out, that she was one of his secondary wives. Not the slightest jealousy appeared to be cherished in regard to the latter class of wives, though the mistress of the family did not once make her appearance. This lower class of women are generally purchased from poor parents as domestic servants, with the liberty of degrading them to the rank of inferior wives, which practice is generally prevalent, and is considered, even by their sages, to be strictly in accordance with moral rectitude, if the proper wife has given birth to no son. The offspring of both classes of wives are considered legitimate, although the sons of concubines, in inheriting the patrimony, receive only half as much as the son of the proper wife, or mistress of the household.

"The supper being ended, they next prepared for burning the small wooden frames of the lamps, which are generally kept burning day and night in the dark interior of their houses. From the ashes which remain, they profess to derive means of ascertaining the exact period of the rainy and dry seasons of the coming year; the knowledge of which is very important in a land where famine often exposes so many thousands to the danger of starvation, from the destruction of their crops. Three little frames of lamps were brought, and placed ready for lighting on the pavement. The eldest son went forth into the street, and discharged some crackers, to drive away the evil spirits, while some of the domestics folded up about a bushel of gold and silver paper into the shape of lumps of silver. The eldest son returned and set fire to the materials, and in about ten minutes the whole was consumed to ashes. The live embers were then carefully distributed into twelve little heaps, answering to the twelve months of the year. They were then anxiously watched, the heap which first burned out showing the most rainy month, and that which last burnt out indicating the month in which there would be most sunshine and least rain. Particular attention was directed to the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh months, as the rain, if excessive in those months, would cause mildew and blight of the harvest. Acclamations of joy arose, as the second heap first died out, and predicted the

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greatest quantity of rain in the month when it would be most seasonable and least injurious. The fifth month was to be clear weather and without rain. The sixth and seventh heaps, as the partially-consumed embers were left half red-hot and half black, denoted that there would be partly fine and partly rainy weather in the corresponding months. The result of the experiment seemed to give the assembled party great satisfaction, which was only slightly interrupted by our asking whether the next neighbor's heaps of consumed embers would coincide in the favorable prediction. To this they replied by begging us to mark the result in the course of the year; and also by saying, that they had nothing to do with their neighbor's house. The samshoo now passed around, and we left them to prolong their festivities for an hour or two, when they retired to rest, till the booming of the midnight watch-gun roused them from their slumbers, and they hastily rose to offer each other their new-year's congratulations, and to renew their feasting.

"The next morning the city authorities commemorated the new-year, by assembling in a body, at dawn of day, and going forth in procession to an imperial temple in the suburb outside the north gate. There they made nine *ke-tow*, or knockings of the head on the ground before a large yellow screen, which, for the occasion, occupied the place of imperial royalty. This custom is renewed also on the emperor's birth-day, and denotes the most decided act of submission. It was this ceremony which the imperial officers tried in vain to extort from former British ambassadors, as a token of vassalage."

That entire seclusion of females from all intercourse with strangers, which former accounts led us to believe in, appears to have been exaggerated. In consequence of the practice of polygamy, and other causes, females have not attained that equality in the estimation of the other sex which prevails in Christian Europe; still they appear to enjoy a considerable degree of liberty and influence in their families. Any man in China may have as many wives as he chooses, but the number is generally regulated by a prudent regard to circumstances and station of life. The marriage ceremony is a very simple one, and is entirely of a civil nature, religion having nothing to do with the contract. Filial piety and affection is very strong among this people, and is cherished long after the decease of parents and relatives. Ancestral tablets are kept in their houses and ranged in the temples, and great care is taken in embellishing, and frequent visits are made to, the graves of their kindred. There are generally no fixed places for the interment of the members of a community, but each individual or family selects the site of their grave, according to their fancy. The sides of hills, and the most beautiful spots in valleys, are thus often chosen, or gardens or groves adjoining their own residences. Their graves are generally planted with the choicest flowers. A pleasing domestic scene is thus described by Mr. Smith:—

"The wife came out after a little time, and having modestly paid her respects at a distance, soon retired into an inner room. The old mother was, however, more officious, and brought out her two young grandchildren smartly attired. She seemed to be the presiding authority in the family; and it was pleasing to observe the extreme deference universally paid to this elderly class of females. All the inmates of each family appeared to be united in the closest bonds, and to bring together their earnings to a common fund, from which they defrayed the expenses of supplying their daily wants. The old lady of the household acted in the useful capacity of nurse, house-keeper, and adviser, and exercised over the members of the family a general control, which was never resisted. Her word was law, and her influence appeared to be paramount. The teacher was a poor man, earning only six dollars a month from tuition. He seemed, however, contented; and the old lady especially thanked my companion for his kindness to her son. When a grandmother dies, the wife then comes into her full share of influence, and the position which she holds in the family circle presents the social condition of females in China, as an anomalous spectacle of mingled degradation and independence."—p. 414.

The Chinese afford a striking moral spectacle among nations. The civilization of many thousand years has done its utmost for them. It has tamed and subdued the fierce passions, and introduced all those domestic arts which tend to make life agreeable; while the elements of education have been very generally diffused, and a mild and peaceful philosophy, not devoid of the general precepts of morality, has been engrafted in the minds of the people; yet nowhere is public and private virtue at a lower ebb. This assertion is not made with regard to any particular locality, or any one grade, but applies to the whole mass of society, from the highest official down to the lowest member of the community. It shows the effect of a utilitarian philosophy, and a moral code of expediency, without the element of some higher and nobler aim to guide and direct the grovelling and ever-wavering mind. Thus, for instance, Confucius teaches, that speaking the truth is a right and proper thing; but then he allows that children, on some occasions, may tell a lie for the good of their parents. Once admit a qualification of this kind, and a parent may think it no great harm to tell a lie for his own benefit, and thus the tide of falsehood flows abroad. No doubt, Confucius holds it a very detrimental thing for society, that one person should murder another; but then some zealous advocate of the "greatest happiness principle," may discover, that by cutting off in the bud—that is, by simply murdering one half of his babes, he will have a larger support for himself and the survivors. In short, we have exemplified here the result of all those delusive speculations which would teach men to live for their mere appetites and pleasures alone, instead of living for another and a higher state of existence.

In many respects China, as now situated, holds out a most inviting field for missionary labor. The government has granted a full religious toleration. Missionaries of all denominations have access to the five free cities stipulated in the treaty of peace with Britain. One written language is common to the whole of this immense and populous empire, and already more than one complete translation of

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the Scriptures has been made into this language. The educated portion of the people are fond of reading, and receive with great eagerness books and tracts circulated amongst them. This desire of information exists among the higher mandarins, as well as among the lowest class of literati. The Chinese intellect is by no means deficient in acuteness and sound common sense; and the existing religions having but slender hold of their minds, they are but little preöccupied with or prejudiced in favor of any particular doctrines. On the other hand, their temperaments are cold, worldly, and unexcitable. Yet not a few have listened to and become converts to the Christian faith; and He who hath destined this faith ultimately to prevail throughout all the earth, can open up and quicken the hearts even of the coldest and most sceptical.

The first Christian missions to China were undertaken by the Jesuits, at the dawn of the Protestant reformation in Europe. They met with various success, were sometimes tolerated, and sometimes persecuted, according to the dispositions of the reigning monarchs. At present there are 170 Roman Catholic missionaries in the empire, and they are said to have about 200,000 adherents. But Mr. Medhurst observes that there is nothing in the Catholic worship, or in the character of the priests, calculated to give the Chinese a very exalted idea of Christianity. In the former, they witness graven or molten images, processions, tinkling of bells, candles, and incense, exactly resembling their own religious rites, and, in the latter, a number of ignorant and idle monks, professing celibacy, but with indifferent moral characters, shaving their heads and counting beads very much after the fashion of the Budhist priests. A few Catholic missionaries still make converts of the lowest and poorest Chinese, who occasionally appear at the churches, and receive, each of them a small donation of rice, for which service they are sometimes called, in Portuguese, "Rice Christians." The first Protestant mission to China was sent out by the London Missionary Society in the year 1807, and amongst the earliest missionaries was the celebrated Dr. Morrison, who, after a labor of ten years, succeeded in mastering the Chinese language, so as to compose a dictionary of it, and a translation of the Scriptures into the Chinese tongue. Within the last few years a great impulse has been given to missionary enterprise in China. Medical missionaries, both from Britain and America, have gone out, and hospitals have been established in Canton, Shang-hai, and some of the other cities, where relief has been afforded to many thousand native patients; and every opportunity has been taken, at the same time, of circulating tracts, and expounding the doctrines of Christianity. These medical hospitals are highly prized by the Chinese. The art of medicine is at a very low ebb with them, and the gratuitous relief so extensively afforded has been duly appreciated by their naturally kind dispositions, and has tended much to soften the asperities arising out of a national defeat. According to a list given by Mr. Smith, there are at present forty-four missionaries in the different towns along the coast; and others are on their way, both from England and America.

"The present lamentation," says Mr. Hamilton, in his spirited little tract on Chinese Missions, "is, that China does not contain the power which can evoke the highest goodness or allay the most abandoned vice. The emperor cannot do it—the ancient laws cannot do it—the maxims of the sainted Confucius cannot—the magic of Taouism cannot—the miracles of Buddha cannot—and we may add, the Madonna cannot—the priests with their Latin prayers cannot—the monks who are to sail for Marseilles this summer, with their cargo of crucifixes and beads and dead men's bones, cannot. But the Gospel can! The Gospel can open the fount of tenderness in bosoms where it has forgot to flow. It can pluck the deadly drug from the opium-smoker's skinny hand—it can wrench the infatuating dice from the gambler's delirious clutch—like the Egyptian princess it can snatch the drowning babe from the whelming stream, and rescue the outcast infant from the vagrant's blinding steel:—and it can put truth in the trader's inward soul, and give new meaning to his language—it can make the Chinese yea be yea, and their nay be nay. All this the Gospel can effect; and, with the help of God, all this the Gospel will. And it is the true ennobler of the affections and sublimer of the feelings. Let but its gladness thrill through spirits which in the apathy of ages hardly know what gladness is, and with what a grasp of earnestness will brother seize the hand of brother! With what a look of admiring affection will the Christian husband recognize that Christian partner, whom he now despises as a cipher and oppresses as a drudge! And with what starts of wonder will the quickened spirit view the glorious things of creation, and the blessed things of life issuing in rapid resurrection from under the tomb-stone of old custom—from their long burial in the grave of ancient commonplace! That Gospel is mighty; and let but its clarion-peal—let but its jubilee-reveille echo through the sleep of these enchanted ages—let its omnipotent blast dispel the nightmare of these supine but uneasy years, and the millennium of misery end in the vision of a Saviour present and divine;—and oh! what a shout of power will bespeak the nation born! what a song of praise that proclaims the three hundred millions alive again!"

From Chambers' Journal.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

For many years the tendency of philosophical research has been towards the resolution of the apparently multifarious operations of nature into effects of one general cause—results of one universal law. Attempts have been made, and in some instances successfully, to reconcile the seeming discrepancies between different natural phenomena; and, in cases of failure, the impression has been, not that the phenomena are irreconcilable, but that we have missed the clue to the explanation. The relations between chemistry and electro-magnetism, between animal and vegetable physiology, are becoming apparent: astronomy is unveiling the secrets of remotest space; and geology, while explaining the structure of our planet, finds itself dependent on mighty natural agencies, working in obedience to a fixed law. The latter science has often been de

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signated as preëminently the science of dreams and vague speculations; but by the diligent accumulation of facts, such a degree of certainty has been attained, as to enable us to predicate with some confidence on the phenomena which it comprehends. Opinions, it is true, are still divided as to the source of central heat—the cause of volcanic and other disturbances of the earth's crust—some writers ascribing it to an interior fluid mass of fire, others to chemical action; the latter, as before observed, is now but another term for electro-magnetic action.

In the present paper, we propose to give a summary of the views entertained with respect to what may be called geological or subterranean magnetism.

Whatever may be the direction of magnetic currents within the earth, it is not permanent on the surface. A chart of magnetic curves requires to be reconstructed every ten years. Halley was the first to attempt their delineation; and he threw out some ingenious speculations as to the cause of the variations, attributing them to the revolution of a magnet in the interior of the earth. The subject remained in abeyance until 1811, when Hansteen of Christiana investigated the phenomenon, and defined the variations of the curves, during a period of two hundred years, with geometrical accuracy. In 1576 the needle stood 11 degrees east of north, from which point it returned until 1657–62, when it was due north. Continuing its march, the maximum of westerly declination, 27 degrees, was reached in 1815, since which period it has been again moving slowly to the east. Hansteen supposed the existence of two magnetic poles at each of the polar points of the earth, to whose revolutions the variations of the compass and of the magnetic curves were to be ascribed; but this view has been shown to be untenable. The labors of Barlow, Sabine, and Faraday, have gone far to divest the subject of many of its difficulties. The relation of magnetism to all matter, as discovered by the latter gentleman, is pregnant with important results towards a solution of the mystery; the objection that it was physically impossible for the earth to be a magnet, is now effectually set aside. Gauss of Göttingen, to whom this branch of science is so deeply indebted, computes the magnetic power of each cubic yard of the earth as equal to that of six steel magnets, each of one pound weight. With so tremendous a power, vitalizing, so to speak, every inch of the globe, we are enabled to account for the eruptions, upheavals, and other disturbances by which it is visited.

The researches of Becquerel and Crosse have demonstrated that minerals, whether earthy or metallic, and crystals, can be produced by weak electric currents; and it is a remarkable fact, that electric currents are found to exist in mines. Wherever the test has been applied to the metalliferous deposits in Cornwall, Wales, on the continent, or in South America, the result is the same. Mr. R. W. Fox has shown, in his communications to the Philosophical Transactions, and other scientific publications, that in the lead and copper mines of this country the direction of the positive currents is generally from east-west; subject, however, to local influences, by which they are sent in the opposite direction, or north and south, where the lodes are parallel. So certain were the indications of the galvanometer in detecting the presence of metallic substances or solutions, that the miners exclaimed, "The little thing knows ore, but does n't know the country;" the latter part of the observation referring to the absence of movement in the needle when the instrument was applied to non-metallic rocks or earths. Mr. Fox succeeded in magnetizing an iron bar, and in one case obtained an electrotype plate by the action of these natural currents. By the same agency he has converted copper pyrites into vitreous copper; and produced artificial veins of carbonate of copper and zinc "in a wall of clay placed between the poles of a galvanic series. It appears to be highly probable," he adds, "that the metalliferous veins, and perhaps even the rocks themselves, impregnated as they are with different mineral waters, and thereby rendered imperfect conductors, if not exciters of electricity, may have an important influence in the economy of nature."

In a recent number of the Journal, we quoted Professor Ansted's views as to the conversion of granite into mica-schist and clay-slate by the passage of galvanic currents; and Mr. Fox has clearly demonstrated, that by such currents laminæ are produced in masses of clay and other substances. The more recent experiments of Mr. Hunt have extended and confirmed the former in all essential particulars. According to Mr. Evan Hopkins, who published a work about three years since "On the Connection of Geology with Terrestrial Magnetism," magnetic currents are continually passing from the south to the north pole, through and around the earth. He shows that the southern aurora, which observation has proved to be accompanied by a similar phenomenon in the north, differs from the latter in appearance, in consequence of the greater amount of vapor produced by the preponderance of ocean in the south. The form is alike in both cases; but the light of the southern aurora is white, while in the north it inclines to red and purple. We read that "the saturated or hydrogenous nature of the currents coming from the south pole towards the north, will account for the observed peculiarity of the southern hemisphere in its general temperature, moisture, rains, the growth of vegetation, &c., as compared with that of the northern." Magnetic and galvanic currents are shown to be identical, except that the action of the latter is in some degree restricted to liquids; and as all metals may exist in solution, their deposition, by means of the currents, admits of demonstration. In this case nature accomplishes on a large scale what experimentalists achieve with the galvanic battery; and, as Mr. Hopkins explains, "If we admit the existence of subterranean currents, and that these exert a slow decomposing power, like that of the voltaic battery, we have a sufficient power for our purpose. In the first place, we have a mechanical tension on the consolidated parts of the rocks, by the linear action of the currents passing through them; and should the intensity of the currents be very great, fractures would ensue more or less at right angles to the direction of the force. These fractures would admit air and water, and thus produce intense heat, by the avidity with which the metallic nature of the bases of the earths and alkalies combines with the oxygen. That nearly all the substances which constitute the crust of the globe are found *in solution* as well as solid, saturated throughout the rocks, and to such a degree sometimes as to issue out and form springs, is well known; therefore, judging from the violent effects on a small scale which we are able to produce by experiments, a heat would be engendered quite adequate to occasion all that takes place in earthquakes and volcanic eruptions."

In this way may be explained the formation of veins that have long puzzled the geologist. That

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it is in obedience to some law, is evident from the general direction of metalliferous and crystalline deposits being the same in different parts of the world. The oblique direction apparent in some instances arises from the force of tension acting at right angles to the line of structure, which is northerly and southerly. The parallelisms are, in fact, most remarkable. Humboldt found the primitive rocks, in which metallic veins chiefly occur, in South America following the same line as those of Germany and England; the same parallelism has also been traced between the upheaved rocks of Russia and Africa. It is assumed that the intensity of electric action increases in proportion as we descend deeper into the earth; and there are many striking effects witnessed in mines, which the existence of electric currents, disturbed by local causes, will alone explain. The heat in mines, particularly those of South America, is not constant; patches which at one time are at a very high temperature, become gradually cold, without any apparent cause, and after a time resume their warmth. The growth of minerals in old workings, as a mossy excrescence, is a fact well-known to miners; and in some instances, as observed in Durham, Hanover, France, and in the gold mines of America, when a vein has been worked out, and the galleries left closed, they become filled with solutions of the rocks between which they are dug, and in course of time the deposits thrown down render them again worth the working—the mineral being solid, or in a powdery form, according to the intensity of the current. As is well known, crystals are hardly to be obtained by fusion, but may readily be produced from soft and moist substances; a point admitting of experimental proof. "In order," writes Mr. Fox, "to exhibit the mode of filling, and the formation of different crystals in the same fracture, place a mass of clay-slate between the poles of a battery, immersed in a metallic solution; it will be seen that the currents pass *only* in the direction of the cleavage. If the slate be broken across, so as to represent veins of fractures, crystals will be observed to grow in each fracture transversely; that is, in the direction of the cleavage planes."

The igneous theory—the doctrine of central fire—has for some time been slowly yielding to other views. All the phenomena attributed to fire may be produced by electro-magnetic currents. It is difficult to imagine the existence of fires unsupplied with the oxygen of the atmosphere; and a singular fact has come to light with regard to the earthquakes in South America, based on observations continued during nine years; the oscillations are from east to west, while the rumbling sound by which they are accompanied travels north and south, showing the influence of some law similar to that by which magnetism is governed. "Even the cause of the variation of the needle, mysterious as it has hitherto appeared to be, may probably be referred to the relative energies of the opposing electrical currents, which are perhaps subject to occasional modifications; and the appearance of earthquakes and volcanic action from time to time seems to countenance the probability of such changes."

Taking the ocean as the connecting medium between pole and pole, Mr. Hopkins shows it to be the universal menstruum whence all the variety of materials that constitutes land is derived. The great ocean currents are from south to north, which, with the upheaval and subsidence of continents and islands, the changes of level continually going on, may be referred to the action of magnetic currents passing from one to the other pole. Everywhere, in fact, there appears to be a tendency towards the north, or pole of decomposition, from whence the decomposed substances are carried back to the south, to take on new combinations, and resume their part in perpetuating the operations of nature. In various parts of the world, the latitude of places is found to be slowly moving northwards, at the rate of from ten to twenty minutes in a century. It is a generally received fact, that the climate of Europe is colder at the present time than in the earliest periods of history. The first settlers in Iceland described it as fertile in many parts, and covered with trees; and there is evidence that the vine was cultivated where now is nothing but an icy desert. Mr. Lyell observes, with regard to the material diminution of temperature in the northern hemisphere, "we know that there are constantly some small variations in the respective geographical positions." And it is worthy of notice, that while in the north we find fossils, and other remains of the torrid and southern regions, we never find in the south any but those of the adjacent seas, or peculiar to the locality. In the coal-beds of Melville Island, fossil plants are found which required tropical heat and light for their growth, and could not possibly have flourished through the cold and six months' night of the arctic regions. An island or continent moving from the south would naturally carry its sponges, ferns, corals, and animals to the north, modified by the changes of temperature through which it passed; and the immense deltas of floating wood in process of formation at the embouchure of the Mississippi and other rivers, to be alternately elevated and submerged during their ages of transit, would seem to be the means of providing an endless succession of coal-beds for the inhabitants of the chilly north.

As bearing on this subject, we may notice a paper by Mr. Dana, in the American Journal of Science, on the "Grand Outline Features of the Earth," in which the phenomenon of parallelisms above referred to is ably discussed. The trends of coasts, mountain ranges of various continents, groups of islands, including the Pacific group—five thousand miles in length, although thousands of miles apart—are shown to lie in the parallel curved lines. It would appear from these facts, that the geographical distribution of the land is not a confused chance-arrangement, but that the earth has a systematic physiognomy—the directions of the leading lines being north-west and south-east. Taking the earth as an entire mass, it has a facility for splitting most readily in two directions, indicating a rupturing force and a structure by which the lines have been determined. Necker has shown the coincidence between coast-lines and mountains and magnetic curves; and, according to Sir David Brewster, the lines of magnetic intensity, corresponding with those of equal heat, manifest a mutual dependence of the two phenomena.

This brief sketch of the opinions of scientific men on this interesting subject, places geology and magnetism in quite a new light, disclosing a field of labor that promises a brilliant harvest to the persevering investigator. The wasting away and degradation of the land, which have often been viewed with alarm, are now shown to be compensated for by a process tending to the renewal and perpetuation of the physical universe. We look forward to the labors of Professor Faraday as destined to throw further light on this interesting branch of science, in which he has already done so much. According to Sir John Herschel, we are to look to "electro-

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dynamics for the *vera causa* of the Newtonian philosophy;" and we may borrow the words of that distinguished philosopher in conclusion, and say—"There are secrets of nature we would fain see revealed while we yet live in the flesh—resources hidden in her fertile bosom for the well-being of man upon earth, we would fain see opened up for the use of the generation to which we belong. But if we would be enlightened by the one, or benefited by the other, we must *lay on power*, both moral and physical, without grudging, and without stint."

From Chambers' Journal.

ASCENT OF THE BUET.

If the Alpine tourist be possessed of tolerable activity, and be desirous to obtain an unequalled mountain view—and, more particularly, a view of the monarch of mountains, Mont Blanc, sublimely seated in his awful state—let him, the tourist, if he be within any moderate distance of the mountain, by no means omit to ascend the Buet; for many years, until English perseverance and activity proved the contrary, supposed to be the highest accessible point of the Alps.

It was on the 24th of July, 1844, that I left Chamouny, with my guide, Ferdinand Tissay, each mounted on a mule, at half-past three in the morning, on our way to the Buet. At half-past four we reached Argentiere; and here I could not help stopping for several minutes to admire, though I had many times seen it before, the wonderful ice-battlemented glacier of Argentiere, and the sublime granite spire of the Aiguille Verte, now tinged with the earliest beams of the sun, which, for peaks of such stupendous elevation, had already risen. At half-past five, we stopped for a short time at the Chalets of Poyat; after which we took the direction of the Col du Bérard. Our way at first lay over a stony and rather boggy ascent; and afterwards up an exceedingly wild and picturesque valley, with a loud torrent foaming as usual through it. Here the path became so exceedingly rough and steep, that I confess I was not sorry to leave the mules before we came to the Pierre de Bérard, which we were obliged to do, in consequence of our finding so much yet unmelted winter's snow. We left our mules with a youth who had preceded us on foot from Chamouny, and began our own journey on foot at half-past six, passing over a bed of snow, with a torrent audibly running underneath, for half an hour or more. At a quarter past seven we reached the Pierre de Bérard, a point beyond which mules *never* pass. Travellers have frequently made the Pierre de Bérard their halting-place for the night; and indeed there is a hollow under this rock large enough to shelter several people; and an additional poor protection is afforded by a rough wall of stones to keep out the wind. But it is needless to add that bivouacs in such places, though no doubt highly romantic, should for obvious reasons be avoided, unless in cases of extreme necessity. For, after all, even "for beggars or thieves," a worse lodging could scarcely be found. I am always, I confess, for a good night's rest; and am apt to suspect the energy and perseverance of those who affect to despise conveniencies. The hovel, formed in this desolate spot almost wholly by nature, was very damp and dirty, and contained a large patch of snow, yet remaining from the blasts and drifts of the winter. At this spot we first obtained a sight of the Oberland Alps, and from hence our way, though steep, was for a time free from snow. The weather was quite perfect; not a cloud was visible; the sky was clear of haze, and the air mild, yet not close. This pass of Bérard is one of those better known to shepherds and smugglers than to any other description of travellers.

At a quarter past eight we had of course gained somewhat in height; but we nevertheless saw cattle passing the snow, one by one, at a great height above us, and in a few minutes more we again entered on the snow. At a quarter before nine we caught sight of Mont Blanc appearing over the range of the Aiguilles Rouges. At twenty minutes past nine we attained a rough slaty ridge, quite free from snow; in fact the ridge of the pass. From hence we had a wonderful view of mountain-tops in all directions. It was not cold, but the sky now put on the appearance of the weather being about to change for the worse. Every peak, however, even the most distant, was quite clear; nor was there the slightest cloud or haze upon any part of Mont Blanc. From this pass we might have descended directly to Servoz; but our purpose was of a much more aspiring nature. After pausing a few minutes, we commenced and completed a fatiguing ascent of the now eternal snow, which was succeeded by a heart-breaking slope of bare slaty débris, occupying us together till forty minutes after ten o'clock. Again another slope of snow succeeded, and again another ascent of slaty fragments, which brought us, at a quarter past eleven, to the remains of the stone hovel of the philosopher Pictet, in which he used to take shelter when overtaken by bad weather in this elevated desert. One more short slaty ridge, and a steep slope of soft snow, brought us to the summit of the Buet, 10,154 English feet, according to De Saussure, above the level of the sea, at half-past eleven, after a fatiguing walk of five hours from the place where we left the mules, and eight hours exactly from Chamouny. The sun at half-past eleven was exactly over the Aiguille du Midi, as seen from hence. From this fine mountain-summit we looked clear away over the summit of the Brever, and of the Aiguilles Rouges (which we had so often looked up to from Chamouny) to Mont Blanc, and his attendant Aiguilles in all their glory. Mont Blanc, seen from this height, and at this distance, towered in kingly state over all his vassals. There were some clouds about, but none to impede the view; nor was there a breath of wind. The air, too, was quite mild; but my feet now became excessively cold, from my having been so long walking in the soft snow. The mountain summits visible from hence are so numerous, that to mention them all would be to make a catalogue of a considerable portion of the Alps. Beyond the range of Mont Blanc, towards the west, far in the Taxentaise, I saw very many undulating snowy summits, with a light thrown over them that gave them the appearance of the colored waves seen in a surface of mother-of-pearl; in another direction, through a mountain gap, we got a peep at the Lake of Geneva. The Jura range, on the other side of the lake, was very distinct; so were the summits of the Oberland Alps, and all the heights quite round towards the Simplon. We were here, although the air was perfectly calm, at a height to which the voice of the torrent did not reach; and the impression of stillness I shall never forget. Close on the edge of the highest point of the mountain, where the precipice suddenly sinks down with frightful rapidity, and to which we scarcely dared approach, for fear of dislodging a mass of the soft

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snow, we saw the track of a chamois, that must have very lately passed. I observed several insects half dead lying on the snow during our ascent; and whilst we stood on the summit—oh, satire on human ambition!—several common butterflies flew over our heads.

The view from the summit of the Buet reminds one forcibly of one of the old-fashioned maps of all the mountains in the world at one view. In a word, it is the most unpicturesque thing possible, but possessing a grandeur and sublimity peculiar to itself, which, once seen, is never through life forgotten.

We could not remain on the actual summit for any length of time, for the snow was so soft, that we could not sit down, and no dry rock was visible, and my feet were aching excessively with the cold of the wet snow; so we descended to some dry rocks a little way down, where we changed our stockings, and got quite warm, and enjoyed the luncheon we brought with us very much. We remained here until one o'clock. Neither on the summit, nor during the ascent, did either I or my guide experience any inconvenience from the rarity of the air. During the ascent, I twice heard that peculiar solemn noise, difficult to describe, something between a deep sigh and a *lourd*, heavy, sullen, subdued sound of an explosion, which no doubt is frequently to be heard in these upper regions. It is probably occasioned by some slip or giving way of the snow under the influence of the mid-day sun. Beneath the snow-cliffs, my guide pointed out to me a place which, he told me, was that in which, in the year 1800, Mr. Eschen, a Dane, lost his life. In the spot which he pointed out, the snow appeared deeply crevassed; and, to the most unpractised eye, it was evidently not the way up the mountain. It was hard to believe that any one would have ventured into such a place.

I have already mentioned the stone hovel on the summit of the Buet, erected for the accommodation of the philosopher Pictet. I believe he made on this spot many observations with the barometer, as well as experiments on heat and radiation; the Buet is also alluded to by name, in a paper by him in the English "Philosophical Transactions," concerning the measurement of an arch of the meridian, dated 1791.

The steep and fatiguing slopes of slaty débris which I have mentioned before, are enriched with some of the rarest of the Alpine plants.

In descending, we glissaded the greater part of the slopes of snow; but where we kept the track of our ascent, I was surprised to find that our footsteps, though very deeply impressed, were almost entirely effaced by the action of the sun. Our descent was very rapid, and varied with frequent falls; the ensuing *glissading* of which may, without care, be carried far beyond a joke. So overpowering was the glare from the snow on the Buet, that I did not find a large goggling pair of green spectacles, together with a thick black crape veil, more protection to the eyes than was necessary.

We finally reached the spot where we had left our mules, below the Pierre de Bérard, at a quarter before three o'clock; that is, in an hour and three quarters from the summit of the mountain, it having taken us five hours to ascend the same distance. I continued my way on foot, leaving the guide and mules to follow all the way down, and had now ample leisure to admire the scenery of the valley we had ridden up in the morning, which presents one of the wildest and most thoroughly picturesque scenes I ever beheld. Some of the rock and water scenes are scarcely to be exceeded for beauty and grandeur. No one should omit, if possible, during a séjour at Chamouny, an excursion as far at least as the Pierre de Bérard.

We arrived at the Chalets de Poyat at four o'clock, and I got back to Chamouny on my mule at a quarter before six. Thus the expedition from Chamouny to the summit of the Buet, and back, occupies just about fifteen hours.

Extract of a Letter from Canton, China. —A foreigner has just started a newspaper in the Chinese language. Whether it will succeed or not remains to be seen. It is a novelty to the people. The only paper published by the Chinese that can at all be depended upon is the Pekin Gazette. This is published at *irregular* periods at the capital, and thence distributed throughout the empire. It is a matter of great importance for the mandarins to secure an early reading of the Gazette, in order that they may be enabled to proceed in their official duties; for it generally seems that the only means by which the officers of government arrive at a knowledge of the will of their sovereign is through the medium of that Gazette.

Express riders are in readiness at Pekin to carry the Gazettes in different directions over the empire as soon as published. The *same rider* carries the Gazette from Pekin to any one city, as for instance Canton, performing the distance on horseback by means of relays of horses at short distances. The distance from Pekin to Canton is performed in six days, riding incessantly night and day; and, as you may readily imagine, proves fatal to a great portion of the riders. As a general rule, no rider is able to make more than two trips, as he either dies or becomes permanently disabled.

A high mandarin who is under the necessity of securing an early perusal of the Gazette, pays not far from $20 per month for his paper—whereas those who are content or who are able to defer the perusal to a *later* date, pay proportionably less, say $2 per month.

We missionaries are not enough interested to subscribe for the paper, and if we did so, the perusal of it would scarcely repay the trouble and expense. It is generally filled with court gossip and court ceremonies, alike insipid and uninstructive.

In the spirit of most men, lies a creative power, which only needs the right moment to call forth the spark. But external influences, the incessant working of what is called civilization, the machinery of state affairs, the eternal teaching and preaching with the smallest opportunities for action—all the pressure which is brought gradually to bear upon man, in order to give one form to all, and bring them suitably near to each other, and the endless drilling and polishing, which goes to make a well-formed man; these and many other things stifle the living powers of man. And as this process continues, the number of these men will increase, who, in the inactivity of their unmanned souls, in order to have something, will strive after foreign command, influence, and thoughts. When this kind of formation shall have reached its height, the world will slumber in the much-praised quiet of a Paraguay; there will be but one church, and one doctrine; and it will be indifferent whether a rational head, or a mere automaton, administers the state and church.—*Jacobs.*

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A SOIREE IN A PORTER'S LODGE.

Monsieur and Madame Bichonnet were not ordinary porters. They resided in the handsomest house of a respectable street of Paris; their lodge, situated on the ground-floor, on the left-hand side of the passage, at a convenient distance from the stair-case, was large and airy, and looked upon the street. Their duties, which consisted in attending to the door, and keeping the house clean, were unusually light, and very liberally remunerated—considering that, like all the members of their worthy class, they were lodged rent-free, and kept by their landlord and the joint contributions of the lodgers in wood and candlelight all the year round, without mentioning the presents they regularly received on new-year's day. In short, M. and Madame Bichonnet were, as the reader can see, very comfortable people in their way; and they might have been perfectly happy, had not an unlucky spirit of ambition taken possession of their hearts, and made them resolve to shine, no matter at what cost. They gave parties to which the whole neighborhood was invited; and so conspicuous did they render themselves, that the lodge of the Bichonnets became ere long a term synonymous with the focus of porter-scandal and refinement. Of course, though they were highly popular with some individuals, they were also much ridiculed by others; but on this head, M. Bichonnet wisely observed, that they only met with the common fate of genius; "they were envied and admired." Like many illustrious individuals, the porter and his wife did not, however, differ greatly from the common race of mortals. Madame Bichonnet was a tall, muscular, raw-boned woman, whose florid complexion beamed with health, but who was, nevertheless, in a very delicate state; for, as she frequently assured her lodgers and friends, in a low, languishing tone, "she knew she was in a deep decline, and had already given up all worldly thoughts." M. Bichonnet was a thin, tan-skinned little man, with a bright, restless, brown eye, and a highly pragmatical and consequential eye-brow. He seldom spoke, but the little he did say was all concerning his rank and importance in society. He had also a few profound ideas on politics, and "our duties to our fellow-men," of which he occasionally allowed his friends to catch a glimpse; for as those ideas were so very deep, they could scarcely be said to fathom them. Amongst M. Bichonnet's favorite notions, was the firm belief entertained by him, ever since the year 1830, that Louis Philippe had not six months to remain on the throne. This assertion, which he made with many mysterious nods and hints, had given him, amongst the timid and prudent people of the neighborhood, a reputation of carbonarism. It was even strongly suspected by some wise heads that the convivial parties given in his lodge were only offered to republicans in disguise. These malicious rumors did not, however, prevent M. and Madame Bichonnet from resolving to have a party on Twelfth Night of the year 183–. According to the usual custom, they were to have a cake; and in the earlier part of the evening, M. Bichonnet went out to order it at the pastry-cook's before the arrival of the guests, leaving his wife, or, as he loved to call her, his spouse, alone in the lodge, seated in a soft-cushioned arm-chair opposite the fire, and dozing very comfortably; for, under pretence of making up for her bad nights, Madame Bichonnet was always dozing. She had not been long alone when her husband came in. Approaching the fire, he ceremoniously observed, "The night is very cool, my dear; I must beg your leave to keep on my hat."

M. Bichonnet would never have committed the solecism of doing such a thing without his wife's permission. Madame Bichonnet merely nodded assent, and seemed to expect something else; but as her husband remained silent, she said, after a pause, "And the cake, my dear?"

"The cake is in the oven. I saw it myself; a large, golden-colored cake."

"Perhaps I shall never live to eat another," mournfully sighed Madame Bichonnet. "Will it be here soon?" she added, after a pause.

"In less than half an hour, my dear." Another pause.

"Will it be quite hot?" asked madame, opening her half-shut eyes.

"Quite hot."

The portress uttered something which sounded like a hum of satisfaction, and remained silent. In less than half an hour the cake arrived, carried by the pastry-cook's boy. It was immediately placed between two earthen dishes, which had been kept warming for this purpose; and, as Madame Bichonnet observed, "It really looked like a cake you might wish to eat on your deathbed." Some time elapsed, and though it was past seven, none of the guests arrived. Madame Bichonnet, who sat near the cake, became very impatient at this unreasonable delay, and in a querulous tone inquired "if they were coming?" Her husband answered he did not know, but that he strongly suspected M. and Madame Miroiton, with their young ladies—he scorned the vulgar expression of daughters—would soon make their appearance; upon which Madame Bichonnet observed, with a significant smile, they had done well to invite M. Tourneur to come. The fact is, both husband and wife had quite a passion for match-making. The portress delighted in it for the sake of the thing, and her husband, because "he felt it was a duty he owed to his fellow-men;" but there were evil-minded persons, who asserted their thoughts went no further than the marriage-dinner. "As though," exclaimed Madame Bichonnet, when she was told of this, "*she* could think of such things with one foot in the grave!" Whatever were their real sentiments on this subject, it is, however, certain that the Bichonnets never gave a party without having at the same time some matrimonial design in view.

On this occasion the person for whose conjugal felicity they felt so lively an interest was a young shoemaker, M. Tourneur, who had recently settled in the street, and whose handsome shop was precisely opposite the window of the lodge. Antoine Tourneur was not yet a rich man, but his business promised well; his character was irreproachable; and though he could not exactly be termed handsome, good-temper was written on his frank, open features. He had, moreover, that smart, tidy look so characteristic of the Parisian journeyman. Indeed, Madame Bichonnet averred, that of all the shoemakers who met at Montmartre on Saint-Crispin's Day—their yearly festival—he undoubtedly cut the most gallant figure; and that the dark mustache which he wore, notwithstanding his peaceful avocation, was perfectly irresistible. It is true that, notwithstanding those advantages, Antoine Tourneur had not expressed to Madame Bichonnet the least wish for a wife; but as she concluded that he wanted one, she resolved to provide him with one without delay. Fortunately for her purpose,

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she found two ladies—in the street too—who seemed quite willing to enter into her views. Perhaps it will be objected that one lady was enough for the purpose; but the prudent portress was of another opinion; she thought that if one did not suit, the other might; and that, in all cases, they would set one another off. This had been her plan hitherto; and, to say the truth, she had vast experience in those matters.

The eldest of those ladies—both of whom were well known to Tourneur, whose customers they were—was Mademoiselle Ursule, the staymaker, who lived next door to him. She was, according to her own assertion, twenty-five years of age; but her features—without speaking of common report, which said ten—assigned her at least six or seven more summers. She was thin and withered-looking; she dressed very richly and tastily; and there was certainly nothing vulgar about her. It was reported that she had money in the bank; and this, as Mademoiselle Miroiton, her rival, spitefully observed, was her only attraction. It was seemingly a powerful one, for it had enabled her to refuse several good offers of marriage. Mademoiselle Miroiton, who was a dressmaker, and the daughter of one of the neighboring porters, had no money like Mademoiselle Ursule; but she was a good figure, had a brilliant complexion, a tolerable quantity of glossy dark hair, and a sparkling, though rather scornful, black eye; so that, as Madame Bichonnet wisely concluded, if Antoine Tourneur liked beauty, Mademoiselle Miroiton would do remarkably well for him; whereas, if he preferred wealth, Mademoiselle Ursule would be quite the thing. Having first delicately sounded the two ladies, and found them very favorably disposed, she next invited them to come and spend with her "The Evening of the Kings," as Twelfth Night is termed, intimating to them that Antoine Tourneur would be there, with only a few friends.

Just as Madame Bichonnet's patience was exhausted, and she observed very snappishly that the cake was quite ruined, a knock at the door announced the arrival of her expected guests. It was Antoine Tourneur, who came in with the Miroiton family; for, instead of taking Madame Bichonnet's hint, and bringing only their eldest daughter, M. and Madame Miroiton had thought fit to come accompanied by four of their children; the fifth, a lad of about fourteen, had remained at home to take care of the lodge. On seeing them enter, and on thinking of the size of her cake, Madame Bichonnet's heart failed her; but she nevertheless received her guests with every demonstration of joy. Shortly after their arrival, Mademoiselle Ursule made her appearance, very richly attired as usual; and, as Mademoiselle Miroiton observed in a whisper to her sister, as usual giving herself airs. These airs consisted in holding a delicate cambric pocket-handkerchief in her hand, and, when she meant to be highly disdainful, in applying a scent-bottle to her nose, which, as she often observed, was of the truly aristocratic form. Besides the stay-maker, there were several other guests whom Madame Bichonnet now bitterly regretted having invited, as she had only meant them to "fill up" the vacant spaces of her tableau, now quite thronged with Madame Miroiton's young family. These individuals were two ladies'-maids, who resided in the house, and a mysterious, melancholy-looking young man, who lived nobody knew how, and always sang comic songs wherever he was invited. When they were all seated, and there was some talk of cutting up the cake, Madame Bichonnet perceived a circumstance she had hitherto overlooked: they were in all thirteen individuals present. Now, amongst Madame Bichonnet's weaknesses, was the vulgar belief that when thirteen persons met, one of them must certainly die within the year. On noticing this ominous fact, she therefore gave a very dismal groan, and intimated to her friends *they* need not have any fear, as she was certainly the doomed one. Everybody immediately sympathized with her, with the exception of Madame Miroiton, who, being a strong-minded woman, loudly asserted that this was a weakness she must overcome, and that she would not encourage her in it by sending home one of her children. Antoine Tourneur gallantly offered to absent himself, but Madame Bichonnet would not hear of it; and she at length decided that her husband should go and invite Rosine, a young bonnet-maker who lived in one of the attics, to come and share their mirth. M. Bichonnet departed on his errand, and after some time, made his appearance with Rosine, whom he had, however, found some difficulty in inducing to accompany him.

Her entrance into the lodge was witnessed with anything but pleasure by Mademoiselle Ursule and the daughter of the Miroitons. The former, especially, was highly indignant: the idea of associating with a bonnet-maker seemed to her perfectly preposterous; and notwithstanding the beseeching and timid glance which the young girl cast towards her, Mademoiselle Ursule immediately set her down for an artful, designing creature, and applied her scent-bottle to her nose with great contempt. Mademoiselle Miroiton was at first equally annoyed; but on noticing the paleness of the new-comer, who was, moreover, in deep mourning, she immediately made room for her near herself, concluding that the contrast would greatly enhance the brilliancy of her own complexion, and the freshness of her attire.

The first impression which Rosine's appearance was calculated to produce, was not indeed to her advantage. But though she might at first be thought plain, few persons who examined her closely thought so long. Her features were not remarkably regular, but she had a profusion of fair silken tresses, which beamed like gold beneath her black crape cap, eyes of a deep azure blue, dark eyebrows and eyelashes, and a sweet smile and pleasant voice, which rendered her at times quite fascinating, notwithstanding the languid and sickly expression her features had contracted during a life of privation and poverty. Having lost her mother a few months back, she was now an orphan; and as she was not a native of Paris, she had remained wholly friendless and alone in the great city. Fortunately for her, she found some employment in the house of a great milliner, who lived in the street; and although she had to toil almost constantly, in order to earn enough for her support, she was never heard to repine or to complain. "In short," as Madame Bichonnet observed to her guests shortly before she entered, "she was a very nice girl indeed, whom she loved to patronize."

Immediately after Rosine's entrance, Antoine Tourneur proposed to uncork two bottles of champagne, which he had brought with him; Madame Bichonnet instantly volunteered to find the champagne glasses from the cupboard of the first-floor lodgers, who had confided to her the key of their apartment whilst they were away; and Mademoiselle Ursule immediately sent out one of the young Miroitons for two dozen of those biscuits, without which, the orthodox drinkers assert, champagne cannot be

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drunk. In the meanwhile a good deal of talking went on in different parts of the company: M. Bichonnet, who was more than usually dignified, conversed in a mysterious tone with M. Miroiton, a simple-minded man, discussing the respective merits of Thiers and Guizot, and assuring him, in a low, subdued voice, that before six months he might expect to see Louis Philippe dethroned. On hearing this piece of intelligence, the pacific M. Miroiton looked uneasily round, and, with a cough of dismay, inquired of his friend how he had learned this. M. Bichonnet gave a mysterious nod, and merely said "he knew it."

"But, my good Monsieur Bichonnet," urged the alarmed Miroiton, "I hope you have no ill-will against the king?"

"Sir," solemnly replied Bichonnet, "I entertain no evil sentiment against Louis Philippe; fate has never thrown us together, and we have, I may say, nothing in common either in feelings or opinions; but it is my duty to my fellow-men to inform them, when the opportunity occurs, that before six months have passed over their heads, he will have ceased to sit on the throne of France." And leaving M. Miroiton in a state of unutterable dismay, he turned from him with a mysterious glance, as though thinking that enough had been said on the subject. Whilst this political discussion was going on, Mesdames Bichonnet and Miroiton were engaged in informing one another of the faults and merits of their respective lodgers. Madame Miroiton greatly inveighed against the avariciousness of hers; Madame Bichonnet made no similar complaints, but only lamented the want of politeness which existed in their conduct towards her. Thus, if a letter came, they insisted to have it brought up instantly; or they actually desired that Madame Bichonnet should not read their newspaper in the morning before it was sent up to them. In short, they went to such lengths, that M. and Madame Bichonnet had been compelled to draw up a little code of regulations, which was placed at the foot of the staircase for their benefit. By the first regulation, all the lodgers were requested to wipe their feet well before they went up stairs; by the second, they were recommended to keep no dogs, and not to receive visitors who were likely to be accompanied by those animals; by the third, they were informed that, on account of their portress' delicate health, they were expected never to stay out later than twelve o'clock at night. After that hour, M. and Madame Bichonnet hinted that they should lie under the painful necessity of not opening the door to them. To this regulation there was, however, affixed a *N. B.*, by which the lodgers were told that they could be admitted even after one or two, on paying a fine of fifty centimes [5d.] On hearing this admirable code, Madame Miroiton sighed, and only wished they could have it too; but their lodgers were so restive, they would never agree to it, and Miroiton could never be induced to propose it to them.

"We never propose those things to our lodgers," superciliously observed Madame Bichonnet. "We do them, and they submit as a matter of course."

Whilst the two portresses were thus engaged, the younger portion of the company had gathered round Antoine Tourneur, whose good-humor rendered him a general favorite. The young man who sang the comic songs, and the two ladies'-maids, whom Madame Bichonnet had invited because they were neither young nor pretty, as much as through any other motive, listened to his sallies in silence; but the Miroiton part of the family were in perfect ecstacies. Mademoiselle Ursule was too genteel to seem much amused; but as her vigilant eye noticed that though his discourse was directed towards her and Mademoiselle Miroiton, yet his glances more frequently wandered in the direction of Rosine, she began to look very superciliously on the young milliner once more, setting her down as an "artful, designing creature." As somebody said something about the champagne, which had in the mean while been forgotten, Madame Bichonnet proposed to cut up the cake first. This was accordingly done, and Rosine, as the youngest lady present, was requested to hand it round to the company. She complied, and though somewhat embarrassed, acquitted herself of her office with much grace and modesty. Antoine was the last person to whom she handed his share of the cake, and perhaps for this reason, or perhaps because, as Mademoiselle Miroiton now began to think, he was engaged in gazing on the young milliner, he neglected to examine his portion of the cake, in order to see whether it contained the bean always inserted in it, and which renders him to whose lot it falls king for the evening.

The young man who sang the comic songs immediately discovered that he had not the bean; the ladies'-maids found out as much; Madame Miroiton declared she had not got it; all her children echoed the words; M. Bichonnet did not speak, not thinking it dignified; and M. Miroiton, because his mouth was full.

"I suppose Mademoiselle Ursule is queen!" ironically observed Mademoiselle Miroiton.

"I am not queen," sharply answered the staymaker, with a tone and look which seemed to say she might have been if she would.

Mademoiselle Miroiton colored, and in a softened tone said to Antoine, "Are you king, Monsieur Tourneur?"

Antoine started, and turning his eyes from Rosine, for the first time opened his portion of the cake. No sooner had he done so, than the dark bean appeared, enshrined in the yellow crust. Immediately a loud cry of "Tourneur is king! Long live the king!" resounded in the lodge. Antoine laughed, and bowing, intimated his wish of speaking; but the loyalty of his new subjects was not thus easily checked, and the Miroiton part of the company especially showed their delight by making an unusual noise. When he was at last allowed to speak, he returned thanks in a short speech, and concluded by drinking the health of all present. No sooner had he raised his glass to his lips, than the cries of "The king drinks! Long live the king!" again echoed round. But when this first excitement had somewhat subsided, Antoine was requested by Madame Bichonnet to use his privilege, and name a queen for the evening. On hearing this, Mademoiselle Miroiton looked modestly on her plate, whilst Mademoiselle Ursule applied her scent-bottle to her nose. "Ho, ho!" continued Madame Bichonnet, with a knowing wink, and glancing towards the spot where Madamoiselle Miroiton and the staymaker were both seated, so that it could not be known precisely to which of the two she meant to allude, "I think I know who will be queen." She paused, struck aghast with astonishment and dismay —for Antoine had, with a low bow, placed the bean in the glass of Rosine, thus proclaiming her queen for the evening.

A deep, ominous silence followed this daring act. Madame Miroiton gazed on Madame Bichonnet with an indignant glance, as much as to say, "You see it!" and Madame Bichonnet turned up her eyes,

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and clasped her hands in amazement. M. Miroiton did not seem to know what to make of it; and M. Bichonnet solemnly shook his head two or three times, like one whom nothing can astonish. On perceiving Antoine's meaning, Rosine had colored deeply, and, by the timid, deprecating look she cast around, seemed to implore indulgence for her involuntary fault. But the singer of comic songs was staring point-blank at the wall; the two ladies'-maids, who readily took their cue, seemed, by the glances they exchanged, to say, "What a shocking creature!" the looks of the Miroitons and the Bichonnets were equally stern and forbidding. Mademoiselle Miroiton was too desperately incensed to strive to hide her feelings; and though Mademoiselle Ursule partly triumphed in the mortification suffered by her younger and more attractive rival, her whole attitude showed the consciousness of injured dignity. Antoine alone looked kindly on her, and seemed to resent very much the manner in which the object of his choice was treated. The truth was, that, having perceived the drift of Madame Bichonnet's hints and allusions, he had felt piqued at being disposed of without his consent, and would have asked either of the ladies'-maids to be queen sooner than Mademoiselle Miroiton or Mademoiselle Ursule. Wishing to relieve Rosine from her embarrassment, he drank her health with studied politeness; but when he cried out, "Long live the queen!" no voice save M. Bichonnet's, who felt himself bound in honor to reply, echoed his. Poor Rosine grew pale, and laid down her untasted glass, whilst Antoine frowned on the silent and rigid Miroitons. Willing, however, to make an effort towards conciliation, the young shoemaker said with a smile, addressing the company, "Ladies and gentlemen, let me hope you will drink the health of your queen."

The melancholy-looking young man who sang the comic songs immediately drank a glass of wine, first muttering something which might sound as an assent to or a protest against the toast, just as the parties were inclined; but no one else pledged Antoine. Mademoiselle Miroiton, indeed, eyed him with great contempt, yawned audibly, and looking at her mother, carelessly observed it was late enough to go home. To this Madame Miroiton assented, and rising immediately, helped her daughter to put on her cloak and bonnet—for Mademoiselle Miroiton had lately assumed this badge of distinction. It was in vain that Madame Bichonnet begged of them to stay a little longer; they smiled scornfully in reply to all her intreaties; whilst, heedless of his wife's indignant glance, M. Miroiton, determined to make the best of the little time left, hastily gulped down two or three glasses of champagne.

"Pray, do stay," urged Madame Bichonnet.

"No, ma'am, thank you," dryly answered Mademoiselle Miroiton. "I can assure you, ma'am, we are not blind; we can see very well through your schemes, and those of other people."

"Yes, indeed we can," echoed her mother, with a scornful toss of the head; whilst even M. Miroiton, roused at last, and having now quite done with the champagne, repeated, "Ay, sir, we can," addressing M. Bichonnet; and with his wife on one side, and his daughter on the other, stalked out of the lodge, followed by his children, and closed the street door behind him with a thundering slam.

When they were gone—she would have scorned to do it before—Mademoiselle Ursule rose; and though she only opened her lips to say "Good-night," the manner in which she uttered the words spoke volumes. The singer of comic songs, perceiving that his services were no longer necessary, departed, under pretence of seeing her home—she lived in the house opposite; and the two ladies'-maids took the same opportunity of saying something about their mistresses—who were both out-wanting them, and left the lodge, where only Antoine, Rosine, with the porter and his wife, now remained. After their departure, Antoine made several ineffectual attempts to create a little mirth: the Bichonnets were both dismally solemn; and Rosine, who began to fear she had been the occasion of a vast deal of mischief, was too ill at ease to enjoy herself any longer. Seeing the uselessness of his efforts, Antoine at length took leave of his hosts, without taking any particular notice of Rosine.

When he was gone, M. Bichonnet turned towards the young milliner, and in a solemn tone began, "Mademoiselle, I feel it is a duty I owe to my fellow-men——" But there was something in Rosine's mild appealing glance which seemed to reprove him: he paused, looked embarrassed, and observed in a gentler tone, "Well, well, I see you understand me; and so—good-night." Rosine made no reply; but rising somewhat proudly, she retired, bitterly regretting having accepted the unlucky invitation, which had so disturbed the harmony of the evening.

Several days elapsed, during which nothing of importance seemingly occurred. Mademoiselle Ursule, who, since the evening of the Day of the Kings, had taken upon herself the office of observing whatever was going on in the street, nevertheless found the opportunity of making several curious and interesting remarks. Thus she noticed that, on the Friday which followed that memorable evening, Madame Bichonnet, notwithstanding the delicate state of her health, and the severe cold, actually left her lodge, and ventured to cross the street, in order to enter the abode of the Miroitons; that she remained there upwards of an hour; and that, when she left at last, her features wore the expression of one highly satisfied with the success of a momentous enterprise. Mademoiselle Ursule, moreover, perceived that a very unusual agitation prevailed in the porter's lodge: through some mysterious means she even learned that, during the course of the day, several secret conferences took place between Madame Bichonnet and the cook of the first-floor lodgers. M. Bichonnet himself seemed more solemn and dignified than ever. At last the important truth came out: the Bichonnets were, on the next Sunday, to give a dinner, to which the Miroitons and Antoine Tourneur were invited. The mystery was, however, kept up until the Saturday afternoon. It then happened that the portress let out an inkling of the fact to one of her neighbors, the consequence of which was, that, in less than five minutes, Mademoiselle Ursule entered the shoemaker's shop.

"Sir," said she, addressing Antoine Tourneur, who stood behind the counter, "I am in want of a pair of shoes; will you take my measure?" The young man bowed, and very politely led the way to a little back parlor, where the staymaker took a seat, and in a very slow and stately manner gave him numberless recommendations concerning the size, color, and shape of her chaussure. Although Antoine heard her patiently to the end, Mademoiselle Ursule seemed to mistake the nature of his feelings, for she observed, "I see you are in a hurry, and I am sorry to detain you; but I shall

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be very busy next week, and as I shall not see you until the shoes are made——"

"What!" interrupted Antoine, "do we not meet to-morrow evening?"

"Where should we meet, sir?" asked the staymaker with much seeming surprise.

"At Madame Bichonnet's of course," said the young man.

Mademoiselle Ursule seemed to endeavor to recollect who the Bichonnets were; then, as though suddenly remembering, she loftily observed, "Oh, bless me, no! I shall spend to-morrow at home, sir, with poor dear Rosine."

"And is not Mademoiselle Rosine to be there either?" eagerly asked Antoine, whose features expressed some disappointment.

"Really, Monsieur Tourneur," sharply observed the spinster staymaker, "you must have an extraordinary opinion of myself and Rosine, to imagine that, after the insults we have there endured, we could ever be induced to cross again the threshold of Madame Bichonnet's lodge."

"I beg your pardon," confusedly answered Antoine; "but when Madame Bichonnet spoke of my meeting pleasant company to-morrow, I really thought she meant you."

Though somewhat soothed by the compliment, Mademoiselle Ursule smiled with unutterable scorn. "Sir," she loftily said, "I will not speak of myself; I will speak of Rosine, whom Mademoiselle Miroiton has maliciously slandered, for what motive I know not"—Mademoiselle Ursule uttered the words in so significant a tone, as to leave no doubt but she was perfectly aware of it—"and whom, but for me, she would have deprived of the means of earning her bread." Antoine looked up with astonishment: the staymaker continued—"Rosine works for a great milliner, who resides in the house where Mademoiselle Miroiton's parents are porters. Since the evening of the Kings, this creature has so contrived her vile insinuations, that Rosine has been refused any more work. Seeing her pass by the day before yesterday all in tears, I called her in, and, as she can fortunately stitch very neatly, engaged her to work for me on the instant, so that she shall have work in spite of the whole Miroiton brood."

"And has everything really happened as you relate it?" very gravely asked Antoine.

"Exactly so, sir," dryly replied Mademoiselle Ursule. "Pray do not forget my shoes. Good-day to you. I suppose," she carelessly added, "you go to the Bichonnets to-morrow?"

Antoine bowed in token of assent; and without seeming to notice the smile and glance of contempt which she cast upon him, he ceremoniously conducted Mademoiselle Ursule to the door. The staymaker went home, sorely puzzled to make out the shoemaker's real intentions, and quite disposed to quarrel with him for taking no heed of poor neglected Rosine, and dining with those odious Miroitons and Bichonnets; but though in such ill-humor, that her first act on entering the workroom was to scold Rosine for some imaginary fault, she had enough of self-control not to say a word about Antoine Tourneur, or the step she had taken. Perhaps the reader will feel surprised to see the staymaker now taking part for the young girl whom she treated with such contempt on the evening of the Kings; but Mademoiselle Ursule did not pique herself in the least of acting upon logical principles: she boasted that she had "strong feelings and lively sensibilities—that she was the creature of impulse," &c.—which of course explained everything. The truth was, that although, as she herself truly asserted, she had never experienced the passion of love, she had, however—partly through Madame Bichonnet's hints—begun to think lately that her young neighbor, M. Tourneur, might prove an acceptable partner for life. His politeness she construed into a deeper feeling, veiled by profound respect; and although she felt no strong affection for him, yet there is no knowing to what pity might have led even her rather unsusceptible heart, when the rivalry of Mademoiselle Miroiton awoke all her jealous feelings, and for the present stifled tenderer emotions.

When Rosine entered the porter's lodge on the evening of the festival, she immediately looked upon her as on another rival, and found her artful, designing, &c. It is very likely this impression might never have been effaced, if Mademoiselle Miroiton had not chanced to take precisely the same view of the subject; which Mademoiselle Ursule no sooner saw, than she immediately perceived she must have been in the wrong. There could be no possible sympathy between her and her rival. When she learned the unworthy treatment the young milliner had met with from the porter's daughter, she felt highly indignant; and, as much from a feeling of justice, as from the wish of annoying Mademoiselle Miroiton, she took her into her employment. As she was naturally kind-hearted, the simplicity and gentleness of Rosine soon charmed her; and reflecting—for, from his conduct on the evening of the Kings' festival, she began to suspect she might have been deceived in Antoine's feelings—that she had lived too long single to resign herself to the many tribulations of wedded life, and that it would be highly imprudent in her to trust herself to the fickleness of man, she prudently resolved to discard Antoine altogether: a task which she found the easier, that her heart had never been in the least affected. But though she might be quite willing to give him up for herself, she was anything but desirous that Mademoiselle Miroiton should enjoy the triumph of surplanting her; indeed, as she had a shocking temper, she felt it quite a charity to prevent their union. In short, she resolved that it should not be her fault if her rival ever became Madame Tourneur. It is true Antoine did not seem very deeply smitten; but then there was no knowing what arts might be employed. Ah! if he only knew what a dear good creature Rosine was; and much prettier than Mademoiselle Miroiton too! There could be no doubt about that! Indeed, it was no difficult task; a shockingly vulgar creature! She herself, though not quite so fresh perhaps, might venture to compare. But even in her thoughts Mademoiselle Ursule was modest; she hated to speak of her personal advantages!

Such being her feelings on this subject, it is no matter of wonder that Mademoiselle Ursule should be exceedingly cross, when, on the Sunday afternoon, she perceived the Miroitons proceeding to the Bichonnets; but when she actually saw Antoine taking the arm of Mademoiselle Miroiton, dressed out in all her finery, and who, as she averred, cast a glance of ironical triumph on her as she passed by, her anger broke out in vehement denunciations against the faithlessness of men in general, and Antoine Tourneur's want of spirit in particular. Rosine gently endeavored to say a few words for the culprit, but she was immediately silenced by the indignant staymaker.

Several days elapsed, and notwithstanding her

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anxiety on this subject, Mademoiselle Ursule could not ascertain how the dinner of the Bichonnets had passed. The cook of the first-floor lodgers indeed informed her of the number of dishes served on the table, but further than this her knowledge did not extend, and the triumphant bearing of Mademoiselle Miroiton alone left her room to conjecture the issue of this important event. Towards the middle of the week, Antoine Tourneur brought home Mademoiselle Ursule's shoes himself. The stay-maker received him very stiffly in the presence of Rosine, whose eyes seemed rivetted on her work, and sharply observed that the shoes did not fit. Contrary to her expectation perhaps, Antoine, far from disputing the fact, readily admitted it, and instantly offered to make her another pair. Mademoiselle Ursule, who was taken by surprise, and felt somewhat conscience-stricken—for the shoes were, in reality, an excellent fit—abruptly replied, that, as she wanted them for the following Sunday, she must keep them such as they were.

"You can have the other pair by Saturday morning," calmly replied Antoine.

Still Mademoiselle Ursule objected; but taking up the shoes, the young man showed her so plainly they did not fit, that she at length gave up the point, and consented to have the other pair made. This being decided, Antoine, who seemed in no great hurry to depart, entered into a very animated conversation with Mademoiselle Ursule, and after exchanging a few words with Rosine, at length took his leave.

"Well," said the stay-maker, now greatly mollified, "I must confess that, with all his faults, Monsieur Tourneur is really a nice young man. And you see, Rosine, what might happen, if I only wished for it." Rosine started, and looked somewhat surprised. Misunderstanding her feelings, Mademoiselle Ursule complacently continued, "Yes, my dear, did I not prefer leading a single life, I might be Madame Tourneur; but though I may give up this prospect, it is not in order to see that odious Mademoiselle Miroiton marry him; and really, child, I wonder you did not take more notice of him just now; who knows what may happen?" She paused, and nodded very significantly. But Rosine colored, and looked unusually grave.

On the following Saturday Antoine called with the shoes, which were this time an admirable fit; so at least Mademoiselle Ursule said, and Antoine did not contradict her, although he made a longer stay than the last time, and was still more lively and pleasant. But notwithstanding his indirect attempts to enter into a conversation with her, Rosine was so silent and reserved, in spite of Mademoiselle Ursule's encouraging nods and winks, that the stay-maker gave her a good scolding when the young man was gone—upbraiding her for her prudery, stiffness, and so forth. To her reproaches Rosine mildly but firmly answered, "I will not feign to misunderstand you; but, with the exception of a very simple mark of politeness, what reason has Monsieur Tourneur given me to think that he looks upon me otherwise than as a stranger? And he being rich, and I poor, what would his opinion be of me if I seemed to think differently?"

"Very well, my dear," bitterly replied her friend; "see him married to Mademoiselle Miroiton, and live and die an old maid, if such is your choice."

Rosine made no reply, and here the subject was dropped. Although the shoes which Antoine had made for Mademoiselle Ursule were perhaps the best shoes that had ever been made, (so she said at least,) they were worn out in an incredibly short space of time; the consequence of which was, that she had to order another pair. She next discovered that she sadly wanted winter boots; then, as spring was coming on, a pair of summer ones. She even asserted that Rosine had nothing fit to put on her feet; that her shoes were too narrow; that they hurt her; and, in short, that M. Antoine Tourneur must take her measure. It was in vain for Rosine to protest against this; she was compelled to submit. The consequence of this was, that Antoine, who always made it a point—doubtless out of pure politeness—to take the measure and bring home the shoes and boots himself to his customers, was seldom less than two or three times a week at Mademoiselle Ursule's house.

We must now turn to M. and Madame Bichonnet, whom we have neglected too long. On the evening of the second Sunday which followed that on which they gave the dinner to the Miroitons, they were seated as usual in their lodge, Madame Bichonnet dozing in her arm-chair, and her husband looking on the fire, and thinking of nothing, or, as he more elegantly expressed it, "wrapped in profound meditation," when they were suddenly startled by a loud knock at the street-door. M. Bichonnet pulled the string placed near him for this purpose, the door opened, and Mademoiselle Ursule showed her thin and prim countenance at the other side of the glass casement which divided the lodge from the passage, and through means of which M. Bichonnet could reconnoitre every one who entered or left the house.

"Is Mademoiselle Rosine at home?" she hastily inquired. "Bless me, what shall I do?" she continued in a tone of deep disappointment on being answered in the negative.

"I believe," politely answered M. Bichonnet, "Mademoiselle Rosine is gone to vespers."

"Oh dear no," smilingly replied Mademoiselle Ursule; "she is gone to take a walk with her betrothed!"

"Her betrothed!" echoed the astonished porters.

"Yes," carelessly rejoined the stay-maker; "she is to be married to Monsieur Antoine Tourneur, next Sunday week. I wanted to see her, in order to know whether she would have her wedding-dress of white *tulle* or muslin. But I daresay the muslin will look best. But bless me, now I think of it, she must be at home by this time, and I to stand talking here! Good-night, Monsieur; good-night, Madame Bichonnet." And Mademoiselle Ursule hastened away, with a look of the greatest consequence, leaving the porters so astonished, that it was several minutes before they recovered from the surprise into which she had thrown them.

"Poor Mademoiselle Miroiton!" exclaimed Madame Bichonnet, clasping her hands and turning up her eyes, "I thought to have drunk her health at her marriage-dinner before I died; but it is all over now!"

"My dear," solemnly said M. Bichonnet, "this is what comes of mingling with people beneath you; this is ——"

"Nay, Bichonnet," mildly interrupted his wife, "Rosine is a sweet-tempered girl, and she will really do better for Antoine than Mademoiselle Miroiton, with her high spirit. I daresay if I were to give her something, just a bit of lace, on the occasion of her marriage, it would not be thrown away; and I should like to see Antoine happily

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settled before I die. I am afraid the ceremony might affect my nerves; though I believe I should go, if they were to ask us to the dinner."

"But, my dear, think of Mademoiselle Miroiton," gravely observed her husband.

"Really I don't care about Mademoiselle Miroiton," sharply replied Madame Bichonnet; "her airs are insupportable; whereas I always liked dear little Rosine."

"I believe, my dear," solemnly said M. Bichonnet, "that you are in the right. If they ask us, we will go to the dinner. To be friendly with them, is our greatest duty towards our fellow-men."

In short, it required very few arguments to convince this worthy couple that Antoine Tourneur could not have made a better choice than in the person of the modest little milliner, whom they henceforth treated with the most flattering distinction. On the next Sunday-week Rosine and Antoine were married, to the triumph of Mademoiselle Ursule, and the despair of Mademoiselle Miroiton. M. and Madame Bichonnet, who were amongst the guests, were delighted with the whole affair; which, indeed, they asserted they had wished for and foreseen from the beginning. But though the bride and bridegroom were polite to them, there was not in their behavior the warmth and cordiality which marked their intercourse with Mademoiselle Ursule. This difference became still more marked after their marriage; for whereas the stay-maker was almost constantly their guest, the porters received no further invitations. Madame Bichonnet now began to think poor Mademoiselle Miroiton had been sadly used, and she called on her for the purpose of condoling with her misfortune; but the young lady, who had a high spirit, shut the door in her face, and informed M. Bichonnet's landlord of the code of regulations he had set up in his house; the consequence of which was, that the porters were discharged, and left the neighborhood, "with the consciousness," as M. Bichonnet said, "of having vainly endeavored to serve his fellow-men."

About a year after his marriage—need we say it proved a happy one!—Antoine met M. Bichonnet, in a remote neighborhood. He inquired after the health of Madame Bichonnet, and learned that it had greatly improved since they had opened a commercial establishment. Antoine looked surprised. "Yes," continued the former porter, with his usual dignity, "we sell fried potatoes on the Pont-Neuf."

Antoine smiled, and wishing him every success, bade him farewell. Six months later, he met him again. He was more thin and dignified than ever. Antoine hoped his affairs were in a flourishing state.

"No, sir, they are not," loftily replied M. Bichonnet; "the year has been dreadful for trade, and we have suffered like everybody. I suppose you have suffered too?"

"No, indeed; I was never better off."

"That is strange; all the tradespeople we know failed. But we have not, mind you. No, no sir; we have given up the potato concern, it is true, but our honor is unsullied."

"And where are you now?" asked Antoine.

"We have a porter's lodge in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. A poor place, sir. Ah! times are changed since we ate the King's cake with you in our comfortable lodge."

Merely inquiring for his direction, Antoine took leave of M. Bichonnet. The same evening he held a long and private conference with his wife. Mademoiselle Ursule saw that something was going to take place; and though too proud to question them, she used her eyes and ears without scruple. The next morning she learned that Antoine was to call on his landlord, who resided in the house where Rosine had formerly lived, and which he had lately bought from its original possessor. What could Antoine want with him? For several days she could learn nothing, but the truth at last became apparent. On a fine morning, a small cart-load of furniture, led by M. Bichonnet, and with Madame Bichonnet perched on the top of a very high bedstead, stopped at the door of the house opposite. As Madame Bichonnet nodded and smiled very benignantly to her, there could be no doubt about it. On learning that Antoine had recommended the Bichonnets to his landlord, who was in want of porters, Mademoiselle Ursule was at first highly indignant. Rosine, however, succeeded in pacifying her, by mentioning their unhappy state, and reminding her that if Madame Bichonnet had not entertained a wholesome apprehension of sitting down to a table when there were thirteen persons present, they would never have become acquainted. As for Mademoiselle Miroiton, she entered into a desperate rage on perceiving her ancient enemies once more in possession of their stronghold. She even sought out every opportunity of injuring them; but the porters had been taught by misfortune. They still occasionally gave parties, but avoided notoriety; and condescended to behave more politely to their lodgers. Ill-disposed persons asserted, however, that the new landlord's presence alone prevented M. Bichonnet from carrying on matters with as high a hand as formerly.

As for Madame Bichonnet, she was marvellously improved in health, and went about the house quite briskly, considering her delicate state—for she still spoke occasionally of her ailments, and indulged in dismal forebodings of not living beyond the spring; but, as Mademoiselle Ursule charitably observed, this was "through habit." Misfortune had not, however, soured Madame Bichonnet's placid temper. She spoke kindly of every one, and never said anything worse of Mademoiselle Miroiton than that, "Poor thing! so, notwithstanding every effort she made, she could not get married after all. It grieves me to the heart; but, indeed, I always thought her too high-spirited for matrimony!"

We have dwelt somewhat lightly on the married life of Antoine and Rosine; but it is happy, and what more could be said? Mademoiselle Ursule, whose somewhat irritable temper they bear with the most praiseworthy patience, is still their best and most constant friend: they are thoroughly happy and prosperous, in the moral and worldly sense of the words.

The Bichonnets are still in their old lodge; they have left off a good deal of their selfish worldliness—would we might say all!—and are quite cured of the temptation of match-making. For indeed, as M. Bichonnet loftily observes, it hardly becomes the dignity of a French porter to meddle in such affairs; and he very much doubts whether his duty to his fellow-men does not forbid it entirely. The last tidings we had of the Bichonnets declare that, on the 6th of January last, an enormous twelfth cake was cut up in their lodge; the persons present were, besides the hosts, Antoine Tourneur, with his wife and two children, Mademoiselle Ursule, and the melancholy young man who sings the comic songs, and who declared, that though they were not yet thirteen, there was no knowing what might happen in time, winking as he spoke, towards

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Madame Tourneur and the children; a joke which obtained much success, and is not yet forgotten in the neighborhood. The same young man is said to have paid great attention to Mademoiselle Ursule. As she is resolved to remain single, this must be a calumny; and yet it may be true enough, for Mademoiselle Ursule herself was the person who originated the report. On the same evening M. Bichonnet also confidentially informed one of his guests—which, it is not known—that Louis Philippe had only a very short time to remain on the throne. He prudently refrained from saying how long, for fear the police might seek to involve him in some political conspiracy.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE CHIFFONNIER OF PARIS.*

The chiffonnier of Paris differs in national and individual qualities from the street-grubber of London, though earning his bread in a not very dissimilar manner. In one respect both are alike: their trade is easily begun, nor is it usually commenced till everything else has failed. When the victimized Parisian finds himself without character and without resources, he wants but half-a-dozen franks in his pocket to provide himself with a back basket and an iron-pointed crotchet or rake, to begin the world anew, and embark in an independent profession. Once equipped as a chiffonnier, he has no sooner familiarized himself to the ignominy of this wretched trade, than, having adopted it by necessity, he continues it by inclination. He finds a charm and a recompense in his nomadic existence, in his endless wanderings, in his vagabond independence, and indulges a profound contempt for the slaves who shut themselves up from morning to night in a workshop or behind a counter. Let them, mere machines of others, regulate the employment of time by the hands of the dial; he, the chiffonnier, the philosopher, works when it pleases him, and rests when he chooses, without thought for the night or care for the morrow. If the east wind freezes him, he warms his blood with a dram; if the heat incommodes him, he doffs his harness and his tattered frock, stretches himself in the shade, and goes to sleep. Is he hungry—he can soon earn a few sous, and feasts, like Lucullus, upon a crusty loaf and sour cheese. Is he sick—what matter? "The hospital," says he, "was not invented for dogs."

The victim of every privation, the chiffonnier is proud, because he believes himself free. He treats with haughtiness even the rag-merchant himself, to whom he carries the harvest of the day, and from whom he is in the habit of receiving from time to time, a slender advance upon that of the morrow. He gives himself the airs of a patron; and declares that if the dealer does him less than justice, he will transfer his commodities to a rival. His pride is visible through the multiplied fissures of his tattered vesture.

The rag-merchant is the able alchemist who transmutes into gold the offal and refuse of the streets; and with the proceeds of rejected rags and putrefying bones, speculates in the rise and fall of stock. He receives the chiffonniers in a fetid and filthy shed, and his fashionable friends in an elegant saloon. His place of business is hideous beyond description, incumbered with the most disgusting impurities, masses of the foulest tatters, rotten planks, and decaying anatomies that infect the air, the whole brought thither by beings of an aspect scarcely human, and weighed in balances of a formidable and grotesque appearance, under the surveillance of a noisy, quarrelling, and decrepit shrew. But if we pass beyond this forbidding vestibule, and penetrate into the private apartments of the merchant chiffonnier, we shall encounter the usual pomp and appendages of civic luxury—the gilt and gorgeous *pendule*, the collection of showy pictures and prints, the bronze bust of the emperor, the sideboard loaded with crystal and porcelain, and the grand pianoforte of madame or mademoiselle, the latter a well-educated and accomplished lass, the worthy heiress of no scanty hoard. We could mention the name of one of this fraternity, living at present in the Rue Jean Tison, who gave at the marriage of each of his two daughters a dowry of sixty thousand francs.

If the wholesale dealers realize such gains, it is plain, considering the nature of their merchandise, that but little is left for the actual chiffonnier; in fact the most industrious among them seldom get more than three or four francs a day. These are they who, in defiance of a regulation yet in force, that of the 26th July, 1777, perambulate the streets during the night. The chiffonniers, like the moths, are composed of two races—the diurnal, and the nocturnal; and these latter, commencing their peregrinations at the moment when the street-sweepers retire to rest, have the best chance of some fortunate discovery. They adopt certain favorite quarters, generally giving the preference to the Faubourg Saint Germain, the Chaussée d'Antin, the Faubourg Saint Honoré abounding in noble residences of the most opulent classes. Constantly attending the same circuit they become known to the household servants, and particularly the cooks, from whom they receive occasional contributions from the larder, engaging in return to restore any lost article of value which they may discover in their researches among the offal of the establishment. Once established and recognized in a certain beat, they begin to derive an income from other sources than their professed occupation. Lazy and sleepy subjects, whom fortune has condemned to rise early in the morning, fee them to break their slumbers. We have the honor to know a chiffonnier who goes every morning from Mount Sainte Genevieve to the Assomption to knock at the doors of a grocer, a confectioner, and a wine-seller. This commission brings him in thirty centimes, each party paying him ten (or one penny) per day; an amount which this thrifty economist informs us defrays three fourths of his expenses for lodging.

The day practitioner does not consider himself debarred from social pleasures. He will be found at the barriers, on Sundays and holidays, dancing and drinking with his wife; and he patronizes the drama when the piece is to his mind—tender, touching, sentimental and interesting; such as *Lazare le Pâtre*, *Grace de Dieu*, or *Paul et Virginie*, or any other of the class, where, above all other recommendations, *the traitor is punished in the last scene*.

Whatever his prosperity, the chiffonnier has never any furniture of his own; he sleeps in furnished lodgings, at the settled price of twenty cen-

*The principal particulars in this paper are gathered from an article on the same subject in a French work, purporting to describe the humbler trades of Paris.

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times a-night, which the mistrustful proprietors generally exact in advance—"Twopence down, or you don't lodge here." The individual who can disburse, throws himself, without quitting his rags, upon a straw mattress. In these dismal chambers, open to all the miserable offspring of poverty and crime, the common bed is a long sloping plank, and the common coverlet a remnant of decayed carpeting, nailed to the wall at one side of the room, and fastened with hooks at the other. Should any quarrel arise in the night among these "strange bed-fellows," the keeper of the den makes his appearance, armed with a long and portentous bludgeon, and by angry threats, or the application of his weapon, seldom fails to reduce to order the refractory party.

In such squalid resorts the chiffonniers often come in contact with robbers, of whom they involuntarily become the passive accomplices. They are not expected to take part in the crime; but to reveal the mystery of a criminal enterprise, would be to devote themselves to the implacable vengeance of the gang. An old chiffonnier, suspected of having betrayed two thieves, was found one morning assassinated at the corner of a court. The murderers had surprised him at early dawn; they had severed his head from his body, and, by an atrocious refinement of barbarity, had thrown it into his basket.

The chiffonniers, both male and female, talk slang; the general dialect of thieves, it would seem, in all countries, though not exclusively confined to them. The class under consideration have nevertheless a general character for integrity, which they could never have earned, much less maintained, but by repeated acts of honesty and disinterestedness. Restorations of recovered property are frequent among them, of which we could relate numerous instances. On the 11th of October, 1841, the widow Boursin, an old chiffonnière of the Rue Mouffetard, well known in the neighborhood of the Chaussée d'Antin, discovered in a mass of rubbish a diamond shirt-button of considerable value. She occupied the whole day in going from house to house before she found the owner, to whom she immediately restored his property, demanding the price of her day's labor and refusing all further reward. We should also make honorable mention of Père M——, an old soldier of the Imperial Guard, a chiffonnier, and a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. This veteran had two orphan grandchildren left to his charge: he dedicated his pension to the purposes of their education and establishment; and mounting the basket and crotchet on the shoulders so long familiar with the knapsack and gun, sought his own subsistence in the offal of the streets. For this he is held in honor among the tribe, who duly appreciate his virtue and self-denial.

Perhaps the worse characteristic of this class is their love of strife and tumult, which shows itself in a perpetual inclination to quarrel with one another, and with all the world. In every popular outbreak, they are the first to commence deeds of violence, and the last to be reduced to order. The most stable government has trembled to its base at the mad outcries of the chiffonniers, when, at the head of a torrent of the wan and haggard population of the faubourgs, they have rushed upon the wealthy quarters of the city. The cause of terror is not the apprehension of pillage, but of the overthrow and destruction of the whole social fabric. They feel how feeble are the regulations of public order against an army of insurgents who have nothing to lose.

In quiet times, the chiffonniers make war only on the domestic animals—the dogs and cats, whose carcasses they sell to the knacker. A mastiff fetches from thirty to forty sous; a dog of average size from five to ten; a cat four sous in summer, and eight in winter. The fat of the cat is used by the "tondeur," or dog-barber, a trade peculiar to Paris; and dogs'-foot oil is in continual request among the various craftsmen of the capital. The furriers receive the skins, under whose hands that of the dog becomes the veritable black fox; and the hide of poor puss a genuine zibelline, or sable.

Collateral branches of this delectable profession extend beyond the walls of Paris, and provincial practitioners are to be met with in all the principal towns of the departments: but these are mostly dealers, not doers: the true chiffonnier, such as we have described him—independent, thoughtless, proud, somewhat honest, thoroughly undisciplined, and "*toujours Frrrançais*"—is as essentially Parisian as the Column Vendôme or the Arc de l'Etoile.

A MAIDEN who has received a natural and simple education, which has allowed her faculties to unfold themselves naturally, removing whatever was opposed to this, without itself giving any undue direction, develops her character with her form, in the most perfect accordance with all right rules; as a plant from a healthy seed, in a free soil and pure air, unfolds its leaves and flowers. This harmony of feelings and principles, of thoughts and sentiments, gives to such a woman a wonderful firmness, with which she is enabled to make a noble stand against the pressure of falsehood, temptation, and contradiction. So one sees often small but skilfully built vessels float lightly and swiftly over the smooth sea, and in the storm dancing upon the foamy tops of the swollen waves; which, nevertheless, find their way through the roaring cliffs and wild breakers, to their destined haven. With men this harmony of development is more difficult, and therefore less common. They generally move more slowly, because laden more heavily, and often far unproportionably, so that a single gale sends many of them to the bottom, whilst they, for the sake of greater speed, had spread high every sail. One lacks ballast, and the other rigging; and often while the proud ship glitters in the beams of the sun, and the bright pennant streams gayly in the wind, a skilful pilot is wanting at the helm, and powerful hands to direct and insure its course.—*Jacobs.*

THERE are men enough who, notwithstanding all the noble qualities with which they are endowed, can yet make no right use of them, because they exist only as shining parts destitute of any common bond of connection. As in an arch that would stand, all parts must be bound together by the keystone, so there must be a middle point in man towards which all tends. Where this is wanting, there is, neither in prosperity nor adversity, any sure dependence. All scatters and vanishes like dust away. And thus it not unfrequently happens, that men who, in the ordinary course of things, seem of right to be something, with all their shining gifts, on the smallest trial, show that they are nothing, deceive the hope of the world, and to their own astonishment, sink into insignificance.—*Jacobs.*

Without established principles, our feelings contend against evil, as an army without a leader, and are far oftener vanquished than victorious.—*Jacobs.*

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PAGE'S RUTH.

That William Page is a man of genius, no one who knows aught of his career in art, or who has passed an hour in his company, will, we think, for a moment deny. Whether he be judged by the simple rule of Sir Joshua, that genius is but the art of making repeated efforts, or by that standard which every man sets up with more or less definitiveness in his own mind, perfectly plain to himself and perfectly inexplicable, perhaps, to others, he will be acknowledged to be a man of genius. He is a man who, with the utmost faith in humanity, believes that what Raffaelle and Titian did three hundred years ago, can be done as well in this nineteenth century, if we will but pursue, as they did, the method of nature in our attempts to imitate her; and that the secret of Titian's flesh-tints is not to be found by scraping down his pictures to discover whether he used this or that pigment, but in the simple teaching of the arrangement of material in the human body; since in art and nature like causes will produce like effects, and, as he contends, there is but one path to truth, in no other way can such effects be obtained. He does not, with all this, deny to the great masters the inspiration of genius, he is too sincere a worshipper at the shrine of art, to believe that the highest secrets of her temple will be unveiled and laid open to all who may choose to enter; but the mere mechanical execution of a certain end, namely, the imitation of nature, can be as easily attained now as when these master spirits wrought at their canvass. In the poetic world, the genius of Shakspeare and Milton may have departed, yet the same words that glowed in their immortal verses we daily use to express our commonest ideas; but in the world of art the language itself has fled, and left us but a few disjointed phrases and meaningless syllables. All modern art is to Page an useless endeavor to express an end by other than the only proper means by which it can be accomplished; as with Ali Baba in the cavern, the "Open Sesame" has been forgotten, and till this simple conjuration has been found again, no spells can open the fast closed entrance.

Now, it does not require any particular manifestation of the divine afflatus to be able to deviate from the long-travelled and well understood highways of art—any man may do this in mere wantonness; of such vagaries we have had enough, Heaven knows; but where the artist, with a profound conviction of the incompetence of present method, endeavors to establish new principles, not founded in fantastic theory, but in thoughtful attempt to trace the teachings of nature and apply the suggestions of reason, we think him entitled to be considered a possessor of this high quality. Mr. Page has, in the papers he published some two years since in the Broadway Journal, logically shown that he has the authority of reason and nature on the side of his theory. Whether this theory be as correct in practice as in principle, we cannot pretend to judge; experiment only can determine whether the pigments of art can be subjected to the same laws as the materials of nature, and whether her processes of coloring are to be followed in the chemistry of the studio. Nor can we look as yet to his own productions, based upon these principles, to solve this question; there must necessarily be, in the first attempts to establish a new system, much weakness and uncertainty. Only by repeated experiments shall we be able to discover whether we have been following blind guides and have missed the true path from its very directness and openness.

We have been led to make these remarks, from a recent visit to Mr. Page's room, where we found his picture of Ruth just completed. We do not intend to enter into any formal criticism of this painting, since, as it has been as yet only privately exhibited, it would be taking the artist at an unfair advantage. In any difference of judgment, he cannot appeal to the public to decide between the critic and himself. When the picture is publicly shown, as we hear it soon will be, we may recur to the subject again; at present we shall content ourselves with a mere description. It is an upright painting, about nine feet in height, and the three figures, Naomi and her daughters-in-law, are perhaps slightly larger than life. The grouping is excellent and admirably expressive of the story—Naomi stands at the right of the canvass, her left hand is thrown about Ruth, who has cast herself upon the breast of her mother, and whose sinking knees and convulsively clasped hands, and tearful up-raised eyes, betray the agony of the soul, and express all the intensity of the application, "Beseech me not to leave thee." Orpah has turned away her face and covered it with her garment, but her hand still grasps that of Naomi, and it is evident the struggle is severe; she, too, feels all the bitterness of grief, although worldly considerations may weigh more than the affection of her mother-in-law. And here, we think, the artist has shown a beautiful trait of feeling. In most paintings of this oft-repeated subject, Orpah has been represented with a cold and indifferent appearance, serving to contrast with the passionate outbreak of feeling in Ruth; but here her very emotion adds more intensity to the expression of her sister. There is a great deal of very beautiful and very powerful color in the picture, harmoniously arranged and kept remarkably low in tone. It is not an "Exhibition" picture; and on the walls of the academy, surrounded by the chalky absurdities so frequent there, might seem rather dingy. It must be seen by itself, at a proper distance, under a proper light, to be appreciated. It will not be a popular picture; we have too many connoisseurs who thrust their noses close to the canvass and admire "the delicate smoothness, the miniature-like finish." To such as these it is not addressed; but the man of real taste and judgment will not fail to find in the sentiment, in the remarkable relief of the figures, and in the atmospheric distance with its snow-capped mountains that seem miles and miles away, much that is beautiful, and much to convince him that it is a painting of extraordinary power, the production of an extraordinary mind.—*Literary World.*

If ingratitude could extinguish benevolence, the world must daily be destroyed by a deluge, or in flames.

Common minds are hardened by ingratitude; but to superior natures, it is an occasion for new acts of kindness.

Benevolence that can be extinguished by ingratitude, is no true virtue, but, as it were, base tinder, upon which vanity has thrown a spark, which is no sooner kindled than extinguished.—*Jacobs.*

True goodness of heart nourishes itself on the good which it does to others. The good loves him to whom he does good, as the bad hates whom he has injured.—*Jacobs.*

For a heart that cannot escape a sense of obligation, it must be the greatest misfortune to be obliged to those who must despise it.—*Jacobs.*

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SMELTING BY ELECTRICITY.—The lately patented process of smelting copper by means of electricity, says a London journal, is likely to effect a change that will be quite prodigious. It produces, in less than two days, what the old process required three weeks to effect. And the saving of fuel is so vast, that in Swansea alone, the smelters estimate their annual saving in coals at no less than five hundred thousand pounds. Hence, it is clear that the price of copper must be so enormously reduced, as to bring it into use for a variety of purposes from which its cost at present excludes it. The facility and cheapness of the process, too, will enable the ore to be largely smelted on the spot. The Cornish mine proprietors are anxiously expecting the moment when they can bring the ore which lay in the mine yesterday into a state to be sent to market to-morrow, and this at the very mouth of the mine. In Australia, also, the operation of this discovery will be of the utmost importance. Ten thousand tons of copper-ore were sent from Australia to England last year, to be smelted at Swansea; and the result was only 1600 tons of copper. But Australia in future will smelt her own copper, by a 36 hours' process: saving all this useless freight of the 8400 tons of refuse, and saving also the cost of the old and expensive process. In a very few years, Australia will send to market more copper than is now produced by all the rest of the world. But if our future penny-pieces are to bear any proportion to the reduced cost of the value of the metal, they must be made of the size of dinner-plates!

PLENTY FINERY, BUT NO AIR.—In a late newspaper, we observe an account of the decorations of a new steam-vessel which has begun plying between Glasgow and Liverpool. The painting, carving, and gilding are described as something beyond all previous efforts at steamboat embellishment. Not a word is said as to whether the cabins are ventilated. How often would passengers give up all the finery which surrounds them for a mouthful of that article so grudgingly dispensed in steamers—fresh air!

CHEAP lodging-houses for the poor have been established in Glasgow, with great success; and the number is about to be increased in different parts of the city. In the original establishment beds are furnished for 3*d*., and breakfast and supper for 2*d*. From the end of June to the end of August, the inmates have been—males, 2,399; females, 152; married couples, 113; and the numbers are steadily increasing.

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE FOR GOVERNESSES.—This new college, (so named by royal permission,) having been completed, will be opened for academical proceedings in the ensuing month, for which the most eminent professors have been engaged. Its objects are to place female education upon a proper basis, and to grant diplomas and certificates of their qualifications to governesses to enable them to produce satisfactory evidence of their merits, and where the less competent can obtain an adequate and orderly preparation for their work.

HE who calls reason to his aid only in the moment of need, will have less confidence in her. And thus it is also with religion. The instrument does not make the artist, but practice. Of what avail is the arsenal to him who has never fired a gun? The enemy are upon him before he can put his weapon in position, and bring it to bear upon them. But can one who has made religion and wisdom the daily companions of his life ever be placed in such circumstances of doubt and peril that he will feel himself forsaken by these trusty friends? —*Jacobs.*

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The LIVING AGE is published *every Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., at No. 165 Tremont St., BOSTON. Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, remittances and orders should be addressed to the office of publication as above.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 182.—6 NOVEMBER, 1847.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE SKATING REGIMENT.

In Norway, the ground is overspread with snow for three quarters of the year, and not unfrequently to a depth of ten feet. When a thaw comes, it is only the surface of the mass that melts; and then the next frost of course covers the whole country with a crust of ice. In such circumstances, there is no getting along in the usual way. The people must still ascend the hills and dive into the valleys in pursuit of game; they must still traverse the hoary forests to gather wood for fuel; and they must still journey to the distant towns to bring food to their isolated hamlets. In these excursions, whether long or short, they use skates. Skating is with them neither a mere amusement nor a gymnastic exercise; it is a means of locomotion which the nature of the ground renders indispensable, and a man who could not skate would be unable to walk to any useful purpose.

It is melancholy to think that one of the most delightful winter customs has, like many other things good in themselves, been pressed into the service of war. In the army of Norway, there is a company of skaters, dressed in the dark-green of English riflemen, and armed merely with a slight musket slung upon the shoulder, and a dagger-sword. They are likewise provided with an iron-pointed staff, seven feet long, resembling those used by the Swiss when traversing the glaciers; which serves to balance them as they sweep along the ice, and which they strike deep into the ground when they desire to stop in their headlong career. The staff is also indispensable as affording a rest for their pieces when they fire. Their skates are of a peculiar construction, being singularly long; and when thus shod, it is a strange sight, and in times of peace, like the present, an amusing one, to see this light company climbing with ease the icy hills, gliding down their precipitous sides, and striding, as Klopstock says, with winged feet over the waters, transmuted into solid ground, as if in defiance of the common laws of nature.

Skating was known to the ancestors of the Northmans, if we take the date assigned by some authors to the Edda as evidence, eight centuries ago; the god Uller being represented in the Scandinavian scriptures as remarkable for his beauty, his arrows, and his skates. The exercise is not mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers, though so well acquainted with all other gymnastics; but Klopstock, Goëthe, Herder, and other German poets, sing the praises of the art. In Holland it is practised, as in Norway, not for its gracefulness, but for its utility; and there it is common for the country people to skate to market. During the famous expedition of Louis XIV., this art of locomotion was used against the Dutch themselves in one of the most curious and daring exploits recorded in history. When the states sued for peace, the terms offered by the pride of Louis were so monstrous, that the people tore open their sluices, and laid the country under water. The frost after a time, however, rendered even this unavailing; and at length General Luxembourg, one dark and freezing night, mounted twelve thousand men on skates, and sent them over the ice from Utrecht to surprise the Hague. The result is given as follows by a writer who takes his facts from a French historian.

"When they left Utrecht, it was clear frosty weather, and the effect of the moon and stars upon the even sheet of ice, over which they swept like a breeze, was truly magical. By degrees, as they advanced, the visible horizon of earth was obscured by vapor, and they could see nothing around, above, or beneath them, but a circular expanse of ice, bounded at the edge by thick gray clouds, and canopied by the starry curtain of the sky. The strange groaning sound which ever and anon boomed along the frozen wilderness, had at first something inexpressibly terrific to the imagination; and as it died fitfully away in the distance, the space surrounding them seemed extended almost to infinity. The sky at length was gradually covered by the vapors rising, as if from the edges of the circle of earth; a veil of dull and hazy white overspread the heavens and obscured the stars; and a dim round spot of watery brightness was the only indication of the site of the moon, by which alone they could now steer their course.

"A rapid thaw had come on; their skates sunk deeper and deeper into the ice at every sweep; and at last, the water gathering upon the surface, as it was agitated by the night-wind that had now risen, assumed the appearance of a sea. The wind increased; the sky grew blacker and blacker; their footing became more spongy and insecure; they plunged almost to the knee; and the ice groaned and cracked beneath them. Every one looked upon himself as lost; and the horrors of a fate hitherto untold in story, and appearing to belong neither to the fortunes of the land nor of the sea, appalled the boldest imagination.

"At length a faint twinkling light appeared in the distance, sometimes seen and sometimes lost in the varying atmosphere; and they had the satisfaction, such as it was, of at least knowing the relative bearings of the place on which they were about to perish. The light proceeded from a strong fort in the enemy's hands, impregnable without cannon; and what added bitterness to their misery, was the knowledge that beyond this fort was a

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dike, which in all probability afforded a path, however narrow and muddy, by which they could have returned to Utrecht. The fort, however, was the gate to this avenue of safety; and even if they had possessed the requisite means of siege, if it was defended for a single day, they would either be swallowed up by the water, in the continuance of the thaw, or perish miserably through cold and fatigue. But anything was better than inaction. The water creeping insiduously around them was a deadlier enemy than stone walls or cannon-shot; and they determined at least to make a rush upon the immovable masonry of the fort, and provoke the fire of its defenders. It is impossible to account for the result. It may have been that the sight of so large a body of men rushing in upon them, as if from the open sea, their numbers multiplied, and even their individual forms distorted and magnified in the midst, struck a panic terror into the hearts of the garrison; while this may have been increased by the shouts of courage or despair, booming widely over the icy waste, and mingling like the voices of demons with the rising wind. But however it was, the gates of the fort opened at their approach, and the helpless and half-frozen adventurers rushed in without striking a blow."

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

HOLY-WEEK IN LIMA.

LIMA, April 13, 1846.

IN no other place does Holy-Week exhibit so many religious pageantries as here. The spectacles commenced with the entrance of our Saviour into Jerusalem. On a platform, which was carried on the shoulders of men like a bier, stood a wax donkey, on which was mounted a wax figure, intended to represent the person of our Saviour. Around were grouped wax figures, from whose hands, palms had fallen on the platform.

Then followed another platform, on which stood in wax the Virgin Mary, with a sparkling crown on her head, and in a robe of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, and having a long train, which was supported by an angel. This robe cost a thousand dollars, and was a present from a lady, as an offering to the Virgin, for her recovery from sickness. Then followed a third platform, and on it a wax tree, with a little wax man in its branches, representing Zaccheus. These platforms were surrounded and borne on by an immense concourse of people, singing and shouting.

On Tuesday was the ceremony of the Banner. The great cathedral was crowded with spectators. The high altar was lit by a thousand candles. A tall priest, dressed in black silk robes, moved out in front of it, and unfurled a banner of red and black, measuring some eighteen feet by twelve. At this moment the band in the orchestra struck up. The priest waved the banner in front of the high altar some five minutes, knocking over, with the staff, one of the twelve great candles. The candle thus knocked over, represented Judas. He then turned about, facing the spectators, who dropped on their knees. As he descended from the altar, with his train flowing behind him like a vast cloud, and his banner waving in darking magnificenee over head, twenty-four priests, in black robes, and through whom he passed, fell flat on their faces upon the pavement. They remained in that posture some ten minutes, the banner all the time waving, and instruments playing. They then got up, several of them laughing under their hoods; and the banner disappeared through one of the side chapels. Thus closed this spectacle of the Banner, which had with me as little significance and solemnity about it as the display of the green breeches of the prophet at Constantinople.

On Thursday, at twelve o'clock, which corresponds to Friday at Rome, all occupations and amusements ceased. Every shop was closed, and every vehicle laid aside. The bells gave one tremendous peal, and were then all sent, metaphorically, to Rome, to be blessed by the Pope. In the evening the whole populace were abroad, and performed the circuit of the churches. In these were represented, in wax figures, all the last scenes in the life of our Saviour. In one church we found a representation of the garden of Gethsemane, in the midst of which kneeled a figure overpowered with dismay, while near by stood an angel with a cup in hand, and a tear in its eye.

In another church we encountered the Court of Pilate. There stood the accusers, with menace in their attitudes, and malice in their looks; there stood the accused, in meekness and conscious innocence; and there bowed a servant with a washbowl and napkin in his hand, that the Roman governor might wash himself of guilt in the transaction. The whole representation was one that would much better become the nursery than a church. In another of the largest churches we found a representation of the last supper. At each plate was a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine; while the table itself was loaded with all the fruits, fish and fowls of the Lima market. A gourmand might have gazed with interest, but a self-denying Christian would have turned away with indescribable surprise and pain.

In other churches still, the tomb and the Roman guard were represented. During Friday night the military patrolled the principal streets, with their guns trailed, and a band playing the dead march. On Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, all the bells came back from Rome, and rung out a simultaneous exultation to represent the resurrection. Then was there one universal burst of joy. Men, women, and children all seemed to vie with each other in the amount of hilarity which they could express. The priests clapped their hands and ran about here and there, like men in the ecstacies of some paradisical dream; and even the bare-footed monks forgot, for a few hours, to beg.

These jubilations continued through the day, and poured themselves, at evening, in a living tide on the great public square. The whole area of this grand "Plaza" was filled with a mixed multitude of all classes, who sent up through the moon-lit night a roar of mirth. The square was surrounded with stands, from which were served meats, fruits, cakes and liquors, of every description. Around these were grouped hundreds, who were evidently breaking their long Lent. Some were laughing, some shouting, some eating, some drinking, some fiddling, some dancing, some fighting, and some making love. This continued till daylight on Sunday morning. Thus closed Lent, and the celebration of the Resurrection!

As this is a Roman Catholic country, and this a Roman Catholic festival, I wish you would ask my friend, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, if the celebration has his sanction. Ask him also, if, in case the Roman Catholic faith should predominate in the United States, the resurrection is to be represented and celebrated in this manner among *us?*

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From Chambers' Journal.

THE TWO SISTERS.

"As mine own shadow was this child to me,
A second self, far dearer, and more fair."—*Shelley.*

I was born in the village of Offingham, of which my father was the vicar. I have lived long, and have visited many lovely spots, and been the inmate of many happy homes; but never have I seen on earth a paradise like this, my early home. The village was a small sequestered spot, far from the bustling world; our house was an old-fashioned stone dwelling, with deep mullion windows, tall chimneys, and small projecting turrets; a broad terrace ran along the front, from which a bank of soft green turf sloped to the lawn beyond. The house was covered to its roof with myrtles and roses, and the garden was a wilderness of sweet flowers and shrubs. Yet lovely as was the scene without, within there was a far greater charm—peace and content reigned undisturbed. I have often since wondered whether my parents, up to the time at which my tale begins, had known what sorrow was; my remembrance of them is like that of a soft yet brilliant evening sky, where not a cloud chequers the deep blue vault of heaven, or casts a shadow on the earth beneath. I cannot recall one look of sadness on their faces, or remember one anxious or discordant word. Heaven's own peace brooded o'er the house.

But sorrow comes to all sooner or later; and how heavily it falls on the heart grown old in happiness and prosperity! Life opened brightly on me amidst these influences: a happier, gayer child never gladdened its parents' hearts. Soon after I had attained my seventh year, I was awakened early one morning by an unusual commotion in the house. People were hurrying past my door; I heard voices speaking in subdued tones in the passage, and amongst them recognized my father's, giving hurried directions to the servants. An undefined sense of coming evil fell on my spirit; I lay still, scarcely daring to breathe, watching with a beating heart the time when my nurse would come to dress me. Several hours must have elapsed; all was so silent, that even to me, young as I was, the suspense became insupportable: I sprang from my bed, and stealing along the corridor, knocked softly at the door of my mother's room. A strange woman opened it: seeing me, she bent down and whispered, "Go to bed, miss, your mamma is very ill." But I would not be repulsed; and pushing past her, entered the darkened chamber. When my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, I saw my mother lying very still and pale, and my father sitting on the bed beside her, with his head buried in his hands; on a chair by the fire sat my nurse, with a baby on her knee. I did not cry, though my little heart was bursting with emotion; but creeping gently round the bed, I said, "Harris, may I speak to mamma?" I think my father must have heard my voice; for with a convulsive sob he said, "Take her away!" I was led back to my room, and desired to lie still until Harris came to me. I cried bitterly when left alone, but fell asleep while listening for her step. It is needless to dwell on that time. By degrees I was made to understand the truth: my mother had given birth to a little girl, and expired a few hours afterwards. It is difficult, even for a mind inured to these bereavements, to comprehend at first their full extent; how much less can a child realize the truth of such afflictions. They told me that my mother was dead—that I should see her no more on earth. I saw the hearse that bore her away; her chair stood empty by the fireside, and I no longer heard her sweet voice in the house; and yet I believed that I should see her again; and often in the daytime I went to her favorite haunts in the garden, hoping to find her there; and whenever, in the silence of the evening, I could escape from observation, I stole into her room with an assured certainty that she would have come back: not finding her as I expected, I lay down on her bed, and cried bitterly.

Sorrow cannot, however, dwell long in the heart of a child; and mine was soon dispelled by the smiles of my little sister. I could not understand the silent abstraction of my father: his grief was too deep to seek relief from any earthly source; he shut himself up in his study, and allowed no one to enter; he never asked for his children, and I observed that the baby was carefully kept from his sight. Long and fearful must have been the struggle in my father's soul: the wife who had cheered and blest his home was gone, and life for him had lost its brightness. In the first anguish which her loss occasioned, he refused all comfort; but succeeding months brought calmer thoughts; his children, *her children*, remained to him; for their sake he would rouse himself, and devote the remainder of his life to their improvement, and strive, by redoubled tenderness, to supply the loss they had sustained. Selfishness was foreign to his nature, and even in grief he forgot himself in the desire to benefit those around him. The house gradually resumed its cheerfulness; and though we never ceased to feel the change that had fallen on our home, yet we were once again a merry, happy family.

As I grew older, my father saw the necessity of placing me under the control of some judicious lady: the rough and fearless girl, the playmate of many brothers, needed the guidance of a female friend. And never was choice more fortunate than that made for me: Miss Franklin became a blessing to us all. Quietly and gently she assumed the management of the household, and we soon unhesitatingly obeyed; for we respected as well as loved her. Even the impetuous spirit of my brothers yielded to her mild control. I never remember any contention between them; she seemed at once to command their obedience, and to guide them as she chose. With me, no authority was needed: I followed wherever she led, an unquestioning and devoted pupil: to be near her, to listen to her words of kindness and instruction, became the chief pleasure of my life. I had dreaded her

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arrival, and with childish waywardness had determined not to love her myself; and, above all things, not to allow her to tyrannize over my darling Amy. This sister had already become the first object of my life: I loved her passionately, and had constituted myself her teacher, and controller of all that concerned her; I therefore looked upon Miss Franklin as an unwelcome interloper, a rival in my power over Amy. I met her with little courtesy, and am afraid showed very plainly my predetermined intention of disliking her. It was not, however, in the power of mortal to resist Miss Franklin; at least it was far beyond mine; and I not only yielded myself submissively to her guidance, but, what was far more difficult, learned by degrees to see her gaining influence over Amy. This child loved her with an energy peculiar to her nature, and I felt at times a pang I cannot describe in seeing her growing partiality for Miss Franklin, whose gentle and undemonstrative manners won Amy's love, whilst my own vehement caresses were received with careless indifference. I endured all the torments of jealousy, for Amy's love was the only thing on earth I really cared for; yet, in the midst of my unhappiness, I do not think that I was ever unjust to Miss Franklin. I never blamed her, for I felt her superiority; and while I mourned Amy's preference, I could not but acknowledge how wise it was. I think few people understand how deeply and silently a child may suffer: childhood is regarded as the gay, buoyant period of life; and those alone who make children their study, can tell what a world of joy and sorrow, of struggle and suffering, lies in their little hearts. Insignificant as the events of their baby-life may seem to the matured mind of man, they are all-important in themselves, as the means by which the child is trained for the coming duties of life. From this want of entering into their feelings, I have seen many a one punished for sullenness, when a word of sympathy in its little grief would have saved its temper from the ordeal of unjust correction. At this period of my life, had my silence and irritability been misconstrued, how might my character have suffered! But Miss Franklin read my heart, traced each feeling to its source, and checked the evil that was springing. "Fanny," she said one day when I had long sat moodily at work, "I wonder what you love best in the world!"

"Oh, Miss Franklin, how can you ask? Amy, to be sure; I love Amy better than the whole world beside."

"I am sure you *think* so; but tell me what you mean by love? I think our definitions of the word would differ strangely."

I remained silent, for indeed I did not understand her question. My love for Amy seemed a part of my very life; and I could no more define the feeling, than I could have analyzed the beams of light which shone from the bright sun above our heads. I looked up inquiringly, I believe, for Miss Franklin continued, "Your love for Amy springs from love of yourself, not from pure devotion to your sister: you love her as your plaything, as the creature over whom you have a fancied right. That readiness to yield our own wishes to promote the happiness of others, which I regard as an essential attribute of pure disinterested love, I do not see in you. When Amy is happy with me, and in the simplicity of her heart shows a preference for my company to yours, a cloud gathers on your brow, and the color mounts to your cheeks. Dearest Fanny, this is not love; it is selfishness."

I was deeply mortified, and Miss Franklin, who never willingly wounded the feelings of any one, dropped the subject. I never, however, forgot her words, and as I grew older, I felt them influence my actions more and more. Amy's welfare and happiness became dearer to me than my own, and gradually I learned to feel the bliss of resigning my own desire to hers. It was Miss Franklin's continual study, as we grew older, to render us dependent on each other for amusement and happiness; and often she would say, "Fanny, when I leave you, you must be Amy's guardian friend; she needs your care; the gay, volatile child cannot yet stand alone; to you she must look for everything." I have since felt that the chief aim Miss Franklin had in view, in all her instruction, was to give a right direction to the love I bore my sister, to render me a safe guide and judicious friend to the creature whose beauty and talent already threatened to be dangers in her path. Amy was the idol of the house; caressed and spoiled by all, she manifested the faults peculiar to a child thus situated. To make me aware of these faults, to point out to me the perils that beset her, was Miss Franklin's constant endeavor. It was as if a foreshadowing the peculiar trials that were to be our portion was ever present to her soul. Alas! how soon were my prudence and wisdom to be tested.

My father's health had been long failing. In spite of his efforts to shake off grief, it had slowly done its work; he was no longer young when my mother died, and the ravages made in his constitution by sorrow for her loss were never repaired. He gradually became feebler, and Miss Franklin did not conceal from me the knowledge that death was fast approaching. My brothers had all quitted our home: one by one they had taken their places in the world. Two were already in India, one at college, and the youngest was studying engineering in a distant town. I was therefore the only child left to comfort my father's declining days. I look back with melancholy pleasure to the hours I spent with him at this period. I was old enough to be his friend and companion, and he loved to pour out his heart to me. He talked of his early days, of my mother, of the unbounded happiness they had enjoyed together, of her death, and all that he had since suffered. The thought of rejoining her was ever present to his mind; and as I listened to his hopeful trust in the mercy of God, and his glad anticipation of a reünion with her he had lost, I learned the best lessons of religion.

With his own thankfulness to depart and be

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at rest, however, mingled many an anxious feeling for his daughters. "My boys," he would say, "must fight their own way in the world; for them I am content; but for you, Fanny, and for my little Amy, I often tremble: yet why distrust our Father's love? When I am gone, will he not still remain, an all-sufficient Friend, the orphan's sure Protector? Trust in His goodness, my child; He will never fail you."

Then he would talk to me of Amy—that precious legacy bequeathed by his dying wife; and with tears in his eyes entreat me never to leave her; to watch over her, and be her guide, adding these words, which sank deep into my soul, and became the spring of my future actions, "Live for your sister; study her happiness before your own: thus when we meet in heaven, you may present her to the mother who died in giving her birth, with the joyful consciousness that you have faithfully fulfilled your mission on earth."

Soon after this my father died; the lonely desolation of the weeks that followed his decease I will not describe. I was stunned by the blow; but soon recognizing the importance of my task, I roused myself to fulfil the duties which now devolved upon me. Had it not been for my excellent friend Miss Franklin, all my efforts would have failed; she was my support, my counsellor; in the painful arrangements which followed our bereavement, she spared me every needless pang; and, consulting with my brothers, she arranged our future plan of life. It was of course necessary to quit the vicarage immediately, as the new incumbent was impatient to take possession. The property destined for us was invested in the hands of my eldest brother, a merchant in Calcutta, and had been the nucleus of his present immense fortune. The interest was carefully remitted to us, and as far as pecuniary means went, we were without anxiety. A pretty cottage, which had formed part of my mother's fortune, was chosen for our future residence. With an aching heart I left the home of my happy childhood; in spite of my better reason, a foreboding of coming evil seized upon me; and as I entered the carriage that was to convey us to our new abode, I felt as if all my happiness were left behind in the dear old vicarage we were quitting. It was not so, however; though sorrow and difficulty awaited me, and long years of self-denial and labor were in store for me, yet peace and content lay beyond. In the severe school of adversity, my spirit gained strength and vigor; and the blessedness which accompanies every act of self-sacrifice, the peace which attends every conscientious effort to perform the painful duties of life, were eventually to be my portion.

We were so far happy as to retain our dear friend with us for some years, until I was old enough to take upon myself the full responsibility of directing our little household. I had attained my twentieth year when she left us. She had, for our sake, postponed her marriage with one to whom she had been long and devotedly attached, and whose urgent and reiterated claim upon her she felt it wrong longer to resist. Her loss was irreparable; but we could not oppose her departure. In quitting Amy and myself, she had the happiness of seeing us united in the closest bonds of affection; sisters in heart and soul, firm and faithful friends. Her lessons had not been lost on either of us. Amy was the joy and pride of my life. Often as I looked at her, I thought how easy was the duty my father had bequeathed me, and recalled the solemnity of his manner with a smile. Alas, alas, for the weakness of human nature! the struggle was yet to come.

Miss Franklin had not quitted us more than a few months, and we were already planning a visit to our friend in her new home, when one morning a letter was put into my hand, the contents of which struck dismay to my heart. Hastily folding it, I rose, and with all the self-command I could assume, walked to my own room. There I again read the letter: it was all true. In plain, legible characters I saw that ruin—worldly ruin—stared us in the face. It contained the news of the death of our brother in India, and at the same time announced to us that, as he died insolvent, all remittances would henceforth cease. The business-like tone of the letter struck a chill sense of the extent of our calamity home to my very heart. I buried my face in my hands, and for a while brooded in utter hopelessness over the fate before us. All passed in rapid vision before my mind: poverty, with all its attendant miseries; poverty, not for myself alone—*that* I could have faced—but for Amy, my sister, the child of so much tender love—the gay, bright, sunny creature, whose step bounded over the earth as if it yielded nought but flowers—must the chill hand of penury blight her young life, and wither ere its prime that bud of promise? The thought had agony in it. Then did my father's solemn injunction recur to me, nerving my heart to bear, and strengthening my soul to do, all that might be demanded from me. In that moment I bound myself to shrink from no effort, to dare all things, so that my beloved sister might be shielded from the impending evil. I prayed for strength, I implored Heaven to guide and aid me in my firm resolve. As I rose from my knees, the sound of her sweet voice came from the garden beneath. "Fanny, sister," it said, "what keeps you away from me so long? I am waiting for you." I hastened to join her; and with all the calmness I could command, told her of our misfortune. The gentle girl scarcely comprehended the meaning of my words; but seeing the sorrowful expression of my face, she laid her head upon my shoulder, and with her sweetest smile said, "We may be poor, dear Fanny, but we shall still be together; poverty cannot separate us." I clasped her to my heart: "No, Amy, our hearts can never be disunited." I already felt that we must part, and her unconscious words pierced me to the soul.

I wrote to our dearest friend, now Mrs. Wentworth, begging her advice. The next day brought her to us, and again she stood between us and

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sorrow. She saw that we could no longer keep up our little establishment, and wisely counselled us to give it up at once. She arranged all for us; and after seeing everything put in a right train, she carried us to her house, where we were welcomed with cordial kindness by her husband.

I had now leisure to think on the course I must pursue. My brothers were all involved with ourselves in this ruin, and were, moreover, either married, and with families dependent on them, or still struggling to establish themselves in the world: we could look for no help from them. For the first time I stood alone. I could not ask advice from Mrs. Wentworth; she would hear of nothing but our remaining with her and her husband, and this I could not listen to. Their means were limited, and I could not consent to be a burden to our friends. God had given me strength and health; to the liberality of my father, and the care of Miss Franklin, I owed an excellent education; and I felt that I could myself maintain Amy. For her sake labor would be sweet. I resolved to seek for a situation as a governess; and though well knowing the trials and difficulties of such a career, I felt as if the motive would give me courage to meet them all. The thought that my dear sister was safe from harm would animate my drooping spirit, and send me on my way rejoicing. Having taken my resolution, I sought Mrs. Wentworth. At first she opposed my plan, bringing forward all the difficulties it would entail upon me, all the sacrifices I must make, and urging me, with the warmth of a loving friend, not to leave the home she offered me. Seeing that my purpose was unalterably fixed, and in her heart, I am sure, approving the spirit that urged me to seek an independence, she gradually yielded. I accepted, without hesitation, her proposal, that Amy should remain under her care. With her I knew my sister would be happy, and in no other situation could I have been satisfied to leave her. Amy was now thirteen, and from her peculiar disposition, needed the guidance of one who understood her well. Proud and haughty by nature, she would have been a tyrant had she not lived with those whom she respected and loved, whose intellectual as well as moral superiority she was compelled to acknowledge. With a warm, enthusiastic temperament, she loved the few to whom she gave her affection with passionate devotion, and by this love she could be guided like a little child. Mrs. Wentworth and myself alone possessed this power over Amy, and to her I gratefully confided my treasure.

It so happened that my friends had been applied to a few weeks before to find a governess for two little girls whose mother, from delicacy of health, was obliged to give up the charge of their education. The situation promised many advantages, and I thankfully accepted it. My hardest task still remained. As yet, Amy was ignorant of my design. I knew that she would oppose it with vehemence; her pride would rebel against the idea of her sister's becoming a governess; while her generous nature would shrink from the thought that, while she remained idle, I was laboring for her advantage. It was long before I could make her listen patiently to my reasons: she clung to me, and with passionate sobs intreated me not to "degrade" myself—to stay with her. Finding arguments fail, I determined to appeal to her feelings, and gently told her that, by such conduct, she rendered my task doubly difficult; that without her assistance I did not feel equal to the duty that lay before me; that she must try to help me to do that which I was sure her better judgment would show her to be right. She looked wistfully at me through her tears, and struck with the calm sadness of my manner, "Fanny," she said, "I am very selfish. While you are thinking only of me, I am making you more unhappy. Kind sister! teach me to be like you; teach me how I may help you, and you shall not find me ungrateful or unworthy of all your goodness." I then explained to her the various reasons that rendered the step necessary; to which she gradually yielded her assent, ever repeating, however, that when she was old enough, she would work for me; to which I answered, we would then work together. This thought seemed to cheer her, and she soon regained her wonted gayety.

I will not dwell upon our parting, nor detail the many trials that awaited me in my new abode. I am sure that it was the desire of the whole family amongst whom I now became domesticated to be kind and considerate; but none except those who have tried this mode of life can know the lonely feelings that attend it. To exchange a happy home, in which I had been the loved and honored mistress, for the chill and enforced courtesy of strangers, was painful enough; but more than all did I suffer from the contrast between my pupils and my darling Amy. At first, it seemed all labor in vain to endeavor to influence these wild and giddy creatures, and often have I wept to think how little success attended my utmost efforts. I was, however, but a novice in the work of education; and had yet to learn, that before the seed-time comes, the ground must be weeded and tilled, or the harvest will fail. I have lived to see my dear pupils grow into sensible and refined women, and to bless God that I did not abandon my task as hopeless.

The neighborhood in which Sir William Monkton's residence was situated was peculiarly devoid of society, and Lady Monkton's health rendered all formal visiting impossible; the monotony of our life was therefore seldom broken in upon, except by intercourse with the curate of the parish, who was a frequent and ever-welcome guest. He was one of those rarely-endowed beings whom it is a privilege to know, whose presence exerts a powerful influence on all around him; one whose graceful manners and gentlemanly deportment are but the external signs of a pure heart and a cultivated mind. He devoted himself, with heart and soul, to the high profession which had been his early choice; every talent, every energy was absorbed in the fulfilment of the duties it imposed upon him. He was idolized by the poor, while the rich and

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educated never failed to leave his society the better for his cheerful, earnest conversation and unostentatious piety. At Monkstown his company was welcome to all: in the weary hours of languor and suffering which composed the life of poor Lady Monkton, his presence cheered and supported her; from his lips she learned lessons which turned her sorrows into joy: to Sir William he was a frank and intelligent companion; while his playful humor rendered him a favorite with the little girls. Such was Herbert Somerville when I first became acquainted with him. I saw him day after day, and soon found in his kind sympathy the best support under the trials of my new position. He aided and encouraged my efforts to fulfil its duties, and by always setting before me the purest motives for my actions, made me feel that even Amy's welfare must be subservient to the higher desire of doing the will of God. He taught me to look for happiness alone in the endeavor to do what is right and well-pleasing in the sight of Him who searches the hearts of men; and while he thus elevated my moral nature, he led me on to new and vigorous mental efforts, by opening to me the higher walks of science and literature. Our intercourse became more and more intimate; and it will scarcely be matter of surprise that, as I esteemed him more, I unconsciously learned to love him. I have heard many people call it unmaidenly in a girl thus to bestow her affection unsolicited by the object of her choice; but it seems to me that those who so condemn know little of the innocence and singleness of mind which form that peculiar charm of the female character. I do not speak of those who are trained in the school of the world —who, living amidst its artificial glare, early imbibe a spirit foreign to the native purity of woman—but of the many who walk along the calm, unfrequented paths of life, ignorant alike of the ambitious aims and heartless vices of the world beyond. In the breast of such, love springs unconsciously, and has already grown to be the masterpassion of her nature ere chance betrays it to herself. Thus it was with me; I walked beside an abyss, heedless of danger.

Let me, before proceeding further, exculpate Herbert from all blame, which others, in compassion for my subsequent sufferings, may feel disposed to attribute to him. He never, by word or look, showed me a preference that could have misled one better versed in the world's ways than I was. His affectionate interest in me was such as a brother feels for a dear sister; and when, taught by experience, I retraced his actions, I felt that his kindness sprang from friendship, not from love.

I had resided five years in Sir William Monkton's family, during which time I had frequently visited my dear sister. Each time I saw her, I felt increased surprise and delight at the progress I perceived in her mind, as well as at her surpassing beauty. Her face, lighted by the lamp within, beamed with a radiant loveliness, which nothing but the rare union of high mental power with the gentler virtues of the heart can give. Her form was instinct with grace—that native grace which emanates from a pure and lofty soul, and breathes in every gesture. She was indeed a creature to command the highest admiration, and at the same time win her way to all hearts. On my return from these visits to Mrs. Wentworth, I could not refrain from speaking to my pupils of Amy. They had often expressed a strong desire to see her. Lady Monkton now joined in the wish, and at her request I wrote to invite my darling sister to Monkstown. She joyfully accepted the invitation so kindly given, and soon became the favorite of the house. Never did a mother watch a child with more proud delight than I followed this gay and joyous being, as she moved along, attracting universal admiration.

It was not long before I saw one eye bent upon her with such an earnest gaze that I started as I beheld it. How could it be? I had eagerly desired that Herbert should see my Amy—should admire and love her; it had seemed the one thing needful to my happiness that these two should know and love each other. As day by day passed on, I felt increasing disquietude; my eye restlessly followed Amy whenever Herbert approached her; and a chill sensation crept through me as I saw him pay her those nameless attentions which bespeak the existence of love. Amy's manner of receiving them proved to me how well she appreciated Herbert's noble qualities of mind and heart; I saw that they already loved, and my reason told me they were worthy of each other. Suddenly the truth was revealed; I discovered in the same moment that I too loved, and that he whose priceless heart I would have died to win, already loved another—that other, my own sister Amy. In the stillness of the night did my soul vent its bitter anguish; the first wild burst of grief had subsided, the tumult of feelings too fearful to be dwelt on had been appeased, and my father's voice again, in the deep silence of that midnight hour, sounded in my ears, "Live for your sister; study her happiness before your own." Alas! alas! the moment was come in which I could only insure her happiness by the sacrifice of my dearest earthly hopes. "Yes, father!" I exclaimed, "with God's help I will redeem my pledge;" and falling on my knees, I poured forth my soul in prayer and supplication for wisdom and strength to fulfil the arduous task imposed upon me.

With renewed powers I now began to survey the position I held. One comfort I had—that no one ever suspected the love I had cherished in secret; it must be my first object so to control my feelings, that none might ever guess the sacrifice I must make. I trembled to think of the watchfulness it would require to veil my heart's secret from Amy—from her who had ever read my soul, and from whom no thought had been concealed. I foresaw that I should become the confidant of both parties, and I nerved myself for the task. If I could once see them happily united, I thought I should then have rest; but how to meet the suf-

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fering which lay between this time and that which would see the sacrifice accomplished! Amidst such reflections I passed the night; the morning with its cold gray light dawned in the east; the time for action was approaching. I could not feign illness, for what illness would have kept my faithful Amy from my side? and it was her searching glance I now shrank from encountering. Sweet, innocent, guileless Amy! Happy in the first consciousness of being loved, she was less alive to any change in me than she would otherwise have been; and thus I was spared many a pang. I do not shrink from the avowal that at times my courage failed; there were moments when the effort of concealment seemed too great for me, when I longed to lay my burden down at their feet and die. My hope in life, or aught it could bring me, was dead. Amy no longer required me; she had found in Herbert a friend and guide whose love was more to her than mine; and though she would indignantly have spurned the idea, yet I felt that my work was done. I have lived to see that this was but a morbid, selfish feeling. The work of life to one earnestly resolved to do his duty can never end; and at this moment while I write, though age has dimmed my sight, and left me helpless and alone as far as the severance of earthly ties can leave us so, yet do I wait in patient hope of still further usefulness to my fellow-creatures. God spares the withered tree with wise design; let us not mar it by our selfish murmurings.

In a few months Amy and Herbert were betrothed. From the moment in which I first became aware of their mutual attachment, I never wished it otherwise. I labored to promote their happiness; I listened to the outpourings of these two hearts devoted to each other; I strove to awaken in Amy's sanguine nature a due sense of the cares and responsibilities she was taking upon herself; taught her to perceive the finer shades of beauty which lay beneath the reserve of Herbert's nature; tutored my mind once more to listen to her praises from his lips without a shudder; and learned, after many struggles, to live for them alone.

At length the day arrived on which I was to give up all claim to Amy, and resign her to a husband's care. The habit of self-command had, by hourly practice, become so strong, that I did not flinch even at this most trying time. The wedding was to take place from the house of our beloved friend, Mrs Wentworth, who in this, as in all former events of our lives, acted a mother's part to us. The morning of the important day dawned brightly. I assisted my beautiful Amy to array herself in her simple bridal attire, and led her down to her expecting friends. My heart was proud of my lovely sister; and happy in her joy, I forgot myself. I placed her hand in Herbert's, and with a firm voice said, "Herbert, I give to your charge my dearest earthly treasure; love and cherish her, as I have done." The ceremony was performed by our kind friend Mr. Wentworth, and we returned to the parsonage [illegible]kfast. While I could look on Amy's happy beaming face, it was easy to bear up; but the time of separation came. I saw them depart, and watched the carriage that bore them away with apparent calmness. When it was out of sight, I hurried to my own room; but ere I reached the door, fell heavily to the ground.

Months passed, and still Mrs. Wentworth devised new excuses for keeping me near her. But my pupils had waited for me; Sir William and Lady Monkton, with a kindness unparalleled, refused to fill up my place; and at length I returned to their hospitable house, and resumed my former duties. Herbert and Amy had pleaded eloquently that I should live with them; but this I firmly, though gently resisted. It was a source of heartfelt joy to think of them, to visit them occasionally; but hourly to have witnessed their domestic happiness, would as yet have been a martyrdom. I continued to live for many years at Monkstown, until the marriage of my two pupils left me no pretext for a longer residence there. Lady Monkton's sufferings had ended in a calm and peaceful death soon after my return from Amy's wedding; and though Sir William would have placed me at the head of his house, and given me the honorable title of his wife, my heart too decidedly rejected the thought of marriage to allow me to hesitate for a moment. I declined his proposal, but retained his friendship.

Amy had four lovely children; and conscious of my own strength, I now gladly consented to become the inmate of their home. Years had changed my feelings; Herbert was to me no more than the husband of my beloved Amy—my own kind brother. Their children became my own in heart; I loved them, and devoted myself to their education with an energy I had thought lost to me forever. People often wondered why Miss Jerningham never married, and prophesied that I should yet renounce my self-imposed duties as maiden aunt; but time rolled on, and found me at my post, still zealously and happily employed.

God has lengthened my days beyond the usual span allotted to man. I have survived all my race; I have wept over the graves of the young and the old, as they one by one fell from my side. Some were taken in full maturity; others dropped like blossoms from the tree. But death cannot separate the hearts that truly love. There is a world beyond the tomb where my beloved ones wait for me; there I shall rejoin the spirits that are gone before me—parents, sister, brothers, adopted children of my love, friends—I shall see you all! And now, while I linger here, the thought that the secret of my heart was faithfully kept, my pledge to my father redeemed, and Amy's happiness secured, will gladden my few remaining days. Let those who would be happy themselves, learn that the only means of attaining their end is to devote themselves heart and soul, without the smallest reservation for the idol self, to the welfare and happiness of others.

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From Chambers' Journal.

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

Under the name of "Ocean Penny Postage," Elihu Burritt, that indefatigable apostle of peace—would that he could impress his hatred of war on his own countrymen!—has for some time been agitating the project of extending the penny post to correspondence with America. As the weight of letters on ship-board must be relatively trifling, it does not appear to us that any physical difficulties could stand in the way of such a scheme, and in other respects we feel assured, with Burritt, that there could be no serious obstacles to the undertaking, at least none that would not disappear on an earnest consideration of the subject. Of course this consideration would require to be mutual on the part of the British and North American governments. The real difficulty, we apprehend, will not be found with England, but with the United States, which have not yet obtained even a domestic penny post. In the following observations of Burritt, contained in what he calls "An Olive Leaf for the English People," the argument as to how an ocean penny post "will pay" seems fairly reasoned:—

"In asking England to give the world an ocean penny postage, we do not ask or expect her to sacrifice a single farthing of revenue. Leaving for a while the consideration of the vast benefits which would accrue to commerce, civilization, and Christianity, from an ocean penny postage, let us discuss the important question, whether such a measure be practicable, or, in other words, whether it would *pay;* whether England would derive, directly and indirectly, as much revenue from a *penny* rate as from the present shilling rate of ocean postage. As the commerce and correspondence between England and America must be greater hereafter than that between any other two sea-divided countries on the globe, and as provisions are made and making for more frequent steam communication between them than between any other two countries divided by such an expanse of water, let us first inquire whether an ocean penny postage would pay, if established between these two kindred countries. In instituting this inquiry, we would present the evidence of certain facts connected with the present and proposed rates of postage between England and America.

"1. The present shilling rate of postage, being exacted on the English side too, in all cases, and thus throwing the whole cost of correspondence upon the English or European correspondents, greatly diminishes the number of letters which would otherwise be transmitted to and from America through the English mail.

"2. In consequence of the present high rate of postage on letters, newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, &c., a large amount of mail matter conveyed across the ocean lies *dead* in the English post-office—a dead loss to the department—the persons to whom it is addressed refusing to take it out on account of the postal charges upon it.

"3. Under the present shilling rate, it is both legal and common for passengers to carry a large number of *unsealed* letters, which are allowed as letters of introduction, and which, at the end of the voyage are sealed and mailed in England or America, to persons who thus evade the ocean postage entirely."

Of the benefits of an ocean penny post, commercial and social, much could be said; as a means of creating and preserving friendship, it would be invaluable.

"It would," continues Burritt, "put it into the power of every person in America or England to write to his or her relatives, friends, or other correspondents across the Atlantic, as often as business or friendship would dictate or leisure permit.

"It would probably secure to England the whole carrying-trade of the mail matter, not only between America and Great Britain, but also between the new world and the old, forever.

"It would break up entirely all clandestine or private conveyance of mail matter across the ocean, and virtually empty into the English mail-bags all the mailable communications, even to invoices, bills of lading, &c.; which, under the old system, have been carried in the pockets of passengers, the packs of emigrants, and the bales of merchants.

"It would prevent any letters, newspapers, magazines, or pamphlets from lying dead in the English post-office, on account of the rates of postage charged upon them; and thus relieve the department of the heavy loss which it must sustain from that cause under the present system.

"It would enable American correspondents to prepay the postage on their own letters, not only across the ocean, but also from Liverpool or Southampton to any post town or village in the United Kingdom; to prepay it also to *England*, by putting two English penny stamps upon every letter weighing under half an ounce.

"It would bring into the English mail all letters from America directed to France, Germany, and the rest of the continent, and *vice versâ*.

"It would not only open the cheapest possible medium of correspondence between the old world and the new, but also one for the transmission of specimens of cotton, woollen, and other manufactures; of seeds, plants, flowers, grasses, woods; of specimens illustrating even geology, entomology, and other departments of useful science; thus creating a new branch of commerce, as well as correspondence, which might bring into the English mail-bags tons of matter, paying at the rate of 2s. 8d. per pound for carriage.

"It would make English penny postage stamps a kind of international currency, at par on both sides of the Atlantic, and which might be procured without the loss of a farthing by way of exchange, and be transmitted from one country to the other at less cost for conveyance than the charge upon money orders in England from one post-office to another, for equal sums."

SHORT MEASURE IN ENGLAND.

Poor, honest, bluff John Bull! He seems to have fallen into an error. Is this roguery the consequence of his commerce with "drab-coats?" or is it merely on old habit which he cannot leave off? We copy from the Spectator.

Some recent proceedings in the drapery trade have ended in the exposure of extreme dishonesty amongst the manufacturers and wholesale houses. The retail dealers have been combining lately to procure a more equitable measurement of various goods supplied to them by the wholesale houses. For this purpose, a meeting was held a few days ago, at which several exporters, were present, to investigate certain allegations against the wholesale dealers. The course of proceeding was, to examine sealed packets of goods which had been sent in;

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and the results were rather startling. Among other instances, reels of cotton thread marked "warranted 100 yards" were found to measure respectively 92½, 89, 86½, and in some cases even as little as 75; while in no single instance did the measurement reach the full standard. In tapes the deficiency was found to be still more considerable: it is usual to make white tapes in lengths of nine yards, one dozen of these lengths being packed in a parcel, and then issued from the wholesale house with the vender's mark upon it as "warranted." On measuring these "nine yard lengths," it was found that in every instance they fell short. In some descriptions the nine-yard lengths were under seven yards, in others under six; whilst another sample, where the tape itself had been stamped at the end in indelible ink as nine yards, there were found to be but 5¼. Other goods were submitted to the same ordeal with like results. The manufacturers' account of the deception is, that they are compelled to follow the instructions of the wholesale houses; who on their side extenuate their conduct by throwing the blame on the system of competition in respect of low prices, which compels them to resort to dishonest practices. It is some gratification to know that an active movement is in progress to wipe out the stain by adopting at once an honest system.

COSTLY CHEAPNESS.—Essays on the false cheapness of the day are written in the characters of death. We may overlook its hollowness when its consequences only come upon us in the shape of waste or bankruptcy; but when against the penny saved is set off a life lost by an appalling mode of execution, we begin to doubt the infallible economy of so-called cheapness.

The prevalent dogma has led us into grievous mistakes. The government, for instance, benignly interfered in railway affairs for the benefit of the working classes, and compelled railways to be cheap; whence a fertile and continuous crop of accidents. The mode in which that result accrued has been made out before now. The interference of government had the immediate effect of enforcing upon railways a lower scale of fares generally than the rates which would naturally have been fixed by the market according to mere facility of production: the consequence was, that by that kind of forcing process, the passenger traffic on railways grew with unnatural rapidity and outran the physical means of providing for it. Railways, engines, and servants, have been overworked. The most frequented lines became insufficient for the pressure of traffic upon them. It is easy to say, "Make more, then;" but we know that, as it is, the moneyed public has been spending money too fast for its own solvency, in the making of railways. On some lines engines could not be made fast enough—extra prices could not extort what there were not workmen enough to make in the most approved establishments. The next consequence is, that ingenuity is taxed to make the excessive traffic fit into time and space so as to produce the least amount of disaster: and ingenuity is not infallible. Crowded traffic and defective engines cause unpunctuality; unpunctuality causes delays, over-driving to make up for delays, and "collision"—"word of fear!" In this railway matter, then, government sowed cheapness and reaped accident.

Again, in the cheap steam-boat affairs, it is clear that excessive cheapness carries with it the condition of excessive unsafety. Excessive lowness of fare implies lowness of expenditure; and that implies a low scale of service. Accordingly, the additional evidence in the case of the Cricket places beyond a doubt the fact that the servants entrusted with the management of the engine and the lives of the passengers were men of the lowest cultivation in point of intellect and conscience. The most reckless servants were actually preferred; those who made a practice of tying down the safety-valve—one of them positively knew no better than to suppose that that was the proper way of working an engine!—were retained and shielded from reproach; while those who did know better, and remonstrated, were discountenanced and dismissed. The superior officers of the company deliberately adopted the ignorant, stupid recklessness of their worst "engineers." It was an element in the "go-ahead" style of business which made the small returns pay; it was an ingredient in the boasted "cheapness."

Yet after all, death itself is scarcely so terrible as ridicule, especially when the ridicule is self-incurred and self-reflecting. The pending investigations on the linen-drapery trade are as pregnant with instruction as the disasters on rail and river. The "economical" housewife piques herself on beating down the tradesman's prices, chaffering for every odd halfpenny under threat of transferring her custom. The tradesman yields the halfpenny, but pays himself by short measure. Cheapness, however, is still in demand, and the tradesman looks out for the wholesale dealer who will give him goods at the "lowest figure." The wholesale dealer and the manufacturer resort to the short measure compensation; which is at length carried so far as to outrun the retail-dealer's command of face at the counter or calculation of profits on the sale. A hundred yards of cotton, "warranted," turns out to measure but 92, or 86, or 75; a "nine-yards length" of tape may prove to be less than six yards. The tape is a wonder of cheapness to the purchaser—if it were nine yards; but is it so cheap, being only six? The fraud is dissipated with an explosion more shocking to our feelings than that of a disrupted boiler: we thought ourselves so clever, and find ourselves so silly—accomplices in a conspiracy where all are dupes!

BANK OF ENGLAND.—The N. Y. Courier, gives this sketch of a part of the course of business in London:

As soon as a house has failed, the Bank of England picks out the bills accepted by that firm, and returning them to the house from whom it has *received* them, demands instanter the amount less the discount for the time they have to run. As the law does not recognize this proceeding, nor furnish any means of compelling acquiescence in the demand it is quite optional with the endorser to comply with it or not; but if he does not comply, or makes even a momentary hesitation in handing bank notes for the undue bills bearing his endorsement, his credit with the bank is ended, and his discount account closed, and the best and easiest source of obtaining accommodation cut off. Under these circumstances, the unfortunate merchant will make strenuous exertions to uphold his credit in this most important quarter.

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From Chambers' Journal.

PASQUIN.

WHAT is a pasquinade?—A squib, a satire, a lampoon, a scurrility. Why is it so called?—Because such *mauvaises plaisanteries* were affixed, by their anonymous authors, to the statue of Pasquin at Rome. For what reason?—For this reason:—

There was once a tailor in the eternal city, whose heart was filled with bitterness as he reflected on the unmerited jibes to which his profession was exposed as if by a general conspiracy of mankind. Maestro Pasquino, for so was he called, could not, for the life of him, imagine what people could find ridiculous in a calling which concerned itself with the grand distinction between the human race and the inferior animals. "The world is mad," cried he at last; "stark, staring mad!" and as he came to this natural conclusion, he set himself to trace the symptoms of folly around him with an enthusiasm which soon amounted to a passion. It was meat and drink to him to see a fool; and soon the echoes of the jests with which he seasoned this repast extended beyond the shopboard, and were heard in the neighboring piazza Navona. All Rome at last crowded to the tailor's studio, which took the place of the apothecaries' shops in the provincial towns of Italy, and became a kind of public exchange for those who would hear or communicate the news of the day.

But this news, it will be felt, took its coloring from the mind of Maestro Pasquino. Everything was converted into materials for mirth or malice. Great lords were no more spared than if they had been so many tailors; prelates and cardinals were unfrocked without ceremony; and even the pope himself set up as a target for the shafts of ridicule. And what recourse could be had, since all was traced to the shopboard of Pasquin? It mattered not who the speakers really were, since Pasquin and his decimal fractions of humanity were the ostensible authors. It was a part of the jest to clothe it in vulgar language, and no one, however much aggrieved, could think of condescending to take vengeance for anything so low. The tongue, at length, was recognized in Rome as at once a safer and sharper weapon than the dagger; and everything, from a personal lampoon to a political libel, was given out as one of the *pasquinate*, or sayings of Maestro Pasquino.

At length the thread of Pasquin's life was severed by the shears of destiny; and then the pontifical government, rejoicing in the fall of its great enemy, cried havoc, and let slip the dogs of the police. Jibing was no joke now. Every man was held responsible for his own jest, and made to laugh for it on the wrong side of his mouth. Humor was buried in the grave of Pasquin—but not for long; for it arose again, as we shall presently see, with his monument. Opposite the tailor's shop-door the kennel was hardly fordable in wet weather, and a large, irregular, oblong block of stone had been laid down across it to serve as a permanent bridge. This block, as happens frequently in Italy, was of marble; and as it lay prone upon the street, half imbedded in the earth, it bore a kind of uncouth resemblance to a human back. The analogy was first detected by the urchins of the neighborhood, who took a fierce pride in trampling upon the effigy of one of the giants of their race; but after the death of Pasquin, a superstitious awe mingled with their triumph, and when the shades of evening had fallen, they were observed to look upon it with suspicion, and occasionally even to cross over, and, like the Levite, pass on the other side.

At length, in the progress of some improvements that were making in the street, this block of marble was raised out of the kennel, and, to the surprise and joy of the Roman antiquaries, discovered to be a splendid torso. Its place of sepulture was near the piazza Navona, the site of the ancient amphitheatre, were the Emperor Alexander Severus celebrated the Agonalia; and the grand puzzlement was to decide whether it was the remains of a statue of a fighting gladiator—of a Hercules—of an Ajax—or finally, even of a Patroclus carrying a Menelaus, since another torso was found at no great distance, which might originally have been in union with it. Whatever it represented, however, it was esteemed a fine monument of ancient art, and its reputation with connoisseurs continued to increase rather than diminish, till, in the course of another century, it was placed by a critic of some authority above the best remains of antiquity, even the Laocoon and the Belvidere Apollo. We are told, it is true, that a German antiquary took this decision in such bad part, that he was about to box the ears of the panegyrist, whom he believed to be laughing at him; but we shall find that it was the fate of the statue throughout to cause such misunderstandings.

When the kennel-bridge of Maestro Pasquino was discovered to be an antique torso, it was placed upon a pedestal against the Pamphili palace, on the other side of the way; but no change of position could sever its connection with the defunct tailor. The discomfited urchins, looking up in wonder and veneration, gave their great enemy his name; and while the antiquaries were arguing and scolding about its origin, the people decided that it was the statue neither of Hercules, nor Ajax, nor Patroclus, but of Maestro Pasquino. Nay, when the Pamphili palace gave way in 1791 before the construction of that of Orsini, the latter relinquished its own name, like an obsequious heir, and was known thenceforward as the Pasquin palace. This, however, is not to be wondered at, since, at the moment when the mutilated statue was exalted on its pedestal, it was consecrated by the genius of the tailor, that before had seemed buried with him. It spoke with his voice—even with the Doric vulgarities of his tongue; it breathed around his fine and pungent spirit; and every morning the Romans ran in crowds to read on its twisted back the bulletins of Pasquin. Satire, sheltered once more under the venerable name, was now as free as ever. The pontifical police retired discomfited; libels and lampoons became anew the order of the day; and Rome was never off the grin for a moment.

A collection of the sayings of Pasquin would be a curious work; but more curious, we fear, than amusing, since the associations of the time which gave pungency to the wit would now be wanting. A few political squibs are all that are preserved, and even these are not very remarkable to us of the present generation. But Pasquin did not merely speak in his eloquent placards; he assumed, on great occasions, a befitting costume, and became thus one of the *dramatis personæ*. Nor was he always a railer or jester; sometimes, in deference to public honor and virtue, he coverted his natural grin into an approving smile. This was a policy which the professional wits of our own day would do well to follow. There is nothing so dull as a jest-book, and nothing so tame and stingless as an unbroken succession of satires. In 1571, when Colonna re-

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turned in triumph from the battle of Lepanto, he found Pasquin clothed in warrior's garb, with his helmet surmounted by the watchful dragon, and in his hand the bloody head of the Turkish prince, with a mortal gash on the brow. Twenty years after, when Gregory XIV., on mounting the throne of St. Peter, passed through the street on his way to the Lateran church, he received the homage of Pasquin, who had transformed himself, for the occasion, into a true courtier. He had restored his nose, and his mutilated arm, and wore a gilded helmet; carrying a sword in one hand, and a pair of scales, a horn of abundance, and three loaves, in the other. All this signified generally justice and plenty; but the loaves were a personal compliment to the pope, who had placed loads of bread in the public places, where it was sold to the people at a third of the usual price.

All this, however, is out of the usual character of Pasquin, who generally mingled a sneer even with his commendation. He was a great patron, for instance, of Sixtus V., to whom Rome was indebted for numerous fountains; and he signified his satisfaction with the pontifex magnus by dubbing him fontifex magnus. One day a Swiss of the papal guard struck with his halberd a Spanish gentleman, who promptly returned the blow, and with such effect that the Swiss died of the chastisement. Upon this, the pope caused it to be signified to the governor of Rome that he would not dine till justice was done, and that he wished that day to dine early. Everybody knew that it was needless to plead for the criminal's life; but for the honor of his family, the Spanish ambassador and several of the cardinals interceded with the pope to have him decapitated like a gentleman. "He shall be hung!" was the reply; "but in order to diminish the disgrace of the execution, I shall myself assist at the ceremony." The gibbet was accordingly erected under his windows, and when Sixtus V. had his love of justice fully gratified, he went in to dinner, thanking God for his appetite. The next day Pasquin was seen loaded with chains, halberds, gibbets, cords, and wheels; and being questioned on the subject, replied, "It is a ragout I am carrying to excite the appetite of St. Peter." Numerous other pasquinades were directed against the severities of the pope; but they were too much intermingled with the religious heart-burnings of that day to be read with much interest in ours. Sixtus, however, took everything very tranquilly, being aware of the immunities of Pasquin; till, unluckily, the satirist attacked the dignity of his family in the person of his sister Camilla Peretti. This lady, before her brother's elevation, had been indebted to her own exertions in a particular line of industry for her support; and in allusion to the circumstance, Pasquin was one day seen in a very dirty shirt, which he explained by saying that the pope had made his washer-woman a princess. Sixtus made many vain attempts to discover the author of this insult; till at length he offered him his life and a thousand pistoles for a confession, threatening him with the gibbet if he should be denounced by another. The terms were irresistible. The wit immediately presented himself at the Vatican, acknowledged his guilt, and demanded the reward. Sixtus was, as usual, just. He gave him his life, and the promised money; but had his tongue pierced, and his hands cut off on the spot, in order to prevent him from getting into any similar scrape for the future.

This affair, it may be supposed, shut the mouth of Pasquin for a time; but by degrees he resumed his audacity, till Adrian VI., in a transport of rage, ordered the anonymous joker to be cast into the Tiber. "What!" said he, "in a city where we can shut so closely the mouths of men, is it so difficult an affair to silence a block of marble?" But one of his courtiers turned him from the project, by assuring him that it would be vain to drown Pasquin, since his voice would be heard all the same from the bottom of the river, like that of a frog in a marsh. But the threat appeared to be of more avail than perhaps would have been the actual deed; for it is certain that the spirit which animated the statue became comparatively silent from that moment; and in the present day, the jests of Pasquin are heard only during the sitting of a conclave.

In this brief memorial of Pasquin, it would be improper to omit mention of his rivals. The principal of these was Marforio, a statue discovered about the beginning of the sixteenth century near the arch of Septimus Severus, and eventually placed in the capitol. The connoisseurs quarrelled about its origin as bitterly as about that of Pasquin; but although some would have it to be a Jupiter, some a Neptune, some an Oceanus, &c., it received its popular name from the place where it was found—the Forum of Mars. Pasquin and Marforio were rivals, inasmuch as the one represented the townspeople, and the other the aristocracy; but yet they were likewise comrades and accomplices, lending themselves to each other's jokes, like the clown and pantaloon of a pantomime. This was done by means of questions and answers. When Pasquin, for instance, appeared in the dirty shirt, it was Marforio's cue to ask him what he meant by such an impropriety. In fact the conferences between the two marble jesters became of public importance, and exercised a greater influence over opinion than is commonly imagined. "Be virtuous and humble," says Sabba di Castigline, "for thus only can you escape the tongues of those two old Romans, natives of Carrara—Maestro Pasquino and Maestro Marforio."

The aristocracy and the townsmen of Rome being thus represented, a third interlocutor was in due time added to the society to speak for the people. This was a *facchino*, found near the church of San Marcello, spouting water from a barrel into a carefully-sculptured shell. It was not, like the others, of ancient origin, being born of a chisel of the fifteenth century; neither was there anything very remarkable in its form; but this made it all the more proper to represent the people. The fashion, however, did not stop here. Babuino, an old figure of a satyr, resembling more a baboon than anything else, (whence its name,) put in its word; and then came the Abbé Sevigi, another statue so called by the populace; and finally, Madona Lucrezia, a colossal female, the object of the rival gallantries of Pasquin and Marforio. The court was at length in dread of a general conversation among the monuments of Rome; but fortunately the fashion extended no further than the six we have mentioned; and even these, after a time, grew tired of repartee, and returned to their marble repose. As for Lucrezia, it has been surmised that, notwithstanding the coldness and hardness of the materials of her heart, she was in reality not untouched by the tender assiduities of her admirers; since, on the 25th of April, in the year 1701, the day of St. Mark, and the festival of Pasquin, she was known to wear a new and elegant bonnet, and to have a lace scarf on her shoulders in the very last taste of the day.

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THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THERE is no subject, perhaps, which is so often mentioned, but so little understood by the public in general, as that of the "nerves." How often do we hear all classes of the community refer any unpleasant sensation or fanciful ailment to their being merely nervous; little understanding, however, when they make use of this term, what possible connection there can be between their feelings and their *nervous* system. Perhaps we shall surprise them when we mention that they can neither eat nor drink, walk nor talk, nor perform any action whatever, either voluntary or involuntary, but through the medium of their nervous system—a "system" the nature and functions of which we shall here endeavor to explain.

In man and other vertebrate animals, the great centre of the function is the brain and spinal marrow; the latter a prolongation of the brain, as it were, down the spine. Now this great centre of nervous matter is endowed with two distinct functions. 1. That of being able to convey *motor power* to the muscles, by whose agency we are enabled to perform all the ordinary actions of the body, all the movements of our limbs. 2. That of sensation, which is of two kinds—*common sensation*, or that feeling of pain which is produced on the injury of any part of our body; and *special sensation*, to which are to be referred the five senses—of feeling, of sight, of hearing, of smelling, and of taste. From this mass of matter, capable of endowing the parts of our bodies with the power of motion, and of feeling or sensation, numerous trunks are sent off to all parts of the human frame—ramifying over its structure to such an inconceivable state of minuteness, that we cannot touch any part of our body with even the point of a needle without being conscious of pain, proving that some part of this great nervous centre has been injured or excited into action.

The great nervous trunk which supplies the lower extremity of man is equal in thickness to his little finger; divide it, and he loses all power of moving his limb, all sense of feeling: the limb, to all intents and purposes, is dead; and, deprived of its nervous influence, mortifies. This power of endowing parts with motion and sensation is situated in two distinct structures, of which the brain and spinal marrow are composed; and anatomists, from their color, are accustomed to call them the *white* and the *gray* matter. In the brain, the gray matter for the most part is external, enclosing in its folds the white matter; whilst in the spinal marrow it is internal, being completely surrounded by the white. Now, as a general rule, all the nervous trunks of the body and their branches, with the exception of nerves of special sensation, are composed of fibres derived from these two sources—that is, from the white and the gray matter; and these nervous trunks are conductors of that *change* produced in the nervous centre by the influence of the *mind*, which gives rise either to motion or sensation. But a most extraordinary fact, and one which is capable of being proved by direct experiment, is, that the change which takes place, to give rise to the phenomena of motion, has its origin at the great nervous centre, the source from which the trunks arise; and further, that this change takes places in the white matter. On the other hand, the change which gives rise to the phenomena of sensation takes place at the extremities of the nervous trunks—that is, at their ultimate distribution; and this change takes place in the gray matter.

The anatomist, in his dissections, is able to prove satisfactorily the origin of these nervous trunks; and he finds that all those arising from the spinal marrow, and most of those which are said to arise from the brain, do so by two roots, one of which is connected with the white matter, and the other with the gray. He can and has still further proved, by experiments performed on the living animal, that irritation by pinching or pricking of the root which arises from the white matter gives rise to no sensation. as the animal shows no signs of suffering whatever; but irritate the root arising from the gray matter, and evident signs of suffering are immediately induced. Again: if in the dead animal we excite muscular contraction by means of galvanism, we must send the charge of electricity through the limb by means of the root arising from white matter, as no effect would be produced if we attempted to do it by means of the root arising from the gray. Allowing, then, the fact, that these nervous trunks are composed of two sets of fibres, one conveying sensitive, the other motor influence, let us apply it to practice.

Some part of the body meets with an injury—a change is immediately effected in the extremities of the sentient fibres, sensation is developed, and the change thus induced is conveyed by the sentient fibre to the brain, and through its medium to the mind. Through the mysterious agency of the mind, then, the motor power of the great nervous centre is brought into action, and a change is induced; this change is conveyed by the trunks to the muscles supplying the injured parts, or to other muscles, by whose combined action it is removed from further injury. But it is not necessary that an injury should be inflicted that motor influence should be generated, as the mind has the power of inducing it at will. All the movements of our bodies are effected by muscular action, and through the agency of the will. We move not a hand or foot, nor look at an object, without the mind having first willed that it shall be done.

But there are many actions in the human body which are performed independently of the will, though evidently under the influence of the mind, and through the medium of a nervous system; and this system is called by the anatomist the *sympathetic*. It consists of a number of little knot-like bodies called by the anatomist *ganglia*, which are extended along each side of the vertebral column—the whole of these ganglia being connected, by means of fibres, together. Now, it appears that each of these ganglia is capable of generating nervous influence, independently of the brain; hence each may be considered as a distinct nervous centre. The trunks arising from these ganglia are distributed principally to all those organs on which the vitality of the body depends, which are employed in secretion and its nutrition. It is the medium by which all parts of the body are brought into relation with each other, so that no one part shall become diseased or injured without the rest sympathizing with it, and indirectly, therefore, becoming affected as well. Familiar examples of this fact are of every-day occurrence: a violent blow on the head will produce vomiting, owing to the sympathy which exists between the brain and stomach; and *vice versâ*, a blow on the stomach will produce fainting, and even death, from the shock to the nervous system, and the arrest of its influence through the medium of the brain.

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And now let us turn our attention once more to the influence of the mind over the functions of the body, through the agency of this part (the sympathetic) of the nervous system. We will here select a few familiar examples. What is referred to when one's mouth is said to be "watering" at the sight of some favorite fruit or food, is dependent on the influence of the mind acting through the medium of the nervous system supplying the organs secreting the saliva. Tears, again, are abundantly secreted under the moderate exciting influence of the emotions of joy, grief, or tenderness. When, however, the exciting cause is violent, they are suppressed; hence, in excessive grief, the anguish of the mind is lessened on the flow of tears. Fear stops the flow of saliva; and it is a common practice in India to detect a thief among the native servants by putting rice into their mouths, and he whose mouth is driest after a short time is considered the culprit. Under mental anxiety, persons become thin; freedom from it favors deposit of fat. It would be an endless task, however, to recapitulate the many examples that could be brought forward proving this influence of the mind; so that nervous complaints must be looked upon as disorders of the mind, and not of the body; cure the one, and you will cure the other.

Mental influence having then this power over the functions of the body, we cannot be surprised at many diseases being a consequence of its depraved or abnormal condition. Nor can we be surprised at many of the remarkable phenomena displayed by mesmerists: their patients on whom they exhibit are generally highly sensitive, with minds naturally liable to become excited under the manipulations of the operator. For this reason, also, homœopathy, hydropathy, &c., have succeeded in curing many patients of their fancied ailments, because it only required some strong excitement to remove the morbid mental impression. Hence change of scene and diet, change of usual habits, (for all the followers of these systems make it imperative on their patients to follow implicitly certain rules,) and lastly, and not least, a full determination, desire, or will on the part of the patient himself to get better—have succeeded, in a variety of complaints arising from mental causes, in effecting a cure.*

From the Manchester Examiner.

THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF LEIGH HUNT.

Of all living English writers, there is not one towards whom there exists a more general feeling of kindliness and gratitude than Leigh Hunt. This friendly gratitude has arisen from the peculiar characteristics of his writings—from their sympathy and genuine cordiality—their cheerful, hopeful tone—in short, their fulness to overflowing with that spirit which is best expressed by the beautiful but neglected old English word "loving-kindness." We know of no writer who has done more to make hearths and homes happy by peopling them with pleasant thoughts; for he quickens us into a livelier consciousness of our blessings, and communicates to our ordinary duties, and the simple objects of our daily wayside walk, a freshness and interest which it becomes a kind of grateful duty to him to acknowledge.

The tendency of all that Leigh Hunt has written is to *cheerfulize* existence. He reconciles us to ourselves, draws off our minds from remote visions of some future possible good, or painful remembrances of the past, and fixes our attention upon the actual blessings and privileges about us. He is one of the best teachers we know of that kind of contentment and gratitude which arises from a thankful recognition of those minor joys by which all of us are more or less surrounded, and to the value of which most of us are by far too insensible. And then with what a delicate and fine touch he pierces our selfishness! In what a kindly way he convinces us of our uncharitableness, and puts to rout our self-indulgent fallacies! With what a jovial hilarity he banters us out of our moroseness, and laughs at our ill-humor, until at last we are ashamed of our weakness, and determine to be wiser and better for the future! We never rose from a few hours' perusal of any of his charming books, without a sense of obligation to him for stimulating to a desire of generous activity those sympathies which habit and daily contact too often render languid and inert. Everything that comes from his pen is refreshing, and full of good will to all the world. A belief in good, the recognition of universal beauty, and "a brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance," will be found pervading every essay he has written. To minds disturbed, or set on edge by crosses and disappointments, we know of no more effectual soother than "a course" of Leigh Hunt. His own buoyant spirit is a fine example of the impossibility of crushing the heart of a true man, be his misfortunes and hardships ever so severe; and no man has suffered the rubs of fortune more bravely than he has done. A popular writer once spoke of him as "the gray-headed boy whose heart can never grow old." Those who are familiar with his writings will recognize the truthfulness of this remark, and remember how this perpetual youthfulness of feeling shows itself, in a thousand different ways, throughout all his works.

Another winning peculiarity of Leigh Hunt's writings is their frank, friendly, conversational tone—the pleasantly-egotistical and almost confidential manner in which he tells us every now and then of his own private notions and sentiments—so that we begin to fancy he is addressing *ourselves* in particular, and not his readers in general. There is such an easy, fireside way about him, that it is like talking with an old intimate friend. He runs on from one theme to another with the most sprightly exuberance—now discussing with hearty sympathy the merits of Chaucer or Spenser, or some other old poet, and pointing out to us the beauty and true meaning of a favorite passage—now bringing out the sentiment of an ancient classical story, or dwelling upon his first impressions of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments—then, perhaps, entering into a curious speculation regarding "persons one would wish to have seen," Shakspeare, for instance, or Petrarch, or Cromwell, or Sir Philip Sydney—or, in a more gossiping vein, relating some characteristic anecdote of Cowley, or Pope, or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or Colley Cibber, or Mrs. Centlivre; or reporting snatches of racy court scandal from the diary of Samuel Pepys. Then he will get into a philosophical humor, and discourse "of the slow rise of the most rational opinions," and quote wise and stately sentences from Lord Bacon's "Essays" or Milton's "Areopagitica." On another occasion he comes to us when he is running over with news of the fields and the woods, and can speak of nothing but May-day, and May-poles, and the young spring flowers. He will give an hour's

*The reader will receive this explanation of mesmeric phenomena as a hypothesis representing only the individual opinion of the writer of the above paper.—*Ed.*

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description of the pleasures of breakfasting in the country on a fine summer morning, with open window looking out upon a bright green lawn, with the air breathing in fresh and balmy, the sunlight streaming through the foliage, and casting its chequering shadows upon the favorite books and pictures with which the parlor walls are adorned; upon the table a few pansies freshly plucked, contrasting well with the snow-white cloth; and a bee humming about from cup to cup, seeking to partake of the honey which she herself probably assisted to furnish. At another time, perhaps, when some calamity has overtaken you, and affliction lies heavy upon a household, he comes in the guise of an old and tried friend of the family, with all a friend's privileges; and sits by your hearth, and suggests many a tender and solemn thought about death and immortality. His manner has more than its usual kindness; his voice sounds gravely, yet there is almost cheerfulness in its tone when he says that "The best part of what you loved still remains, an indestructible possession—that although the visible form be taken away, yet that was only lent for a season, whereas the love itself is immortal, and the consciousness of it will ever abide to strengthen your faith, and soothe you amid the stir and fever of life." Or it may be that he speaks of "The Deaths of Little Children," and then he almost makes you feel as if his true friend's hand were pressing your own, as he goes on to tell you that "Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child—that the other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality; but this one alone is rendered an immortal child; for Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence." In the rough winter time again, "when wind and rain beat dark December," he will tell you of "A Day by the Fire" which he had not long since—with all its home comforts and accompaniments—the pleasant hour before the candles are lighted—the gazing meditatively into the fire—the kettle "whispering its faint under-song," and the cheerful tea-table with its joyous faces, and the pleasant hours between tea-time and bed-time spent in the free utterance of thought as it comes, with a little music perhaps, or the reading of some favorite passages to stimulate the conversational powers of the circle; while every now and then the rain rattled against the windows, and the wind howled in such a way as to make everybody think of the sea and the poor sailors, and people who have to be out of doors in such weather; and last of all, the quiet half hour after every one had retired but himself—when all around was silent, the cares of the day gone to sleep, and the fading embers reminding him where he should be: all these, and a thousand things else, in-doors and out of doors, in books, in nature, and in men, he talks about in a way so natural, easy, and colloquial—so marked by a pervading kindness of feeling—entering so heartily into all our tastes and thoughts, and enlisting all the while so thoroughly our sympathies, that we cannot but class him in the foremost rank of our most genial essayists, and place his writings among our choicest "parlor window-seat books," to be taken up in the brief intervals of active and social life, sure to find in them something which appeals to our most cherished tastes, and meets with our immediate appreciation.

From Chambers' Journal.

EVERY-DAY ENTOMOLOGY.

THE GNAT FAMILY.

THE gnat family is universally detested, as among the most unwearied, blood-thirsty, and formidable of insect tormentors. Their insatiable appetite, joined to their venomous powers, and these added to their enormous productiveness, and their hateful ubiquity, justify us in regarding them as one of the scourges of the human race. They are excessively troublesome even in our own country, the temperate climate of which is unfriendly to venomous creatures of most kinds; but their annoyance is felt under both extremes of temperature, exasperating alike the unhappy inhabitants of Mosquito Bay, and the wretched tenants of the most northerly regions. In spite of the irritable feelings we can scarcely help bringing to the inquiry, it will be found that there is much that is instructive, much that is even entertaining, in the history and habits of these little blood-suckers.

The proper—that is, the technical—name for this tribe of insects is the *Culicides:* they belong to the order of dipterous or double-winged insects. The common gnat, *Culex pipiens*, is a delicate, pretty insect, rather less than a quarter of an inch in length. It is furnished with a long, slender proboscis, which projects downwards and forwards, having at its extremity a pair of little sucking discs: this organ forms the siphon up which the creature draws its fill from our life-stream. On the sides of this are placed, at different distances, several lancet-like processes, some of which appear intended simply to cut, while others seem adapted also to inject the irritating poison into the minute wound; and these are barbed, and resemble in some respects the sting of the bee. The "hum" of the gnat, or, as the poet Spenser calls it, "its murmuring small trumpet," is a sound familiar to every ear—to most of us far more familiar than agreeable. This, which is really a pretty and not unpleasing sound in itself, were it not that it is a flourish preparatory to an onslaught, is produced by the rapid vibration of its delicate gauze-like wings. The sound has a precise analogue in the deep-toned hum of the "fan" of our blast-furnaces, where the vanes of the blower cut through the air with vast rapidity, and produce, in so doing, the musical notes we hear. The fragile wings of this insect have been estimated by Latour to vibrate at the rate of three thousand times a minute; a rapidity which, when it is regarded as a succession of muscular contractions and relaxations, is something far more wonderful than the most enormous speed to which mechanism was ever driven. The gnat makes its appearance in the greatest numbers at eventime, but its persecutions are by no means confined to that period. It delights chiefly in shady woods and in moist situations, from whence great hosts may occasionally be observed to issue, and in the vicinity also of stagnant pools, which form the nursing-places of the young. It has been frequently remarked, that it is the female insect which pursues us for our blood, and that the male is innocent altogether of the crimes his partner delights to commit. The insect makes its attack in the following manner:—After the flourish as aforesaid, and with a courage equal to all its noise, it flies directly upon its victim, and falls to. Alighting gently upon the surface, it lowers its formidable weapon, gently and gradually thrusting it into the skin until it has pushed home all its lancets. The fluid which produces the subsequent pain in the wound is then in-

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jected into it, as has been plausibly supposed, for the purpose of rendering the blood more fluid, and better adapting it to the suctorial capabilities of the insect; and now the thirsty creature takes its fill. These operations are repeated until it is satiated, when it flies away, oftentimes becoming gorged and less active, as if completely intoxicated with its potion.

The early history of the gnat is peculiarly interesting. It contains one of those exquisite demonstrations of the skill of the creative hand of which the kingdom of animated nature is replete. The celebrated entomologist Reaumur made it the subject of some of his beautiful and accurate investigations. From his account of the operation, we glean the following particulars relative to the deposition of the eggs of this insect. Let us go to some stagnant pond between five and six in a summer morning, and we shall see this interesting phenomenon, if we watch pretty narrowly, going on over its whole surface. There is a female gnat; she has taken her station upon a broken twig, or a fallen leaf floating on the water. She is then seen to cross her two hind limbs like the letter X, and in the inner triangular interval she commences her ingenious labor. In this interval she places first three eggs in the form of a triangle, which, being moistened with a kind of glue, adhere firmly together. This forms one extremity of a *boat* she is about to make. Her crossed limbs form, so to speak, the "lines" or scaffold by which she regulates the subsequent shape and size of her tiny vessel. She proceeds, laying egg after egg; and by gradually opening her scaffolding, she shapes the boat accordingly, and in this manner proceeds until the egg-boat is completed, each of which contains from two to three hundred eggs. The animated scaffolding is then removed. The mother takes her flight, and commits her craft to the mercy of the wind and waves. This wonderful little structure has been aptly likened by Messrs. Kirby and Spence to a London wherry in configuration, being sharp, and higher at both ends, somewhat convex below, and concave above, and always floating on its keel. It is not the least remarkable fact connected with this amazing feat of nautical architecure, that each individual egg, if dropped into the water, would sink to the oottom. The boat is quite buoyant; it defies the most tempestuous blast which crosses the mimic ocean in which it sails; the waters may go over it, or it may be forcibly pushed down to the bottom, but it will rise again to the surface, its buoyancy unaffected, and without a drop of water in its cavity. How plain and broadly-marked even in these workings of a humble and insignificant insect is the Divine forethought and skill, which, while rearing a universe, and mapping out creation, remembered, and so securely provided for, the wants of the family of a gnat! In hot weather the eggs are rapidly hatched; and in about three days the larvæ, having left their temporary habitations, are to be seen in full activity, with their heads downwards in the water. As these larvæ are uncommonly funny fellows on the field of the microscope, they have the honor of frequently showing off at popular exhibitions; and the surprising feats of agility they perform have long been the admiration of the spectators. They are well known in the north as "*scurrs*," and may be collected in abundance during summer from almost every wayside pool. The larva breathes in a very odd way by means of its tail! at the extremity of which is its respiratory apparatus. It has the power of leaving the surface of the water, and diving to the bottom; but it must always return for fresh air; and most comical it is to see it thrust its tail up for this purpose, while its great head hangs some distance below the surface. This larva has several changes to undergo before it becomes the perfect insect: after moulting several times, it becomes transformed into the pupa; and then comes the final change to the perfect gnat. The pupa now serves as a boat for the emerging insect. The time comes on; the necessary preparations are complete; the insect raises itself from its floating tomb, places its feet upon the water, expands its tender wings, and takes farewell of its former dwelling. From first to last, these transformations occupy about three weeks or a month.

Sometimes gnats make their appearance in incredible numbers, or are unexpectedly seen to pour in dense clouds like smoke from some locality. A correspondent of the "Entomological Magazine" states that in one summer, in a particular district, they appeared in such numbers, as actually to make it necessary to "shovel them" out of the houses. It is related also "that, in the year 1736, they were so numerous, that vast columns of them were seen to rise in the air from Salisbury cathedral;" and an alarm was actually raised that the cathedral was on fire. A letter in an early volume of the "Philosophical Transactions" states, that on one occasion they filled the atmosphere near Oxford, and rose in several tall columns from some apple-trees to a considerable height in the air. At Norwich, an alarm of fire was created by the inhabitants observing a dense volume, apparently of smoke, stream forth from one of the spires of the cathedral. It was mentioned that these insects are numerous and excessively annoying even at the poles. Captain Sir John Ross, in the Appendix to the narrative of his second voyage, states that gnats first made their appearance about the 10th of July, and by the 22d had become so excessively numerous, as to prevent the necessary duties of the ship. They were seen in vast clouds overhanging the marshes, their larvæ contributing the principal food to the trout of those lakes. The poor Laplanders are horribly tormented by them. It is almost in vain that they smear their bodies with fetid unguents, birch oil, and fearful messes of all offensive things; the blood-thirsty insect scorns such defences, and sends its proboscis through them all. They are in the habit of stopping up the vents of their huts, allowing the interior to be filled with suffocating smoke, and thus protected, they betake themselves to rest; yet even then the indomitable creature will scarcely consent to leave them unmolested. In short, what defence can be suggested against an army of invaders so numerous as to be compared to the dust of the earth or the flakes of a snow fall?

The mosquito has been generally considered by naturalists as belonging to the gnat family, the *Culicides*. Some doubt may exist upon the subject, but there can be none that it is the true representative in the tropics of the gnat at the poles and at home. The mosquito is not quite so large an insect as the common gnat; but if less in size, it is a much more dreaded and dreadful enemy. It is, we believe, Mr. Westwood who considers the mosquito to have been "the plague of flies," the emissaries to execute Divine wrath upon the Egyptians. Neither is its sphere of torment limited alone to hot climates; it appears to endure the intense winter of the Crimea, and does dreadful mischief in its

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summer to the Russian soldiers. Dr. Clarke says they are actually compelled to sleep in sacks! and even this does not prove an efficient protection, as cases of mortification in consequence of their bites are not unfrequent. In America, the accounts of mosquito-bitten travellers are most painful to read. We sometimes meet with the travels of a learned enthusiast, who gives us a glowing picture of the glories of the banks of the Orinoco: let us take some scattered remarks from Baron Humboldt's "Personal Narrative" as a set-off against these romancings. He says there are three different species of mosquito. Some will sting from an early hour in the morning all day long until five in the afternoon, when they disappear, and a second set "mount guard." These have their hour of attack, and then retire, and are followed by the night army, the most dreadful and venomous of all. During the intervals of the disappearance of one host, and the appearance of the next, a brief and delightful repose is given to the tortured Indians. All along a particular district of this great stream, the lower strata of air, from the surface of the ground up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, are filled with these insects to such a degree, as to give the appearance of a condensed vapor. The Indians say there are "more mosquitoes than air." The swelling caused by their bites does not disappear for several weeks. An old missionary, in accents of despair and grief, said "he had spent his twenty years of mosquitoes in America;" and his limbs were so much covered with the enduring marks of their wounds, as not to have a single spot of native whiteness about them! Some of the Indians living in these districts are so hard put to it, as to be compelled to bury themselves in sand, only leaving out their heads, which they cover with a handkerchief. A curious anecdote is related in "Loudon's Magazine of Natural History" regarding the effect of mosquito bites upon the countenance. A gentleman having indulged over-freely in wine, lay down to sleep on a sofa without the customary protection of a mosquito net. He reclined in such a way, as to expose exactly half of his face to the operations of the enemy, which soon attacked him in great numbers. His appearance the following morning was something wonderful; one side of his nose and face preserved their usual expression, but the other was so hideously contorted and swollen, as to make him appear on that side a totally different person.

Expedients for defence against these plagues are frequently almost in vain; but such as are in use it may be as well to mention. In India, mosquito curtains are the common preservatives; but woe to him who suffers even one of his little tormentors to get within his white walls! Just before retiring to rest, a kind of whisk is whirled about in the air, putting the ranks of the enemy in confusion; the favorable moment is seized, and the individual leaps into his cot, while the curtains are rapidly drawn behind him. The Indians in America go at night to sleep on islets in the midst of the cataracts, where few mosquitoes will follow them. They also anoint themselves, with turtle oil, and cover their bodies with paint and bolar earth, but are wounded through these. In some fenny districts in England, where gnats are very numerous, it is said to be the custom to wear veils. The pain of the bites may in some cases be alleviated by a solution of ammonia, or soothed by a weak lotion of hydrocyanic acid. With these remarks, we take our leave of this tiny but troublesome family.

From Chambers' Journal.

PHILOSOPHY FOR FARMERS.

The relation of commercial restrictions has had, among other effects, that of giving an impulse to agricultural industry, which has long borne the reproach of being behind the age. According to some authorities, agriculturists generally have proved themselves the most unteachable of mortals, willing rather to obey a mechanical routine, than to be guided by true principles. Whether such be the case or not, the ceaseless labors of the press are doing much to remove ignorance in every quarter; and science, which gradually insinuates itself into all human operations, is doing for agriculture what it has done for manufactures—taking it out of the domain of uncertainty, and showing it to be equally dependent on natural and philosophical principles. With these aids, and a more active competition, there can be little doubt but that agricultural pursuits will soon become characterized by a high degree of commercial activity.

It frequently happens that valuable scientific treatises are published, which remain totally unknown to the general reader, and thus become lost for purposes of practical utility. A paper of this character, on "The Philosophy of Farming," which appears to us to be deserving of wider circulation, has just made its appearance in the last volume of the "Manchester Philosophical Society's Memoirs." According to the author, Mr. Just, "all cultivation consists in bringing to the plant, or placing within its range of action, such a supply of material as natural means cannot furnish it with in the situation where it grows. In order to cultivate well, it is therefore as necessary to know what plants want, as for the builder and contractor of material to know what is required for building." It is now pretty well understood that the growth of plants depends less on solid nourishment, than on fluid and atmospheric agents, of which the chief are carbonic acid gas, azote, and water. In chemical language, these comprise four atomic elements; and according to their presence in the soil, is the abundance and deficiency of the crop. On the continent, the investigations of Liebig and Dumas on this important subject, as well as those of scientific men in this country, have brought to light many important facts and data, the whole extent of whose application is yet a matter of research.

Perfect drainage appears to be no less essential for fields than for towns: to secure an abundant supply of the elements above enumerated, the main requisite consists in due permeability of the soil, so as to admit of proper drainage. Hence it is that clayey lands, by favoring accumulations of stagnant water, are in so many instances unproductive. The disposition of the drainage should, however, be such, that the whole of the soil concerned in the growth of the plants is permeable by the air, promoting a constant filtration and succession of materials that contribute to vegetable formations. Rain brings down ammonia from the atmosphere, and its beneficial effect on lands is greatly increased where the drainage is good, as the atmospheric particles then find their way readily to the roots of the plants, and the mineral substances in the soil are more effectually dissolved. "The two fundamentals of all good farming," says Mr. Just, "consist in thorough percolation of water through the soil, and a constant accession of air." Rapid drainage is not less important; main drains ought to cease discharg-

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ing at the end of four or five days, instead of, as at present, as many weeks, ceasing only in long droughts; and to be dug so low, that the superabundant moisture of the surface shall be at once effectually discharged, with a constant current, otherwise the drains soon become choked by mud. It is evident that the mechanical arrangement of drains must vary with the nature of the locality to be drained; and no attempts at drainage should be made without first ascertaining the nature of the subsoil. The following data are given as guides to the inexperienced:—"If, when the soil has been carefully removed from an area of a few yards in extent, and the surface of the subsoil has been left to dry, water is found to accumulate within it, when dug into, then that subsoil is drainable, and will draw water from the surface according to the depth dug; and the ground may be made perfectly dry by the usual kinds of drains, provided those drains be laid sufficiently deep, and allowed a free discharge. Whereas, if, after the same preparation, the subsoil or clay, when dug to a greater or less depth, be perfectly dry, then no drainage can be effected therein by ordinary methods, and recourse must be had to opening transit for the surface water into channels, so that the supersaturation of the soil may run off as directly and quickly as possible." The author contends that land cannot be drained too dry, as fluids are not so essential to the growth of plants as aërial and gaseous matters, and perfect aëration is as much required as perfect drainage. Air brings constant supplies of material from every quarter; and where the soil is kept properly drained, conveys nourishment in certain but invisible forms to the roots of crops. Another advantage attendant on aëration of the soil, is the increased economy and effect of manure; the more perfect the pulverization of land, the more immediate is its contact with, and absorption of, the manures thrown into it; the descent of new particles into the subsoil is facilitated, and the whole quantity of productive soil is increased, with a fund of capability, so to speak, always at command within it.

From discussing the mode of treating soils, Mr. Just passes to that of sowing seeds. "Scattering seeds," he says, "indiscriminately over the surface of the ground previously prepared for their reception, is no more sowing them, than tumbling stones into trenches properly dug for the foundation of a building is laying those foundations." The object of sowing is to secure proper germination of the seed. Seeds are to vegetables what eggs and ova are to animals; the condition of development of the latter is warmth and protection. With seeds it is "a proper degree of temperature, a sufficiency of moisture, and a free access of air, with exclusion from the direct action of light." Hence the great advantage of complete pulverization of the soil, that the seeds may not be buried deeply, and yet at the same time sufficiently covered; for, if within the influence of light, the chemical change of the farinaceous matter of the seed into living tissues is retarded; on the other hand, if buried too deeply, the plant is so much exhausted by its efforts to reach the surface, as to impede materially its future growth. A large amount of seed is annually lost by falling into the hollows between the furrows of ill-ploughed land. "It is not to please the eye only that the ploughmen of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and other well-cultivated counties, take so much pains in drawing their deep furrows as straight as a line can make them, and laying them so compact, that not a crevice between them can be found in fields of many acres; but it is to favor this grand and fundamental principle of growth, though perhaps in few instances this service may either be known or appreciated by them." The importance of these considerations becomes manifest, when regard is had to the physiology of seeds. The greater part of their substance is simple nutritive matter, intended for the support of the young plant until it can take care of itself. But if this nutritive matter is to be expended in efforts to escape from unnatural circumstances, it is clear that the capacity for growth will be diminished. A starved seed can no more grow up into a healthy plant, than a starved infant into a healthy man; and if so much care be bestowed on exposing steeped barley frequently to the air, to insure simultaneous germination, while being converted into malt, ought less care to be shown to seeds while in the soil, when the food of millions is dependent on their proper growth!

The waste and misapplication of manure in this country is deplorable, and have been so often complained of by writers, that it might seem supererogatory to insist upon it further; but there are some subjects to which attention can only be successfully directed by constant iteration and reiteration. In many parts of Germany and in Belgium, the most rigid economy prevails with regard to all waste animal and vegetable matter, and its proper application to land. In China, the same course has been pursued for ages; and, according to Mr. Fortune's recent work, is still maintained in full activity. The measures now in contemplation for the effectual sewerage of towns are fraught with incalculable advantage to the agriculturist; but without some acquaintance with chemistry, no person can be certain that the manure he applies is that required by the soil, and a distinction must be drawn between germination and vegetation. Highly azotized manures are favorable to the latter process, but unfavorable to the former. Mr. Just says, "Guano sown along with the seeds of turnips prevents their germination, whereas, when scattered over the soil, or buried in the drills beneath the seeds, it promotes the vegetation of the plants to a very great extent afterwards. The same is the case when liquid manure, from banks in farm-yards, is applied to soils previously to sowing the seeds. I have known turnips sown on ground so treated fail to germinate entirely; and by injudicious application of night-soil, as a dressing for crops of barley, I have seen numbers of the grain totally destroyed by contact with it, and those which escaped pushed on to such a rank vegetation after this destruction, that they could neither fructify properly nor ripen."

The same principle holds good with regard to propagation by means of buds and tubers; and here, at the risk of prolonging what is felt by many to be a wearisome subject, we quote Mr. Just's observations on the treatment of the potato. "The cuttings of potatoes," he writes, "or the whole tubers which we plant, have to undergo a similar change in spritting as seeds undergo in germination, and require similar conditions to favor that change and aid germination. Yet in our treatment of this most valuable and accommodating of all plants given to man for food, we err more against nature than in all others put together. Patient of every climate under the sun, we forget that it can be subject to any wrong, or require any of our care or concern for its welfare. Prolific beyond our wants, we have glutted our domestic animals with it, and employed it largely in the arts and distillery to contribute to our luxuries. Yet there is a limit to all

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things, and we are approaching the limits of the abuse which we can unrequitedly heap upon it. Something is wrong already both in the field and in the store; already it has partially failed in its germination during the spring; already it has become the prey of disease in its vegetation and maturation in the autumn. Nature is vindicating her right to be obeyed; and since we have neglected to learn from her by lessons of examples which she has offered, she seems determined to make us wise by dear-bought experience—to make us feel, that we may remember.

"The first law of nature against which we transgress with regard to the potato, is in our total neglect of the due preservation of our seed potatoes. If they are only good for food, we never inquire whether they are fit for planting. Yet were we but to reflect one moment, we should soon see how unnaturally we treat them. Nature, when she alone takes care of them, keeps them within the soil—like all other subterranean buds—during their season of repose; and because, in the warm climates, where they are indigenous, they cannot easily be cut off from a due temperature for their germination, she checks it by keeping them dry in the soil. We, on the other hand, dig them up from the ground, because we fear, and properly, the effect of the frost upon them; but instead of keeping them dry, we heap them up wet in immense quantities on the ground, and cover them over there, to keep them so, *with soil*, thereby furnishing them, if they do not rot, with one requisite for germination; while the masses themselves raise and keep up the temperature to supply them with another, so that germination has not only commenced, but proceeded considerably, when we dig them up again for planting. Then, calculating upon the extraordinary degree of vitality with which nature has endowed the tubers, we pull off the sprits, cut up the potatoes, and endeavor to reduce that vitality to as low an ebb as possible before we plant them. If, by the spritting of potatoes, the whole of the diastase, situated just below the embryo in seeds, be expended, then there is no provision left for the conversion of fecula into saccharine matter for the formation of the first tissues of germination, and germination must therefore fail."

When it is borne in mind that the cuttings, weakened as described, are in most instances planted in highly azotized soils, surprise at the general failures which have taken place will be greatly lessened. The remedy consists in storing up the potatoes intended for seed in places perfectly dry and dark, and, instead of one large mass, in small heaps, so that all tendency to generate heat may be obviated. The precautions with regard to the aëration of young grain crops are equally to be attended to with the young plants of potatoes. Without frequent stirring of the soil while the roots are forming, and complete aëration or ventilation, however favorable other circumstances may be, proper growth is not to be expected. The objects to be striven for by the agriculturist and cultivator are of such importance, as to reward any degree of perseverance. Implicit obedience to natural laws never fails of commanding success. Nature is not to be forced or diverted from her economy: the bringing to bear a little plain, practical, common sense on her multifarious modes of action, must tend to the realization of the sound theoretical views of the chemist and meteorologist.

From the Times of Sept. 30.

ENGLISH OPINIONS OF THE ARMISTICE.

It has been anticipated that the accounts from the United States and the seat of war in Mexico, which have just reached us by the Caledonia steamer, would put an end to the long period of suspense and perilous inactivity in which Gen. Scott's army has passed several weeks, and would probably announce either the entry of that general into the Mexican capital, or the discomfiture of his scanty forces. The intelligence, which will be found in another column, bears much more resemblance to the latter than to the former of these alternatives. Although the American journals record another victory, they acknowledge that the honors of the day were disputed with great resolution by the Mexican army. They publish a list of officers killed and wounded, which shows the extreme severity of the action; and above all, they announce an armistice proposed, not by the Mexicans, but by Gen. Scott himself. This last circumstance demonstrates that, although the spirit and firmness of the little American army eventually prevailed over the numbers and the field fortifications of the enemy, they were not in a condition to take any political advantage of the contest, though they remained masters of the field. Indeed, considering their feeble numbers, the immense difficulties of transport, and the imperfect organization of their supplies, which have prevailed throughout the war, it is evident that 6000 men, isolated in the heart of a hostile country, decimated by fatigue, fever, and actual fighting, and cut off from reinforcements by the conditions of this armistice, are much more likely to capitulate to the enemy they have insulted and despised, than to hoist the American flag on the towers of the city of Mexico. The moral effect of a decisive action and a tremendous defeat might, indeed, have paralyzed the Mexicans, and induced them to accept the terms they had hitherto rejected; but, if the particulars are to be believed which reach us through American channels, the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco are more likely to raise the confidence of the Mexicans, than to destroy all faith in their cause or commanders.

The Mexican generals are said to have taken up a very strong position, on which they had concentrated a large amount of artillery, within sight of the capital. These batteries of St. Augustine and St. Antonio, were served with great activity and effect, and their fire was especially directed against the position which was occupied by General Worth and his corps. On the 19th of August, an attack was made by the Americans on these points, which, as may be inferred from our accounts, was altogether unsuccessful. The American field batteries were soon silenced by the heavier guns of the enemy, and we observed that the loss of officers in the artillery corps was unusually great. For six hours this terrific cannonade lasted, and at the close of the day General Scott and General Twiggs retired, "completely exhausted, not anticipating 'the great strength of the works of the enemy.'" The troops were obliged to bivouac on a tempestuous night, which must ill have prepared them for a renewal of such a battle on the morrow.

On the morrow, however, the state of things seems suddenly to have changed. Early in the morning of the 20th, the position of Valencia, at Contreras, had been attacked by Gen. Smith with complete success; and upon the precipitate retreat of the Mexicans from this point, Gen. Worth fell back on San Antonio. A second most severe en

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gagement took place, which lasted some hours, until the Mexican troops retired in disorder upon the city, leaving their heavy guns and a large number of prisoners in the hands of the invading army. The forces of the Mexicans in these actions are stated to have been at least three times as numerous as those of Gen. Scott's army; and although defeated to a certain extent, it is probable that the Mexican generals have still a body of men under their command, sufficient to repel any open attack on the city.

In fact, having arrived under the walls of Mexico by dint of extraordinary perseverance and hard fighting, it is by no means clear that Gen. Scott is nearer the grand object of his gallant efforts than when he started from Vera Cruz; whilst, on the other hand, it is evident to the merest tyro in military affairs, that an army of 6,000 men, at such a distance from its base, and so inadequately supported from home, is, in reality, in a position of great peril. Conferences for the negotiation of peace have, it is said, been opened, the alternative being another battle of a still more perilous character than the last; for it must be observed, that in Gen. Scott's present position the least reverse must be annihilation. He has absolutely no retreat. We should, therefore, not be surprised to learn that he is willing to conclude a peace on terms by no means flattering to the vanity of the United States.

But the moment we arrive at this point we are met by various political considerations, peculiar to the institutions of the United States, which render the solution of the question extremely complicated. Mr. Polk undertook this war on his own account, and it has proved to be the principal affair of his presidency. The attractions of military adventure and the pride of military success have induced the people of the United States to indorse his bills and to recruit his armies; and we have accordingly seen the chief magistrate of what was once the model of pacific governments indulging himself in the royal luxury of a bloody war. All this may be of some temporary advantage to Mr. Polk and his adherents; but they must be well aware that advantages so dearly bought by the nation will prove fatal to those who have speculated in them, unless the burdens of the war can be terminated with this campaign, and unless this campaign can be closed with an amount of success sufficient to screen the enormous injustice of the invasion. In the present state of public opinion in the world, we should have thought it extraordinary if the most absolute of European sovereigns had dared to embark in such a war, but that a man, temporarily invested with a limited power like that of the President of the United States, should, by his own will and pleasure, have plunged his country into such a series of embarrassments, is, without exception, the most extraordinary event which has ever occurred in the history of any modern republic. The sequel will show whether the mere *prestige* of military achievements is sufficient to overthrow all the principles on which the constitution of the United States is professed to be founded; and even in this affair of the armistice and the alledged negotiation for peace, we shall be curious to learn how far Gen. Scott's conduct will be approved and supported by his government, which no doubt anticipated a more brilliant result from the march to Mexico.

From the Morning Chronicle.

The American papers regard the contest as concluded, and congratulate themselves, in a heartier and more creditable fashion that we had anticipated from them, on the termination of this useless and unrighteous contest. The Caledonia has, as we anticipated, brought the news, sufficiently confirmed, but unaccompanied by any details, of one sanguinary battle, if not more, having been fought in the neighborhood of Mexico. That must have indeed been a desperate contest, wherein, in the course of a couple of hours, 1,200 Anglo-Americans and 5,000 Mexicans fell, and among the latter many citizens of note. It seems after all, that Mexico does produce men who can fight bravely and die cheerfully in defence of their homes and altars. Had the Mexicans possessed mechanical appliances equal to those of their enemy, had they a barely tolerable ordnance and commissariat, the result of the battle might have been different. As it is, by their own showing, the loss of the invaders has been very severe—one eighth or more of their available force. The readiness, too, with which General Scott consented to remain outside the city until the Mexican congress had deliberated on terms of peace, would imply that even after his victory he dreaded the consequences of driving the Mexicans to despair. His feelings, in fact, would appear to be somewhat of a Pyrrhus complexion. It would be rather an untoward result if these dear-bought defeats became a school for that military genius for which the Spanish race is remarkable, and at length made the Mexicans adepts in the art of war. Truly, Gen. Scott may be pardoned for some slight misgivings as to the strength and safety of his remaining forces, in the centre of a hostile population, at such a distance from succors and supplies, and with bodies of guerillas, ever increasing in numbers and audacity, threatening to break up his lines of communication, and cutting off by scores his most adventurous and bravest men. On the whole, it seems tolerably certain that a peace has been concluded ere this. Whatever bargains may be struck in respect of territorial and financial adjustments, we trust that the treaty will be in other respects so clearly defined and so satisfactory to both parties, as to afford a reliable guarantee, that so unwarrantable an aggression as this war has been on the part of the states, will not be hastily or inconsiderately renewed.

From the Spectator.

The position of the United States army in Mexico is not to be accurately learned from the accounts received this week from America. Of course they put upon it the best color they can; but there must necessarily be much that is not stated. General Scott had advanced almost to the capital of Mexico, after a difficult march and hard fighting; in his last engagement he confesses to have lost about a thousand out of six thousand men; the Mexicans are *estimated* to have lost five thousand out of an army of twenty thousand men or less. Santa Anna had been outgeneraled, and had retreated, it is said, rather prematurely. But his countrymen must have fought in earnest. General Scott, who had scoffed at offers of peace, now volunteered to make them himself, and concluded an armistice to facilitate negotiations. This looks like a conscious sense of that weakness which his position implies—his army enfeebled by a hard-won victory, and stationed in the heart of the enemy's country. There the accounts leave him.

[We are sorry for the Spectator. An intelligent, honest English criticism on American affairs would be very desirable. This taunt about Gen. Scott's scorning peace, must have been invented by the Spectator itself—at least, this is the first notice we have seen of such a thing, and is in direct contradiction of what is well known to be the truth.]

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CHAPTER III.

In the evening Edith joined Mrs. Dalton in a window, where, apart from the rest of the company, she seemed to enjoy a reverie. She did not speak, but pointed to the massy outline of a distant hill, behind which the moon was rising, huge, dim, and red; but, in proportion as she departed further and further from the earth, seeming to gain in purity what she lost in splendor. The mute symbolism of nature is indeed expressive. Two years ago Edith would have felt that shame-facedness which is the mark of a keen and delicate enthusiasm in woman; she would have shunned to make the silence of her rapture a spectacle for a mixed and unsympathizing party of mere acquaintance. But she had now acquired a fearless freedom of action infinitely more comfortable to herself, and perhaps only to be regretted on account of the mixture of the motives which gave rise to it. She had become so accustomed to be admired for whatever she did, that she had nearly learned to think that everything she did must be in itself admirable; not that this was the conscious and definite working of her mind, but rather that, being sure of obtaining approbation, she forgot to inquire whether she deserved it or not; she had got the current coin, and she cared not to test the purity of the metal. Yet the adulteration was very slight—quite imperceptible to herself—it was only, in the strictest sense of the word, a *beginning*. So is an acorn only a beginning, and a small one—but the end of that beginning is the mightiest of trees; and in every beginning the whole progress, development, and final consummation, are, as it were, folded up and contained, ready for gradual expansion. The thought is as full of comfort as of warning, though, alas! the warning is the more needful of the two.

"Some music, Amy," said Mr. Thornton's voice, behind the ladies, "you have indulged your meditations long enough, and must now think a little about the enjoyment of others."

Mrs. Dalton looked round with a smile, and immediately moved to the piano. She put her cousin back with one hand as he offered to escort her, whispering at the same moment, "No, no; I don't want you. I am going to *exhibit*, so you may talk at your leisure." She sat down, and, under cover of Schulhoff's Galop di Bravura, which was presently electrifying the room, Mr. Thornton returned to the window and to Edith. He began with a platitude, such as even the most brilliant genius must occasionally utter if he be resolved to talk in season and out of season.

"So you prefer moonlight to conversation," said he.

"To *some* conversation," returned the lady, looking very intelligibly at the scattered human beings who adorned the chairs, sofas, and ottomans around her.

"But not to *all*? I am afraid I can scarcely hope to be classed among the exceptions." This timid speech was accompanied by a very decided assumption of the vacant seat next Edith. She laughed slightly, as though she perceived that the words and the movement were a little inconsistent with each other, and answered frankly, "Why, I scarcely think I do prefer even such a scene as this to the conversation which we had with Mrs. Dalton before dinner. It was very interesting."

"Almost too interesting," replied he; "such moments unfit one for the trivialities of every-day life and common-place people. Though all beauty is said to arise out of contrasts, yet there are some contrasts which at once and irremediably destroy beauty;—you would not mix moonlight and lamplight in a picture."

"Yet they are very beautiful in reality," said Edith, looking from the brilliant room to the still, silvered woods without.

"I suspect," said Mr. Thornton, "that, as in most things which we call beautiful, the charm lies rather in the mind of the interpreter than in the interpreted. Is that too philosophical for you?—I know you are a student of German."

"I delight in listening to what is beyond my comprehension," returned Edith. "Either the mystery pleases me, or else the feeling that I have the power to reach it if only I have time and help afforded me. So pray go on with your theory—you think that there is no such thing as beauty, really, but that it all depends upon the mind of the person who is looking. I don't know how to express it; but you see what I mean."

"Yes," replied he, "what is noonday to you and me would be midnight to a blind man."

"But the sun is the same," retorted Edith.

"Not to you, if you are blind," he answered. "It is, to you, as if it did not exist. But these analogies are very deceptive; one can't carry them out. To illustrate what I mean by plain facts—the pagoda which is beautiful to the Chinese would have been monstrous to the Greek; and again, the worshipper in Cologne Cathedral would find little to excite his devotion at Pæstum."

"And you believe in none of them?" cried Edith.

"Just the reverse," said Thornton, smiling; "I believe in them *all*. I believe that the elements of truth, goodness, and beauty, are everywhere for those who can see them—the whole, nowhere for anybody. To disbelieve in their existence would be as absurd as to restrict them to any particular forms or systems. Some possess more, some less; the man who has emancipated himself from all has the best chance of collecting the fragments which all contain."

"I think I understand," said Edith; "I see how this leads naturally to universal toleration."

"True," he replied, "toleration—charity—love, becomes the law of life, and Christianity assumes her proper place, as the system containing the highest development of that law which has yet been granted to us. Viewed in this way, can anything be more ludicrous than the conventional rules which would seek to conform all characters to the same model? Rather find out, in the countless variety of materials submitted to you, those with which your own inner voice accords, and associate yourself with them, if you would attain happiness. All the misery that we see around us seems to me a blunder, not a necessity."

"Nay," said Edith, half doubtingly, "but if we sin we must needs suffer, must we not? Is not that the real cause of misery?"

"Every fault," returned he, "brings an inevitable portion of suffering with it, which is the best safeguard against repetition of it. But repentance is in itself restoration; the idea of punishment, except in so far as it is needful to procure amendment—the idea of *retribution* is absolutely preposterous. We are all imperfect and in a state of progress, and of that progress purification is a necessary part."

"Yes," said Edith, "because we have not merely to do what you said just now, to choose

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the outward circumstances which best suit us, but, as we cannot create circumstances, we have also, and more frequently, to adapt ourselves to them."

"Perfectly true," he rejoined. "This is the difficulty of life, and in this its pain consists to those who will persist in refusing to use it rightly. But out of the discord gradually arises a fuller and more glorious harmony."

"A glorious harmony! Yes, indeed," cried Mr. Delamaine. "You were speaking of Mrs. Dalton's playing. Did you observe how that discord was first prepared and then resolved?"

"Some people seem resolved to prepare nothing but discords," murmured Mr. Thornton, with a mixture of annoyance and amusement.

But at that moment Mrs. Dalton ceased the marvels with which she had been delighting or deafening her audience, and broke into music of a very different strain—a low, quick accompaniment, like the rustle of abundant leaves, through which the notes of the melody stole like drops of water falling in twilight. You must watch heedfully if you would see each one glisten as it passes; the breathlessness with which you listened would have moved the repose so essential to musical beauty, but for the lulling stillness of the undersong. Mr. Thornton held up his hands as if imploring silence, and then putting them before his face, seemed to abandon himself to enjoyment. And he did really so abandon himself, that the only reminiscence of his conversation with Edith which flitted across his mind, might have been contained in the following words: "Strange, that I have been talking philosophy instead of sentiment! I don't believe she will touch me, after all!"

Edith's reflections were somewhat deeper. The refined epicureanism to which she had been listening had singular fascinations for her; and it was, moreover, so interwoven with truth that she could not separate the one from the other. Life was then no burden to be borne, no struggle to be encountered. Sorrows were anomalies and exceptions in this system, not chief and necessary parts of it; they were the results of imperfection, to be endured, and surmounted, and forgotten. Sins, if forsaken, were no subjects of grief; discipline was necessary as a means of happiness, not of holiness. Vaguely did these results of the principles presented to her pass before her mind—so vaguely that they seemed not to testify to the falsehood of the principles which involved them. Would Edith have entertained these thoughts three years ago? Certainly not. Was she, then, a better logician at eighteen than at one-and-twenty? Scarcely—her logic at either age did not exceed due feminine limits. But Edith had been living for amusement for three years; living, in fact, to speak plainly and shortly, to and for herself. Her conscience had learned to suggest her actions by the assurance that there was "no harm in them," not by the authoritative injunction, "Do this because it is right." The woman who leads such a life as this must make up her mind to two dangers:—first, she is sure to encounter temptation; secondly, she is sure to be unprepared for it. The rule of quiet obedience, of childlike faith, of daily self-denial, excludes the evil simply by leaving no room for it. It keeps the heart as in the shadow of some cool and voiceful cloister, and has the twofold virtue, that it is at once a safeguard from temptation and a strengthener against it. But of such a rule Edith had known little at any time, though the kindly influences of her childhood and early youth had in some measure supplied its place; they were, however, rather a shield from the foe than an armor on the body—the shelter was withdrawn, and she was found weaponless. Yet who shall say that with her noble impulses, generous feelings, amiable temper, warm heart, and (to speak in popular phraseology) *innocent* life, she was not a favorable specimen of her class, sex, and age in this our Christian England? Who, to take lower ground, could expect her even to *fear* that she was gradually departing from such a standard as Philip Everard carried in his heart of hearts? But we will not anticipate.

Mrs. Dalton's fantasia, or whatever it is to be called, came to an end, and Mr. Delamaine was at her side in a moment, begging for a song. She smiled her most bewitching smile, but immediately played an air with variations. "Do you like that?" inquired she, as she concluded. "It is one of Thalberg's."

"Oh—ah—yes—indeed," was his reply, "I should have recognized it immediately. So orchestral—there is no mistaking his style."

Mrs. Dalton looked a little mischievous, and Lord Vaughan, as he read on the title-page of the music the name of Mendelssohn, smiled to her with the open and gleeful significance of one who is not often in the secret of a private morsel of satire, and who inwardly congratulates himself on understanding it.

"But," pursued Mr. Delamaine, "you used to sing 'Ah luce di quest' anima!' used you not? You have not forgotten it?"

"Oh, no," answered she, graciously; "music that I have once learned keeps a most pertinacious hold on my memory."

"I am sure it is here; do let me find it for you," cried her persevering admirer, dropping suddenly down on his knees before the music-stand, thereby causing Lady Selcombe to start, and dislodging from her lap a perfect avalanche of colored wools. Having duly apologized for and repaired his misdeed, he proceeded to institute a vigorous search for the song, during which Mrs. Dalton chatted about music with Lord Vaughan and Sir Mark Wyvil, and finally began to play Irish airs, with intense feeling and variety of expression. "Ah luce di quest' anima" was at length found, and placed before her; she acknowledged the service by another smile and a most grateful bow, but continued to play without heeding it for at least half an hour. Then, leaving her chair, she addressed a young lady who was seated near the piano, listening to her with a kind of sullen and reluctant admiration. "My dear Miss Mainwaring," said she, "Mr. Delamaine is longing to hear you sing this song. We all know it is one of your favorites. Now, pray oblige us—as for me, I am really quite tired." She retreated as she spoke, and spent the rest of the evening in walking on the terrace, whither she would not allow either Edith or Mr. Thornton to follow her. Miss Mainwaring, who was cultivated and commonplace, obliged the company with untiring assiduity, and Mr. Delamaine, though looking at first a little blank, was politely attentive and vivaciously critical. Ere they separated for the night, however, Mrs. Dalton approached one of the open windows, and leaning her arms upon the sill, warbled Mozart's pretty and familiar "Buona notte, buona notte amato bene!" without accompaniment, with a richness and delicacy which astonished even those who were best acquainted with the wonderful beauty of her voice. The music was appreciable by all, the silence was

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breathless, the applause unbounded; and when the fair songstress had glided up-stairs to her apartment, Mr. Delamaine observed, with much animation, "What a fascinating woman Mrs. Dalton is!" From this sentiment no one dissented, unless Sir Mark Wyvil's significant clearing of the throat might be so interpreted.

By the end of a fortnight Mr. Thornton had made considerable progress in his portrait of Edith, and had advanced yet further in his intimacy with her. His cousin watched them with much interest, but could not satisfy her mind as to whether they were becoming really attached to each other or not. Mutual admiration was very evident; close attention on the gentleman's part, extreme graciousness on the lady's; but then Edith was gracious to all her admirers; indeed, a stern observer might not unjustifiably have pronounced that she coquetted with them. Lord Vaughan's devotion, though quiet and unobtrusive, was most profound. Mr. Delamaine's compliments were offered with a hardy and perpetual earnestness, which left no room to doubt their sincerity; yet both were encountered by her with just that mixture of piquancy and gentleness which was sufficient to keep hope alive, though it could scarcely be called encouragement. Total indifference or complete preöccupation might have blinded her to their real sentiments; but she appeared to like their attentions so well that these motives could scarcely be attributed to her; so the only conclusion left was, that if she were blind, it was partly for the very sufficient reason that she would not see.

"It is to-morrow that Captain Kinnaird comes, is it not?" said Mr. Thornton, as he uncovered his canvass, and prepared for the morning's labor. "You must give me a long sitting—I am quite anxious about his opinion."

"Oh! do not hope for Frank's approbation," returned Edith; "if you were to paint me with a palm-branch in my hand, and a glory round my head, he would still think you had not done me justice."

"The very circumstances under which it would be impossible to do you justice," cried the artist, laughing. "If you will allow me to say so, that is the only character under which I could not portray you to advantage."

"And what character is that, pray?" inquired Lord Vaughan, very quickly, and half affronted.

"That of a saint," replied Mr. Thornton. "Miss Kinnaird has not severity enough for an artist's ideal of a saint; and I am heartily glad of it, for if she had, I am sure I, for one, should be exceedingly afraid of her."

"So I should think," said Edith, a little more dryly than was her wont.

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Lord Vaughan; "only just fancy a young English lady of the present day looking like a saint! Just imagine a saint in embroidered muslin, with all those frills and flounces, and hair, which it must take at least an hour to plait and curl!"

Everybody joined his laugh at the juxtaposition of two ideas so glaringly incongruous as those of a saint and a "young English lady of the present day."

"Where is Kinnaird now?" pursued he.

"He is staying with the Verners."

"Ah, poor Verner!" cried Mr. Thornton, "what a wreck he is! It is positively painful to me to sit in the room with that man. He used to be the most brilliant companion; he had more refinement than any man I ever met with. In that respect he was absolutely feminine; and then such inexhaustible spirits! he would keep you roaring with laughter a whole evening; and then, when you were lounging off to bed, perfectly worn out, and scarcely able to speak from sheer fatigue, there was he as fresh and as cool as if he were just going to breakfast!"

"And what has changed him?" asked Mrs. Dalton.

"Marriage," was the laconic reply.

His cousin fixed her deep reproachful eyes on him without speaking.

"Such a marriage!" reiterated Lord Selcombe. "Yes, now that is a man whom one regrets to lose. Everybody liked Verner; with all his faults he was the most popular man of my acquaintance."

"What sort of woman can Mrs. Verner be," observed Edith, "to neutralize such an abundance of good qualities?"

"She is pretty, accomplished, tolerably amiable, and by no means stupid," said Mr. Thornton; "but—to sum it up in one tremendous word—she is vulgar."

"Yes, it was indeed a pity," chimed in Lady Selcombe; "she was low in family, and is decidedly underbred."

"Besides," said Mr. Thornton, "Verner never liked her—how could he? They were so perfectly uncongenial. A woman who would talk of her carriage-and-four, and tell you the cost of her drawing-room furniture at a dinner party! And he the most fastidious of men!"

"He never liked her!" repeated Edith, in a bewildered tone.

"She cannot conceive the possibility of a marriage without love," said Mrs. Dalton, quickly, to her cousin. Then turning to Edith, she added, with a mixture of sarcasm and sportiveness, "Did you never in all your life hear of such a thing as a *mariage de convenance*—as marrying for money, for station, for a home, or any other motive except the schoolgirl's idea of "Love in a cottage?" Oh, my dear Edith! if we could only stand in Madame de Genlis' Palace of Truth for five minutes!"

Edith blushed painfully. Perhaps friendship is the most sensitive of all affections; the first doubt—the first neglect—the first seeking of another for that sympathy which we thought it our own special privilege to give—these are moments which burn their traces on the heart, and leave a scar which, though it may possess the dubious advantage of callousness to future impressions, inflicts agony ere it hardens. And to such wounds friendship is specially liable. Love confers an equality, whether real or imaginary; there is a balance of feeling; its very essence is reciprocation. But friendships are for the most part unequal, existing between persons whose characters are dissimilar, either fundamentally, or in the aspect which they present to each other. The keen tenderness, the watchful reverence, the fear, the passion, are not equally divided, and much must he suffer in whom they predominate; much must he forbear, long must he persevere, ere the bond of full and perfect confidence is finally established. But, if there be indeed that hidden basis of sympathy, without which no true friendship is conceivable, it is well worth the struggle; for the reward shall overpay the labor. Forbearance, trustfulness, hope—on these three pillars may the temple be reared—but if one of these fail, especially if the second fail, there will be nothing but a shapeless ruin!

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"I don't think Miss Kinnaird need fear the Palace of Truth on this subject," said Sir Mark Wyvil, with a malicious emphasis on the name, and a glance at Mrs. Dalton.

"Nor Sir Mark Wyvil," retorted the lady instantly. "Both are equally transparent—but with a somewhat different effect."

Sir Mark was discomfited, and Mr. Thornton resumed the conversation, addressing Edith: "Oh, it was one of those sad cases, in which a marriage without affection is almost compulsory. He ran through a fine income; he was not the sort of man who could ever have lived within his income even if he had been as rich as Hudson; and then he had to choose between selling a place which had belonged to the family ever since Queen Elizabeth's time and marrying Miss Jarvis—a pretty girl enough—and devotedly attached to him."

"You must excuse me," said Edith; "but I think the lady is the more to be pitied of the two."

"Not she!" cried Lord Selcombe. "She is as happy as a queen, and has her own way in everything."

"That is just the happiness of a queen," replied Edith; "but not of a woman."

"But she dotes on her husband," said Lord Selcombe.

"And he—is indifferent to her!"

"It is better to worship than to be worshipped," said Mrs. Dalton in an undertone and with a half sigh.

"Verner was a younger brother," said Lord Vaughan; "what became of the elder—of Montague Verner? I remember the rejoicings at his coming of age when I was a good little boy in petticoats."

"Oh," said Lady Selcombe, with a grave shake of the head, "he was always very eccentric! It was a great grief to his family. He took up some religious mania, and would not live on his property."

"Yes—a canting rascal," cried her lord;—"he nearly broke his mother's heart. Some fancy about its being church property—the father was living then, you know, and he was a man who would n't stand any nonsense—so they quarrelled—and the young gentleman took his leave, went into orders, and was off to Van Dieman's Land, or some such place; and I've never heard anything about him since."

"A nice sort of religion," said Lord Vaughan, "which makes a man quarrel with his father!"

"Why," said Lady Selcombe, lowering her voice, "I have heard that there is insanity in the family; and, you know, that kind of religious enthusiasm, if it does n't begin with insanity, generally ends with it. Very few minds are strong enough to hold their balance when those notions get hold of them."

The world's charity and the world's condemnation—both appropriately exercised! Perhaps some such idea was present to Mrs. Dalton, for she had ceased to take any part in the conversation, and at the first pause she began to play. As usual, when she finished her performance, she was implored for a song; and as usual, when implored, she did not comply. She professed to be weary of watching the progress of the picture; engaged Lord Vaughan, who had still something of the schoolboy about him, in a private conspiracy against her cousin's brushes; made the room ring with her musical laugh when Mr. Thornton, having fallen into the trap, and finding himself about to paint Edith's forehead with Prussian blue, uttered an exclamation of disgust; and then darted off into the garden for a solitary ramble.

"She has the spirits of a child," said Mr. Thornton, a little impatiently.

"And how music excites her!" observed Lady Selcombe. "When she began to play she had a brilliant colour, and before the end of the piece she was as white as my pocket-handkerchief."

The rest of the morning was spent in discussing the details of a grand approaching piece of gayety that was to take place under Lady Selcomb's auspices; namely, a bazaar for the benefit of an hospital in process of erection at ——, the town nearest to Selcombe Park. "The celebrated beauty, Miss Kinnaird," though not exactly advertised in the handbills, was reckoned upon as first among the attractions which were to gather the neighbors from far and near for charitable purposes. She was to preside at one of the stalls, under the *chaperonage* of Mrs. Dalton; her costume was to be new for the occasion; and, in his character of artist, Mr. Thornton was allowed to arrange the distribution of colors. Lord Vaughan had asked and received permission to provide her with a bouquet; and Mr. Delamaine, who was never tormented by any importunate self-distrust, had constituted himself critic-in-chief, and soliloquized at great length over the bonnets and mantillas which Edith successively tried on, while she was listening for the more refined compliments of Mr. Thornton, receiving the silent homage of Lord Vaughan, or submitting to the good-humored comments of her host and hotess. Edith's enjoyment of the admiration which she excited did not exceed the limits of what is popularly termed "harmless vanity;" and harsh indeed would the censor have been deemed who should have passed sentence of condemnation upon her, for the manner in which she spent that bright autumn morning. Yet the particulars would have looked a little strange if they could have been faithfully noted down in her diary—especially if the varieties of *feeling* which beguiled the long hours of their tediousness could have been as accurately reported as the outward occupation.

"Edith, love, I vexed you to-day," said Mrs. Dalton, coming into her friend's room, as, weary with amusement, she was languidly brushing her hair ere she retired to rest.

Edith's quick change of color showed that the allusion was understood, though with the sudden impulse which always prompts us to accuse our sensitiveness of absurdity, and to wish to hide it, she, almost involuntarily, disclaimed the imputation.

"No—don't deny it," pursued Amy, kissing her forehead, "you *were* vexed, and I am glad that you were, because it shows that you love me. But now promise me," she added, with singular vivacity, "that you will never take to heart any hasty speech of mine; you may be sure that I shall never mean any unkindness by you; and I have an imperfect temper—that is to say, you don't know what may have happened or have been said to wound me and make me irritable. Even the closest friends know very, *very* little of each other, but that need not interfere with affection. Promise me, Edith!"

Most heartily did Edith return her embrace—most warmly did she give the required promise. The delicious feeling which she experienced at this first distinct avowal of friendship richly overpaid her for the pain which she had suffered. After a moment's pause, she replied—

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"But I cannot bear the idea that friends know but little of each other, and I can never think it true. It seems to me that confidence is a necessary part of friendship."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dalton, "but confidence is a word with a great many meanings; the highest of all is the confidence which gives full sympathy to the *feeling* without knowing, or wanting to know, its *cause*. However, I will confide to you," she continued in a lighter tone, "that I was annoyed this morning, because, as I myself never was in love in my life, your words sounded like a reproach to me. I see you are shocked at my confession; and now I want you to confide in me."

"Oh, don't ask me!" cried Edith, quickly, her face becoming crimson.

"Nay, 't is no very searching question," replied Mrs. Dalton; "I only want to know what you think of my cousin Godfrey?"

"I like and admire him excessively," exclaimed Edith, with earnestness; "I think him a genius, not merely in art, but in conversation. How different it has been since he came here! Everything seems to have received a higher impulse—nothing is common-place."

"Quite true," observed Amy; "and he has admitted you into some of the secrets of his mind, which are unsuspected by the world of mere acquaintance."

"Yes," said Edith, hesitatingly, "he talks very freely on all subjects of feeling. Sometimes he quite startles me; but it is very interesting."

"That is his particular charm," cried Mrs. Dalton; "he really lets you know what he is thinking and feeling; he never stops on the surface of anything—he goes into the depths at once."

"Yes," repeated Edith, "that is *one* way you know; but sometimes one finds out that people are feeling very strongly, just by their *not* speaking on the subject."

"Did you ever know any one," pursued Mrs. Dalton, "who so transformed and raised the whole tone of conversation without pedantry or parade? It is *so* refreshing in the midst of the mediocrities of society."

"It is perfectly delightful," answered Edith; "that is what I so especially admire in him. And how curious it is that there should be such different ways of doing the same thing!"

"One of his greatest merits in my eyes," continued Mrs. Dalton, "is in the quickness and refinement of his sympathies; I never can endure a man who laughs at a feeling."

"Oh! but dear Mrs. Dalton," exclaimed Edith, quickly, "that may come from such a different cause. A person may laugh sometimes only because he feels too deeply to like to show it. Sometimes, you know, a laugh is one's only escape from tears."

"That is not often the case," said Mrs. Dalton.

"No, not often, but sometimes," returned Edith; "I think it would be very hard and very unjust to decide that a man was cold-hearted even if he sneered and scoffed at subjects of feeling in company. It may come from some private cause—some early grief, which one knows nothing about, which has changed the whole life; besides, there are other ways of raising the conversation, and impressing you with high notions of character, than those which are distinct and open. One never thinks so highly of a person as when one has found out his merits and his feelings in spite of himself, and, as it were, against his own will."

Mrs. Dalton suddenly lifted her lustrous eyes, and fixed them full upon the face of Edith, who, coloring and shrinking, stooped over the toilette table and began to busy herself in putting into their case the ornaments of which she had just divested herself. Suddenly her friend seized both her hands, and still inflicting on her that merciless gaze, exclaimed, "Edith, you said just now that there should be no reserves in friendship; tell me—were you ever in love?"

CHAPTER IV.

A sudden knocking at the door of the room relieved Edith from the necessity of answering this embarrassing question.

"If you please, ma'am, Captain Kinnaird is come, and wishes to see you before you go to bed."

Mrs. Dalton could not restrain a laugh at the alacrity with which her friend responded to this summons. "Good night," said she, kissing her, "you are *quitte pour la peur* this time, and when next I want to catechise you, I will take precautions against these stage surprises. I do believe it was preconcerted."

"Dear Mrs. Dalton, how can you—!" was Edith's not very intelligible answer. "I am only so very glad to see my brother again; it is six months since we met."

She wrapped herself in a shawl as she spoke, and hurried to the dressing-room to receive her brother, while Mrs. Dalton withdrew to her own apartment.

Kinnaird, having kissed his sister heartily, examined her closely by the light of the lamp, pronounced that she was somewhat paler than her wont, and that dissipation did not agree with her, asked a few scattered questions relative to her proceedings for the last six months, and volunteered a vast quantity of rambling, rattling, and involved information relative to his own, professed himself tired, and wished her good night. But Edith lingered by the table with his candle in her hand, which was assuredly longer in getting lighted than ever candle was before. At last she said abruptly.

"I hope, Frank, you did n't forget my birthday."

"To be sure not, darling," was his rejoinder. "It is just a fortnight since; I was in Wales, drank your health in the very best Château Margaux it ever was my luck to taste. I suppose you are in a hurry for your birth-day present," he added, laughing, "but you must wait till my portmanteau is unpacked. When a young lady like you attains her majority, you know, one can't pay homage to her with a mere trifle, such as one may carry in one's pocket."

"Yes—I am twenty-one," said Edith, sighing.

From the moment in which childhood leaves us, we begin to count our birth-days with sighs instead of smiles. They are involuntary pauses, forcing a consciousness of life, even upon the giddiest—steps are they in the ladder of time, and whether we consider them as leaving the past, or leading to the future, the thought is equally sobering. But Satan's great aim is to paint our life's picture for us without any shadows; where he cannot eradicate them, he gilds them over; well knowing that so he shall destroy the proportions, and confuse the conception of the whole—overpowering the bright composure of the everlasting sky by the gaudy and obtrusive splendors of earth. And so the healthful solemnities which God has provided for man are by man forcibly transmuted into festivals; so we cele-

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brate a baptism by a dinner-party, and build an hospital by a ball!

Kinnaird looked earnestly at his sister, and then, with his customary straightforwardness, answered the question which he believed to lurk in that sigh. "It is a month since I heard from Everard," said he. Edith started at the name; the idea of the person whom we love is, as it were, compressed, and centred in the name, and so the heart shrinks from it, even when most familiar with the thought which it implies; just as a single speck of intense light will force tears from the eyes which could gaze steadily at the same amount of brightness spread over a larger space.

"He was at Marseilles when he wrote," continued Frank, "and must have been detained, or he would have been home long ere this. I wrote you word I had heard from him, from Marseilles."

"You did," answered Edith, as she moved towards the door. "Good night, Frank," added she, hurriedly and with averted face, pausing as if for a moment ere she left the room. "You never tell me anything about these letters. What does he say of me—of our engagement?"

The words were almost inaudible, but, even so, it cost Edith much to utter them. During the last three years she had regularly received from her brother notice of all Everard's proceedings, as reported in his own letters; but not one word of herself, not one allusion to their engagement. For some time she attributed this to delicacy or thoughtlessness in Frank; then she tried to break the oppressive silence by hints or allusions, but in vain. She could scarcely have given any tangible form to her suppositions, but there could be no doubt that her vanity was piqued, and the fortnight which had elapsed since her twenty-first birth-day, without bringing any tidings of Everard, had not helped to soothe it. At length she was resolved to ask the question; and the embarrassment immediately visible in her brother's face made her heart stop suddenly it its beating, as if a hand had laid cold grasp upon it.

"Oh," replied he, with a little hesitation, "I always give him full particulars concerning you; and as to the engagement, you know, he does not say much about that, because, you see, he takes it for granted;—it is a thing understood—a matter of course."

"Good night," repeated Edith, as, with a flushed face and a step of unwonted stateliness, she left the apartment.

Frank Kinnaird's embarrassment was genuine and profound. The fact was, that, during the whole course of their correspondence, Everard had never once mentioned Edith's name. It is true that Kinnaird had always given abundant information concerning her without waiting to be questioned, and though puzzled by such unbroken silence on a subject so interesting, he had satisfied his own mind by the reflection that Everard was "an odd fellow, who never felt or acted exactly as other men did, and he must be allowed to go his own way." But he did not think these considerations at all likely to satisfy the mind of Edith, who, in Mrs. Dalton's words, was "a woman most unlikely to forego her sex's privilege of being wooed." The manner in which he evaded her question was, however, much less calculated to satisfy her than a simple statement of the fact. The severity of reserve bears witness to the strength of the feeling which it is intended to restrain; a cord may bind a child, but you need chains of iron to fetter a man. Absolute silence may be more expressive than the most eloquent oration;—but small talk seems to be expressive of nothing but indifference. The conclusion which Edith carried away from this conversation was, that Everard had alluded to his engagement in terms so light, so cool, and so easy, that her brother did not like to report them to her.

It is singular how close the union, how strong the affection between brother and sister may be, without their even approaching to a comprehension of each other's characters;—without the smallest admixture of that sympathy, which, as has been before said, is the basis of friendship. One kind of sympathy, indeed, they must necessarily possess: they must be ready to weep for each other's sorrows, to rejoice in each other's happiness—but this, perhaps, without any quick perception of the personal causes which deepen either the joy or the grief. The bond between them is one rather of habit than of instinct, and differs herein most conspicuously from the love of parent and child, which is a part of the life of the heart, acting by secret unisons and spiritual accordances which cannot be put to silence, save by breaking the strings on which they vibrate. Not that this deeper union does not frequently exist in the case of the other relationship to which we are adverting, giving birth to a holy and tranquil friendship, whose sanctuary no light thought or evil doubt is suffered to profane. We are rather calling attention to the fact, that it is quite possible for a very strong, warm, and even tender affection to exist without it. It is quite possible to love a brother with your whole heart, and yet to feel that he is as far from conjecturing what passes in that heart as the stranger to whom you were introduced yesterday.

Now, Frank Kinnaird's affection for Edith was precisely of this latter description. He was proud of her, and fond of her—nay, he positively doated upon her; yet if he had been asked to name any of the particulars which individualized her character, and caused her to differ from other women, he would have answered by a most blank silence. His notions of women in general might have been worth a passing examination, if it were not that he shared them in common with so many of his sex; a heterogeneous compound they were, full of startling contradictions and pleasant inconsistencies. He had a strong theory that woman was a ministering angel; combined with a more practical belief that she was a domestic animal, and a vague doubt whether she really had any more soul than a kitten. Intellect he considered decidedly disadvantageous to her; yet it did not appear that he sought the society, or enjoyed the conversation of those who were destitute of such a portion of it as he was capable of appreciating. Self-dependence in a woman he vehemently detested; yet no one could be more utterly bored by the practical results of the opposite quality, except in the case of the individuals who, for the time, occupied his fancy and commanded his attentions. Intense, but not ungraceful vanity, a kind of shallow tenderness, abundant in tears, but unprepared for sacrifices, a pretty alacrity in white lies and innocent deceptions—these were, according to him, marks of the sex too indisputable to require discussion; and there is scarcely any imaginable instance of frivolity or falsehood which would not have elicited from him the appropriate comment, "What a thorough *woman!*" Nevertheless, no one could more readily recognize the merits of such particular instances as came under his personal observation; no one more indignantly testify to disparities, moral or intellectual, between wife and

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husband; no one more cordially pity the former—more earnestly condemn the latter, when the case demanded it. But his admiration for excellencies in women arose out of his natural love of whatever was good or noble; his leniency to their faults, out of the poverty and meanness of his ideal;—what woman would accept such charity! Nor let it be supposed that in this any special censure on Frank Kinnaird is intended; like most other men, he had never taken the trouble to combine his scattered opinions, so as to detect the unreality of some and the inconsistency of all. And we suspect that if this operation could be performed on the opinions of most other men, the result would be a theory not very unlike that which we have just described. And what, after all, does it signify! If the harp have three octaves, the most pertinacious playing, for a life-time, on three notes has no power to reduce the compass of the instrument. True, the useless strings may grow untunable, and return discord instead of harmony to the careless touch; but there they are still, undestroyed, for good or for evil; there they are still, and the various melody and the rich concord still sleep in them, ready to awake beneath the hand of a skilful player.

Thus much it has been necessary to say in order to explain what followed upon Frank Kinnaird's arrival at Selcombe Park, and to account for the view which he took of Edith's conduct. He immediately perceived that she was, to use the fashionable phrase, *flirting*, to no inconsiderable extent, with three gentlemen at once. Jealous for his friend, whose faith it never once occurred to him to doubt, and with whose fastidious delicacy he was well acquainted, he became angry with Edith, and he showed his anger in the most injudicious manner possible. His sister was a spoilt child, wayward, high-spirited, and vain; she had been breathing an air artificially softened for three years, and it would have required the most gradual tenderness to accustom her to a healthier temperature:—Frank took her out in an east wind at once, and then was astonished that she caught cold. Though undisciplined in mind, she was full of generous and noble feelings, and an affectionate and judicious friend might have moulded her as he pleased; but the idea that she was doing wrong—that her frivolous and useless life was a perpetual sin—that her constant and unintermitted intercourse with the world,—even with the *amiable* world, was unconsciously lowering her principles and injuring her character, had never once occurred to her; and now, on a sudden, she found the brother whom she had always hitherto ranked as one of her warmest worshippers, encountering her with a most unreasonable petulance, with an apparent resolution to disapprove all she did and dispute all she said, with those broad rebukes and unsoftened taunts which the freedom of family intercourse is sometimes supposed to sanction, but which sadly rub the bloom from family affection. Was it wonderful that she was exceedingly indignant, and felt herself extremely ill-used! Nay, was it unnatural, that she pertinaciously resolved to follow her own way! that she made an object of what had hitherto been only an amusement! that she rather studied to exhibit the pleasure she took in the attentions of her admirers than to withdraw from those attentions, and assume unconsciousness of them! Several days passed, and matters seemed rather to get worse than to improve; there was still no intelligence of Captain Everard; Edith continued to amuse herself and provoke her brother, and the latter, growing more and more surly, resolved at last upon an open remonstrance.

"Edith," said he, encountering his sister in the hall, as he was seeking her for this purpose, "will you come and walk with me in the garden! I have something to say to you."

Edith's rapid step was checked in an instant. "Have you letters!" asked she hurriedly.

"No, no; but I particularly want to speak to you."

"Out of the question!" cried she gayly, "I am going to give Mr. Thornton a German lesson, and shall not be at leisure for at least an hour. If you have anything very particular to say, tell me now—quick—this instant, for my pupil is waiting for me!"

"Your pupil is, of course, a person of far greater consequence than your brother," said Frank, with that sour kind of playfulness in which the joke is only assumed for the privilege which it gives the speaker of saying far ruder things than he could possibly say in plain earnest.

"Oh, I see you are cross!" returned his sister; "how glad I am that I have got an engagement! Anything is pleasanter than being scolded. I hope by the time I am at your service you will be in a better humor;" and, with a curtsey of mock solemnity, she darted away into the library. Kinnaird stood still for a moment, feeling most disproportionately angry, and then slowly followed her, and betaking himself to an easy chair and a newspaper, watched with no indulgent eyes the proceedings of the two students. A formidable array of grammars and dictionaries lay on the table as a sort of challenge to the whole world to disprove that they were going to study; Halm's "Son of the Desert" was open before them, and from this they read alternately, Edith occasionally supplying her pupil (whose knowledge of the language seemed scarcely inferior to her own) with the meaning of a word.

"I wonder how that play would act," said Mrs. Dalton, who was playing *chaperone* as they closed the book. "Exquisite as it is, and full of truth and pathos, the unity of interest is so unrelieved that it is scarcely dramatic."

"Oh, that is the very peculiarity in which I delight!" exclaimed Edith; "there is a kind of repose, even in passion when it is uninterrupted; episodes and contrasts do jar so with one's feelings when they are really interested. I cannot endure that perpetual recurrence of an underplot, or another set of characters, when the first conception has been grand, and true, and simple. It is as if you were to paint every alternate figure in a frieze by way of relieving the eye from the glare of white marble."

"No," said Mr. Thornton, "don't paint the figures, but paint the background, if you please; the white figures of the Parthenon stand upon a ground of pure blue. In the episodes and underplots which have disgusted you, the fault lies in the *execution*, not the *idea*, for it is only by contrast that unity becomes salient. 'Unity in multiplicity' was the old Italian definition of beauty, and we shall not easily find a better. You can trace a silver thread in a crimson web, but make the whole fabric crimson and the separate filaments are no longer to be discovered."

"But is not the life that one lives background enough to throw the conceptions of art into most bold relief!" inquired Mrs. Dalton; "not blue, truly, but russet or lead color."

"There is truth in that remark," said Mr. Thornton; "and perhaps that is the reason why, when

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daily life has attained the acmé of civilization, that is to say, of artificialness and corruption, art seems to assume a second childhood, as if in despair at its own decrepitude. Vast and complex creations appear no longer possible; we have a new generation of lyrical poets, and we have the lyrical spirit in all art, differing, however, from its earlier manifestation as the twilight of evening differs from that of morning; the one hurries into day, the other loiters into darkness. Simple forms, and short but lofty flights, are the true artist's only refuge from the wearisome varieties of reality as it exists now."

As he spoke he was carelessly turning the leaves of the book, and, lighting upon Parthenia's song, he handed it to Mrs. Dalton with a look of entreaty. "Sing it in English," said he. She complied, and the rich notes of the simple but passionate melody, rang through the room, with a tone irresistibly saddening, though the expression was rather wistful than melancholy.

My heart, I bid thee answer!
How are love's marvels wrought!
"Two hearts, by one pulse beating,
Two spirits and one thought!"

And tell me how love cometh?
"'T is here!—unsought—unsent."
And tell me how love goeth?
"That was not *Love* which went."

"The quiet, almost arch gravity of the last line is inestimable," cried Thornton as she concluded.

"How exquisite," said Amy, "is that first scene in which Parthenia teaches Ingomar the use of beauty, if I may so express it. The wreath upon the vase—how often one thinks of it! how often in life do we find the vase without its wreath, or the wreath withered and scentless!"

"True," replied Thornton. "Here, as ever, in real art, the story is but a parable. We are first taught that beauty makes truth lovable, and afterwards, that without truth she is worthless. Nay, that she is not beauty at all. The noble savage has to learn softness and refinement, and afterwards how do the conventional softnesses and hollow refinements of artificial life crumble beneath his touch, and do him involuntary homage!"

"Oh, don't make it into an allegory!" pleaded Edith, "you will philosophize away the deep personal interest and pathos of the tale. Who could see without tears that last sudden outburst of devotion and reverence in Parthenia, when, having played at goddess and teacher all the way through, she suddenly recognizes his immeasurable superiority, and, without a fear or a scruple, prostrates her whole being before him? It shows how often coldness—immovable, unlovable coldness, is only on the surface; how there may be not only keen tenderness, but passionate fervor of character beneath it!"

"But I like the fervor which shows itself," cried Thornton, glancing at Edith's beautiful and animated face. "Coldness is, as you truly said, utterly unlovable. Feeling may hide itself when it pleases under satire, or wit, or playfulness, and be only all the more attractive; it is forever letting the veil slip a little aside and giving you an instant's peep at its real face. But, once let it wrap itself in the pall of coldness, and (though this may perhaps be its only refuge on account of its very earnestness) it will never win hearts. At least it will never win my heart;—I have not faith enough to believe in that which I don't see, and which, moreover, is not even suggested to me."

"And so," said Mrs. Dalton, "the very temperament which most needs sympathy is, by its own constitution, irrevocably shut out from it!"

"That is hard," said Edith.

"It can't be helped," returned Mr. Thornton. "It is so, and will always be so. Some people are born to suffer—others to enjoy; some to win love without seeking it, and others——"

"To die for want of it," interrupted Amy, "like plants without water."

The conversation was here brought to a sudden pause by the announcement of visitors, Mrs. Willoughby and Miss Brown. They entered;—the former a portly personage, erect even to painfulness, but with a deliberate activity of movement that was the very reverse of stately. Each motion was, if I may so express it, a dignified jerk. Her dress was exceedingly handsome, and her face bore the traces of considerable beauty, but there was invincible vulgarity in the expression of the mouth, and her manners had that conscious and elaborate affability which is incompatible with high breeding, and which, by the force of its very graciousness, makes everybody else feel shy or proud, according to temperament.

"Mr. Thornton," said she, approaching him with a glide and a bend, "I believe I may claim acquaintance with you." Here she vouchsafed an action—brief, chilly, and tremulous, which she considered in the light of shaking hands. "Allow me to present my young friend—Miss Brown."

Miss Brown, a plain, pale, awkward girl, shabbily dressed, and wholly uninteresting, retreated with an embarrassed curtsey, and seated herself out of reach as quickly as she could.

"Will you introduce me?" continued Mrs. Willoughby, with a glance at the ladies. Mr. Thornton, bored, but polite, complied with this request, and the visitor proceeded, "My errand here was to ask permission to see a portrait, which I understand that you have just finished. I hope,"—looking comprehensively at Mr. Thornton and Edith—"I hope I am not asking too much."

"If Miss Kinnaird has no objection," said he, hesitating. Miss Kinnaird, of course, could have none, and the picture was produced.

"I am no critic," said Mrs. Willoughby, with a deprecatory wave of the hand, as if she had received a compliment. "Indeed, I know nothing whatever of painting; I never had a lesson in my life." She looked anxiously towards Miss Brown, but as that young lady remained perfectly silent, she was reluctantly compelled to do the honors to her own untaught genius. "I believed, however," she added, "that I have a correct eye;—that, you know, is quite a gift—it cannot be acquired—it is quite a gift."

This was so decidedly addressed to Mrs. Dalton, that an answer was inevitable. "Quite," said Amy, scarcely opening her lips: she was not practised in that peculiar species of self-discipline, the result of which is universal courtesy.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Willoughby with animation, "the most ignorant person, who happens to have a correct eye, may often be—at least I have been told so—a very useful critic. Some artists have told me that they would rather receive that kind of criticism than any other."

Mr. Thornton did not look as if he sympathized with those artists; but he could do no less than say that he should be much obliged by Mrs. Willoughby's comments.

The lady instantly became more impressively

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modest than before. "Oh! no, Mr. Thornton," said she. "I could not presume—it is not as if I painted myself. I am wholly incapable of criticising, as far as any real knowledge of the subject is concerned. But a correct eye, you know, is quite a gift. I should be able to tell you directly if the mouth were not quite straight, or if the outline of the face were a little out of drawing, or if one of the eyes were a little too large—that I should find out in a moment. But I am no critic—that sort of faculty is quite a gift, you know. *You know?*" reiterated Mrs. Willoughby with emphasis, and interrogatively addressing Mrs. Dalton.

"Yes," said that lady deliberately, with an exterior politeness thinly concealing contempt.

"Now, I dare say," proceeded Mrs. Willoughby, "that in an exhibition—in any large collection of pictures, I should fix at once upon those that were really good. Probably I should distinguish an original from a copy at a glance—yes at a glance; but I could not tell you *how* I did it. I could not give you the *reason*—that is what connoisseurs can do, and I am anything but a connoisseur. I have no technical knowledge; I have only an accurate eye, which, you know, does not depend upon study—as I said before, it is a gift."

There was a pause after this speech, and the silent portrait seemed pleading to be looked at. Mrs. Willoughby approached it, and stood for some minutes in contemplation. "Do you think it like?" asked Mr. Thornton at last. (We should like to be informed on good authority, whether an artist is ever wholly and really indifferent to the opinion pronounced on his work by *any one;* whether he does not experience an emotion, either pleasurable or painful, even when the verdict proceeds from one whom he deliberately holds to be utterly incapable of judging. Scorn, be it remembered, is *not* indifference—though we do not pretend to define what it *is*.)

"Oh, undoubtedly," she replied. "A most admirable likeness. Miss Kinnaird, you must excuse my staring—the forehead is absolutely perfect."

Edith blushed under the oppressive gaze, and Mr. Thornton laughed, but not offensively.

"There cannot be a doubt of its being an excellent likeness," pursued the fair critic; "but yet—my unfortunate eye—it is quite a trial to be so accurate—one sees the least little divergence from the right line in an instant. But it is very presumptuous in me to say so; I have no doubt that it is perfectly correct."

"Pray, say exactly what you think," said Mr. Thornton, with stately deference to the lady's correctness of eye.

"Well, if you really ask me," returned she, "if I may indeed venture, I should say that the curve of this left nostril comes just a hair's-breadth too low—there—pray be careful—scarcely a touch will do it. (He had taken a brush in his hand and approached the portrait.) One little tiny stroke, you know, makes all the difference in these cases. Ah—h! (a prolonged sound of intense satisfaction.) There it is! You have done it exactly. Wonderful!—and the corner of that eye—do you see what I mean? Raise it the least little bit in the world;—pray, don't suppose that I am criticising. I know very well that I am quite an ignoramus;—only you see (with an appealing look to the ladies) Mr. Thornton is so excessively good-natured—he encourages the most timid person to speak her mind plainly. There! I see in an instant that you have done what I wanted to the eye;—is it not extraordinary what a change of expression is produced by a single touch?—one would scarcely believe it. Yes; now the portrait is perfect—it does not look like the same picture. Surely, Mr. Thornton, you must be struck by the improvement, yourself!"

"I am perfectly satisfied with the likeness now," returned he, with a courteous bow; at the same time silently directing Edith's attention to the fact, that the brush with which he had executed the lady's suggestions had no color in it. The completeness of her self-satisfaction did not allow her to perceive the equivocal nature of his reply. She had so perseveringly taken it for granted that he was encouraging her, that she could not possibly have suspected herself of impertinence. "Well, you see," said she, with a self-congratulatory nod, "even the most ignorant people may sometimes be useful to the most learned. The mouse and the lion, you know! But I was really frightened when I saw you beginning to touch it. I quite longed to take the brush out of your hand. When one sees so *exactly* what is the change required, and when the change itself is so *excessively* minute, one is afraid to trust it to another person, you know."

"Afraid to trust it—another person," muttered Mr. Thornton, in an aside to Edith, "I wonder whether I *did* paint the picture—I believe she thinks *she* did it."

"And now," resumed Mrs. Willoughby, with a decided access of graciousness, "will you allow me to speak of another errand which I have to you, Mr. Thornton? I have some drawings here for your inspection." She took from the table a portfolio which had been brought after her by the servant, and began to untie the strings.

"Are they your own?" inquired Mr. Thornton, as calmly as he could, but with an expression of some alarm.

"Oh no! How could you suppose it! I do believe you are quizzing me. You know I am no artist myself, though, as you have seen, I have some little capacity for art. These are the productions of a young friend of mine; a *protégée*—in fact (lowering her voice and speaking rapidly;) the family are in most reduced circumstances, and this girl has shown immense genius—something quite out of the common way. She is very timid, and they have no interest themselves, poor things! so I have brought her drawings to you, to ask your candid opinion of them. I assure you her genius is quite extraordinary; and she looks forward to supporting herself and her family by her exertions as an artist."

Mr. Thornton turned over the drawings rapidly—"Ha!—not so bad—not so bad," he said, as he glanced at them in succession, "My dear Mrs. Willoughby, these are cases in which I always speak with perfect openness. Your young friend has a very pretty talent, and would do herself much credit as an amateur; but there is nothing like genius here; nothing that would justify me in recommending her to follow art as a profession. She would be only preparing disappointment for herself, and wasting time which might be far more usefully employed."

"Oh—you think so," said Mrs. Willoughby, with a blank look, and an utter change of tone. "It is her only resource: they have scarcely bread to eat."

"She would never earn bread as an artist, I assure you," returned he, very decidedly. "Let her do plain work, or give drawing-lessons to beginners; she might possibly be equal to that. But

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I do assure you, that you will be no friend to her if you encourage her to imagine herself a genius."

"I am afraid you are ill," said Edith, kindly, to the silent Miss Brown, whose increasing paleness had attracted her attention.

"No, thank you," was the scarcely audible answer. She made an effort to rise, but fell back, and in another moment Edith perceived that she had fainted. All was confusion; bells were rung and essences produced. Edith supported the invalid's head and untied her bonnet, while Mrs. Dalton threw water in her face and held salts beneath her nose.

"I suppose it was too much for her, poor thing!" said Mrs. Willoughby, pompously, but not unkindly. "These are her drawings, you know; and she has been quite living on the thought of being an artist ever since she was old enough to think at all."

"Good heavens, how brutal!" cried Thornton, sadly forgetting his good breeding, in the keenness of a compassion somewhat unusual from man to woman, when the object of it has neither beauty, talent, nor rank to recommend her.

"Nay, do not reproach yourself," said Mrs. Willoughby, instantly affixing her own interpretation to the sentiment. "It is much better, you know, that she should hear the truth at once."

"Take me to mamma," said the poor girl, faintly, half opening her eyes.

"Come, come, my dear, you must n't give way in this manner. Exert yourself, there 's a good girl; you are making yourself quite ridiculous.—It 's always better to scold them a little when they are fainting or hysterical," said Mrs. Willoughby, in an audible aside to Mr. Thornton, and with a little confusion among her pronouns, "but it is a hard trial for her, though, of course, it 's all for the best. People do deceive themselves so—one's own kindness deceives one, and blinds one's discernment in these cases."

CHAPTER V.

Self-conceit is either intensely obstinate or servilely pliant, according to the breadth of the basis of self-confidence on which it rests. Mrs. Willoughby was so anxious to establish her claim to be considered an untaught genius, that she was afraid to oppose Mr. Thornton's opinion, and chimed in with it so readily that she hoped to throw her original view quite into the background. But she was really good-natured, and she therefore proceeded to claim his sympathy for her unfortunate *protégée* on other grounds.

"They are so very poor," she said, "and such deserving people. Quite gentlewomen, too."

Miss Brown rose abruptly. "I would rather go, if you please," she said, in a low, tremulous voice, to Edith, her color varying, and hands shaking as she tried to fasten her bonnet. "Mamma is only waiting for me at the lodge. I——" Edith cut short her distressing effort at composure by drawing her arm within hers, and leading her at once into the garden.

"The air will do you good," said she, soothingly.

"Oh, pray excuse me—I have been very foolish," returned her companion, hurriedly; "I could not help it. Indeed I have not intended to be conceited; I never wanted to be a genius—only we are *poor*, you see;" and her cheek burned as she spoke the word with painful emphasis, "and they all fancied I had talent; and I have been thinking for a long time that I should be able to save mamma from having to work for her livelihood—and she—" Here her assumed strength gave way at once, and bursting into tears, she added, "Oh, how shall I tell her?"

"Let me come with you," said Edith, much distressed. "Pray don't try to restrain your feelings—don't think of me as a stranger. Sit down on this bench—there—(taking her hand) you will be better soon."

"I am better now," faltered she, struggling to repress her sobs. "I will go at once. Pray excuse me. I would rather go alone. You are very kind. I am extremely obliged to you, but I would rather go by myself."

"You shall do exactly as you please," replied Edith, gently, and cordially shaking her young companion's hand, ere she dropped it. "But are you sure that you are able to walk so far as the lodge without assistance?"

"O yes, quite, thank you," answered Miss Brown, with forced cheerfulness and a painful smile. "I am well again, I assure you. It is much better as it is. I shall never be so foolish again," she added, with a dreary, desolate resignation, like one whose life has been robbed of the single hope which gave it light and color, and who is trying to believe that the neutral tint of aimless indifference is better than either.

"I wish I could persuade you"— began Edith, with some hesitation.

"No; do not," interrupted she quickly, "do not persuade me, out of kindness, to *believe* again. It is better to know the truth at once; and hope is only another name for disappointment. Good-bye, and thank you very much." She turned as she was leaving Edith, and suddenly, with an averted face and much agitation of manner, said, "Will you forgive my asking you one more favor? Mrs. Willoughby is very kind, and I am very grateful to her, but—" she stopped, seemingly unable to articulate another word.

"You don't wish to see her again," cried Edith, eager to divine her meaning, and save her from the pain of expressing it. I will take care that she does not follow you."

"Thank you," said the other, half smiling, "but I did not mean that."

"What then?" inquired Edith.

"Why, she may probably—I am afraid—out of mistaken kindness—she might ask to have those drawings bought—for charity—and, *will* you prevent this?" The last words were spoken with sudden vehemence, and she clasped her hands over her burning face.

"Trust it to me," said Edith earnestly and kindly. "Don't let that idea trouble you for a moment. I will take care that it shall not be done. And now, before you go, have the kindness to give me your address, for I assure you I am not inclined to let our acquaintance end here."

"Thank you, thank you," said the poor girl, once more uncovering her eyes.

"Don't thank me," answered Edith, playfully, "but do as I ask, if you please." She drew forth pencil and paper, and wrote the words which her companion tremulously pronounced, "Alice Brown, 5, West-street, Beechwood, Dorsetshire."

"Beechwood!" cried Edith, "why, that is the name of Mrs. Dalton's place, and that, too, is in Dorsetshire."

"Yes," replied Alice, "that is Beechwood Park. It is four miles from the town of Beechwood."

"Then I shall see you before very long, for I am

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going to Beechwood in three weeks." And the two girls parted—with what different destinations! Edith's heart sank, as in the fulness of her bright and prosperous beauty she stood watching the slow walk of the shabby and drooping figure which had just left her. She involuntarily pictured the meeting at the lodge—the watchful, anxious mother—the agonizing disappointment—the loving attempts at unreal consolation on either side—and the desolate return to the small, dingy, un-home-like room in the sombre street of a third-rate country town. Tear after tear of pure compassion did she wipe from her eyes; but, two little months afterwards, she would have encountered all that gloom, and poured forth double those tears, for leave to change places with the poor, neglected, unattractive Alice Brown, if by so doing she could have undone her experience of life as Edith Kinnaird! She was roused from a reverie, in which such thoughts as this certainly had no part, by her brother's voice.

"Tears, Edith! I am glad you have some sympathy to spare for any but the fictitious, sentimental sorrows of your German hero and heroine!"

The taunt seemed peculiarly unkind and undeserved, and Edith was turning resentfully away, but Frank detained her. "Do not go, Edith, I want to talk to you about your friends. Even you must allow that they did not exhibit the fairest side of their characters this morning."

"You seem determined to provoke me, and I don't know what you mean," replied Edith, indignantly. "Mrs. Willoughby behaved with heartless vulgarity; but I do not see what fault could be found with any one else."

"You think, then," answered Frank, "that it is perfectly consistent with courtesy, and sincerity, and Christian charity, to ridicule an ignorant and conceited woman to her face; to assist in persuading her she is as clever as she believes herself to be; to act submission and obedience to her in such a manner as to make her absurdity more glaring for the enjoyment of the bystanders."

"I think such self-sufficiency as Mrs. Willoughby's is fair game for anybody's wit," said Edith, somewhat embarrassed.

"Yes, if you take a fair shot at it," replied Frank; "but this was laying a trap, which is never fair. And *that* Mrs. Dalton—I do not like her at all; and I wish with all my heart, Edith, that you would n't make a friend of her. I don't like all this German sentimentalism and unreal nonsense; making women discontented with their homes, and teaching them to think themselves unappreciated angels, whom nobody can understand, and whom nobody is worthy to sympathize with. All that is flimsy—so morbid—so thoroughly un-English."

"You don't know Mrs. Dalton," exclaimed Edith; "you were only introduced to her a fortnight ago, and you have never sought her society, so that you *cannot* know anything of her character. Where is the Christian charity, pray, in deciding against her without reason in this manner?"

"But I have reason," retorted Frank, "and I know her quite well enough—that is to say, I should be very sorry to know her better. I know that she is married to a most excellent man, who doats upon her, and that she does not make his home happy, and tries to make the world believe her to be an interesting victim."

"It is *not* true," cried Edith, warmly. "I wonder, Frank, you can believe such stories. I wish you would have a little more consideration, and remember that you are speaking of my dear friend."

"Your dear friend!" repeated Frank, with that sort of sneer which a woman finds harder to bear than the bitterest taunts—a sneer which seems to imply that her feelings are too worthless and unreal even to be discussed. "And as to the stories not being true, I will just ask you one question. Have you not heard her profess that she never was in love in her life?"

"Well," answered Edith, reluctantly, "but you know that may be true—"

"A pretty speech for a married woman to make, whether true or false," interrupted Frank, bluntly; "and to make to her husband's face, too, as I know she does! However, my dear Edith, don't let us talk about her. Seriously, it annoys me excessively to see the manner in which you are flirting—it is not what I like at all; you are making poor Vaughan in love with you again, and you are positively coquetting with Thornton and Delamaine, neither of whom, I do believe, care sixpence for you in their hearts. I am quite sure, to speak plainly, your behavior is the very reverse of what Everard would like."

There was a tone of authority in this unpleasant speech which rendered it peculiarly galling; moreover, after the unexpected and injudicious attack which Frank had just made on her particular friend, Edith felt less than ever inclined to submission. She replied with glowing cheeks and considerable temper, "I am not a child, Frank, and, I assure you, I can judge better what I ought to do than any man—men are no judges of women. And if Captain Everard thinks ill of me, let him speak for himself—he does not seem in a hurry to do so."

These last words were spoken in a low tone of voice and with face averted. They were awkwardly true, and Frank did not quite know how to answer them; he accordingly renewed his attack in another form.

"I wonder you can tolerate the attentions of such a well-known butterfly as Thornton; he was desperately in love with Lady Emily Rivers two months ago, and to-morrow he will be at the feet of Miss Glamis, the Scotch beauty, who is to be the grand attraction at this ridiculous bazaar. Altogether, Edith, I do hope you will be on your guard at this bazaar, and not make yourself conspicuous."

Edith had recovered her temper, though not her equanimity, and she answered with a laugh—

"Oh, my dear foolish brother, please don't agitate yourself into a virtuous fever about poor innocent me, who never flirted in my life. I shall have to put you on a turban and introduce you everywhere as my *chaperon*."

"Well, Edith," said Frank, sullenly, "a joke is not a reason."

"No, nor a solemn speech either," retorted she; "at least I'm sure it is often the most unreasonable nonsense in the world. The truth is," added she, as if speaking gravely to herself, "he is getting very uncomfortable because he has got nobody to flirt with himself, and so he must needs try to find out flirtations in other people. Never mind, Frank, dear, I'll take good care to occupy Mr. Thornton to-morrow, and you shall have Miss Glamis all to yourself."

Frank *would* not smile.

"You are trying to provoke me, Edith," said he, "but it won't do."

"Won't it really?" replied Edith. "Now, do you know, I thought it was doing very well."

The color rushed into his face as he exclaimed with vehemence—

"I do believe there never was a woman in the

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world who was not a thorough coquette at heart, and who did not love teasing better than anything else."

"And with that pretty sentiment, which must vindicate with every woman your claim to be judge and adviser-general of the sex—I leave you," returned Edith, forcing a laugh as she ran into the house.

Edith's pride was roused and her temper irritated. She felt all the injustice of her brother's remarks too keenly to feel the justice of them at all. If there was a latent spark of real coquetry in her heart it was roused by his most unwise and taunting assertion that "Mr. Thornton did not care sixpence for her." She felt, moreover, as she had said, that she was no longer a child, and that he was treating her as though she were one. She resolved to show her independence, and she felt secretly certain that Miss Glamis would *not* attract Mr. Thornton from her side at the bazaar on the following day. She told herself that she was *not* flirting—that she was only legitimately enjoying herself—that Lord Vaughan was *not* in love with her, and that Mr. Thornton and she were only forming a friendship. When she thought of her brother's strictures on Amy Dalton, she could not contain her indignation. "It shows clearly," thought she, "how determined he is to find fault with everything that I do, and it would be quite weak to give way to it. But it is not like my own dear Frank—it is quite unkind. I know what I will do. I will tease him *thoroughly* to-morrow morning, by way of a little innocent revenge, and then I will talk to him afterwards and coax him, and make him see that he has been foolish, and that I don't deserve all these terrible denunciations."

Such was the satisfactory result of Frank Kinnaird's judicious lecture; such the mood in which Edith went to her stall at the fancy bazaar!

And where was Philip Everard? And what was he thinking? It is time to inquire.

COLONIZING CAPACITIES OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

THERE is a tendency, says Mr. George Pemberton of Canada, on the part of emigrants to pass from British North America to the United States; and this proceeds from the greater amount of public works carried on in the United States. The experience of the British Provinces, taken by itself, goes to confirm this view. New Brunswick, with large natural resources, is not more contrasted with the United States in the backwardness which it exhibits as to the progress of settlement than it is in the paucity and simplicity of its public works; which are almost limited to indifferent roads. Yet such progress as it has made in the process of settlement has mainly followed the course of its road-making. The subject derives peculiar interest just now from the project of forming a railroad to connect Halifax and Quebec, as a means not only of vastly improving the colony and the whole relations of the British North American colonies, but also of facilitating the settlement of large numbers of laboring emigrants from Ireland. We quote in another part of our paper copious extracts from the report of Lord Monteagle's committee: they will be found to bear out the summary which we proceed to give.

In the year 1844, the number of emigrants into New Brunswick was 2,500; in 1846, 9,500. Of the larger number, about 4,500 passed on into the United States; but still the increase in the number that remained was considerable. No difficulty was felt in providing for the increased number: various employments were brisk in the city of St. John; but the chief source of employment was the grant of £40,000 provided by the local legislature for road-making. The effect of the road-making in a country like New Brunswick, thickly wooded and mostly desert, is striking and instantaneous. By providing immediate employment for the emigrant, it attracts greater numbers to the spot; opening a way into the desert, it enables the settlements to be extended; and the productiveness of the colony is directly augmented. Road-making in New Brunswick forms a very appropriate occupation for the new comer: in the first instance, he is employed in kinds of earth-work with which he is familiar at home; by degrees, in the winter season, he becomes acquainted with the more arduous, more valuable, and better-paid labor of the axe; next he gets to learn and to appreciate the opportunity offered to the actual settler, and, withdrawing from the occupation of a journeyman on the roads, he becomes a settler on the land; making room for others to follow in the same course. The witnesses before Lord Monteagle's committee, whose character and information are beyond question, describe some very prosperous settlements thus formed in New Brunswick. In one case, certain destitute emigrants who established a settlement in 1837 are now the owners of property. And it is interesting to find that the Irishman, removed from his native condition of idle hopelessness to the sphere of colonial industry, becomes as good a settler as any. The Irish settlements are not behind others in prosperity or good order.

The evidence places it beyond a doubt, that if railways were substituted for common roads, the same results would be attained with a proportionate rapidity and on a proportionate scale of magnitude. It is proposed to form a line of railway from Halifax to Quebec, which would pass through part of Nova Scotia, the centre of New Brunswick, and part of Canada. The formation of a railroad on the American plan, for such regions, is by no means a work of such expense as one in England: the timber found and felled upon the spot is laid transversely to the height requisite for the level, and the railway thus goes upon an embankment constructed with the cheapest of materials—the refuse of the clearing. The railway will open a path right through the province, and will facilitate the formation of settlements by its sides throughout its length in New Brunswick; besides the direct employment afforded in Canada and Nova Scotia, the railway will virtually call into living existence the dormant wastes of New Brunswick. It will supply a more certain path for much of the produce of Canada. It will politically bind the North American colonies together, and will strengthen their military tenure. But the point which just now most concerns us is the facility which the railway will afford for the process of settling emigrants from the parent country. We have already seen that the common road-making furnishes the main channel for absorbing about 5,000 emigrants yearly; and Mr. Perley, the government emigration agent of New Brunswick, estimates that if the great trunk railway, with some feeders which are already begun, were carried out, it would furnish immediate employment for 40,000 or 50,000 emigrants within the year, or ten times

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the number provided for under the present system. This is evidently no extravagant estimate.

But, as Mr. Perley says, "emigration makes emigration;" and such employment on one great work would give an immense stimulus to other employments—to the fisheries of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, to the mineral works of Nova-Scotia, to the shipping and trade of Halifax and St. John, to the agriculture of New Brunswick and eventually of Canada; with the increasing resources of the colony, its own internal process of extending the settlements would advance, its demand for immigrant labor would augment; and, in short, the active prosperity of the colony must advance in such an infinite number of modes and to such an infinite extent, that Mr. Cunard is justified in saying that the great railway might become the primary means of providing for "millions" of settlers.

Be it remembered that this is no mere speculation: certain of the data are fixed. The process contemplated is that which is already seen at work. "Very destitute persons"—"paupers"—from England and from Ireland, have been settled on the land, and have become flourishing colonists within ten years, by the process of common road-making which is actually going on. The rule is, that if you make a road, you furnish work for emigrants, they settle on the land to which the road conducts them, and they flourish as colonists. That process is actually going on in New Brunswick at the rate of 5,000 emigrants a year. But the *modus operandi* is no mystery: it is evident that its extent is only limited by the want of disengaged funds for the purpose of road-making: supply the funds, and you may at once multiply the actual process tenfold. The calculation that, with its great railway, New Brunswick could provide employment, subsistence, and settlements for 50,000 emigrants a year, is perhaps one of the most moderate estimates ever framed.

But New Brunswick, to which we have for the present limited the consideration, is only one out of the large number of English colonies. Fifty thousand a year would be a great addition to the annual relief of Ireland; and it would be provided by only one of England's colonies, under a judicious system of public works as a preliminary to settlement. In the course of analyzing the report of Lord Monteagle's committee, we shall show that other colonies can in like manner contribute to that relief, with immense advantage to themselves. The sole want, then, is some intellect among our officials capable of conceiving and of dealing with these large wants and great operations.—*Spectator*.

OUR FLIGHT WITH LOUIS PHILIPPE.

GIRD up thy loins, old Louis, and look abroad with me.
Nay, shrink not back: I know it; there are sorry sights to see.
'T was but late that with a minister o'er London town I flew,
And now, mine ancient gentleman, I have a flight for you.

I showed him the work of centuries, I 'll show thee the work of years;
He heard the cry of poverty, thou shalt mark a monarch's tears;
I bared for him the hut, for thee I 'll open palace gates;
The fester probed in streets for him, I 'll probe for thee in states.

Up, heavy weight of kingship! Up, hoary weight of sin!
Or must I rip thy pockets, before our flight begin?
No soul with silver freighted, on voyage like ours may go;
No eye that 's sealed with golden scales can see the sights I show.

Out come the ducats tumbling—out come dollar and doubloon—
Now for the five-franc pieces—we shall shoot skyward soon!
Now, down with that dotation; down with it—no good-bye!
We 're right at last! So—clutch me fast! How merrily we fly!

We 've left Paris far behind us—on the broad wings of the breeze—
Those glimmering peaks—Dost know them? Those are the Pyrenees.
Nay, pause not over Burgos; there 's cold welcome from the Cid.
Now southward turn—and lo, where burn the dim lights of Madrid!

Look not askance, but brave a glance at yonder palace room;
Dark all, both hall and heart of him that dwells there in his gloom.
So bravely clad, and yet so sad—so wan—so lonely waking—
And yet no widower is he, but the husband of thy making.

Art thou looking for the wedded wife where wedded wife should lie,
In the bosom of her husband? 'T was the wont in days gone by!
Not there—not there. Trace yonder stair, to a chamber far apart,
Where sits the wife, a widow's life, and a widow's woful heart.

Oh, work well done! Prize bravely won! And where 's the fool to rue it?
Thou hast gained Montpensier a dower, and broke two hearts to do it.
Count up that dower, then add the power, to say nought of the bride—
What man of business reckons hearts on the *per contra* side!

Now, left and right, look through the night—see Fraud and Faction working;
See present jars and future wars in rotten cabinets lurking;
See Lies parade, in stars arrayed, that mock the wearer's features;
See sad Truth—if thou canst see her, through the foul crowd of thy creatures!

And now one look on Italy, that stirreth from her sleeping,
And the Eagle nigh, that, hungrily, for the swoop a watch is keeping;
While France, that, erst, such birds obscene from Freedom's cradle scared,
With fettered hands and blinded eyes stands by, her sword unbared.

Nay, dost thou shake, old monarch? Is there grace enough behind,
To wake thee to a better life, a less ignoble mind?
Oh, if there be! the future 's free, the past may be atoned;
If there be not, woe worth the lot, that the last Bourbon throned! *Punch*.

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From the Spectator.

ANTWERP.

THERE is not much of literary expectation now-a-days in a steam voyage to Antwerp and a trip thence to Brussels, even although the journey was made in dead winter; neither has a visit to a monastery of Trappists near Westmalle very great promise to assist in eking out a narrative. *Antwerp*, however, though taking the form of a tour, is not so much a book of travels as a description of a city, with its manners and society. The author, with two relatives, sojourned at Antwerp during the winter season, and had access to the best society of the place. And his book mainly consists of descriptions of balls, evening parties, clubs, and the doings there, with little incidents, and what are called sketches; all done in good taste, without breach of social propriety, and calculated to place the scene and the customs of the people before the reader. To these things are added notices of more public matters, such as fêtes and theatres, open to any tourist, though perhaps observed to more advantage in winter than in summer. There is besides, some of the general matter of a common book of travels in sketches of show places, out-of-door views, and anecdotes of the street or the shop, but having the advantage of that greater *selection* about them which the habitué obtains over the bird of passage.

"Brussels" is a mere sketch of the city, as seen in a day or two—though by a person who did not see it for the first time, extended by some reminiscences of a former excursion to Waterloo. "Westmalle," the Trappist monastery, contains the account of a visit of curiosity made as a claimant of the monks' hospitality. Though limited to some four-and-twenty hours, the author made full use of his powers of observation and reflection, and corrected his first impressions by additional information. The narrative will be found a curious and rather discouraging picture of monastic life in a severe order; but by one who, while he freely admits the uses of the monastic institution, and the benefits that have flowed from it, has clearly no vocation that way himself.

Such topics as these must greatly depend upon the writer. A traveller who visits a country rarely or never trodden by civilized man, has broad and new information to impart, and a story to tell of personal adventures, which derive interest from their matter and novelty, let them be told how they may. The descriptions of buildings, landscapes, sights, and manners which, but slightly differ from our own, and only in style, require more accuracy of perception and nicety of delineation. A common draughtsman will suffice for a new or rare animal; but we require an artist for the ox or the horse, even although it may be French or Flemish. And the author of *Antwerp* is sufficiently artistical for the end he has in view. His mind is vivacious, his manner brisk and pleasant, his composition sustained by vigor and smartness; and though, apparently, accustomed to the pen, he is not a mere writer, eking out his space by labored descriptions or reverie. He also appears a man of society, and what is better, a man of sense, who makes allowances for a difference of forms, and does not set up English, or perhaps *his* English customs, as universal rules, but is content to take the world as it is, and get as much as he can out of it. Hence, *Antwerp*, though by no means an important or necessary book, accomplishes the end the author had in view; which was to present a series of city and social sketches, illustrative of Antwerp and its manners.

Balls and evening parties are a pretty frequent topic. For the reader to understand an occasional allusion, it is requisite to know that partners are engaged and booked with all the care and precision of a banker's account.

"As you enter, a servant gives you a card with directions as to the figures of the quadrilles printed on one side, and on the other the order of the dances in general, as galop, contre-danse, valse—contre-danse, galop, and so forth; and also, on the same side, a table for engagements, as 1st, 2d, and 3d contre-danses, &c.; 1st, 2d, and 3d valses, &c.; and your very important business, if you care about dancing, is at once to engage partners for the whole length and breadth of the ball, and for the contre-danses, vis-à-vis also. If you do not look particularly sharp after this duty, you are certain to languish all night in ignoble idleness, among respectable fathers of families, and *les tapisseries*, as the ladies who immovably line the walls are here called. * * *

"One of the programmes distributed at the Union balls is selected for illustration. It is a large paper ticket, with a flowery border in gold, enclosing at top the words 'Cercle de l'Union,' and within as follows.

'*Engagements.*

Contre-danses.	*Valses.*
1	2
2	3
3	4
4	5
5	*Galops.*
6	1
7	2
8	3
9	4
Valses.	5
1	6

"A lady, young and so forth, is soon engaged for all the dances of the night; and when asked for the honor and pleasure, &c., she will refer to her memoranda of engagements before vouchsafing a reply. Some carry about elegant little books for the purpose, and some use the leaves of their fans. Thus, the proposal assumes quite the character of a matter of business—a negotiation. 'Mademoiselle, may I have honor of dancing the first valse with you?' 'I regret, but it is taken.' 'The second?' 'No—stay; I can give you the fourth, or the third galop, if you like,' &c. &c.;—and the two quietly book the engagement. It was laughable to see a crowd of expectant youths standing round the entrance-door, and eagerly closing upon each young lady as she entered, just as tame fish dart upon a piece of bread thrown into their glass vase, assailing her, books and pencils in hand, with petitions, making their night up, and taking a note of it."

After this introduction to the essential preliminary to dancing, we will pass on from the Philharmonic ball, a sort of public "assembly" or club, to a more private affair.

"After dinner to the party, the first fruits of my letter of introduction.

"We were set down on carpeted steps, under a porte-cochère, and shown into a small room, where ladies' maids and a cheval glass were doing duty, respectively active and passive, and where people deposited hats, cloaks, and swords—swords, because here all officers, as a general rule, appear at all dress parties in uniform. As to hats, many men carry a small chapeau bras into the rooms. A

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servant inquired our names, and leading us through an ante-room, threw open the folding doors at the further end of it, and announced us at the top of his voice. Just within we found the host with his wife and daughter, all radiant with gracious and welcoming smiles.

"I was handed over to a cousin; who took my arm, and plunged me into the midst of a crowd of some three hundred people; where, with his help, I 'made my book' for the night: contre-danses were still to be had, at a fair price, but valses and galops had been nearly all taken up, and were quite at a premium. A dancing stranger, among so many new faces, called by such strange and unfamiliar names, must use his wits, lest he should forget an engagement, or lose his lady or his vis-à-vis—all mortal offences.

"The rooms had been recently decorated, and this ball was, I believe, intended for a sort of house-warming after the process. There were five of them, and a hall, on the ground floor, en suite; completing the square of the house, so that you could walk through them as long as you pleased, without turning back. They were elegantly and richly furnished, with silk hangings, Turkey carpets, marble and ormolu chandeliers and candelabra. The principal dancing-room was a large square, the walls hung with crimson silk damask, let into panels, with white and gold wood-work and decorations, large mirrors, and a costly marble chimney piece. The floor was of elaborate inlaid work, of various light-colored woods and ebony, as fine as the marqueterie of a cabinet, and polished like glass. The lighting, by a profusion of wax candles, was perfect.

"A crowd of guests, so dense that you could scarcely move, here waited for something to do, and talked as fast and as much as they could in the mean time. At a given signal, the curtains of the centre window of three occupying one side of the room, were suddenly drawn back by an invisible hand, and disclosed the orchestra, in a small pavilion, opening by the window into the room, lined with crimson damask, and lighted by a lamp hanging from the centre of the roof; the effect was very theatrical and pretty. Simultaneously arose the preliminary groans and squeaks of the instruments; and immediately partners were singled out, a space was cleared, and the dancing began. The band-master from time to time shouted out the names of the figures of the contre-danse, and directions for the different parts of them; and he did it in the oddest way, opening his eyes wide as he called out, so that they seemed to be worked by strings tied to his jaws, and puffing out his cheeks, and finally appearing to make a violent swallow of a very large plum, exactly as if he went by clock-work—all the time fiddling away as for dear life.

"One large room was appropriated to card-playing, in which both men and women here indulge most systematically. Ices and other pleasant things were carried about, and we had supper in a suite of rooms on the first floor. It was served out by servants standing behind long tables, as shopmen stand behind counters; and a welcome pair circulated about among the guests, one carrying a supply of champagne, and the other a basketful of long glasses.

"It was a well-managed affair, and the company the best of Antwerpian society—the governor, the burgomaster, the two generals, the *nobles*, as they are called here—that is, the class who with us are titled or untitled people as the case may be, of established family and condition—the consuls, leading merchants and bankers, (many of the grandees here are in some way or other engaged in mercantile pursuits,) and a few of the staff and officers of the garrison. Many of the women are strikingly handsome. We were, I think, the only *English* English there.

"It is the established custom for the invited to fee the servants handsomely on leaving the house; and you are sure to find a major-domo at the door, who receives the five-franc pieces quite as a matter of course."

There is some information about dress in *Antwerp*, with some sensible remarks on class costume; though the suggestions are scarcely practicable in a country where there is no distinctly defined class, and almost every one is striving to pass as member of a grade above his own.

"The most noticeable shops in Antwerp seem to be those of the mercers and lace-venders, the gingerbread and cake shops, the braziers, and the tobacconists. Of each sort there is a great number. The lace-work and silks of Antwerp are celebrated. I once took particular pains to ascertain the precise form and fashion of that most graceful garment the Spanish mantilla, which, or at any rate a modification of it, is in common wear here; and found it to be a piece of rich, stiff, black silk, some three yards long for a short woman, and four for a tall one, cut square at the two ends, and finished there with black silk fringe: it is just simply, in fact, an ample scarf. They fold it—I had a lesson in the art—in width once, and arrange it over the top of the head, a little shading the face, and then the ends hang down in front, nearly to the feet; or they throw it off the head, letting it fall gracefully pendant from the elbows or shoulders. The best of these mantillas, of a stiff, leathery richness of silk, unknown in England, costs about one hundred francs. There is a peculiar cap, too, worn by the women, with large semi-circular flaps falling down on each side of the face, very becoming to many. Over this, some wear a sort of straw bonnet, with a high conical-shaped crown, and a mere apology for a brim.

"The women of the lower orders never wear the thing we call a bonnet—the legitimate, shapeless, unmeaning, hideous bonnet. They wear either the peculiar straw pot I have just described, or clean lace caps, or handkerchiefs bound round the head, or the mantilla. The latter is very common; you see it to admirable effect on figures moving about and grouping together in the streets, or kneeling on the pavements of the churches.

"It has always seemed to me to be regretted that the poorer women of England should have no costume of their own—that they should persist in a draggled-tail and vulgar imitation of the dress of those whom by courtesy we will call 'the ladies of the land,' (a sailor, in a police court, once described a *gentleman* as a man who wore a long-tailed coat,) instead of taking to themselves, as in other countries, a certain distinct *class* costume, which, as it would be worn by the great majority, would be in fact a *national* costume, and which, from the cheapness of its materials, they might always afford to have in clean, seemly, and decent condition. It would be a great saving to them, and a real addition to their comfort. As it is, our servant girls, and the wives of our laborers and mechanics, go about so many shabby-genteel reproductions of the costume of her majesty Queen Victoria: it is the same bonnet, the same shawl

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and gown, the same toute ensemble—only, in greater or less degree, shabbier, coarser, or worse chosen and put on. The real dignity of the poor woman, let it be observed—and it *is* of importance that her dignity should be maintained—would be much promoted by her adopting a costume of her own.

"Apropos of the dress of womankind in Antwerp, I could fancy that many of the women there retain much of the Spanish blood of the land's former rulers: they are frequently tall and dark, with fine figures, and in their black mantillas look as if they had come from Madrid by the last train. Indeed, the Spanish stamp appears indelible here."

We could easily extend our extracts by passages of a similar kind, or by some of a more solid cast in relation to the grades of society, the siege of Antwerp, or the discipline, mode of life, and appearances of feeling among the monks at Westmalle: but the book is not very big, and we have said and quoted enough to indicate its character.

From the Spectator.

THE WOLCOTT MEMOIRS OF THE ADMINISTRATIONS OF WASHINGTON AND ADAMS.

THE form of this publication is that of the life and correspondence of Oliver Wolcott, the American financial administrator, who served under Hamilton as auditor of the treasury, and succeeded that chief of the federalists in the office of secretary. The main purpose of the book, however, is an exposition and defence of the federal administrations of Washington and Adams, from the formation of the new constitution of the United States in 1789 to the downfall of the federalist party in 1801. In the words of the editor, Mr. Gibbs, "The life of the individual has been made subservient to a wider design—the contribution of materials for the biography of a party." The life of Wolcott up to his connection with the government under the new constitution in 1789 is judiciously brief, though not devoid of biographical traits. From that period till 1801, when Wolcott resigned and the volumes close, Wolcott is, so to speak, a medium or centre for political facts and opinions. His offices gave him official influence and weight, which his friendship with Hamilton augmented; his connection by family ties or friendship with some of the most respectable and patriotic people of the revolution made him the receptacle of the opinions of part of a party; while, though seeming to hold himself aloof from politics, he was a follower of Washington in the abstract, but in practice a disciple of Hamilton, and did as much as he quietly could both in giving and receiving suggestions to forward the party's views. Hence his correspondence contains a large amount of the real opinions of politicians, with, of course, their heats and prejudices. It also exhibits the respectable American federalist character of that day in its most private and unguarded sentiments; and this, perhaps, is the curious if not the valuable feature of the volumes.

The family of Wolcott might rank among the most ancient and respectable in the States. The settlement of his ancestor, a country gentleman, who sold his property and emigrated on account of religion to New England, dates from 1630. Oliver Wolcott's father entered the army in 1747 as a captain, and served till the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. He then practised both as a physician and a farmer, (a conjunction not unusual in the colonies,) was chosen sheriff of his county, and filled other civil offices. On the breaking out of the war of independence, he became an active leader in military and political affairs; commanded a considerable force at the surrender of Burgoyne's army; was a friend of Washington and other leading men of the revolution; and after the establishment of independence, was annually elected lieutenant-governor and governor of his state; which last office he held at the time of his death, in 1797. His son, Oliver Wolcott, the secretary of the treasury, born in 1760, was educated for the law, and called to the bar in 1781. But want of fortune, and the troubles of the times, threw him into public life, and engaged him in the financial and civil business of the state of Connecticut. The assiduity and ability he displayed in various offices, coupled probably with the family influence, procured him the appointment of auditor to the treasury, when Washington and his coadjutors framed the constitution; and he subsequently became secretary, an office analogous to our chancellor of the exchequer. The private and official correspondence in which Wolcott was engaged, together with his memoranda, drafts of papers, and miscellaneous documents, extend to nearly fifty manuscript volumes. Of these, twenty appear to contain the most valuable and important matter; and from them the contents of the present book have been drawn, so far as they consist of original correspondence.

For after the introductory chapters, the literary plan of the work is a species of annals or commentary. The principal events both foreign and domestic are handled pretty much in chronological succession; the chapter sometimes taking a senatorial title—as "Second Congress, First and Second Sessions," sometimes a seasonal—as "Summer and Fall of 1793;" the events discussed following in the order of their occurrence. Each epoch, or in some cases each question, is introduced with a commentary by Mr. Gibbs, giving the federal view of the subject, and so strongly as to admit neither virtue nor merit among the democratic party, while all that the federalists do or propose is generally treated as excellent in itself and necessary under the circumstances. These general accounts are followed by letters, and occasionally by documents illustrative of the subject which the editors has exhibited; epistles *to* Wolcott predominating in number over those written by him. The authors of this correspondence are various, and with very few exceptions federalists. Some—as Washington, Hamilton, and Adams—are historical characters, familiar to all; others—as Ames, Trumbull, and Rufus King—are known here by name at least; others have no European reputation, though distinguished in their day in America as politicians or influential men.

The American value and objects of the book

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must be judged of by Americans. To us it seems that the historical value is small; throwing little new light and giving little new information, at least as it relates to Washington's administration. The real subjects of most of the letters are not so much facts as comments upon facts, mingled with reflections upon public opponents, elections and other small business, which, however important to the politicians at the time, have nothing *historical* in their nature, and have now little European interest. These, no doubt, are occasionally relieved by epistles of greater weight—especially one by Hamilton *advising* (for in his retirement he seems to have acted as government adviser) the topics and mode of addressing the French government during the misunderstanding that had nearly led to a war with France; which gives a high opinion of his diplomatic skill and prudence. The whole collection, too, has more readable interest than might have been supposed, owing to the reality of the matter, and the sober, sensible views of the writers, although often impregnated with party feeling. For the reader of American history the book has a further value, in the manner in which he is carried over the principal actions, introduced to the private thoughts and views of the principal actors, thrown off very often at the moment of conception, and is carried as it were behind the scenes of the great political drama.

The English interest of the book chiefly arises from the view which it gives of the opinion of the more respectable American public men who conducted the revolution, but were formed under the times which preceded it. We think it is either Abdy or Marryat who remarks that some of the old gentlemen of New England reminded him of the same class at home; and many of the writers in these volumes leave a similar impression upon the mind. There is about them an antique stamp, such as called forth the admiration and exclamation of the later Romans, "O *prisca* fides!" Republican themselves, perhaps from an independent dislike to have subjects ruling over them, they have a deep aversion to theories of liberty, abstract rules of government, or "rights of men;" considering experience, circumstances, and national character, as the given conditions of modes of rule. They had no abstract objection to kings and nobility, no affected contempt for them, or mouthing abuse. Respecting themselves, understanding their position, and their (pecuniary) mediocrity of fortune, they had none of the envious and insolent swagger of the modern demagogue; whom, indeed, they would have hated with that intensity which is always bestowed upon only schismatics. Well read in politics, apparently in the school of Burke, and bringing reflection and a practical knowledge of affairs to the aid of reading, their views of the condition and prospects of Europe, during the height of the French revolutionary war, are frequently curious from their judgment; and the predictions sometimes remarkably sagacious. To these sound and respectable qualities of public men are added freedom in familiar intercourse, subdued in some by a formal kind of politeness, with much worldly sagacity and prudence in the conduct of life. A letter which old General Wolcott writes to his son, (whom, by the by, he always seems to address as "Sir,") on his first appointment in the treasury, is not only a good sample of the old man's character, but contains a rule of conduct which may be applied to many situations in life, as well as to all men in responsible position.

"*From Oliver Wolcott, sen.*

"Litchfield, Nov. 24th, 1789.

"Sir,

* * * *

"Old age is very apt to be vain in giving advice. No one, I believe, of your years requires it less, as you have been long conversant with people of almost every condition, and very readily investigate the principles of human action; yet I will indulge myself once, and, which I shall probably never think it necessary to do again, advise you that in every matter of consequence you depend, in the last resort, upon your own judgment rather than upon that of any other. In this mode of conduct you will less frequently err. It will induce a stricter habit of reflection, and if you mistake, you will not feel the mortification of being misguided by such as may have an interest in deceiving you. The executive officers with whom you will have most intercourse will, I believe, be inclined to treat you with generosity and frankness, from the first magistrate downwards. An open, unassuming behavior will be most agreeable to them; this naturally induces confidence, and may be done consistently with such reservation as may be necessary. It is generally said that courtiers always act in disguise. This is far from being universally the case; and when it is, it is more generally owing to their situation than choice, especially among those who are to be denominated good men; to which character I truly believe the first magistrate, and the heads of the executive departments, all of whom I know, are justly entitled. The habits and manners of a soldier are naturally open and frank; and if at any time it shall seem to be otherwise, such conduct will be rather assumed and politic than otherwise.

"Your service will be complicated and arduous; but you will reflect that those who are to judge of your services will be most capable of making a just estimate of them. You may therefore safely indulge yourself with as much exercise and relaxation as will be necessary for your health. Endeavor further to preserve the *mens sana in corpore sano* by yielding at times to a certain vacuity of thought. As to your mode of living, I need say but very little; your habits of temperance will render it unnecessary."

We have met with various accounts of the state of France during the revolution, as judged by external appearances; but the following is the best we have seen, on account of its deductions. It is from the pen of Trumbull, who was in Europe in a diplomatic capacity.

TRUMBULL ON FRANCE, IN 1795.

"You request me to tell you what I have seen. It is not easy, my dear sir, to describe scenes so immense, so various, and so fluctuating. If, therefore, I give you two or three prominent features of the vast whole, you must be satisfied. The state of cultivation is perhaps one of the most interesting points at the present moment. I have crossed the

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country from Havre de Grace to Basle, through Paris, by one road, and returned by another; and in all the distance I see nothing that marks a neglect of agriculture, or a want of hands to labor; on the contrary, the earth is covered with all the usual variety of crops, all promising abundance, if the approach of harvest be warm. Up to the time that I left the country, we had too much rain and cold, which have extended also to this country. Another circumstance struck me forcibly; I mean the very few beggars I met with. Formerly, whenever a carriage stopped to change horses it was surrounded by half a dozen, and often by a whole one, of miserable objects who assailed you in the name of God, and whose appearance bore but too forcible a testimony to the justice of their fervent applications. I have now passed many, very many post-houses, without meeting a single mendicant. This and some other observations convince me that the condition of the lowest classes of society is improved, perhaps as much as that of the rich is declined; so that, with all the horrid scenes which have passed, and all the accumulation of wretchedness which has overwhelmed the upper orders of society, I am disposed to believe that the sum of human happiness has rather increased than diminished. This, to be sure, is no apology for those who have drenched the cities in blood; and we can only regard them as we would a pestilence—as horrid instruments in the hand of Providence to scourge, and ultimately to purify, the corruption of men. Again, I have seen the city of Paris exhibit an example of patient fortitude, which I did not expect from such a mass of ignorant and profligate people. I have seen them week after week receive the miserable pittance of *two ounces* of bad bread to a person a day; and support this privation with fewer instances of riot, impatience or murmur, than you would have expected from a race of philosophers."

The late plea of the Philadelphians for the non-payment of their debts was, that the foreign settlers, chiefly Germans, outnumbered the "drab-colored men." From various passages in the correspondence it would seem that the Philadelphians did not rank very high half a century ago. The following is a sketch of them by Wolcott, junior, in a letter to his father. It must be remembered that it was not only a new government, but a new constitution that was just set up and had to work.

"The indications of the public sentiment with respect to the new government are very equivocal. The northern states, and the commercial and money-ed people, are zealously attached to it. The state executives and officers cannot be considered as good friends; many of them are designing enemies.

"This state, [Philadelphia,] though very officious in obtruding their opinions, will have but little influence. The power and respectability which persons not acquainted with their affairs attribute to them, is ideal. A great portion of the members are ignorant men; they are collected from all nations under heaven; many have smarted under the scourges of European tyranny, and act under the influences of old prejudices and habits, though their present condition is entirely different from any which they formerly experienced. Zeal for liberty, the principles of which they do not understand, and envy of abilities and industry which they cannot emulate, induce them to raise objections to every measure of government. If they were a compact, uniform body of people, governed by the same passions and sympathies, and had their present disposition to advise, they would be formidable; but the desultory projects of Quakers, Tories, Anti-Feds, [Anti-Federalists,] Germans, and Irishmen, who mutually despise and hate each other, will be insufficient to overcome the great and substantial influence of property and reason in this state."

The following passage is not only curious for its general spirit of prophecy, singularly fulfilled by the event, but exhibits what seems to have been a *dumb* feeling in the respectable part of American society, at a time when in this country, and probably throughout the world, Americans were supposed to be animated by the fiercest opposition against Great Britain, and desirous of her downfall. There was a doubt at the time whether America might not have been driven to hostilities with France, on account of the intrigues and insolence of the directorial government and agents.

G. CABOTT ON ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

"But after all, my greatest reliance is that Great Britain will keep the monster at bay until he destroys himself, or becomes less dangerous to others; and I cannot believe that any vicissitudes in the internal affairs of England will sensibly diminish their naval strength, or divert its application, as long as France remains formidable. England certainly possesses abundant means of every kind to defend herself against France and as many of the powers on the continent as France can compel to act as auxiliaries. I shall not believe, therefore, until I see it, that England will yield in the present contest. Mr. Erskine, Mr. Waddington, and some thousands of others, will try at every period of misfortune to displace the ministers; but the government, the landed as well as other property of the nation, the weight of character, and essentially the body of the nation, must, and do hate France, and will, under all circumstances, fight France as long as they can. Farewell. G. CABOTT."

In like manner, Burke's letters on the Regicide Peace, were popular with the respectable republicans of America.

CHAUNCEY GOODRICH ON EDMUND BURKE.

"We have received two celebrated letters written by Mr. Burke against the ministry for entering on negotiations of peace. Though but lately put to the press, they have run to the eighth edition. He considers the republic of France as an Algiers in the centre of Europe, with whom the civilized world can hold no communion. Whether he be correct or not in his main point, the pamphlet is full of original sentiment relative to the Jacobins in England, France and the world, highly valuable to every country, and to ours as much as any one. There are but one or two here; I hope they will be soon reprinted."

The text and the original letters in these volumes must be received with allowance, as the representations of writers on a side. Still, with every allowance, they do not show many leading politicians of the "model republic," as any better in its infancy than in its youth—manhood it has not yet reached. Whether Randolph, in 1795, applied

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to Fauchet, the French ambassador, with the treasonable purpose of fomenting an insurrection against the government of which he was a member, or whether, as we rather think, he attempted to trick the Frenchman out of money for his private uses on a public pretence, it is clear that an American secretary of state applied to a foreign ambassador for funds to be ostensibly used against the ministry of which he was a member. Monroe and other Americans at Paris betrayed, if not their country, yet the government they were serving, for party objects. Mr. Gallatin and some others were untainted by mercenary baseness, but they allowed faction to carry them on to treason; and as for the respectability of smaller men, here is a picture of the "just men" of one city.

PUBLIC CHARACTERS OF PHILADELPHIA, 1796.

"*Chauncey Goodrich to Oliver Wolcott, senior.*

"Philadelphia, Dec. 13, 1796.

"I place under cover to Frederic, a paper of yesterday, in which you will find Governor Mifflin in his address has done the government of Connecticut the honor of particular mention. It merits and I presume will meet only with contempt. A few days after this display of patriotism and a holy zeal against speculation, the president and cashier of the State Pennsylvania Bank had been guilty of an embezzlement of its moneys or malversation. The president had by connivance taken from the bank one hundred thousand dollars and more, without consent of the directors, which, though charged, he kept without interest. He and the cashier are both displaced. It was yesterday rumored that Governor Mifflin, whose son-in-law was cashier, had in the same way taken fifteen thousand dollars, and that he had given his security for restitution. I believe the story; but a few days will make it more certain, and in the mean time no mention need be made of it. This place furnishes indication of great depravity. Bankruptcies are frequently happening. Mr. Morris is greatly embarrassed. 'T is said that Nicholson has fled to England; that Judge Wilson has been to gaol and is out on bail. But there are so many rumors I vouch for the credit of neither. Blair M'Clenachan, lately chosen representative, has conveyed his estate to his children, to cheat his creditors."

The volumes are well edited, with good tables of contents, and an elaborate index. The historical commentary is also done with knowledge, clearness, and strength; though too strongly impregnated with federalist party views to be taken as an impartial account. Mr. Gibbs appears to have the federalist accomplishments as well as their feelings. The following opinion on American independence may be taken as an example of his style on the larger subjects.

"The character and objects of the American war have been often strangely misapprehended. It was in truth what Burke termed it, not a revolution, but a revolution prevented. It was simply the exercise of the power inherent in the organization of society to resist the enforcement of authority inconsistent with its well-being. It was in the outset a revolt, based on the same principles, advocated by the same men, as those which had distinguished and maintained that against Charles. The course of events made it, indeed, a war of independence; but there was in its tone nothing revolutionary, nothing subversive of the established order of things. Some leaders, more far-seeing than the rest, had predicted the result; but what the people wanted, what they took up arms to get, was not some new privilege, some new liberty, but the security of rights, privileges, and immunities, which they had always had. Once committed, they were indeed driven to independence for safety's sake. Even the abolishment of royalty they had not originally intended; for abstract royalty, with three thousand miles of deep water between it and them, troubled them little, so only that they had their own legislatures, and were taxed by those alone. What we find in their speeches, what we read in the writings of those days, has much about birthright and inheritance, charters and the privileges of English-born subjects, and very little about the rights of man. The little of this that came in afterwards was not of native growth, nor indigenous to the soil. New England, the New England yeomanry, the representative of that stubborn orderly race of resistants which had laid the foundations of Old England's liberties, was little given to speculation. Certain definite and distinct ideas the people had touching rights which were the privilege of Englishmen everywhere, and in their view not necessarily the privilege of any other nation; indeed, they rather claimed the exclusive monopoly of them. To maintain these as their inheritance they considered due to their posterity; to maintain them their fathers had cut off the head of one king by sentence of a high tribunal and had deposed another by act of parliament; to maintain them still they were ready to rebel against the usurpations of the throne, or if need be of parliament itself. The doctrine of the divine right of kings was exploded even in England. One protector and two dynasties of monarchs had reigned by divine right of parliament. The principle that government was intended for the good of the governed, was to them self-evident; the consequence, that the governed were to prescribe how it should be exercised, was equally plain; and the attempts of parliament to violate the principle were subjects of resistance as well as those of the throne. This it was that they fought for, and in this there was no revolution—the revolution came afterwards.

"Democracy as a theory was not as yet. The habits and manners of the people were, indeed, essentially democratic in their simplicity and equality of condition; but this might exist under any form of government. Their governments were then purely republican. They had gone but a short way into those philosophical ideas which characterized the subsequent and real revolution in France. The great state papers of American liberty were all predicated on the abuse of chartered, not of abstract rights. The complaints against government were of violation of these."

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THE BANK ACT OF 1844, AND THE QUESTION OF PRIVATE BANKING.

THE remarks of the *Spectator* last week on the government of the Bank of England have been the subject of a misinterpretation in some journals, which is now common whenever the purely banking concerns of that corporation are alluded to. With the complaints which have lately been urged against the efficiency of the bank directors, the act of 1844, known as Peel's Bill, can have no possible connection: yet these complaints are incessantly misconstrued by the opponents of that bill into an admission that the bill is defective. Now, it must be borne in mind—and it cannot at the present juncture be too distinctly impressed—that the bank act of 1844 did not profess in the slightest degree to interfere with the operations of private bankers, or to protect the public against such evils as might arise from an injudicious management on the part of those firms. It professed, certainly, to furnish by its action an index by which the private banker *might* always regulate his concerns with safety; but it did not and could not pretend to guarantee that to this index he would attend. The sole duty of the bill, to which Sir Robert Peel pledged its infallible performance, was that of maintaining, in all times and under all circumstances, the convertibility of the bank-note: and that it has failed to fulfil this function no one will pretend to assert. For the first time, perhaps, in our commercial history, we have witnessed a pressure of the severest character both with regard to its protraction and its extent, without hearing one word of apprehension that, even when it shall come to the worst, the solvency of the issue department of the Bank of England can be placed in danger: and thus we escape an evil which if it were added to the distress that now prevails might plunge the nation into almost hopeless ruin—namely, the combination of public with private discredit. It is the management of the banking department of the Bank of England that has alone been called in question: and over this the act of 1844 has no more control than it has over the affairs of the London and Westminster Bank, or of Jones Loyd and Co., or Glyn and Co., or any other private establishment. As far as the question of management is concerned, it is as it bears upon this department alone that reform is needed; since the issue department is happily self-working, and it is out of the power of the bank court, or of any body of individuals in the world, to disturb or to avert its operation. During the whole of the spring, when warnings were daily given, not only by the press but by the rapid efflux of bullion, the bank directors poured forth money from their till in increased abundance, just in an inverse ratio to the degree in which the operation of Peel's bill was restricting their legitimate means of pursuing that course; and that this madness was checked at last, was owing solely to their having arrived at that point at which their self-acting monitor could no longer be disregarded. But this course might have been pursued by Jones Loyd and Co. just the same as by the bank, if the partners had been afflicted with similar infatuation. They might have parted from the money in *their* till with increased freedom just as it was becoming more scarce; and so might all the other private bankers of the country: and that they did not do so, is simply owing to the fact that they had the ability to observe the signs of the times, and to conduct their affairs like prudent men. Even now we see, however, that the Bank of England has not learned its lesson; since it was only on the 2d of last month that it absolutely lowered the price of accommodation at the very time when its means were again undergoing week by week a most rapid diminution, and when everything indicated that this diminution must steadily continue until the gigantic speculations by which it was occasioned should be finally arrested; the consequence of this system of mismanagement being, that when a crash ultimately arrives, the bank, instead of being in a position to interpose by timely aid, is the chief actor, (as was again exemplified on Thursday and yesterday,) to add to the general embarrassment by adopting stringent and hurried measures for its own protection.

What the public now demand is, such a reform in the direction of the bank as shall introduce men at least capable of understanding that first principle of business which should prompt a trader to regulate the price of his commodity by the existing demand for it; and also shall secure that the parties selected should be *men of known solvency*—which would probably be the case if their election depended on the proprietors. The arguments for the appointment of a permanent governor rest upon matters of convenience which must be obvious to all; and the only interest that the government can feel in the arrangements must be such as arises from the fact that the issue department is connected with the bank, together with the fact that this corporation is the private banker of the state. Owing to these circumstances, the national repute is liable to be compromised by the utter want of commercial stability which has been manifested during the last twenty years among the directors; and it is on this ground, above all, that the intelligent public call for interference.—*Spectator*, 2 *Oct.*

THE INSOLENCE OF SERVILITY.

THE servility which pursues individuals of the "distinguished," "exalted," or royal classes, to record their minutest and most trivial actions with painstaking elaboration, is a very low and base instinct at all times; ridiculous at the best, sometimes disgusting and defiling. There is mixed up with it a spirit the very reverse of reverential. It can be no genuine reverence which dogs the footsteps of kings and princes to note every paltry movement and make a wonderment of every remark, as though it were surprising that a prince should have his faculties about him. A royal count cannot visit a factory and make an intelligent observation, but that coryphæus of footmen the court newsman repeats the saying with applause, as nurses do when a baby begins to predicate truisms about its pap or its toys. The homage, we all know, is paid to the "exalted station;" but there must after all be something very humiliating to the most hardened recipient of such homage in the gross disparagement which it implies of the individual. A sovereign has senses like other men; if you tickle him he will laugh; if you show to him suffering humanity he will grieve; if you exhibit before him good feeling he will be pleased, and will express his pleasure in suitable terms. But these consequences are matters of course. The exalted personage behaves as all persons of sense and decent feeling would do; and if you express wonder at the fact, you must suppose an exalted person to be something below human nature. You are regarding the crowned creature with the same feelings as the curiosity-hunter who admires an elephant or a

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monkey for behaving "so like man;" and while you worship that person whom you seek to exalt by your wonder, you debase him by its implication, and are yourself degraded to the level of those who make idol-deities of inferior animals—the monkey worshippers of Japan, or the ox-adorers of Egypt.

Sentiments so low cannot exist without displaying their vileness in some direct form. Let the sycophant forget himself, and he becomes the most sordid of libellers. "No man is a hero," says the moral sceptic, "to his valet-de-chambre." "No," replies the truer moralist, "perhaps not to a valet-de-chambre." The sneer degrades, not the hero, but the utterer, and stamps him with servility: it betrayed the soul of a footman.

So the chronicler that waits upon the footsteps of the exalted, and humbly enumerates every gracious smile upon his tally, must needs have his moments of sombre scepticism and irreverent discontent. Nothing then is sacred from his irreverent familiarity. The royal countenance, which has shined perhaps with too much tolerance upon his sycophancy, is watched with cold stare and insolent outspeaking when it does not smile. On the queen's return from Scotland, one of these royalty-hunters thus ventures to indulge the wandering of his cross-grained imagination—

"When her majesty alighted from the carriage, she took hold of the Prince of Wales with her left hand, and, drawing her mantle closely round her, proceeded down the quay; Prince Albert walking on her right, and carrying an umbrella above her to keep off the rain. The princess royal was conducted to the boat by one of the royal suite. As the royal party passed along, Prince Albert acknowledged the cheers with which they were greeted; but her majesty's countenance bore none of that joyous look which she sometimes exhibits; and upon the whole, whether from indisposition, the rough sail she had had that morning, or the inclemency of the weather, she seemed very indifferent to the manifestations of her subjects' loyalty. She was handed down the stair and into the barge, which was waiting to convey her to the Black Eagle, by Mr. Campbell of Auchindarroch, who likewise lifted the Prince of Wales and the princess royal into the barge. At this time it was very wet; and the protection of the umbrella being temporarily withdrawn while her majesty was stepping on board the barge and seating herself, the rain dashed upon her face, and seemed to create a feeling of discomfort in the royal mind, if we may be allowed to judge from the expression of her countenance."

As if a face that confronted beating rain ever did wear any look but discomfort! There is something doltish in the wonderment this time. But even if the expression of "discomfort" had been of a less purely physical kind, what right has any one to watch over the countenance of another, however "exalted," in order to note every passing shade? What warrant is there for translating every vague expression, and putting upon it the bad construction of vulgar disparagement? Are all minds so much alike that we can understand each other's feelings, precisely, by looks and gestures? Above all, what man of decent manly feeling will fix his stare upon a woman, of whatsoever station, if he merely supposes that her mind is ill at ease?

But the courtly newsman has a twofold right—the born right pertaining to a mean nature, which is "rather his misfortune than his fault;" and the right conferred by the toleration of the "exalted," whose presence he so often outrages.—*Spectator.*

THE BOTTLE-IMP OF IRELAND.

THE anti-rent movement in Ireland is neither a new occasion for alarm, nor new in its cause, or even in its substance. It is only a new shape in which *the* evil of Ireland displays itself—the redundancy of the population.

That evil is like the last article to be packed into the traveller's carpet-bag—the thing too much, that will not be squeezed into the space: reädjust the "traps" how you will, you cannot contrive to get that one in; whether it is your dressing-case, your clothes-brush, your shooting-shoes, your sandwich-box, your portable bootjack, or whatever else you may in turn leave out in the vain hope of poking it in at the last, there it stands, identical in the one material attribute of being *the* thing *de trop*—the realized excess.

So it is in Ireland: her population is redundant as compared with her land and capital, and the redundancy makes itself apparent in various shapes—the two and a half millions of beggars, the feverish emigration, the potato-diet, the famine, the public works, the excessive poor-rates, the anti-poor-rate agitation, the Ribandist hold of pauperism on the land, the landlord clearances, the anti-rent agitation. These are only so many different forms in which the one redundancy of people exhibits itself and its morbid working.

Some of these manifestations are immediately caused by the effort of the redundant people to make the most of the deficient land—such as the potato-diet; some by the effort of the miserable wretches who are extruded to retain a grasp upon the natural source of food, the land—such as the Ribandism, the beggary, and the anti-rent; some by the effort of the landowners to counteract that convulsive pauperism by shaking off the grasp—such as the clearances. But whatever the immediate shape of the tumultuary movement, it is only one symptom of the common disease.

The remedy is obviously to restore the balance in the three elements of national prosperity—introduce more capital, or extend the productiveness of the land, or diminish the people. Easier said than done. Capital will not venture into the region while it is so turbulent. Agricultural systems cannot be altered while the redundant population covers the land, any more than you can take up the carpet in your parlor while the whole family is at breakfast. It only remains to diminish the redundancy of the population by depletion. Get rid of that oppressive burden, and you may then so alter the state of matters as to extend the productiveness of the soil, and admit capital to a peaceful reign over universal prosperity. But until you remove the people who are starving because they are *de trop*, and are savage because they are starving, you will have neither quiet nor room for the effectual amelioration of the country. Ten to one, if you carry in food, the people will attack your messengers, as they have done the relief-officers; or if you were to bring capital, they would probably make a foray upon it, as the new pirates of the west coast did upon the corn-ships. A country with two millions and a half of souls whose redundancy is fatally marked out by their periodical destitution, *cannot* be still while you cure it and reärrange it. You must get rid of the immediate and exciting cause of irritation before you can apply constitutional remedies.—*Spectator*, 25 *Sept.*

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From the Spectator.

MR. FRANCIS' HISTORY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

If, in the history of a nation, where actions and the actors are the first things that attract attention, and admit of, if they do not require, narrative or dramatic exhibition, the principles that lurk beneath the narrative, causing events and stimulating persons, ought to be clearly evolved, how much more is this exhibition necessary in subjects that partake of the character of science, where the principle is all in all? An extraordinary criminal, a remarkable suit, a particular decision, or an eccentric clerk of court, may be fitly introduced when they illustrate a law, or, sparingly, as a relief to drier matters. Such things, however, by no means form a history of law; any more than gossipy particulars or curious anecdotes of philosophers form a history of philosophy, even if garnished with some loose accounts of the facts of their discoveries, while the principles embodied in the facts remain unobserved.

From the connection of the Bank of England with the government, its long monopoly of the power of acting upon the circulation of the country, and the principles illustrated in almost every great financial question with which it has been involved, the history of the bank would seem imperatively to require a full exposition of the principles of currency, such at least as they appear to the historian, with an endeavor to show at each great crisis how far the conduct of the directors was influential for good or for evil, and how far their decisions were guided by true principles or by *any* principles. How Abraham Newland "cut up," and the means by which he gained his money —the adventurous arts and frauds of Price, the once celebrated forger, with his anticipation of Jack Ketch by hanging himself—the forgeries and execution of Fauntleroy and others—the rush and crush at the doors of the bank when popular loans were to be subscribed for—with biographical notices of governors and directors—are all well enough as gossip, but by no means fitting topics to occupy a prominent place in a professed history of the Bank of England. The formal statistics of the subject—the amount of capital at various times, the terms on which the successive charters have been granted, the prices of bank stock, with the dividends thereupon, and the bonuses given to the proprietors, as well as the various runs the bank has encountered, and the financial crises or panics in which it stood conspicuous—are topics more germane to its real history. Still, they are the superficials of the matter. The economical condition of the country at the last-named occurrences—the causes which produced them—how far they were inevitable, or to what extent they were owing to the conduct of the public—the course which the directors pursued, and the results, with the principles to be deduced from their conduct and the circumstances of the case—are the animating soul of a history of the bank, while the most important of the other points are at best but the body.

This animating spirit will not be found in the pages of Mr. Francis. It is not that his economical views or his currency doctrines are good, bad, or indifferent: he has none. The currency question scarcely seems to have exercised his thoughts; and when on great occasions—as the suspension of cash payments in 1797, their restoration by Peel in 1819, or the panic of 1825—he cannot well avoid the subject, he either pins his faith to some authority, (mostly the bank directors for the time being,) or takes refuge in the truism "that much may be said on both sides;" or if venturing any view of his own, he arrives at the conclusion of the politician in the farce, "that as near as he can guess he cannot tell." A similar want of financial vocation attends him where facts or regulations are in question. He generally quotes statistics, laws, &c., from others. In what may be termed financial events, he looks less to the externals than to the outside. The anxious crowds demanding their money in a panic, or the equally anxious dupes demanding permission to subscribe theirs in a mania, are the things that attract his first attention; as some personal characteristics are what he chiefly regards in individuals. Mr. Francis is all for the visible and tangible—the spirit of events is beyond his ken.

We need scarcely say that those who look for a scientific or statistical history of the Bank of England will not find it in these volumes. The volumes have, however, a merit of their own: they are readable, and even interesting—more so, indeed, than might be expected. They bear about the same relation to a philosophical history of the bank, as the anecdotical accounts of Mr. Heneage Jesse do to Hume's or Lingard's England. Courtly, or literary, or personal gossips, are numerous enough: Mr. Francis is a bank and business gossip. Had he been born at the Conquest and lived till now, and been disposed (a bolder supposition) to cut his reminiscences very short, he might have told his listeners just such a story as he gives his readers, about the persecutions of the earliest money-dealers, the Jews, and, after their expulsion, of the Lombards; how Gresham borrowed money for the Tudors; how Charles the First seized the deposits in the mint; and Charles the Second shut up the exchequer; the style in which the old goldsmiths did their business; how *the* bank first opened at Grocer's Hall, and what a poor place the then youngish old lady had in Threadneedle street when she first set up there; what a precious squeeze there was in the Rue Quincampoix when Law was distributing the shares in the Mississippi scheme; how "the quality" as well as the citizens thronged to Broker's Alley and jostled each other during the South Sea mania; how the Frenchmen did jabber and gesticulate, when, instead of gold for their notes, they read a decree of the regent "suspending the payment of them till further orders;" how John Bull roared for parliament to pay and punish, when

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he found himself *done* by the bursting of the South Sea bubble; how cleverly the bank in the '45 managed to stave off stoppage by paying notes in sixpences to their own agents, who took the silver out of one door and then came back again with more notes to repeat the process, so that the public could never get near the counter; and what a sound view that practical man Mr. Thornton took of the war and invasion panic in '97, and the consequent bank restriction, when he declared the demand for gold was caused by the "*want of notes*, and not of guineas," and that if the bank had been more liberal in their discounts and in their issues of paper, people would not have run for gold!

There are better, or at least more statistically informing things in the volume, than mere gossip. The story of the bank so far as charters and accounts go may be found there; not very complete, or simply narrated, but still with facts, and facts of value from being brought together. The author has also dug up many curious particulars of the early state of the bank and its struggles, when goldsmiths presumed to rival it, and could even contemplate its ruin. The following refers to 1715 and the first Jacobite rebellion.

"The feelings of the private bankers towards their great rival do not appear to have been very conciliatory. The same writer (of a pamphlet) says —'I humbly refer to a case recent in memory, of two goldsmiths (knights also, and one of them member of parliament too) in Fleet street, who pushed at the Bank of England at the time of the Pretender's invasion from France. One of them, it was said, had gathered a quantity of bank bills to the value of near 100,000*l.*; and the other a great sum, though not so many; and it was said, resolved to demand them all at once. Let the gentlemen I point at inquire with what difficulty Sir R. Hoare wiped off the imputation of being a favorer of the rebellion, and how often in vain he protested he did it with no such view, and how hard the whigs were to believe him. Sir Francis Child, indeed, carried it with a higher hand; and afterwards pretended to refuse the bills of the bank, but still declared he did it as a goldsmith, and as a piece of justice to himself, on some points in which the bank had, as he alleged, used him ill.' The proposed invasion proved the esteem with which the bank was regarded by those whose good opinion was worth possessing. It was found that the Protestant succession had supporters as ardent as the adherents to the house of Stuart. When the run took place, many, instead of withdrawing their deposits, carried all their cash to assist the establishment. The lord treasurer, Godolphin, who as an astute and able financier felt that the credit of the country was connected with that of the bank, informed the directors that the queen would allow for six months an interest of six per cent. on their sealed bills. Nor was this all: the Dukes of Marlborough, Newcastle, and Somerset, with others of the nobility, offered to advance considerable sums of money to the corporation. A private individual who had but 500*l.* carried it to the bank; and on the story been told to the queen, she sent him 100*l.*, with an obligation on the treasury to repay the whole 500*l.* It is pleasant to read of such chivalrous devotion repaid in so royal a manner. Encouragement such as this gave a firmness to the establishment; and, united with a call of 20 per cent. on the proprietors, enabled the directors to meet their difficulties and preserve their credit."

EPOCHS OF NOTES.

"In 1759, bank-notes to a smaller amount than 20*l.* were first circulated; and the directors commenced issues of 15*l.* and 10*l.*, to meet the necessity experienced by the community. * * * *

"In 1795, the corporation commenced an issue of 5*l.* notes. * * * * * * * *

"The necessity of an issue of notes under 5*l.* being greatly felt by the commercial interest, an act was passed on the 3d of March, 1797, authorizing it; and by the 10th of the same month, notes for 1*l.* and 2*l.* were ready for delivery."

HANGING FOR ONE-POUND NOTES.

"The circulation of 1*l.* notes proved conducive to a melancholy waste of human life. Considering the advances made in the mechanical arts, they were rough and even rude in their execution. Easily imitated, they were also easily circulated; and from 1797 the executions for forgery augmented to an extent which bore no proportion to any other class of crime. During six years prior to their issue there was but one capital conviction: during the four following years eighty-five occurred."

THE TRADE IN "FLIMSIES."

"The odium thrown upon the Bank for the many deaths which have taken place for forgery must necessarily find some palliation in the subtlety of those who entered into the dangerous traffic. It was in truth a trade. The notes were frequently sold at so much in the pound, and, as in the instance about to be related, they were often sent into the foreign market. In 1808, Vincent Alessi, a native of one of the Italian states, went to Birmingham to choose some manufactures likely to return a sufficient profit in Spain. Amongst others he sought a brass-founder who showed him that which he required, and then drew his attention to 'another article,' which he said he could sell cheaper than any other person in the trade. Mr. Alessi declined purchasing this, as it proved to be a forged banknote; upon which he was shown some dollars, as fitter for the Spanish market. These also were declined; although it is not much to the credit of this Italian, that he did not at once denounce the dishonesty of the Birmingham brass-founder. It would seem, however, from what followed, that Mr. Alessi was not quite unprepared; as in the evening he was called on by one John Nicholls, and, after some conversation, he agreed to take a certain quantity of notes, of different value, which were to be paid for at the rate of six shillings in the pound.

"Alessi thought this a very profitable business, while it lasted, as he could always procure as many as he liked, by writing for so many dozen candlesticks, calling them Nos. 5, 2, or 1, according to the amount of the note required. The vigilance of the English police, however, was too much even for the subtlety of an Italian: he was taken by them, and allowed to turn king's evidence; it being thought very desirable to discover the manufactory whence the notes emanated.

"In December, John Nicholls received a letter from Alessi, stating that he was going to America; that he wanted to see Nicholls in London; that he required twenty dozen candlesticks No. 5, twenty-four dozen No. 1, and four dozen No. 2. Mr. Nicholls, unsuspicious of his correspondent's captivity, and consequent frailty, came forthwith to

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town to fulfil so important an order. Here an interview was planned within hearing of the police-officers. Nicholls came in with the forged notes. Alessi counted up the whole sum he was to pay, at six shillings in the pound, saying, 'Well, Mr. Nicholls, you will take all my money from me.' 'Never mind, sir,' was the reply; 'it will be all returned in the way of business.' Alessi then remarked that it was cold, and put on his hat. This was the signal for the officers. To the dealer's surprise and indignation, he found himself entrapped, with the counterfeit notes in his possession, to the precise amount in number and value that had been ordered in the letter. Thus Mr. Nicholls found his business suddenly brought to a close, and the brisk trade in imaginary candlesticks finished, to the infinite welfare of the public."

The story of the South Sea bubble, though having small relation to the history of the bank, is curious, and even appropriate, for its picture of public mania, without even plausible grounds to rest upon. It has also another aspect of interest, as showing that some of the public writers of the day, as in the case of the late railway mania, distinctly warned the public of the nature of the bubble; but the public then, as now, were not honest speculators, but fraudulent gamesters. To follow this point would lead to greater length than we can afford; but the following is a proof that there is nothing new, in this century, in the way of impudence and gullibility.

"The South Sea Company was a legitimate trade to some of the speculation which arose.

"Schemes were proposed which would have been extravagant in 1825, and which stamped the minds of those who entertained them with what may be truly termed a commercial lunacy. One was for the 'discovery of the perpetual motion.' Another for subscribing two millions and a half to '*a promising design hereafter to be promulgated.*' A third was a 'Company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage; but *nobody to know what it is;* every subscriber who deposits 2*l.* per share, to be entitled to 100*l.* per annum.' Even this insolent attempt on the credulity of the nation succeeded; and when the arch rogue opened his shop the house was beset with applicants. In five hours 2,000*l.* were deposited in the hands of the projector; and from that day he ceased to be heard of in England. Projects like these enlisted the lowest with the highest. On some sixpence and on others one shilling per cent. was paid; and as no capital was required, the comparative beggar might indulge in the same adventurous gambling, and enjoy the same bright castles in the air, which marked the dreams of the rich and the great. Some came so low as to ask only one shilling deposit on every thousand pounds. Persons of quality, of both sexes, were engaged in these. Avarice triumphed over dignity: gentlemen met their brokers at taverns, ladies at their milliners' shops."

It is said that elderly and very weak-minded people, when suffering under physical pain, often fancy it arises from their position. They cry for change as a relief, and wear out the patience of attendants by incessant alterations of posture, without the slightest benefit. Something like this occurs when rash or desperate speculations infect a community, induce people to embark in adventures without reason and beyond their means, and when they fail, the cause is in anything rather than themselves. Just now the commercial world is suffering from a mania which has embarked an immense amount of capital in railway speculations not likely to yield the promised profit, or any profit, for several years to come. The bank, as usual, has displayed an incapacity to comprehend its position or the principles on which it should act. The corn-trade has engaged in speculations so rash, that it is said dealers have in some cases paid, or rather have undertaken to pay, freights to a higher amount than the commodity is now worth. And in addition to the folly of man, we have just struggled through a dearth, and are suffering from a scarcity of cotton in proportion to the demand. Hence, of course, extensive derangement to commercial men, as well as ruin to gamblers or speculators. People, however, will not admit that *they* are in fault: it used to be the bank—it is now the currency. Yet let us look at some of the results of an issue of paper unchecked but by the necessity of paying in gold. It is a chapter from the panic of 1825.

"The stoppage of the bank of Sir W. Elford, at Plymouth, while it added to the alarm in London, created a melancholy scene on the spot. The people were almost frantic. The holders of notes crossed and jostled each other in all directions. There was literally a whole population, with food in abundance staring them in the face, unable to procure it, as nothing but gold would be taken. Daybreak witnessed the bank surrounded by tumultuous mobs, and the civil power mustered in front. 'A night of fearful omen succeeded to many an unfortunate family.' The run on the Norwich Bank was stopped by the notes of the Bank of England being given in exchange.

"On the 12th of December, the crash which struck terror and alarm throughout London commenced with partners in the banking-house of Sir Peter Pole and Co., which was said to have yielded 40,000*l.* a year for the previous seven years, announcing their incapacity to meet the claims of their creditors. At nine o'clock this stoppage was known, and the exchange was resorted to to ask the cause, and inquire if other houses were in danger. Forty-four country banks were connected with the firm, and the ruin of many was anticipated. The agitation of the city exceeded everything that had been witnessed for a century. The funds fluctuated violently. Rumors of the failures of other firms spread rapidly. On the 13th, an important house, possessed of half a million of undeniable securities, declared, after a most severe pressure, an inability to meet its creditors. On the 14th, a West-end banker advertised that, though compelled to pause for the present in his payments, he hoped to resume on the following Saturday; and in this he was successful. On the same day the distress was increased by the stoppage of two firms, known as Sikes, Snaith, and Co., and Everett, Walker, and Co. The confusion spread; men ran in alarm and dread to draw the balances from the hands of their bankers. Lombard street was crowded with persons waiting in anxious fear or idle curiosity. A few gazers around a door was sufficient to create the destructive rumor that a run was made upon

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the establishment. But there was no occasion for rumor. The people seemed to anticipate that the bankers kept all their deposits to answer unreasonable demands, and that the expense of a banking-house was maintained for the sole purpose of benefiting the public. Many a firm, of unimpeachable honor and unquestionable solvency, was compelled to bend before the storm. The merchant looked to his banker for support; but all the efforts of the latter were directed to save himself from destruction. The usual channels of credit were stopped, and the circulation of the country completely deranged. Checks came pouring in from all quarters; and it was remarked, that 'the question would soon be, not who goes, but who stands?'

* * * * * * *

"For two or three days the most unquestionable security would not procure money; nor could the public funds be said to have a price. There was no market for bank, there were no buyers of East India stock. It was the opinion of Mr. Huskisson that in forty-eight hours all dealings would have been stopped between man and man except by way of barter. Owing to the difference in the money and account prices of consols, those bankers who were compelled to sell stock to raise cash paid at the rate of 72 per cent. for the necessity."

There is nothing like this now, or any apprehension of it. Numbers of people—large classes of society—are not involved in distress or ruin by men with whom they had no connection, or matters over which they could exercise no control. The trader who has refrained from speculation, or not diverted his capital from his legitimate business to railway schemes, may be straitened, no doubt, in the general pressure; but he is safe Failure is confined to those who have brought it on themselves by their rashness, or to men who have trusted these speculators in the way of business. Solvent and prudent men are secure; upwards of seventy banks are not spreading ruin through the country by their stoppage, involving traders and non-traders in one common misery.

EMIGRANT COLONIZATION AND HOME COLONIZATION.

The population of Ireland is not really redundant—there is land enough for all, if it were properly cultivated; and whether you employ the Irishman in the transmarine colonies or in "home colonies," there is but the one thing wanting—capital. Why not, then, employ him at home, and spare him from exile?

The reason is, that capital is not the only want. England could find the money to cultivate all the lands of Ireland to the highest pitch of scientific culture; but she desiderates the faith, the tranquil order, the very motives of industry. She cannot at a stroke carry those things into Ireland; but it is found by experience that the Irishman can be carried to them, and that he actually finds them in the colonies.

Capital would give the preference to Ireland, for its proximity; but Ireland exhibits the strongest example of that which most deters capital—social disorder, and therefore English capital gives the colonies a preference over Ireland. There are many elements of risk and uncertainty in colonial investments, but colonial chances of profit are proportionate; and, at all events, there is quiet instead of riot—that most certain of dangers to the invester. In Ireland the lands are in the possession of private owners, and of those moreover who cannot abandon a habit of exacting unpayable rents. Speculation in the culture of waste lands at a rackrent would be a joke as wild as the Mississippi bubble. There are exceptions to the rule of grasping landlords in Ireland, and laws might be passed to facilitate the appropriation of waste lands; but meanwhile, lands in the colonies are unowned, or are virtually vacant through the low price of the market. Public works would be ancillary to settlement both in Ireland and the colonies; but in Ireland public works are detested for their uselessness and jobbery; in the colonies they are needed, and are directly conducive to the general wealth. In Ireland labor is weighed down below the point of cheapness—down to listless pauperism, by the overwhelming weight of the two-million-and-a-half destitution; in the colonies labor is at a premium, and the only restriction on its gains is the paying-point of any employment. Many social circumstances conspire to defeat the benefits of home colonization; habit and the force of the general example are overwhelming; whereas emigration wrenches the laborer away from those evil associations, and compels him to "turn over a new leaf:" universal antagonism, the unceasing war of class upon class, breeds distrust, and prevents any faith in anything except class combinations; whereas in the colonies there is no time to get up such antagonism, and what the colonists know of their neighbors is a friendly coöperation in "husking bees" or "building frolics:" in Ireland the past is a history of universal failure; in the colonies, it is a history of unfailing success, attending even on apparent failure; the genius of Ireland is Despair; of every colony we have, it is Hope.

We have not been speculating or theorizing, but rapidly describing the actual experience of the past, and of the present.

But, indeed, emigrant colonization and home colonization are not incompatible; so much the contrary, that systematic emigration would be the best of all auxiliary measures for bringing the waste lands of Ireland into use; it would afford space and air for a new activity; would diminish the turbulence which keeps out capital; would stimulate industry by raising its premium—wages; and would infuse the animation of movement and hope into the Irish breast.—*Spectator*, 2 *Oct.*

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS. THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MULLIGANS," "PILOT," &c.

The King of France was walking on the terrace of Versailles; the fairest, not only of queens, but of women, hung fondly on the royal arm; while the children of France were indulging in their infantile hilarity in the alleys of the magnificent garden of Le Notre, (from which Niblo's garden has been copied, in our own Empire city of New York,) and playing at leap-frog with their uncle, the Count of Provence; gaudy courtiers, emblazoned with orders, glittered in the groves, and murmured frivolous talk in the ears of high-bred beauty.

"Marie, my beloved," said the ruler of France, taking out his watch, "'tis time that the Minister of America should be here."

"Your majesty should know the time," replied

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Marie Antoinette, archly, and in an Austrian accent; "is not my royal Louis the first watchmaker in his empire!"

The king cast a pleased glance at his repeater, and kissed with courtly grace the fair hand of her who had made him the compliment. "My Lord Bishop of Autun," said he to Monsieur de Talleyrand Perigord, who followed the royal pair, in his quality of arch-chamberlain of the empire, "I pray you look through the gardens, and tell his excellency Doctor Franklin that the king waits." The bishop ran off, with more than youthful agility, to seek the United States minister. "These republicans," he added, confidentially, and with something of a supercilious look, "are but rude courtiers, methinks."

"Nay," interposed the lovely Antoinette, "rude courtiers, sire, they may be; but the world boasts not of more accomplished gentlemen. I have seen no grandee of Versailles that has the noble bearing of this American envoy and his suite. They have the refinement of the old world, with all the simple elegance of the new. Though they have perfect dignity of manner, they have an engaging modesty which I have never seen equalled by the best of the proud English nobles with whom they wage war. I am told they speak their very language with a grace which the haughty islanders who oppress them never attained. They are independent, yet never insolent; elegant, yet always respectful; and brave, but not in the least boastful."

"What! savages and all, Marie?" exclaimed Louis, laughing, and chucking the lovely queen playfully under the royal chin. "But here comes Doctor Franklin, and your friend the cacique, with him." In fact, as the monarch spoke, the minister of the United States made his appearance, followed by a gigantic warrior in the garb of his native woods.

Knowing his place as minister of a sovereign state (yielding even then in dignity to none, as it surpasses all now in dignity, in valor, in honesty, in strength, and civilization,) the doctor nodded to the Queen of France, but kept his hat on as he faced the French monarch, and did not cease whittling the cane he carried in his hand.

"I was waiting for you, sir," the king said peevishly, in spite of the alarmed pressure which the queen gave his royal arm.

"The business of the republic, sire, must take precedence even of your majesty's wishes," replied Dr. Franklin. "When I was a poor printer's boy, and ran errands, no lad could be more punctual than poor Ben Franklin; but all other things must yield to the service of the United States of North America. I have done. What would you, sire?" and the intrepid republican eyed the monarch with a serene and easy dignity which made the descendant of St. Louis feel ill at ease.

"I wished to—to say farewell to Tatua before his departure," said Louis XVI., looking rather awkward. "Approach, Tatua." And the gigantic Indian strode up, and stood undaunted before the first magistrate of the French nation: again the feeble monarch quailed before the terrible simplicity of the glance of the denizen of the primeval forests.

The redoubted chief of the Nose-ring Indians was decorated in his war-paint, and in his top-knot was a peacock's feather, which had been given him out of the head-dress of the beautiful Princess of Lamballe. His nose, from which hung the ornament from which his ferocious tribe took its designation, was painted a light-blue, a circle of green and orange was drawn round each eye, while serpentine stripes of black, white, and vermilion alternately were smeared on his forehead, and descended over his cheek-bones to his chin. His manly chest was similarly tattooed and painted, and round his brawny neck and arms hung innumerable bracelets and necklaces of human teeth, extracted (one only from each skull) from the jaws of those who had fallen by the terrible tomahawk at his girdle. His mocassins, and his blanket, which was draped on his arm, and fell in picturesque folds to his feet, were fringed with tufts of hair—the black, the gray, the auburn, the golden ringlet of beauty, the red lock from the forehead of the Scottish or the northern soldier, the snowy tress of extreme old age, the flaxen down of infancy—all were there, dreadful reminiscences of the chief's triumphs in war. The warrior leaned on his enormous rifle, and faced the king.

"And it was with that carabine that you shot Wolfe in '57?" said Louis, eying the warrior and his weapon. "'T is a clumsy lock, and methinks I could mend it," he added mentally.

"The chief of the French pale faces speaks truth," Tatua said. "Tatua was a boy when he went first on the war path with Montcalm."

"And shot a Wolfe at the first fire!" said the king.

"The English are braves, though their faces are white," replied the Indian. "Tatua shot the raging Wolfe of the English; but the other wolves caused the foxes to go to earth." A smile played round Dr. Franklin's lips, as he whittled his cane with more vigor than ever.

"I believe, your excellency, Tatua has done good service elsewhere than at Quebec," the king said, appealing to the American envoy; "at Bunker's Hill, at Brandywine, at York Island? Now that Lafayette and my brave Frenchmen are among you, your excellency need have no fear but that the war will finish quickly—yes, yes, it will finish quickly. They will teach you discipline, and the way to conquer."

"King Louis of France," said the envoy, clapping his hat down over his head, and putting his arms a-kimbo, "we have learned that from the British, to whom we are superior in everything: and I 'd have your majesty to know, that in the art of whipping the world, we have no need of any French lessons. If your reglars jines General Washington, 't is to larn from *him* how Britishers are licked, for I 'm blest if *yu* know the way yet."

Tatua said, "Ugh," and gave a rattle with the butt of his carabine, which made the timid monarch start; the eyes of the lovely Antoinette flashed fire, but it played round the head of the dauntless American envoy harmless as the lightning which he knew how to conjure away.

The king fumbled in his pocket, and pulled out a Cross of the Order of the Bath. "Your excellency wears no honor," the monarch said; "but Tatua, who is not a subject, only an ally of the United States, may. Noble Tatua, I appoint you Knight Companion of my noble Order of the Bath. Wear this cross upon your breast in memory of Louis of France;" and the king held out the decoration to the chief.

Up to that moment the chief's countenance had been impassible. No look either of admiration or dislike had appeared upon that grim and war-painted visage. But now, as Louis spoke, Tatua's face assumed a glance of ineffable scorn, as, bending his head, he took the bauble.

"I will give it to one of my squaws," he said.

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"The papooses in my lodge will play with it. Come, Medicine, Tatua will go and drink fire-water;" and, shouldering his carabine, he turned his broad back without ceremony upon the monarch and his train, and disappeared down one of the walks of the garden. Franklin found him when his own interview with the French chief magistrate was over, being attracted to the spot where the chief was, by the crack of his well-known rifle. He was laughing in his quiet way. He had shot the colonel of the Swiss guards through his cockade.

Three days afterwards, as the gallant frigate, the *Repudiator*, was sailing out of Brest harbor, the gigantic form of an Indian might be seen standing on the binnacle in conversation with Commodore Bowie, the commander of the noble ship. It was Tatua, the chief of the Nose-rings.—*Punch.*

Correspondence of the Evening Post.

ROUND TOP, IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MR. EDITOR—Your correspondents have, at various times, called the attention of your readers to the wild scenery of the Catskills, until the view from the Mountain House, the Falls of the Katerskill, and the Clove, are familiar to all. But these writers seem to have neglected entirely the magnificent panorama displayed from the summit of Round Top, and which embraces within its circuit more varied attractions than can elsewhere be seen in the eastern states. To remind the lovers of mountain climbing that there is such a mountain, and that its summit is as accessible as many another whence vastly inferior views are considered as richly repaying the toil of climbing, I have ventured to solicit a little space in your columns.

And here let me remark, that of the two peaks which are observed from the river to tower loftily above their fellows, and which are contiguous, the front one is properly denominated Round Top—the other being High Peak. The former is about two hundred feet the higher, and is 3800 feet above the river. By the country people, High Peak is known as Round Top, and Round Top as the Bluff, from the bold front towards the river. The elevation of the Mountain House is but about 2200 feet.

It was upon Monday, the 4th of this present month, and one of the loveliest days of the season, that two of us were riding up the valley of the Schoharie Kill towards the base of the mountain. A "white-frost" had fallen the preceding night, and, as usual after this visitant, the sky was unclouded, and the sun looked through an atmosphere entirely free from mist and vapor upon the gorgeous covering of these autumnal forests, and upon the delicate frost-work that overspread the valley, coating rock and herb with a garb of diamonds.

By ten o'clock we had arrived at the head of the Plattekill Clove, upon the southern side of the mountain, and here we left our horses under the care of a good-natured Dutch farmer, and girded us to the ascent. We were still a mile from the base, and the summit was perhaps one thousand feet above the road. The western slope of the mountain appeared much the easier of ascent, and we shaped our course thither; but after a half hour's walk through the forest, during which time we had not been able to catch a glimpse of the summit through the dense tree-tops, we found ourselves unexpectedly upon the eastern side, and beneath formidable precipices that almost inclined us to turn back and attempt some other passage. Our walk thus far had not been unattended with exertion, although the ground had been comparatively level, for tangled balsams and low bushes had much impeded our progress.

But as we began to climb the rocks seemed to lose their sternness, and friendly passages opened everywhere. From the first ledge a view far more extensive than that from the Mountain House greeted us, and we could follow the Hudson through a course of more than seventy miles. Continuing on, the climbing became more and more easy, and upon the top of every prominent rock that lay in our course we lingered awhile to delight in the rapidly expanding scene below. Every step opened a wider horizon. Soon we were upon a level with the range of mountains to the south; another climb disclosed a bold range still to the south of these, and at last we stood upon the summit, and looked down, with what emotions may be imagined, upon the great valley of the Hudson, tracing the misty water from Albany to West Point, and noting well the cities and villages that studded its borders, and the silent craft that dotted its surface.

Far to the north, the horizon was confused with the outlines of the Helderberg mountains, which seemed to join hands with the lofty peaks of Vermont. These were lost, in their turn, in the gentle outline of the range of Tahkonic that sweep through Massachusetts and Connecticut, disappearing in the distance of the south. Below, mountain and hill seemed reduced to the same level, and the whole expanse, chequered with wood and field, and threaded by tiny streams, was smiling in the October sun.

The summit covers an extent of two or three acres, and is heavily timbered with tall white spruces. Hence, there is no point from which the whole circular horizon can be seen at once, and for a western view we must look out some other position.

The ground was covered with long green moss, closely enveloping rock and fallen branch. Here and there we noticed the holes of the squirrels, and about them were piled scraps of spruce cones. As no nuts are found upon these mountains, excepting, occasionally, beech-nuts, the red squirrels are forced to look for some other means of subsistence, and in the seeds of these spruce cones evidently find a good substitute. Sometimes we heard the faint whisper of the blue snow-bird, or the lively note of the tomtit, as they were moving hurriedly through the branches; but elsewise, all was still as death.

Upon the western side we found no prominent rock whence we could look above the tree-tops, and for this purpose climbed one of the tall spruces. The scene from this was perhaps more magnificent than that from the bluff, for beneath us lay spread the whole range of the Catskills, ninety distinct peaks, of every conceivable mountain shape. Far to the west they stood in ragged relief against the sky, clothed in intensest blue. Coming eastward, this color varied its shade with every separate peak, until gradually it began to mingle with the painted hues of autumn, and at last we could distinguish the yellow of the beech and the elm, the fiery glare of the soft maple, and the gloomy green of the hemlock.

Down the immediate valley, the Schoharie Kill, one of the loveliest streams that ever wandered from a mountain home, threw towards us its gleam of silver in the declining sun; and towards the north we admired the quiet little lakes that are embowered in the forests near the Mountain House.

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If a tower were built upon the summit of Round Top, of such a height as to overlook the trees, a circle of more than one hundred miles diameter would delight the traveller. The expense of such a tower would be trifling, not more than one hundred dollars, for the spruces that grow so luxuriantly in the vicinity would furnish abundant material. The students of Williams' College, a few years since, erected a log building upon the top of Greylock, to the height of thirty feet, and upon this elevated a steeple some thirty more, from which thousands of tourists have enjoyed the most enchanting view in Massachusetts. One man, in less than one week, could cut a path from the summit of Round Top to some one of the numerous roads that lead towards the Mountain House, and such an one, probably, as horses could ascend.

Why will not the enterprising proprietor of the Mountain House see to this, the coming season? The gratitude of thousands that yearly visit the Catskills, and more solid expressions than gratitude, will richly repay him.

I might speak of our descent, and of the wild cascades, and the awful chasm of the Plattekill Clove—the wildest Clove of the Catskills—and I might say a word for the good lady who lives at the head of that Clove, and who delights to welcome the wayfaring and hungry mountain climber—but I have done my errand, and I trust that others will take heed, and learn of these attractions for themselves.

W. H. E.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

Mr. Charles H. Peirce has sent us a beautiful volume,—Poetry of Life, by William B. Tappan,—from which we shall be able occasionally to give a page to our readers. We are conscious that our estimate of Mr. Tappan's poetical powers is not impartial—(and should be sorry if it were, after knowing him as a man and as a Christian for many years)—but we always open a volume from his hand with great pleasure. And such is the judgment of the Christian public. Many of his hymns have been incorporated into collections for public worship, and will be sung after all now living voices are silent.

Messrs. Saxton & Kelt are publishing, in monthly numbers, in a quarto form, a very useful work, at three dollars a year, called The American Architect, comprising Original Designs of Country Residences, adapted to the taste and circumstances of the Merchant, the Farmer, and the Mechanic. Each number contains a House; with views, elevations, ground plan, and ornamental work, in several plates; with an estimate of the cost and specifications of the carpenter and mason. And this is so carefully and particularly done as to be of great service to any one who is about to build. He may make his contract with the builder from it, and for the few cents which a No. will cost may save hundreds of dollars. We receive this work with much pleasure.

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From the Christian Observer, [by T. H. Horne.]

HISTORICAL NOTICES OF PSALMODY.

SECTION I.—CHURCH OF ENGLAND PSALMODY.

I. *Bishop* COVERDALE'S *Version of certain Psalms.* —II. *The "Old Version of the Psalms," executed by* STERNHOLD, HOPKINS, *and others.*— III. *The "New Version" of* TATE *and* BRADY. —IV. *Introduction of Hymns into the Services of the Church of England.*—V. *Metrical Versions of the Psalms in the Welsh, Manx, Irish, Mohawk, and Muncey Languages.*

DURING the long and disastrous period emphatically termed "the dark ages," when ignorance and superstition generally prevailed in the west of Europe, the singing of the praises of God was a part of divine worship from which the people were debarred. Not only were the words which were actually sung, composed in a language unknown to the great mass of the people; but the music was so complex that no one could bear a part in it, unless they had studied it scientifically. But at the reformation from the unscriptural and antiscriptural errors and practices of popery in the sixteenth century, the singing of psalms and hymns was revived and revindicated to the people, among the means of grace of which Christendom had been deprived by papal tyranny and usurpation: and metrical translations of the Book of Psalms were composed and printed in the several vernacular languages of Europe.

§ I. *Bishop* COVERDALE'S *Version of certain Psalms.*—The earliest known attempt at rendering the Psalms into English verse, for the purpose of being sung,* is that of the venerable confessor for the gospel, Myles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter during the reign of King Edward VI.; whose "Goostly Psalmes and Spirituall Songes drawen out of the Holy Scripture," were published, probably in 1538 and certainly before 1539; since they are inserted in a catalogue of books forbidden to be read, which is annexed to injunctions issued by Henry VIII. in 1539.† The first verse of each psalm is accompanied by musical notes, which evidently show that they were designed to be sung: and Coverdale states in his preface, that he had "set out certain comfortable songs grounded on God's word, and taken some out of the Holy Scripture, specially out of the psalms of David," in order to give the "youth of England some occasion to change their foul and corrupt ballads into sweet songs and spiritual hymns of God's honor, and for their own consolation in him."* The psalms thus versified by Bishop Coverdale were 2, 11, 13, 24, 45, 50, 67, 123. 127, 129, (130 of our numeration,) 133, 136, and 147.

§ II. *The "Old Version" of the Psalms.*—The next attempt to versify the psalms in English was made by Thomas Sternhold, Groom of the Robes to King Henry VIII. and to King Edward VI., in whose name nineteen psalms were printed by Edward Whitchurch without date, but most probably in 1549, entitled "Certayne Psalmes chosen out of the Psalter of David and drawen into English Metre by Thomas Sternhold grome of y^e^ Kynges Majesties Roobes."† A second edition, containing thirty-seven "Psalmes of David drawen into English Metre by Thomas Sternhold," with seven additional psalms translated by John Hopkins, was "Imprinted at London by Edward Whitchurche anno Domini 1551." in 16mo.,‡ "Four score and seven Psalmes of David in English metre by Thomas Sternhold and others," were published without date, but most probably in 1561:§ and in 1563 appeared the first complete edition of this version, entitled "The VVhole Boke of Psalmes collected into English Metre by Thomas Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and others: conferred with the Ebrue, with apt Notes to synge them withall. Faithfully perused and alowed according to the order appointed in the Queenes Maiesties Injunctions. . . . Imprinted at London by Iohn Day dwelling over Aldersgate benethe faint. Martins. Cum gratia et privilegio Regie Majestatis, per Septennium an. 1563." 4to.‖

Of the complete version of the hundred and fifty psalms thus published, on weighing the best authorities, we may assign forty-three to Thomas Sternhold; fifty-seven to John Hopkins; twenty-five to Thomas Norton, barrister-at-law, and a coadjutor of Lord Buckhurst in the composition of the tragedy of "Gorboduc;" twelve to William Whittyngham, afterwards Dean of Durham; and as many by William Kethe,¶ both of whom were exiles during the Marian persecution; one by John

* Mr. Wilmot Marsh has printed metrical versions of some ecclesiastical hymns, and of the twenty-third, hundredth, and hundred and twenty-third psalms, in pp. 5—10 of "Biblical Versions of Devout Hymns," (London, 1845, 8vo.,) which were executed in the thirteeth and fourteenth centuries. These versions do not appear to have been made with the design of being sung; but they are valuable, as being specimens of the English language in those centuries.

† Remains of Myles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, p. 533.—(Parker Society's Edition. Cambridge. 1846. 8vo.)

* Ibid., p. 538.

† Dibdin's Typographical Antiquities. Vol. iii., pp. 494—499.

‡ Ibid., vol. iii., p. 498. A Bibliographical Description of these thirty-seven Psalms is given in Sir S. E. Brydges' Censura Literaria. Vol. x., pp. 4—6.

§ Censura Literaria. Vol. x., pp. 6—10.

‖ Bibles, Testaments, Psalms, and other books of Holy Scripture in English, in the collection of Lea Wilson, Esq., p. 231. (London. 1845.)

¶ Kethe is said to have translated twenty-five psalms, of which only twelve were retained by Hopkins in the edition of 1563, which is the basis of all subsequent editions.

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Pullain, Archdeacon of Colchester,* and one (the second or supplementary version of the hundred and twenty-fifth psalm) by Robert Wisdom.

As it was no difficult task to prevail upon the people of England to prefer plain psalmody, in which they could easily join, to that intricate music which was too refined and scientific for their taste and comprehension, congregational singing gradually found its way into parish churches, although it was not recognized in the rubrics of the editions of the Book of Common Prayer; probably in consequence of the permission given by the statute 2 and 3 Edw. VI., c. i., § 7, "to use openly any psalm or prayer taken out of the Bible, at any due time, not letting or omitting thereby the service, or any part thereof."

On the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne in 1558, she found it politic to connive at, if not to permit, the practice of psalmody. One of her injunctions to the clergy, issued in 1559, (which was primarily designed "for the encouragement and continuance of the use of singing" [cathedral music] . . . "in divers collegiat as well as some parish churches" which had endowments "for the maintenance of men and children for singing in the church,") contains a saving clause in favor of "an hymn or such like song . . . in the beginning or in the end of common prayer."† Although this injunction had no legal force after the death of Queen Elizabeth, not having been renewed by any subsequent sovereign, it has generally been considered as a concession in favor of metrical psalmody. It is, however, certain, that metrical psalmody was introduced into the Church of England, either by permission or by tacit connivance; since the accurate ecclesiastical historian, Strype, states that in the month of September, 1559, "began the new morning prayer at St. Antholin's, London, the bell beginning to ring at five; when a psalm was sung after the Geneva fashion, ALL *the congregation, men, women, and boys singing together.*"‡

"1559–60. March the 3d.—Grindal, the new Bishop of London, preached at St. Paul's Cross in his rochet and chimere; the mayor and aldermen present, and a great auditory. And after sermon a psalm was sung, (which was the common practice of the reformed churches abroad,) *wherein the people also joined their voices.*"§

"1559–60. March the 17th.—Mr. Veron, a Frenchman by birth, preached at St. Paul's Cross, before the mayor and aldermen: and after sermon, *they sung*, ALL *in common*, a psalm in metre, as it seems now was frequently done, the custom having been brought from abroad by the exiles."*

The following extract of a letter from Dr. Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, to Peter Martyr, dated March 5th, 1560, confirms the fact related by Strype—"Religion is now somewhat more established than it was. The people are everywhere exceedingly inclined to the better part. *The practice of joining in church music has very much conduced to this.* For as soon as they had once commenced singing in public, in only one little church in London,† immediately not only the churches in the neighborhood, but even the towns far distant, began to vie with each other in the same practice. You may now sometimes see at Paul's Cross, after the service, six thousand persons old and young of both sexes, ALL singing together and praising God."‡

The version of the psalms by Sternhold and his associates, which had thus been introduced by the royal allowance, was further sanctioned by the convocation of the clergy of the Church of England, at their second session, held Jan. 13, 1562–63, in the Cathedral of St. Paul, before Archbishop Grindal and other bishops; when the hymn, "*Veni Creator*," and the psalm "*Beatus Vir*," were sung.§ As no *prose* translation of that hymn is extant in English, the hymn sung in that convocation must have been the *metrical* version of it, which is found in the "Form of ordering Priests in the first and second liturgies of King Edward VI."‖ And the psalm must have been the first metrical psalm in Sternhold's version, to which the words "*Beatus Vir*" are prefixed in the Latin Vulgate; as they had long before been prefixed to the same psalm in the old prose English translation which is still retained in the Book of Common Prayer.

Although several metrical versions of the Psalms were published with the royal license in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries,¶ the "Old Ver-

* Pullain "supplied two psalms for some of the earlier impressions; but only one (the hundred and forty-eighth) has been suffered to stand in the general collection."—Drake's Harp of Judah, vol. i., pp. xiii. xiv.

† "Nevertheless, for the comforting of such as delight in musick, it may be permitted, that *in the beginning or at the end of common prayer, either at morning or evening*, there may be *sung a hymn, or such like song*, to the praise of Almighty God, in the best melody and musick that may be devised, *having respect that the sentence of the hymn may be understood and perceived.*"—Bp. Sparrow's Collection of Articles, Injunctions, &c., p. 75. London, 1671. 4to.

‡ Strype's Annals of the Reformation. Vol. i., p. 134. London, 1725.

§ Ibid. Vol. i., p. 198.

* Ibid. Vol. i., p. 200.

† St. Antholin's, Watling Street.—T. H. H.

‡ "The Zurich Letters, comprising the correspondence of several English Bishops, and others, with some of the Helvetian Reformers." p. 71.—(Parker Society's Ed. Cambridge, 1842. 8vo.)

§ "Decantata fuit per ministros ecclesiæ Letania in sermone vulgari (juxta morem et ritum in libro nuncupato, *The Book of Common Prayer*, &c., descriptum:) quâ finitâ, ac Hymno *Veni Creator*, &c., per ministros ejusdem ecclesiæ solemniter decantato, magister Wilhelmus Daye S. T. B. &c., suggestum in medio chori positum ingressus fuit, ac ibidem concionem Latinam, stilo venusto, ad patres et clerum præsentes habuit. Finitâ vero concione, ac Psalmo primo (*Beatus Vir*, &c.) in sermone vulgari decantato, celebrata fuit sacra communio." Extract from the Acts of the Convocation held in 1562, printed in the Appendix to [Mr., afterwards Bishop, Gibson's] "Synodus Anglicana; or, the Constitution and Proceedings of an English Convocation, pp. 194, 195." (London, 1702. 8vo.)

That appendix, among other documents, contains the proceedings of the Convocation held in 1562, copied from the original manuscript registers.

‖ "The Two Liturgies, A. D. 1549, and A. D. 1552, with other documents set forth by authority in the reign of King Edward VI." pp. 172—174, and 342, 343—(Parker Society's Edition. Cambridge, 1844. 8vo.)

¶ The metrical versions referred to are these:—1. Of Archbishop Parker, published anonymously about the

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sion" continued to be used in churches until after the restoration; notwithstanding the efforts made during the rebellion, to recommend the introduction and adoption of the metrical versions published by William Barton and Francis Rous; and also of Barton's revision of Rous' version made under the authority of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. (See a notice of these versions in p. 296, infra.) The best proof, indeed, of the popularity of the "Old Version" among the English nation, is to be found in the fact, that upwards of *thirty* editions of it are known to have been published between the years 1601 and 1650.*

§ III. *The* "NEW VERSION" *of the Psalms.*—The "Old Version" of the Psalms fell gradually into disuse after the publication of "A New Version of the Psalms of David, fitted to the Tunes used in Churches. By Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady. London, 1696," in duodecimo. It was preceded by a specimen, "printed for the Company of Stationers" in 1695, also in duodecimo, and entitled "An Essay of a New Version of the Psalms of David, consisting of the first Twenty; fitted to the Tunes used in Churches." This "new version" was introduced to the public under the sanction of an order in privy council, by King William III., dated December 3, 1696; which has been printed at length in all succeeding editions, though it has had no legal authority whatever since his decease; and by which his majesty ordered, "that the said new version of the psalms into English metre be, and the same is hereby allowed and permitted to be, used in all such churches, chapels, and congregations, as shall think fit to receive the same."

Although a "second edition, corrected," was printed in 1698, the New Version encountered much severe and (it must now be admitted) not unmerited animadversion: in consequence of which there was published in the same year, "A Breif [brief] and Full Account of Mr. Tate and Mr. Brady's New Version of the Psalms. By a True Son of the Church of England." This (now very rare) tract contains an account of the origin and progress of their work, from which the following particulars are selected.

Though the design of undertaking a new version originated with Messieurs Tate and Brady, who proposed it "between themselves," . . . . . "in a little time it was communicated, and as speedily receiv'd and nourish'd by persons of the highest rank and principal authority in the nation in the Church and State."* . . . . . "When the work was finished, and had passed the censure of his Grace the Archbishop," [Dr. Tillotson,] "and several more of his brethren the Rt. Rev. Prelates, a petition was presented to his Majesty" [William III.] "in council, for allowing the liberty of a public reception of it in all churches, chappels, and congregations;" which petition was accordingly granted.† That no caution might be omitted for bringing this work to maturity and perfection, the translators "invite all their friends, both in city and country, to supervise and correct what was amiss."‡ "After it had thus been corrected by the Bishops, and the Translators' friends," and had "gain'd a publick approbation by his Majesty's Royal Indulgence,"§ it was adopted first in the churches of London and its vicinity, principally through the recommendation of Bishop Compton:‖ and subsequently it was gradually received throughout England, in consequence of the further recommendations of it by the Archbishop of York, and other bishops.¶

One of the most strenuous antagonists of the "New Version of the Psalms of David" was Dr. William Beveridge, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, whose "Defence of the Book of Psalms, collected into English Metre by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others, with critical observations on the late New Version compared with the Old," appears from internal evidence to have been written between the years 1698 and 1700: though it was not published until the year 1710, nearly, if not quite, three years after Bishop Beveridge's decease.** This tract, however, seems to have produced but little permanent effect, as the "New Version" in no long time was generally adopted in consequence of the royal and episcopal sanctions which it had received.

"The pervading defect" of this version "is that of tameness and monotony of execution, though there are a few beautiful exceptions to this censure;"†† and the fifteenth psalm, the first four verses of the twenty-third, the twenty-fourth, the thirty-fourth, ninety-third, hundredth, (perhaps,) hundred and first, hundred and eighth psalms, verses 69, 72, 168—175 of the hundred and nineteenth psalm, the hundred and twenty-

year 1560;—2. Of Henry Dod, 1603;—3. Of George Wither, 1623;—4. Of King James I., 1631;—and 5. Of George Sandys, 1636. Interesting critical notices of these versions are given by Dr. Drake, in the Introduction to his elegant selection of Versions of the Book of Psalms, entitled "The Harp of Judah, or the Songs of Sion . . . including the choicest Paraphrases, Imitations, and Poetical Illustrations of the Psalms of David;" (London, 1837, 2 vols. 8vo;) and also by Mr. Holland, in his valuable and accurate work, entitled "The Psalmists of Britain. Records, biographical and literary, of upwards of one hundred and fifty authors, who have rendered the whole or parts of the Book of Psalms into English Verse, with specimens of the different versions." (London, 1843. 2 vols. 8vo.)

* Mr. Lea Wilson has enumerated, and concisely described in chronological order, more than thirty editions, printed between 1601 and 1650, in his catalogue of Bibles, Testaments, &c., in his possession.

* "Breif and Full Account," &c., p. 4.

† Ibid., p. 6. ‡ Ibid., p. 7. § Ibid., p. 9.

‖ Bishop Compton's recommendation of the New Version is dated May 23rd, 1698, in which he thus expressed himself.—"I find it a work done with so much judgment and ingenuity, that I am persuaded it may take off that unhappy objection that has hitherto lain against the singing psalms, and dispose that part of divine service to much more devotion. And I do heartily recommend the use of this version to all my brethren within my diocese."—Extract from Bishop Compton's Recommendation prefixed to the folio edition of the New Version, printed at the Pitt Press of the University of Cambridge in 1843.

¶ "Breif and Full Account," &c., p. 13.

** Bishop Beveridge's "Defence" of the Old Version is printed in the first volume of his collected works. pp. 611—652. London, 1824. 8vo.

†† Dr. Drake's Harp of Judah. Vol. i., p. xxix.

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fifth, hundred and thirty-ninth, (perhaps,) and the hundred and fiftieth psalms, may be indicated as favorable specimens, combining accuracy of rendering with the true spirit of sacred poetry.*

In no long time after the publication of the "New Version of the Psalms," it was found necessary to have a supplement, "containing the usual Hymns, Creed, Lord's Prayer, &c., with the Church Tunes." Accordingly, Messrs. Tate and Brady in 1703 petitioned Queen Anne for "her majesty's allowance of the said Supplement;" whereupon "her majesty, taking the same into her royal consideration," on the 30th of July, 1703, was "pleased to order in council that the said supplement to the said New Version of the Psalms be, and the same is hereby allowed and permitted to be, used in all such churches, chapels, and congregations as shall think fit to receive the same."†

The "Supplement" thus "allowed and permitted," was published accordingly; and a selection of hymns taken from it has received the highest ecclesiastical sanction; having been published for considerably more than a century by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, of whose committees all the English bishops are *ex officio* members.‡

The "New Version" of Tate and Brady is now used in most of the churches in England and in Ireland, as well as in the chapels of the Episcopal communion in Scotland, and in the British colonies.§ It has also been adopted by the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

As the order in council of King William III., recommending the use of the "New Version" by such congregations as should think fit to receive it, was legally in force only during his reign, the subsequent continued use of it, to the present time, may be accounted for by the two following facts, viz.:

1. The New Version is intelligible throughout. Some portions of it (as already stated) are executed with great felicity, though others are tame, and much inferior to parts of the "Old Version" executed by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others: the style of which last has now become so obsolete, as to be no longer tolerated as a whole. Yet every one who *candidly* examines that version will allow that its "diction has not unfrequently a liquid sweetness and generally a force and grandeur, the effect of which is much increased by its simplicity."*

2. Almost ever since its first publication, the New Version has been (as indeed it still is) bound up with nearly every edition of the Book of Common Prayer, in consequence of its having become the property of the Stationers' Company, by whom —until of late years—it has almost exclusively been published.

By a very long deed, dated December 3d, 1696, (a copious abstract of which is printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for the year 1822,)† Messrs. Tate and Brady "entered into partnership with the Stationers' Company for printing the New Version of the Psalms; the copyright being 'divided into three great allotments of eighty shares each,' and the articles of agreement giving the option of the purchase to one of the three parties." The property has long been in the hands of the Stationers' Company.‡

§ IV. *Modern Introduction of* HYMNS *into the Church of England.*—Highly valuable as the compositions of the sweet Psalmist of Israel confessedly are, as supplying the most considerable as well as most important materials for sacred and ecclesiastical music, and answering purposes which no uninspired compositions can answer; yet it has been long and generally acknowledged that, to a Christian congregation, something is yet wanting in this department of public worship, which (as the present Bishop of Durham§ has truly observed) "in addition to the holy effusions of the Old Testament, may convey that clearer view of God's dispensations, those astonishing hopes and consoling promises, which are supplied by the inspired penmen of the New. For, although, in sublime descriptions of the Almighty, in earnestness of supplication, and in warmth of adoration, the royal psalmist must ever stand unrivalled; yet his knowledge of divine things was necessarily incomplete, because the 'day-spring' had not yet dawned from on high. (Luke i. 78.) Even under the influence of prophetic inspiration, David saw but as *through a glass, darkly*, the saving truths of

* Although the version of Tate and Brady, being designed for the use of members of the Church of England, was not adopted by the dissenters of that day, it may gratify the reader to peruse the following incidental testimony to its value by the learned and pious Matthew Henry. In a postscript to the preface of the third edition of his "Family Hymns gathered mostly out of the Translations of David's Psalms," [by Bishop King, Mr. Barton, Mr. Smith, Dr. Ford, Dr. John Patrick, and Mr. Baxter,] he says:—"I thought it might be acceptable to make large additions, in which I must own myself to have borrowed some lines from *the excellent version* of the psalms done by Mr. Tate, which was not published when this collection was first made."—M. Henry's Miscellaneous Works, p. 706. London, 1830. 8vo.

† Bp. Mant's "History of the Church of Ireland from the revolution to the union of the Churches of England and Ireland in 1801," pp. 260, 261; where the whole of the above cited order in council is printed from the minute-books of the Privy Council.

‡ The "Hymns taken from the Supplement to Tate and Brady's Psalms," form No. 43 of the Religious Tracts dispersed by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

§ In 1831 was published at Barbados in 18mo, "A Selection of Psalms and Hymns from the Authorized Metrical Versions of the Psalms of David, and from the Hymns annexed to the Book of Common Prayer, with appropriate Tunes. Recommended [it is presumed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. W. H. Coleridge, at that time Bishop of Barbados] for the use of the Cathedral and other churches and chapels in the Diocese of Barbados and the Leeward Islands." Among the hymns in this selection, are Bishop Ken's well-known evening hymn, and the beautiful and devotional hymn on the Lord's Supper—"My God! and is thy table spread, &c.," composed by the learned and pious Dr. Doddridge.

* Rev. R. Kennedy's Thoughts on the Music and Words of Psalmody, p. 65.

† Gent. Mag. Vol. xcii. Part ii., p. 414.

‡ Holland's Psalmists of Britain. Vol. ii., p. 104.

§ The Rt. Rev. Dr. Maltby, pp. ix. x. of the Preface to a Collection of Psalms and Hymns, published while Dr. M. was vicar of Buckden.

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redemption and salvation. These truths, therefore, taught as they were by our Lord and his apostles, and illustrated by the great transactions of his life and death, may surely form, in a Christian congregation, as fit subjects for devotional melodies, as the events of Jewish history, and the precepts of the Mosaic law suggested to the Holy Psalmist."

The want of a Collection of Psalms and Hymns, made on this principle, seems to have been felt in the middle and latter part of the eighteenth century, when selections appear to have been first made. One of the earliest, which the writer of these pages has seen, was published at York in 1774. Other selections were introduced about the same time, or perhaps a little earlier, into the chapels of the Magdalen, Foundling, and Lock Hospitals, and of other benevolent institutions in the metropolis: and within the last fifty or sixty years, during which increased attention has been given to the improvement of church psalmody, very numerous collections and selections have been published, which are now used in various churches and chapels throughout England.

The sources, from which most of these selections are derived, are the "Psalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament," and the "Hymns" composed by the Rev. Dr. Watts, published respectively in 1707 and 1719; the Hymns of the Rev. Dr. Doddridge; the Hymns published at various times by the Rev. Messieurs John and Charles Wesley; the Olney Hymns, composed by William Cowper and the Rev. John Newton; and the sacred compositions dispersed through the works of the British poets of the eighteenth century and of the present time.

Of the very numerous collections and selections of psalms and hymns, now extant, it were invidious to specify any as possessing more than ordinary claims to preference: but the fact may be stated, as showing how much the want of some such selections has been felt, that two collections of psalms and hymns have been published by clergymen who have since been raised to the episcopate, viz., 1. By the Rev. Dr. Maltby, (successively bishop of Chichester and Durham,) while he was vicar of Buckden, in conjunction with the Rev. Messieurs R. Tillard, and J. S. Banks, whose collection was published under the sanction of their diocesan, Bishop Tomline (of Lincoln;) and 2. By the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, M. A. (now D. D. and Bishop of Oxford,) while he was rector of Brightstone in the Isle of Wight.

In 1835 the necessity of having some authorized and uniform collection of psalms and hymns for the use of members of the Church of England, was brought before the committee of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. Accordingly, a collection was prepared by a sub-committee, and printed. It consisted of one hundred and fifty psalms, or portions of psalms, and one hundred and sixty-one hymns: but some impediment arose, so that it was never published.*

* From private information.

§ V. *Metrical Versions of the Psalms in the* WELSH, MANX, IRISH, MOHAWK, *and* MUNCEY *Languages.*

A WELSH version of the psalms, by William Myddleton, a celebrated bard and navigator, was printed at London by Simon Stafford and Thomas Salisbury in 1603, 4to;* and another version was made by a celebrated Welsh poet, the Rev. Edmund Prys, archdeacon of Merioneth, about the commencement of the seventeenth century. This version was subsequently revised by the Rev. Peter Williams, and is now in use throughout the principality of Wales.†

A metrical version of twenty-eight psalms into the MANX language was executed in 1761 by the Rev. Robert Radcliffe and the Rev. Matthias Curgey,‡ two clergymen of the Isle of Man. A translation of the Book of Psalms in the Erse or native IRISH language, made by the Rev. Dr. M'Leod, Mr. Thaddeus Connellan, the Rev. H. H. Beamish, M. A., and Mr. David Murphy, was published at London in 1836.§

In the edition of the American Indian (or Mohawk) version of the Book of Common Prayer, printed at London in 1787, at the expense of the British government, for the use of the Christian Indian tribes, the following portions of the psalms are translated into the MOHAWK language, viz., the twenty-third, sixty-seventh, hundreth, hundred and seventeenth, and the hundred and thirty-fourth psalms, with Gloria Patri, the hymn *Veni Creator*, and two hymns on Baptism and the Lord's Supper: and in 1839, "A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for the use of the Six Indian Nations," was printed at Hamilton, in the Diocese of Toronto, "at the expense of the New England Corporation," as the society for supporting missions to those nations is now termed. It contains the psalms just enumerated in English and Mohawk, and eighty-one hymns; sixty-eight of which are in Mohawk and English, and consist of those most generally approved in this country. The remaining thirteen hymns are in Mohawk only. Among them is Bishop Ken's admirable Evening Hymn, rendered into Mohawk verse, in words of one syllable; which the devoted clerical missionary to the Mohawks, the Rev. Abraham Nelles, in 1844, informed the writer of these "Historical Notices," is sung to Tallis' well known tune, to which the Mohawk verse is eminently adapted. As this "Collection of Psalms and Hymns, for the use of the Six Indian Nations," is by no means a common Book in England, the following stanza in English and Mohawk will perhaps gratify the reader.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

* Wood's Athen. Oxon., vol. 1., col. 648, 9, ed. Bliss. Ames' Typographical Antiquities, p. 435, first edition.
† Holland's Psalmists of Britain, vol. i, p. 63.
‡ Ibid., p. 67. § Ibid., p. 65.

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Age Ni yoh wa go men ton,
Ken wa son dah de a give gon;
Ni yo men dont ji tyoh swat he
O me ta gwa te we yen ton.

In 1847 the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, printed in the language of the Munceys, (a tribe of North American Indians,) the twenty-third, thirty-second, thirty-fourth, forty-second, fifty-first, sixty-seventh, and hundredth psalms, with a "Gloria Patri," at the end of the Muncey version of "The Morning and Evening Prayers, the Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church." The psalms are followed by sixty-eight hymns also in the language of the Munceys, all which are translated by the Rev. Richard Flood, missionary to that tribe from the venerable Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The first verse of the hundredth Psalm is annexed, as a specimen of the language.

"La Kitch yoon tah leh au Keeng waim,
Kau kain aum aun Pah tum o waus:
W' la lin dah mo weh nach koo maun,
Naik mah a loo qua peit tah leh."

SECTION II.—PSALMODY OF THE PROTESTANT DISSENTERS FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Of the state of psalmony among the Puritans, at the close of the sixteenth century, and in the former part of the seventeenth century, we have no certain information. Various metrical translations, indeed, were published by private individuals, accounts of which, interspersed with specimens, may be seen in Mr. Holland's "Psalmists of Britain," above cited. In 1644 appeared "The Book of Psalms in Metre, close and appropriate to the Hebrew, smooth and pleasant for the metre, plain and easy for the Tunes, by W. B.," that is, William Barton. This version became exceedingly popular among the Puritans, and was reprinted in 1645, with the license of Oliver Cromwell as Protector. The author's name was then printed at length. A third edition was printed in 1654; and Barton's version appears to have retained its popularity for many years; since an edition was published in 1705, with a notice that it appeared—"as he left it finished in his life-time."*

In 1646 another metrical version of the Psalms was published (but without his name) by Francis Rous, the Presbyterian Provost of Eton College, with the following inprimatur of the House of Commons, facing the title-page:—"*Die Veneris*, 1645. It is this day ordered by the commons assembled in parliament, that this Book of Psalms, set forth by Mr. Rous and perused by the Assembly of Divines, be forthwith printed: And that it be referred to Mr. Rous to take care for the printing thereof; and that none do presume to print it, but such as shall be authorized by him. *H. Elsinge, Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*" Each psalm is accompanied with the prose translation from the English Bible at that time and now in use. This version, it seems, had been printed in 1641. In 1643, the Assembly of Divines, then sitting at Westminster, having been desired by the House of Commons to consider the subject of Psalmody, caused Rous' version to be "carefully perused;" and after several amendments, they sent it to the House of Commons in 1645, with their approval; humbly conceiving that it "may be useful and profitable to the church, if permitted to be sung."* Rous' version was further revised by William Barton, for the optional use of churches in England: "but neither the Assembly of Divines, nor the care of Barton, nor the license of Cromwell, could wean the people from their attachment to the Old Version, or bid the press discontinue the publication of it."†

Notwithstanding the efforts made during the rebellion to ensure or enforce one uniform system of psalmody, objections were made to the singing of psalms in public worship; and many doubts and scruples respecting its propriety appear to have prevailed among the Puritans about the middle of the seventeenth century. Psalmody, however, was strenuously vindicated and defended by "T. F., minister of the gospel in Exon," as an integral part of public worship, in a duodecimo volume published at London in 1651, containing five "Sermons upon Ephesians, v. 19," entitled "Singing of Psalms the Duty of Christians under the New Testament; or a Vindication of that Gospel ordinance. . . . . Wherein are asserted and cleared, 1. That, 2. What, 3. How, 4. Why, we must sing." In the preface "to the reader," (signature *A*. 3,) he states that his sermons are more especially directed to three sorts of persons; "First, such as deny singing of David's Psalms to be a duty;—Secondly, such as neglect that duty very much, especially in private;—Thirdly, such as do it both in publique and in private, yet know not how to carry themselves in it as becometh Christians."

The third edition of Dr. Francis Roberts' "Clavis Bibliorum, or Key of the Bible," published in 1665, contains a metrical version of the whole Book of Psalms from the Hebrew; which, indeed, claims the merit of fidelity, but which is clothed in the most homely garb of English verse, that can well be conceived. To this portion of his work he prefixed a prolix and labored vindication of psalmody as an essential part of divine worship, in four theses, in which he shows, 1. That "singing of psalmes with voice is an ordinance of Christ and a duty of Christians, now under the New Testament;"—2. That "the subject-matter of Christians singing now under the New Testament should peculiarly be the Scripture-Psalmes, Hymnes, and Spiritual Songs;"—3. That "Christians are so to sing Scripture-Psalmes, Hymnes, and Spiritual Songs, as therein to speak to one another to mutual profit and edification;"—and 4. That "in

* Todd's "Observations on the Metrical Versions of the Psalms made by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others," p. 73. Holland's "Psalmists of Brit." ii. 19.

* Holland's Psalmists of Britain. Vol. ii. pp. 31, 32.
† Todd's Observations. p. 79.

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singing of Scripture-Psalmes, &c., Christians should be chiefly careful to make melody in their hearts unto the Lord." In the course of these theses Dr. Roberts considers and answers various objections of the opponents of psalmody; and offers satisfactory "Resolutions of certain cases of conscience, or practical doubts about singing Scripture-Psalmes."

In 1673 Mr. Baxter published his "Christian Directory, or a Sum of Practical Theology and Cases of Conscience," in one large volume folio. In Part III., Question 125, he considers the subject of psalmody, and determines that psalms may be "used as prayers, and praises, and thanksgivings;" assigning as his reason for entering into the discussion, that he had "oft been troubled with them that (having no other shift to deny the lawfulness of written and set forms of prayer) do affirm, that psalms are neither to be read or sung at all as prayers, but only as doctrinal scriptures for instruction."*

In the year 1679, Dr. John Patrick, preacher to the Charterhouse, London, published "a century of select psalms," and in 1715 a version of the entire Book of Psalms; which was afterwards reprinted, and was in use among some congregations of Protestant dissenters, principally (it would seem) of the Presbyterian and Independent denominations, for the Baptists were much divided in opinion, on the subject of psalmody. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, a curious controversy arose among the Baptists—Whether singing in public worship had been partially discontinued during the times of persecution to avoid informers, or whether the miserable manner in which it was performed, gave persons a distaste towards it. In this controversy Mr. Benjamin Keach took an active part. In 1691 he published a tract entitled "The Breach repaired in God's worship: or, Psalms, Hymns, &c., proved to be a holy ordinance of Jesus Christ." To us it may appear strange that such a point should be disputed. But Mr. Keach was obliged to "labor earnestly and with great prudence and caution, to obtain the consent of his people to sing a hymn at the conclusion of the Lord's Supper. After six years they agreed to sing on thanksgiving days; but it required fourteen years more, before he could persuade them to sing every Lord's day; and then it was only after the last prayer, that those who chose might withdraw without joining in it. Nor did even this satisfy those scrupulous consciences; for, after all, a separation took place, and the inharmonious seceders formed a new church in May's" (Maze) "Pond," (Southwark,) "where it was above twenty years longer before singing the praises of God could be endured."†

In 1708 were published at London "Practical Discourses on the Duty of Singing in the Worship of God, preached at the Friday Evening Lecture in Little Eastcheap." From the preface to this volume we learn that, "the duty of singing in the public worship of God having been very much neglected and unskilfully performed among us," [that is, the dissenters,] "some attempts have been set on foot to teach the art and encourage the practice." With this design the "Eastcheap Lectures," as they are commonly termed, were composed and delivered, but with what success it is not now known. They treat on the nature and duty of singing, with arguments for it, answers to objections, and directions for performing it aright. Many judicious and pious observations are dispersed through these lectures.

But the greatest improvement of psalmody among dissenters, (and indeed of all modern psalmody,) was effected by the publication, in the year 1707, of Dr. Watts' Hymns, and in 1719 of his "Psalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament, and applied to the Christian State and Worship." The best compositions of Watts, and of his friend, the learned and pious Dr. Doddridge, (whose hymns were published after his decease in 1751,) are found in every selection of psalms and hymns, which has been published within the last sixty years, whether for the use of the Church of England or of dissenters from her communion. In the course of the present century many exquisite pieces of sacred and devotional poetry have been composed by dissenters, which are deservedly found in various collections and selections printed for use in public worship.

All the great bodies of dissenters now have denominational Hymn-Books, containing the best versions, or imitations, of the Psalms of David, together with hymns selected from our most eminent devotional poets.

SECTION IV.—PSALMODY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

"In Scotland, as elsewhere, the first publication of the Book of Psalms in the vulgar tongue appears to have preceded that of the whole Scriptures. It is certain that, before the year 1546, a number of the Psalms was translated into metre; for George Wishart" [the martyr] "sang one of them in the house of Ormiston, on the night in which he was apprehended."*

The Old Version of Sternhold, Hopkins, and their associates, was early introduced into the public worship of the Kirk of Scotland. Mr. Lea Wilson has bibliographical Notices, in chronological order, of not fewer than fifteen editions printed at Middleburgh and Dort, in Holland, and at Edinburgh and Aberdeen, in Scotland, between the years 1594 and 1640.†

The Presbyterian Church of Scotland has uniformly evinced a remarkably strong indisposition to innovate in the matter of psalmody. This indisposition was most decidedly manifested in 1632,

* Baxter's Practical Works, vol. v., p. 497, 8vo. edit.
† Crosby's History of English Baptists, vol. iv., pp. 298—301. T. Williams' Dictionary of all Religions, p. 248. London, 1823.

* M'Crie's Life of Knox, vol. i., p. 364.
† Bibles, Testaments, Psalms, and other Books of Holy Scripture in English, in the collection of Lea Wilson, Esq., pp. 238, 240, 241 and following.

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when an attempt was made to supersede the Old English Version of the psalms, which had been in use since 1564, by that of King James I. But while the Scottish divines withstood the introduction of the king's version, they appear at the same time to have taken measures for obtaining a version of which they could entirely approve.* At length, after much deliberation and revision between the years 1647 and 1649, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in August, 1649, referred the whole matter to a commission; who on the 23d of November following issued their decision in favor of the revised version of Francis Rous, (noticed in p. 294,) which was adopted in the main, and authorized the same to be the only paraphrase of the psalms to be sung in the Kirk of Scotland.†

In process of time, however, it was the general sentiment of devout persons, that it would be of advantage to enlarge the psalmody of that church, by joining with the Psalms of David some other passages of Holy Scripture, both from the Old and New Testament. Accordingly, a committee was appointed, in consequence of an act of the General Assembly of the kirk, to prepare some paraphrases of sacred writ, in verse: and a collection of such paraphrases was published in 1745, which for thirty years was used in several churches. At length, in 1775, it having been represented to the General Assembly, that it was proper that this collection should be revised and some additions should be made to it, a committee was appointed with instructions to receive and consider corrections or additional materials, which might be laid before them. By that committee a collection, comprising sixty-seven paraphrases of various portions of the Old Testament and five hymns, was published in 1781 under the authority of an act of the General Assembly, dated 1st June, 1781, sess. 8. All the translations and paraphrases, which had been published in 1745, are in substance retained, after a careful revision, and with numerous alterations and improvements: and a considerable number of new paraphrases was added, the whole being arranged in the order in which the several passages of Scripture occur in the Bible.‡ Doctors Watts, Doddridge, and Blacklock, and Mr. Logan, are the authors from whom these paraphrases have chiefly been taken.

In 1781 the psalmody of the Church of Scotland was translated into Gaelic by the Rev. John Smith, by whom it was revised and published in 1783.§ Competent judges have pronounced that this version is faithfully and beautifully executed.

* Holland's Psalmists of Britain, vol. i., p. 57.
† Ibid., pp. 58—60.
‡ Advertisement to "Translations and Paraphrases, in verse, of several passages of Scripture, collected and prepared by a Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in order to be sung in churches. Edinburgh: printed by J. Dickson, printer to the Church of Scotland, 1787." 12mo.
§ Holland's Psal. of Brit., vol. i., p. 63.

SECTION IV.—PSALMODY IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

§I. *Psalmody of the Congregationalists or Independents, and of the Presbyterians.*

The United States of America, especially those which are commonly termed the "New England States," were colonized principally by nonconformists, who probably used the Old Version of Sternhold and his associates. In 1636 a committee of ministers of the Congregational or Independent churches was appointed; who in 1640 completed from the Hebrew a metrical version of the psalms, which was subsequently referred for improvement to the Rev. Henry Dunstar, Principal of Harvard College, Massachusetts; who was aided—as to the poetry—by Mr. Richard Lyon, an English gentleman at that time resident in Harvard College. Between the years 1755 and 1757 this translation received a very careful revision from the Rev. Thomas Prince, M. A., rector of the South Church, Boston; whose revised edition was published in October, 1758, and was introduced into the South Church on the Sunday after his funeral.*

In 1718 Dr. Cotton Mather published at Boston, Massachusetts, "Psalterium Americanum: the Book of Psalms in a translation exactly conformed unto the Original; But all in Blank Verse, fitted unto the tunes commonly used in our Churches. Which pure offering is accompanied with illustrations digging for hidden treasures in it; and Rules to employ it according to the glorious and various intentions of it. Whereto are added some portions of the Sacred Scriptures, to enrich the Cantional. Boston, in N. E. . . . . 1718." 12mo.

In this singular publication, (which is a close translation from the Hebrew,) Dr. Mather has not only disregarded the modern practice of breaking the lines, whether rhymed or not; but he has "run out" (to use a printer's phrase) the whole matter: so that while each psalm looks exactly like *prose*, and may be read as such, it is in fact, modulated so that it may be sung as *lyric verse*. For the latter purpose the syllabic quantities, which (it must be confessed) the reader will not always recognize, are marked by parallels;—Baxter's expedient for lengthening the common measure of a verse, to suit a different tune by the addition of a word or two in a *different* character.† In an "Admonition concerning the Tunes," Dr. Mather states that "The Director of the psalmody need only say—*sing with the* BLACK LETTER, or, sing *without the* BLACK LETTER, and the tune will be sufficiently directed."‡ The following extract from the twenty-third psalm will enable the reader to form some idea of this extraordinary translation of the Book of Psalms.

* Holland's Psalmists of Britain, vol. ii., pp. 186—190.
† Holland's Psalmists of Britain, vol. ii., pp. 141—144.
‡ Psalterium Americanum; Introduction, p. xxxvi. The quotations from this very rare volume are made from the copy preserved in the Library of the British Museum.

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"PSALM XXIII.

A Psalm of David.

1. My Shepherd is th' ETERNAL God, ‖ I shall not be in [**any**] want:
2. In pastures of a tender grass ‖ He [**ever**] makes me to lie down: ‖ To waters of tranquillities ‖ He gently carries me [**along.**]
3. My *feeble and my wandring* Soul ‖ He [**kindly**] does fetch back again; ‖ In the plain paths of righteousness ‖ He does lead [**and guide**] me along; ‖ Because of the regard He has ‖ [**ever**] unto His *glorious* Name." ‖ *

In 1783, Joel Barlow, an American statesman and poet, published a corrected and enlarged edition of Dr. Watts' Version of the Psalms, and a collection of hymns, with the recommendation of the General Association of the Congregationalist ministers of Connecticut, at whose request the work had been undertaken. Many of the psalms were altered so as to be adapted to the American churches (as all congregations are termed in the United States;) several were written anew; and several, which had been omitted by Dr. Watts, were supplied. Mr. Barlow also supplied some original hymns.† "His collection of psalms and hymns was in general use among the churches of Connecticut, until his bad character brought them into disrepute, when the collection by Dr. Dwight was made and introduced."‡ Though once a preacher of the gospel, Barlow had ceased to regard it of divine authority; and he died without the support of its glorious promises.§

In 1797, the Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D., an eminent poet and divine, (president of Yale College, Connecticut,) was requested by the General Assembly of ministers in that state to revise the whole of Dr. Watts' version, or rather imitation of the psalms, and "to versify the psalms omitted by Watts." The task was undertaken accordingly; and the whole was published in 1800 with an "Advertisement explanatory of the design and execution of the work, and" [with] "minutes of approval from the General Assembly and General Association of Churches. The additional psalms comprised in the American Edition of Watts are upwards of twenty. The versions are for the most part respectable; but the Independents of this country appear never to have considered the American and the English poets as sufficiently coëqual in merit and authority, to induce them to adopt those contributions of Dr. Dwight, which render the work of Dr. Watts more complete, if not more precious."‖

Many of the leading denominations in the United States of America (as the Lutherans, the Methodist Episcopal Church, &c.) have their own separate psalm and hymn-books. The best and most copious of all the collections which the writer has seen, was published (it is believed for the use of the Congregationalists) by Messrs. Lowell Mason and David Green, at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1832, in 8vo. It is entitled "Church Psalmody; a collection of Psalms and Hymns, adapted to public worship." This well-printed volume has been compiled upon the most rigorous principles of selections, as well with regard to the subject-matter, as to the structure of the psalms and hymns. It would form an admirable basis of a national psalm and hymn-book, if we should ever have one for the use of the United Church of England and Ireland.

§ II. *Psalmody of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.*

After the war, which terminated in the recognition of the independence of the United States of America, the members of the Church of England, which had previously existed in different parts of that country, took measures for organizing their ecclesiastical state. Accordingly, having obtained from Great Britain the consecration of the canonical number of bishops, they formed themselves into an episcopal church, under the appellation of "The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." In 1789, the General Convention of Bishops, and of Clerical and Lay Delegates issued a Book of Common Prayer, for the use of their church; in which, besides modifying certain passages in order to meet their altered political circumstances, they introduced various judicious alterations and improvements, principally those which had been proposed in 1689, by the royal commissioners to the lower house of the English Convocation, but which had been rejected by a majority in that ecclesiastical assembly. The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church also adopted Messrs. Tate and Brady's "New Version of the Psalms;" to which fifty-seven hymns were added. That number being found insufficient for public worship, and also requiring revision, the General Convention, at their triennial meeting held in May, 1823, appointed a committee consisting of three bishops, seven presbyters, and seven lay delegates, to consider what alterations and additions were necessary to be made.* And in 1826, a collection of two hundred and twelve hymns was published under the sanction of the General Convention, and continues to be used in the public worship of that section of the universal church. In consequence of the difficulty experienced by many of the clergy, in selecting suitable portions of the "New Version of the Psalms," the General Convention held in 1829, appointed a committee of the house of bishops and of clerical and lay delegates, to consider and report on a selection which was to be made from the psalms in metre used by the Protestant Episcopal Church. In their report the committee state that "The version of Tate and Brady has been retained, where it appeared to be serviceable; in a few cases, in which it was otherwise, better versions have been substituted. Corrections have been occasionally

* Psalterium Americanum, p. 50.

† Allen's American Biographical and Historical Dictionary, p. 71. Boston, 1832.

‡ Holland's Psalm. of Britain, ii. 262, *note.*

§ Allen's American Biographical Dictionary, p. 72.

‖ Holland's Psalmists of Britain, vol. ii., pp. 263, 264.

* Journal of the General Convention, pp. 16, 64. New York, 1823.

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made, to render the version more agreeable to the original psalm; and also verbal alterations, to introduce properly, or to connect, the selected portions. The principle of selection has been, to retain every psalm and verse which appeared serviceable, and to omit the rest."* This report was presented to the General Convention held in October, 1832; and, in pursuance of its recommendations, one hundred and twenty-four selections of entire psalms or of portions of psalms were adopted, and are now in use in all the churches of the Protestant Episcopal communion in the United States.

From the Charleston Courier.

THE BEAUTIFUL MANIAC.

"The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!"

In the morning train from Petersburgh, there was a lady closely veiled, in the same car with ourselves. She was dressed in the purest white, wore gold bracelets, and evidently belonged to the higher circles of society. Her figure was delicate, though well developed, and exquisitely symmetrical; and when she occasionally drew aside her richly embroidered veil, the glimpse of her features, which the beholder obtained, satisfied him of her extreme loveliness. Beside her sat a gentleman in deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude, and several times when she attempted to rise, he excited the curiosity of the passengers by detaining her in her seat.

Outside the cars all was confusion; passengers looking to their baggage, porters running, cabmen cursing, and all the usual hurry and bustle attending the departure of a railroad train. One shrill warning whistle from the engine, and we moved slowly away.

At the first motion of the car, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off, disclosed the most lovely features we ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoulders in graceful disorder, and clasping her hands in prayer, she turned her dark eyes to heaven! What agony was in that look!—What beauty, too, what heavenly beauty, had not so much of misery been stamped upon it. Alas! that one glance told a melancholy tale.

"———— she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things
And forms, impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers."

Her brother, the gentleman in black, was unremitting in his efforts to soothe her spirit. He led her back to her seat; but her hair was still unbound, and her beauty unveiled. The cars rattled on, and the passengers in groups resumed their conversation.

Suddenly a wild melody arose; it was the beautiful maniac's voice, rich, full, and inimitable. Her hands were crossed on her heaving bosom, and she waved her body as she sung with touching pathos,

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are around her sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

"She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"

Her brother was unmanned, and he wept as only man can weep. The air changed, and she continued—

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet?
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear."

She then sung a fragment of the beautiful hymn,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Another attempt to rise up was prevented, and she threw herself on her knees beside her brother, and gave him such a mournful, entreating look, with a plaintive "Save me, my brother! save your sister!" that scarcely a passenger could refrain from weeping. We say scarcely, for there was one man (was he a man!) who called on the conductor to "put her out of the car." He received the open scorn of the company. His insensibility to such a scene of distress almost defies belief; and yet this is, in every particular, an "ow'er true tale."* Should he ever read these lines, may his marble heart be softened by the recollection of his brutality!

Again the poor benighted beauty raised her bewitching voice to one of the most solemn sacred airs;

"Oh where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?"

And continued her melancholy chant until we reached the steamer Mount Vernon, on board of which we descended the magnificent James river, the unhappy brother and sister occupying the "ladies' cabin." His was a sorrow too profound for ordinary consolation; and no one dared intrude so far upon his grief as to satisfy his curiosity.

We were standing on the promenade deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the river, when at one of the landings, the small boat pulled away for the shore with the unhappy pair, en route for the asylum at ———. She was standing erect in the stern of the boat, her head still uncovered, and her white dress and raven tresses fluttering in the breeze. The boat returned, and the steamer moved on for Norfolk.—They were gone! that brother with his broken heart, that sister with her melancholy union of beauty and madness. GLENDARLOCH.

* Report of the Committee on the Psalms in metre, p. 3. New York, 1831.

* *Me ipso teste.*

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PORTRAIT.

A TALE: ABRIDGED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF GÓGOL. BY THOMAS B. SHAW.

CHAPTER I.

By none of the numerous objects of interest in the busy city of St. Petersburg are the steps of the sauntering pedestrian more frequently arrested than by the picture-shop in the Stchúkin Dvor.* True it is that the specimens of art there displayed are distinguished rather by eccentricity of design, and rudeness of execution, than by striking evidences of genius. The paintings are for the most part in oil, coated with green varnish, and fitted into frames of dark yellow tinsel. A winter-piece with white trees, a ferociously red sunset, like the glow of a conflagration, a Flemish boor with a pipe and dislocated-looking arm—resembling a turkey-cock in ruffles, rather than a human being—such are the ordinary subjects. Beside them hang a few engravings: portraits of Khosrev-Mirza in his sheepskin bonnet, and of truculent generals with cocked hats and crooked noses. Bundles of coarse prints, on large paper broadsides, are suspended on either side the door. Here we have the Princess Miliktris Kirbitierna;† yonder the city of Jerusalem, its houses and churches smeared with vermilion, which gaudy color has also invaded a part of the ground and a brace of Russian pilgrims in huge fur gloves. If these works of art find few purchasers, they at least attract a throng of starers; drunken ragamuffin lacqueys on their way from the cook's shop, bearing piles of plates with their masters' dinners, which grow cold whilst they gape at the pictures; great-coated Russian soldiers with penknives for sale; Okhta pedlar-women with boxes of shoes. Each spectator expresses his admiration in his own peculiar way: peasants point with their fingers; soldiers gaze with stolid gravity; dirty foot-boys and blackguard apprentices laugh and apply the caricatures to each other; old serving-men in frieze cloaks stand listless and agape, indulging their propensity to utter idleness.

A number of persons answering to the above description were assembled before the picture-shop, when they were joined by a young man in a thread-bare cloak and shabby garments. He was a painter, named Tchartkòff, as enthusiastic in his art as he was needy in his circumstances and careless in his dress. Pausing before the booth, he smiled as he glanced at the wretched pictures there displayed. The next moment the expression of mirthful contempt faded from his thin, ardent features, and he fell a-thinking. The question had occurred to him, amongst what class of people could those tawdry, worthless productions find purchasers! That Russian *mujíks* should gaze delightedly upon the *Yeruslán Lazarévitches*, on pictures of *Phomá* and *Yerema*, of the heroes of their tales and legends, was quite natural; the objects represented were adapted to popular taste and comprehension; but who would buy those tawdry oil-paintings, those Flemish boors, those crimson and azure landscapes, which, whilst pretending to a higher grade of art, served but to prove its deep degradation! Not one redeeming touch could be traced in the senseless caricatures, to whose authors' clumsy hands the mason's trowel would assuredly have been better adapted than the painter's pencil. It was the very dotage of incapacity. The coloring, the treatment, the coarse obtrusive mechanical touch, seemed those of a clumsily constructed automaton, rather than of a human painter. Thus musing, our artist stood for some time before the vile daubs that excited his disgust, gazing at them long after the train of his reflections had led him far from them; whilst the master of the shop, a little, gray, ill-shaven fellow in a frieze cloak, chattered and chaffered and bargained as indefatigably as if the young man had announced himself a purchaser.

"Well, now," said he, "for these mujíks and the landscape, I'll take a white note.* There 's painting! It hurts your eye, it 's so bright; just received from the Exchange; varnish hardly dry. Take the winter-piece. Fifteen rubles! Frame worth the money. There 's a winter, there 's snow for you!"

Here the eager trader gave a slight fillip to the canvass, as if he expected the snow to fall off.

"Take the three. I'll send them home at once. Where does your honor live? Boy, a cord!"

"Not so fast, my friend," cried the artist, startled from his reverie, and perceiving the brisk dealer about to tie up the three daubs. His first impulse was to walk away, but he felt ashamed to purchase nothing after standing so long before the shop, and causing the hungry-looking old salesman so large an expenditure of breath. "Wait a little," he said. "I will see if you have anything to suit me." And, stooping down, he turned over a number of battered dusty old pictures heaped like lumber upon the ground. They were chiefly old-fashioned family portraits, likenesses of unknown and insignificant faces, with torn canvass, and frames that had lost their gilding. Nevertheless Tchartkóff carefully examined them, thinking it possible he might pick up something good. He had more than once heard stories of pictures of the great masters being met with amongst the dust and trash of such shops as this. The dealer, perceiving he had probably nailed a customer, ceased his bustling importunity, resumed his station at the door, and recommenced his appeals to the passengers. He shouted, chattered, and pointed to his wares, but without success; then he had a long chat with an old-clothesman, whose establishment was on the opposite side of the alley; and at last, recollecting

* A kind of bazaar or perpetual market, where second-hand furniture, old books and pictures, earthenware, and other cheap commodities, are exposed for sale in small open booths.

† A personage who figures, like two or three others afterwards alluded to, in the popular legends and fairy tales of Russia.

* Twenty-five rubles.

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that all this time there was a customer in his shop, he turned his back upon the public and walked in.

"Have you chosen anything, sir?"

The artist stood immovable before a large portrait, whose frame had once been richly gilt, although it now scarcely retained a few tarnished vestiges of its former splendor. The subject was an old man, his face swarthy and bronzed, with furrowed brow and hollow temples, and sharp high cheek-bones; a physiognomy on which the ravages of time, and climate, and suffering were plainly legible. The figure was draped in a flowing Asiatic costume. Defaced and injured and grimed with dirt though the portrait was, yet, when Tchartkóff had wiped the dust from the countenance, he perceived evident traces of the touch of a great artist. The picture seemed to have been scarcely finished, but the force of treatment was immense. Its most extraordinary part was the eyes; in them the artist had concentrated all the power of his pencil. There was vitality in those dark and lustrous orbs; they looked out of the portrait, and in some measure destroyed its harmony by their strange and life-like expression. When Tchartkóff took the picture to the door, he fancied the pupils dilated. The peculiarity of the painting at once attracted the attention of the idlers without. Some uttered exclamations of surprise, others fell back a pace as if in terror. A pale, sickly-looking woman of the lower classes, who suddenly found herself face to face with this singular portrait, screamed with alarm. "It's looking at me!" she cried, and hurried away, casting nervous glances over her shoulder. Tchartkóff himself experienced—he could not tell why—a sort of disagreeable sensation, and he put the portrait on the ground.

"D' ye buy?" said the picture-dealer.

"How much?" said the artist.

"At a word—three *tchetvertáks*."*

Tchartkóff shook his head. "Too much. I will give you a dougrívennoi," he added, moving towards the door.

"A dougrívennoi for that picture! You are pleased to joke, sir. The frame is worth twice the money. Bid me something more, if it be only another grivennik. Come back, sir," he shouted, running after the painter, and detaining him by his cloak-skirt; "come back, sir. You are my first customer to-day, and I will take your offer, for luck's sake. But the picture is given away."

On finding his offer thus unexpectedly accepted, Tchartkóff heartily repented his temerity in making it. The dougrívennoi he paid the dealer was his last in the world, and he was encumbered with a lumbering old portrait for which he had no earthly use. Cursing his own imprudence, he took up his purchase, and trudged away with it. Its weight and size caused it to slip perpetually from under his arm, and rendered it a most troublesome burthen. At last, tired to death and bathed in perspiration, he reached the house, in the fifteenth line of the Vasilievskü Ostrow, in which he occupied a modest lodging, ascended the uncleanly staircase, and knocked impatiently at the door of his apartment. It was opened by a slatternly lad in a blue shirt—his cook, model, color-grinder and floor-sweeper, who had to thank his godfathers for the harmonious name of Nikíta, and who united in his person the dirt incidental to three out of his four occupations. Tchartkóff entered his ante-room, which felt very chilly, as artists' ante-rooms usually are, and, without taking off his cloak, walked on into his studio, a square apartment, tolerably spacious, but low in the ceiling, and with windows dimmed by the frost. This room was littered with all kinds of artistical rubbish: fragments of plaster of Paris, casts of hands, frames, stretched canvasses, sketches begun and thrown aside, and drapery cast carelessly over the chairs. Completely knocked up, Tchartkóff let his cloak fall, placed his new purchase against the wall, and threw himself on a narrow, meagre little sofa, whose leathern cover, torn upon one side from the row of brass nails that had formerly confined it, afforded Nikíta a convenient receptacle for dish-cloths, old clothes, dirty linen, and any other miscellaneous matters he thought fit to cram under. The sun had set, and the night grew each moment darker. Our artist ordered Nikíta to bring a candle.

"There are no candles," was Nikíta's reply.

"How!—no candles?"

"There were none yesterday," said Nikíta.

Tchartkóff remembered that there *had* been none the night before, and that his credit with the tallow-chandler was not such as to render it probable a supply had been sent in that morning. So he held his tongue, allowed Nikíta to take off his coat, waistcoat, and cravat, and wrapped himself up as warmly as he could in a dressing gown with tattered elbows.

"I forgot to tell you," said Nikíta, "the landlord has been here."

"For money I suppose," said the artist, shrugging his shoulders.

"He had somebody with him. A Kvartalnü, I think.* He said something about the rent not being paid."

"Well, what can they do?"

"Don't know," replied the imperturbable Nikíta. "He said you must leave the lodgings or pay. Will come again to-morrow."

"Let them come," said Tchartkóff gloomily. And he turned himself upon the comfortless sofa with a feeling akin to desperation.

Tchartkóff was a young artist of considerable promise, and whose pencil was at times remarked for its accuracy, and near approach to the truthfulness of nature. But he had faults which procured him frequent admonitions from the professor under whom he studied. "You have talent," he would say to him; "it will be a sin to ruin it by carelessness and by pursuing erroneous ideas and principles. You are too impatient; too apt to be fascinated by novelty, and to neglect rules hal-

* A silver coin, about the size of a shilling, the quarter of a silver ruble (*unde nomen*) worth ninepence.

* The officer commanding the police of the quarter.

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lowed by time and experience, laws immutable as those of the Medes. Beware, lest you become a mere fashionable painter. Your colors, I observe, are not unfrequently selected in defiance of good taste; your drawing is often feeble, sometimes positively incorrect; your outlines want clearness. You run after a flashy kind of chiaro-scuro, the lighting up of your picture is meant only to strike the eye at the first glance. And you have a passion for the introduction of finery; a taste for dandified costume. All this is dangerous, and may lead you into the fatal habit of painting mere fashionable pictures, pretty portraits and the like, which yield money, but can never give fame. Do that, and your talent is lost and thrown away. Be patient, wait, reflect, chasten your taste by study, and wean yourself from that hankering after prettiness and dandyism. Leave such tricks to those who care but for gold, and propose yourself a higher aim, the never-dying laurels of a Titian or an Angelo."

The professor meant well, and was right in the main. Tchartkóff was apt to indulge in the flashy and the superficial. But he had sufficient strength of mind to control this dangerous tendency, and a purer taste was gradually but perceptibly developing itself in him. As yet he could not quite appreciate all the depth of Raphael, but he was strongly fascinated by the broad and rapid touch of Guido; he would stand enchanted before Titian's portraits, and had a high appreciation of the Flemish school. Yet the darkened and sober tone characterizing old pictures did not quite please or satisfy him; nor did he, in his innermost mind, altogether agree with the professor, when the latter expatiated to him on that mysterious power which places the old masters at such immeasurable distance above the moderns. In some respects he almost fancied them surpassed by the nineteenth century; that the imitation of nature had somehow become, in modern times, more vivid, and lively, and faithful: in a word, his mind was in that fluctuating, unsettled state in which the minds of young people are apt to be when they have reached a particular point of proficiency in their art, and feel a proud internal conviction of talent. Often was he filled with rage when he saw some travelling French or German painter, by the mere effect of trick and habit, by readiness of pencil and flashy coloring, catching the multitude, and making a fortune. These impressions made their way into his mind, not in moments when he was buried, body and soul, in his work, and forgot food and drink and all outward things; but when, as was often the case, necessity stared him in the face, and he found himself without the means of buying brushes and colors, or even bread, whilst the greedy and implacable landlord came ten times a day to dun him for his rent. Then his hunger-sharpened imagination would revert to the different lot of the rich and fashionable painter; then darted through his brain the thought that so often flits through the Russian head, the idea of sending his art and all to the devil, and going to the devil himself

"Yes, wait! wait!" he exclaimed passionately; "but patience and waiting must have an end. Wait, indeed! and where am I to seek to-morrow's dinner? Borrowing is out of the question; and if I sell my pictures and drawings, they will give me, perhaps, a *dougrivennoi* for the whole lot. They are useful to me; not one of them but was undertaken with an object—from each I have learned something. But what could be their value to anybody else? They are studies—exercises; and studies and exercises they will remain to the end of the chapter. And, besides, who would buy them? I am unknown as an artist, and who wants studies from the antique and sketches from the living model, or my unfinished Love and Psyche, or the perspective sketch of my room, or my portrait of Nikíta, though it is really better than the portraits painted by any of your fashionable fellows? And, after all, what do I gain by this? Why should I work myself to death, and keep plodding like a schoolboy over his A, B, C, when I might be as famous as any of them, and have as much money in my pockets?" As he pronounced these words, the artist involuntarily shuddered and turned pale. He saw, looking fixedly at him, peeping out from the shadow of a tall canvass that stood against the wall, a face seemingly torn by some convulsive agony. Two dreadful eyes glared upon the young man, with a strange, inexplicable expression; the lips were curled with mingled scorn and suffering; the features were haggard and distorted. Startled, almost terrified, Tchartkóff was on the point of calling Nikíta, who by this time sent forth from his anteroom a Titanic snore, when he checked himself and burst into a laugh. The object of alarm was the portrait he had bought, and which he had completely forgotten. The bright moon-beams, streaming into the room, partially illuminated the picture, and gave it a strange air of reality. By the clear cold light Tchartkóff set to work to examine and clean his purchase. When the coat of dust and filth that incrusted it was removed, he hung the picture upon the wall, and, retiring to look at it, was more than ever astounded at its extraordinary character and power. The countenance seemed lighted up by the fierce and glittering eyes, which looked out of the picture so wonderfully, and assumed, as it seemed to him, such strange and varied and terrible expression, that he at last involuntarily turned away his own, unable to support the gaze of the old Asiatic. Then came into his mind a story he had once heard from his professor, of a certain portrait of the famous Leonardo da Vinci, at which the great master worked for many years, still counting it unfinished, and which, nevertheless, according to Vasari, was universally considered the most perfect and finished production of art. But the most exquisitely finished part of it were the eyes, which excited the wonder of all contemporaries; even the minute and almost invisible veins were exactly rendered and put upon the canvass. But here, on the other hand, in the portrait before him, there was something strange and horrid. This was not

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art: the eyes absolutely destroyed the harmony of the portrait. They were living, they were human eyes! They seemed to have been cut out of a living man's face and stuck in the picture. Instead of admiration, the portrait inspired a painful feeling of oppression; the beholder was seized with a sort of waking nightmare, weighing upon and overwhelming him like a moral and mysterious incubus.

Shaking off this feeling, Tchartkóff again approached the portrait, and forced himself to gaze steadily upon its eyes. They were still fixed upon him. He changed his place; the eyes followed him. To whatever part of the room he removed, he met their deep, malignant glance. They seemed animated with the unnatural sort of life one might expect to find in the eyes of a corpse, newly recalled to existence by the spell of some potent sorcerer. In spite of his better reason, which reproached him for his weakness, Tchartkóff felt an inexplicable impression, which made him unwilling to remain alone in the room. He retired softly from the portrait, turned his eyes in a different direction, and endeavored to forget its presence; yet, in spite of all his efforts, his eye, as though of its own accord, kept glancing sideways at it. At last he became even fearful to walk about; his excited imagination made him fancy that as soon as he moved somebody was walking behind him—at each step he glanced timidly over his shoulder. He was naturally no coward; but his nerves and imagination were painfully on the stretch, and he could not control his absurd and involuntary fears. He sat down in the corner; somebody, he thought, peeped stealthily over his shoulder into his face. Even the loud snoring of Nikíta, which resounded from the ante-room, could not dispel his uneasiness and chase away the unreal visions haunting him. At last he rose from his seat, timidly, without lifting his eyes, went behind the screen and lay down on his bed. Through the crevices in the screen he saw his room brightly illuminated by the moon, and he beheld the portrait hanging on the wall. The eyes were fixed upon him even more horribly and meaningly than before, and seemed as if they would not look at anything but him. Making a strong effort, he got out of bed, took a sheet and hung it over the portrait. This done, he again lay down, feeling more tranquil, and began to muse upon his melancholy lot—upon the thorns and difficulties that beset the path of the friendless and aspiring artist. At intervals he involuntarily glanced through the crevices of the screen at the shrouded portrait. The bright moon-light increased the whiteness of the sheet, and he at last fancied that he saw the horrible eyes shining through the linen. He strained his sight to convince himself he was mistaken. The contrary effect was produced. The old man's face became more and more distinct;—there could no longer be any doubt: the sheet had disappeared—the grim portrait was completely uncovered, and the infernal eyes stared straight at him, peering into his very soul. An icy chill came over his heart. He looked again;—the old man had moved, and stood with both hands leaning on the frame. In a few seconds he rose upon his arms, put forth both legs and leaped out of the frame, which was now seen empty through the crevice in the screen. A heavy footstep was heard in the room. The poor artist's heart beat hard and fast. Swallowing his breath for very fear, he awaited the sight of the old man, who evidently approached his bed. And in another moment there he was, peeping round the screen, with the same bronze-like countenance and fixed, glittering eyes. Tchartkóff made a violent effort to cry out, but his voice was gone. He strove to stir his limbs—they refused to obey him. With open mouth and arrested breath he gazed upon the apparition. It was that of a tall man in a wide Asiatic robe. The painter watched its movements. Presently it sat down almost at his very feet, and drew something from between the folds of its flowing dress. This was a bag. The old man untied it, and, seizing it by the two ends, shook it: with a dull, heavy sound there fell on the floor a number of heavy packets, of a long cylindrical shape. Their envelop was of dark blue paper, and on each was inscribed, 1000 DUCATS. Extending his long lean hands from his wide sleeves, the old man began unrolling the packets. There was a gleam of gold. Great as Tchartkóff's terror was, he could not help staring covetously at the coin, and looked on with profound attention as it streamed rapidly through the spectre's bony hands, glittering and clinking with a dull metallic sound, and was then rolled up anew. Suddenly he remarked one packet which had rolled a little further than the rest, and stopped at the leg of the bedstead, near the head. By a rapid and furtive motion he seized this packet, gazing the while at the old man to see whether he remarked it. But he was too busy. He collected the remaining packets, replaced them in the bag, and, without looking at the artist, retired behind the screen. Tchartkóff's heart beat vehemently when he heard his departing footsteps echoing through the room. Congratulating himself on impunity, he joyfully grasped the packet, and had almost ceased to tremble for its safety, when suddenly the footsteps again approached the screen; the old man had evidently discovered that one of his packets was wanting. Nearer he came, and nearer, until once more his grim visage was seen peeping round the screen. In an agony of terror the young man dropped the rouleau, made a desperate effort to stir his limbs, uttered a great cry—and awoke. A cold sweat streamed from every pore; his heart beat so violently that it seemed about to burst; his breast felt as tight as if the last breath were in the act of leaving it. Was it a dream! he said, pressing his head between both hands; the vividness of the apparition made him doubt it. Now, at any rate, he was unquestionably awake, yet he thought he saw the old man moving as he settled himself in his frame, his hand sinking by his side, and the border of his wide robe waving. His own hand retained the sensation of having, but a moment before, held a

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weighty substance. The moon still shone into the room, bringing out from its dark corners here a canvass, there a lay figure, there again the drapery thrown over a chair, or a plaster cast on its bracket on the wall. Tchartkóff now perceived that he was not in bed, but on his feet, opposite the portrait. How he got there—was a thing he could in no way comprehend. What astounded him still more was the fact that the portrait was completely uncovered. No vestige of a sheet was there, but the living eyes staring fixedly at him. A cold sweat stood upon his brow; he would fain have fled, but his feet were rooted to the ground. And then he saw (of a certainty this was no dream) the old man's features move, and his lips protruded as if about to utter words. With a shrill cry of horror, and a despairing effort, Tchartkóff tore himself from the spot—and awoke. It was still a dream. His heart beat as though it would burst his bosom, but there was no cause for such agitation. He was in bed, in the same attitude as when he fell asleep. Before him was the screen; the chamber was filled with the watery moonbeams. Through the crack in the screen, the portrait was visible, covered with the sheet he had himself laid over it. Although thus convinced of the groundlessness of his alarm, the palpitation of his heart increased in violence, until it became painful and alarming; the oppression on his breast grew more and more severe. He could not detach his eyes from the sheet, and presently he distinctly saw it move, at first gently, then quickly and violently, as though hands were struggling and groping behind it, pulling and tearing, and striving, but in vain, to throw it aside. There was something mysteriously awful in this struggle of an invisible power against so flimsy an obstacle, which it yet was unable to overcome. Tchartkóff felt his very soul chilled with fear. "Great God! what is this?" he cried, crossing himself in an agony of terror. And once more he awoke. For the third time he had dreamed a dream! He sprang from his bed in utter bewilderment, his brain whirling and burning, and at first could not make up his mind whether he had been favored by a visit from the *domovói*,* or by that of a real apparition.

Approaching the window, he opened the *fórtotchka*.† A sharp frosty breeze brought refreshment to his heated frame. The moon's radiance still lay broadly on the roofs and white walls of the houses, and small floating clouds chased each other across the sky. All was still, save when, from time to time, there fell faintly upon the ear the distant jarring rattle of a lingering drójki, prowling in search of a belated fare. For some time our young painter remained with his head out of the fórtotchka, and it was not until signs of approaching dawn were visible in the heavens that he closed the pane, threw himself upon his bed, and fell into a deep and dreamless slumber.

It was very late when he awoke with a violent headache. The room felt close; a disagreeable dampness saturated the air, and made its way through the crevices of the windows. Low-spirited, uncomfortable, and cheerless as a drenched cock, he sat down on his dilapidated sofa, and began to recall his dream of the previous night. So vivid was the impression it had made, that he could hardly persuade himself it had been a mere dream. Removing the sheet, he minutely examined the portrait by the light of day. He was still struck with the extraordinary power and expression of the eyes, but he found in them nothing peculiarly terrific. Still an unpleasant impression remained upon his mind. He could not divest himself of the conviction that a fragment of horrible reality had mingled with his dream. In defiance of reason, he imagined something peculiarly significant in the expression of the old man's face; a something of the cautious, stealthy look it had worn when he crept round the screen, and counted his gold under the very nose of the needy painter. And Tchartkóff still felt the print of the rouleau upon his palm, as though it had but that instant left his grasp. Had he held it but a little tighter, he thought, it must have remained in his hand even after his awakening.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, heaving a sorrowful sigh, "had I but the moiety of that wealth!" And again in his mind's eye he saw the rouleaus streaming from the sack. Again he read the attractive inscription—1000 DUCATS; again they were unrolled, he heard the chink of metal, saw it shine, burned to clutch it. But once more the blue paper was rolled around it; and there he sat, motionless and entranced, straining his eyes upon vacancy, powerless to divert their gaze from the imaginary treasure—like a child gazing with watering mouth at a dish of unattainable sweetmeats.

A knock at the door at last roused him from his reverie. It was promptly followed by the entrance of his landlord, accompanied by the *Nadzirátel*, or police-inspector of the quarter—a gentleman whose appearance is, if possible, more disagreeable to the poor than the face of a petitioner is to the rich. The landlord of the small house in which Tchartkóff lodged, was no bad type of the class of house-owners in such quarters as the fifteenth line of the Vasilievskü Ostrov. In his youth, he had been a captain in the army, where he was noted as a noisy, quarrelsome fellow; transferred thence to the civil service, he proved himself a thorough master of the art of petty tyranny, a bustling coxcomb and a blockhead. Age had done little to improve his character. He had been some time a widower, had long retired from the service, was less given to quarrels and coxcombry, but more trivial and teasing. His chief happiness consisted in drinking tea, propagating scandal, and in sauntering about his apartment with hands behind his back. These intellectual

*The Russian house-spirit. This "lubber fiend" is frequently the popular name of the night-mare.

†The "was-ist-das," a single pane of glass fixed in a frame, to admit of its being opened, very necessary in a climate where double casements are fixed during eight months out of the year.

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occupations were varied by an occasional inspection of the roof of his house, by ferreting his *dvòrnik*, or porter, fifty times a day out of the kennel in which he oftener slept than watched, and by a monthly attack upon his lodgers for their rent.

"Do me the favor to see about it yourself, Varùkh Kusmìtch," said the landlord, to the Kvartàlnü; "he won't pay his rent—he won't pay, sir."

"How can I, without money? Give me time, and I will pay."

"Time, my good sir! impossible! I can't hear of such a thing," said the landlord in a rage, flourishing the key he held in his hand. "Perhaps you don't know that Colonel Potogònkin lodges in my house—a colonel, sir, and has lived here these seven years; and Anna Petròvna Buchmìsteroff—a lady of fortune, sir, who rents a coach-house, and a two-stall stable, sir, and keeps three outdoor servants; these are the sort of lodgers I have. My house, I tell you plainly, is not one of those establishments where people live who don't pay their rent. So I will thank you to pay yours directly, and be off bag and baggage."

"You had better pay," said the Kvartàlnü Nadzirátel, with a slight but significant shake of the head, sticking his forefinger through a buttonhole of his uniform.

"It 's very easy to say pay, but where is the money? I have not a sous."

"In that case, you can satisfy Ivàn Ivànovitch with goods, with the produce of your profession," said the Kvartàlnü; "he will probably agree to take pictures."

"Not I, indeed! no pictures for me! It would be all very well to take pictures with respectable subjects, such as a gentleman could hang on his wall; a general with a star, or the likeness of Prince Kutúzoff! but, here I see nothing but paintings of mujìks in their shirt-sleeves, servants, and such like cattle—a mere waste of time and colors. He has taken the likeness of that blackguard of his, whose bones I shall assuredly break, for the thief has pulled the nails out of all my locks and window-hasps—a scoundrel! Just look; there 's a subject for you! a picture of the room! It would have been all very well if he had drawn it clean, neat, and orderly; but there he has got it full of filth and rubbish, just as it is. Only see how he has bedevilled and dirted my room; pretty work, indeed, when I have had colonels for lodgers seven years together, and Anna Petròvna Buchmìsteroff! Truly there are no worse lodgers than artists; they turn a drawing-room into a pigstye."

To all this, and much more, the poor painter was forced to listen patiently. Meanwhile the Kvartàlnü Nadzirátel amused himself by looking at the pictures and sketches, occasionally uttering a comment or question.

"Not bad!" said he, pausing before a female figure; "pretty woman, really! But what 's the meaning of that black, there, under her nose? is it snuff, or what?"

"That 's the shadow," replied Tchartkóff surlily, without turning towards him.

"You would have done better to have put it somewhere else. It is too remarkable just under the nose," said the critical Argus. "But, whose portrait is this?" continued he, approaching the picture that had occasioned Tchartkóff so restless a night. "What an ugly old heathen! And what eyes! They might belong to Beelzebub himself. I must have a look at this."

And without asking permission, or thinking it necessary to use much ceremony with a poor devil of a painter who could not pay his rent, the agent of the law lifted the portrait from the nails on which it hung, to carry it to the window, and examine it at his leisure. But his hands were stiff and clumsy, and he had miscalculated the weight of the picture. It slipped through his fingers, and fell to the ground with a heavy thump and slight crashing noise, upsetting some lumber that stood against the wall, and raising a cloud of dust, which caused the man of manacles to step back and rub his eyes. With a muttered curse on the meddlesome official, Tchartkóff sprang forward to raise the picture. As he did so, a small board, forming one of the sides of the frame, and which had been cracked by the fall, gave way altogether under the pressure of his hand, and part of it fell out. The fragment was followed by a rouleau of dark blue paper, which emitted a dull chink as it struck the ground. Tchartkóff's eye glanced upon an inscription; it was—1000 DUCATS. To snatch up the packet, and thrust it into his pocket, was the work of an instant.

"Surely, I heard the sound of coin," said the Kvartàlnü, who, owing to the dust, and to the rapidity of the painter's movement, had not caught sight of the rouleau.

"And what business of yours is it, to know what I have in my room?"

"It 's my business to tell you, that you must pay the landlord his rent; it 's my business to tell you, that I know you have money, and yet you won't pay—that 's my business, my fine fellow!"

"Well, I will pay him to-day."

"And, why did you not pay at once, without giving trouble to the landlord, and disturbing the police?"

"Because I did n't intend to touch this money. But I will pay him this evening, and leave his lodgings at once. I will live no longer in his paltry garret."

"He will pay you, Ivàn Ivànovitch," said the Kvartàlnü to the landlord. "If you neglect to do so by this evening, why then you must excuse me, Mr. Painter, if we use severer means." And resuming his cocked hat, he departed, followed by the landlord, who hung his head, and looked exceedingly small.

"The devil go with them!" said Tchartkóff, as he heard the outer door shut. He looked into the ante-room, sent Nikíta out, in order to be quite alone, locked himself in, and, with a violent palpitation of the heart, opened his packet. It con-

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tained exactly a thousand ducats, almost all of them quite new, and sparkling like the sun. Its appearance was precisely the same as those he had seen in his dream. Almost frantic with delight, he sat with the pile of gold before him, asking himself whether he did not still dream. Long did he handle and tell the gold before he could believe that it was real, and that he himself was awake and in his right mind.

He then curiously and carefully examined the frame. In one side of it a kind of cavity had been hollowed out, and afterwards closed with a board, so neatly that if the loutish hand of the Kvartàlnü Nadzirátel, had not let the frame drop, the ducats might have remained for centuries undisturbed. It was with gratitude and complacency, rather than aversion, that the painter now contemplated the peculiar features and remarkable eyes of the old Asiatic.

"Whoever you are, my old boy," said Tchartkóff to himself, "I'll put you under glass, and give you a splendid frame for this."

At this moment his hand happened to touch the heap of gold, and the contact made his heart beat as violently as ever. "What shall I do with it?" he thought, fixing his eyes upon the money. "Now I am at my ease for three years at least, I can shut myself in my studio, and work. I can buy colors, pay for a comfortable lodging and good food. I have enough for everything; nobody can tease or badger me now. I'll get a first-rate lay-figure, order a plaster torso, model feet, buy a Venus, have engravings of all the great masters. And if I work steadily for three years, quietly, without hurry, without being obliged to sell my pictures for my daily bread, I shall astonish the world and achieve fame."

Such was the artist's soliloquy, prompted by conscious talent and honorable ambition. A far different counsel was given by his twenty-two summers and heat of youth. He now had in his command all that he had hitherto gazed at from afar with envying eyes. How his heart bounded and swelled within him, as he thought of the luxuries he could now command! how he longed to exchange rags for purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously after his long fast, to dwell in a splendid lodging, to visit the theatre, the café, the ball!

Seizing his money, the young man was in the street in a moment. His first visit was to a tailor's shop, where he dressed himself from top to toe, and walked down the street looking at himself in every window. He bought a huge quantity of trinkets and perfumes, an opera-glass, and a mountain of brilliant cravats; took, without a word of bargaining, the first lodging that he saw, a magnificent set of rooms in the Nevskü perspective, with immense mirrors, and each window glazed with a single pane; had his hair curled at a coiffeur's, hired a carriage, and drove twice, without the slightest object, from one end of the town to the other, crammed himself with bon-bons at a confectioner's and went to a French *restaurant*, about which he had hitherto heard only vague and uncertain rumors, such as one hears of the Chinese empire. There he dined, assuming the while a haughty and supercilious air, and incessantly arranging his well-curled locks. There, too, he drank a bottle of champagne; a liquid he had hitherto known only by reputation. His head full of wine, he went out into the street, gay, bold, ready for anything—able to face the devil, as the Russians say. On the bridge he met his former professor, and pushed coolly past him, as if he did not observe him, leaving the poor man motionless with astonishment, a mark of interrogation visibly printed in his countenance. All that he possessed in the world, easels, canvasses, pictures, Tchartkóff transported that very evening to his new and splendid lodgings. He arranged his best pictures in the most visible situations, cast those he thought less of into corners, and perambulated his splendid rooms, looking at himself each minute in the mirrors. Then there arose in his mind a restless desire to take fame by storm, instantly, without delay, and to compel, by whatever means, the applause of the multitude. Already the cry rang in his ears, "Tchartkóff, Tchartkóff! have n't you seen Tchartkóff's picture? What a rapid pencil Tchartkóff has! Tchartkóff has immense talent!" Musing, and castle-building, he paced his apartment till a late hour of the night, and when in bed, could not sleep for ruminating his ambitious projects.

The next morning he took a dozen ducats, and drove to the editor of a fashionable newspaper. The introduction was efficacious. The journalist praised his genius, professed the most ardent desire to serve him, loaded him with compliments, shook him fervently by both hands, and accompanied him obsequiously to the door, making minute inquiries as to his name, his style of painting, his place of residence.

The very next day there appeared in the newspaper, immediately after an advertisement of newly discovered candles, warranted to burn without wicks, an article headed,

"EXTRAORDINARY TALENT OF TCHARTKÓFF.

"We hasten to congratulate the inhabitants of this polite metropolis on what may be styled a *discovery* of the most splendid and useful nature. We refer to the sudden appearance of an artist of consummate skill, possessing all the qualifications that can render a painter worthy to transfer to the magic canvass the faces of the many beautiful women and handsome men who adorn the cultivated circles of St. Petersburg. Ladies may now confidently rely on being transmitted to posterity without diminution of their graces, with all their delicate loveliness, enchanting symmetry of form, and exquisite expression of feature—graces ephemeral, alas! as the existence of the butterfly that hovers over the vernal flowers. Parents, ere they leave this vale of tears, may bequeath to their sorrowing children their exact resemblance. The warrior, the statesman, the poet, all classes of men, in short, will pursue their career with fresh zeal and ardor,

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now that the brilliant pencil of a Tchartkóff enables them to transmit to posterity their visible features, as well as their imperishable renown. Let all hasten, then, abandoning promenade and party, opera, ball, and theatre, to the splendid and luxurious studio of our artist, (Nevskü Perspective, No. —.) It is hung with portraits, the produce of his pencil, worthy a Vandyke or a Titian. The happy connoisseur knows not what to admire most in these exquisite works, their exact resemblance to the original, or the extraordinary brilliancy and freshness of their handling. They must be seen to be even imperfectly appreciated; the artist has truly drawn a prize in the lottery of genius. Success to you, Andréi Petróvitch! (the journalist was evidently fond of the familiar style.) *Macte novâ virtute*, and immortalize yourself and us. Glory, fortune, crowds of sitters, in spite of the feeble and envious efforts of certain contemporary prints, will be your speedy and unfailing reward!"

His face beaming with contentment, our artist perused this puff. He saw his name in print—a thing which was to him a complete novelty; and he could not help reading the lines at least a dozen times. He was particularly tickled with the comparison of his works to Vandyke and Titian. The use of his baptismal name, Andréi Petróvitch, also gratified him not a little. To be mentioned in this delightfully familiar way in print, was to him an honor as gratifying as it was new. He could not remain quiet a moment. Now he sat down in a chair, then threw himself picturesquely on a sofa, rehearsing the way he would receive his sitters; then he went to his easel, and gave a bold dashing stroke of the brush, studying at the same time a graceful mode of wielding it. Thus he got through the day.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, his bell rang. He hurried to the door; a lady entered, preceded by a footman in a furred livery cloak, and accompanied by a young girl of eighteen, her daughter.

"Monsieur Tchartkóff, I believe?" said the lady. The painter bowed.

"I have seen your name in the papers; your portraits, they say, are incomparable." With these words the lady put her glass to her eye, and glanced round the walls, which were bare. "But where are all your portraits?"

"They are not arrived," said the artist, a little confused; "I have just removed into these rooms, the pictures are still on the road—they will soon be here."

"You have been in Italy?" said the lady, turning her eye-glass on the painter in the absence of the paintings.

"No, I have not been there exactly—I intend to go—I have been compelled to put it off; but pray do me the honor to sit down; you must be tired."

"You are very kind, but I have been sitting—in my carriage. Ah, at last, I see some of your works!" said the lady, running up to the opposite side of the room, and levelling her glass at some canvasses placed on the floor, studies, sketches, interiors, and portraits. "*C'est charmant! Lise, Lise! venez ici:* there's an interior in the manner of Teniers, see: all is in disorder, higgledy-piggledy, a table with a bust upon it, a hand, a palette; and the dust, look how well the dust is painted! *c'est charmant!* And there is another canvass, a woman washing her face—*quelle jolie figure!* Oh, and there 's a *mujík!* Lise, Lise! a *mujík* in a Russian shirt! look, do look—a *mujík!* So you don't paint portraits only?"

"These are mere trifles—done for amusement, in an idle moment—mere studies——"

"But do tell me your opinion of the portrait-painters of the present day? Is n't it true, that we have none at present like Titian? There 's not that force of coloring, not that——really, what a pity it is that I cannot express what I mean in Russian." The lady was passionately fond of painting, and had run, eye-glass in hand, over all the galleries in Italy. "Only, I must say, that Monsieur Dauberelli—ah, how he paints! What an extraordinary touch! I find more expression in his faces than even in Titian's. You know Monsieur Dauberelli?"

"Dauberelli! who is he?" asked the artist.

"Such talent! He painted my daughter when she was only twelve years old. You must come and see it, really you must. Lise, you shall show him your album. But I want another portrait of my daughter, and that is the motive of my visit. Can you begin at once?"

"Directly, madam, if you please." And in a moment he wheeled up his easel, with a canvass on it, ready stretched, took his palette in his hand, and fixed his eyes on the pale, childish features of the daughter. Young as she was, they already bore traces of late hours and dissipation. Expression they had little or none. But the artist saw in the complexion an almost china-like transparence, exquisitely adapted to his pencil; the neck was white and slender, the form elegant and aristocratic. And he prepared for a triumph; he intended to show the lightness and brilliancy of his touch, for the display of which he had hitherto lacked opportunities. He already began to fancy to himself how the pale but graceful little lady would come out upon the canvass.

"Do you know," said the mother, with a sentimental expression of face, "I should like—you see she has a frock on now—well, I confess I should not like you to paint her in a frock, it 's so common-place; I should like her to be painted simply dressed, sitting in the shade of a thicket, with fields in the distance, and sheep or a forest in the back-ground—simplicity, the greatest simplicity, is what I should like."

Tchartkóff set to work, arranged the sitter in the attitude he required, endeavored to fix the whole subject in his mind; waved his brush in the air before him, as if establishing the principal points; half-closed his eyes several times, retired back a step or two, examined his sitter from a distance, and in about an hour he finished drawing in the face. Satisfied with the effect, he now

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commenced painting, and his labor rapidly grew lighter. By this time he had forgotten he was in the presence of two ladies of high fashion, and began to fall into a few tricks of the painting-room, uttering half-aloud various inarticulate sounds, and at intervals humming a tune between his teeth. Without the slightest ceremony he from time to time signed, by a movement of his brush, to his sitter to raise her head. At last the young lady grew weary and restless.

"That 's quite enough for the first sitting," said her mother.

"Another minute," cried the painter in an absent tone.

"Impossible! Lise, three o'clock!" said the lady, looking at her diminutive watch. "Oh, how late!"

"Only half a second," said Tchartkóff, in the wistful and beseeching voice of a child.

But the lady was disinclined to comply. She promised him a longer sitting another time.

"Horridly annoying!" said Tchartkóff to himself; "just as my hand was getting in." And he remembered that no one had ever interrupted him, when he worked in his painting-room in the Vasílievskŭ Ostrav. Nikíta would sit hour after hour without moving a muscle: you might paint him as much as you liked; he would go to sleep in the attitude he was fixed in. And the artist discontentedly laid his pencil and palette on a chair, and stood pensively before the canvass. He was aroused from his reverie by a compliment addressed to him by the fashionable lady. He darted towards the door to show out his visitors: on the stairs he received an invitation to dine with them the following week, and with a cheerful air he reëntered his rooms. The aristocratic style of his visitors had quite fascinated him. Up to this time he had held such beings unapproachable, born only to glide about in a splendid carriage with liveried footmen and a laced and bearded coachman, throwing a calm, indifferent glance on the humble foot-passenger as he plodded by in a shabby cloak. And yet, here was one of these exquisite beings calling upon him: he was painting her portrait, and had received an invitation to dine with her. Intoxicated with vanity and delight, he treated himself to a splendid dinner, went to the theatre in the evening, and again, without the slightest occasion, drove about the town in a carriage.

For some days he did nothing but arrange his rooms and listen for the sound of his bell. At last the lady arrived, with her pale daughter. He made them sit down, wheeled up his easel with a strong affectation of fashionable manner, and began to paint. He saw in his delicate sitter much that, being cleverly caught, would give high value to the portrait: he perceived that he might produce something quite peculiar and characteristic, if he could render it with the same accuracy and completeness with which nature herself had placed it before him. His heart even felt a slight tremor when he found himself expressing what no one else perhaps had ever remarked. His attention became riveted on his canvass, and he again forgot the aristocratic descent of his sitter. Holding his breath from eagerness, he gradually saw the delicate features and transparent skin come out upon his canvass. He had caught every half-tint, even the slight ivory-like yellowness, the nearly imperceptible bluish tone under the eyes, and was just in the act of seizing a little mole upon the forehead, when he suddenly heard behind him the voice of the mother, crying—"Oh, never mind that! that is not necessary! I see, too, you have got a—here, for instance, and here, see!—a kind of yellowish—and here and there you have, as it were, little dark places." The artist explained that the dark and yellow tones relieved the face, and gave a delicacy to the flesh-tints. But the notion was scouted. He was informed that Lise had not slept well, that there was usually no yellowness at all in her face, which struck everybody by its freshness of complexion. Sadly and reluctantly Tchartkóff began to efface what he had taken such pains to produce. With it there vanished of course much of the resemblance. He now began, with a feeling of indifference, to throw over the whole a more common-place and hackneyed coloring, the red and white, devoid of vigor, which every daubster has at his command. The obnoxious tint was effaced, and the mamma was delighted. She only expressed her surprise that the work went on so slowly. She had heard, she said, that he could completely finish a portrait in two sittings. The ladies rose and prepared to go away. Tchartkóff laid down his pencil, conducted them to the door, and then, returning, stood for a while before his portrait, regretting the delicate lines, the half-tints and airy tones, so happily caught and pitilessly effaced. With these recollections vivid in his mind, he put aside the portrait, and looked for a study, which had been long abandoned, of a head of Psyche, an idea he had some time before thrown sketchily on the canvass. It was a pretty little countenance, cleverly and rapidly painted, but quite ideal, cold and hard, devoid of life and reality. Scarcely knowing why, he began to work at this, endeavoring to communicate to it all he could remember of the countenance of his aristocratic sitter. Psyche grew more and more animated; the type of the young fashionable lady's countenance was by degrees mingled with hers, at the same time acquiring an expression which gave it originality and character. Tchartkóff was able to avail himself, both in the details and in the general effect, of all that he had obtained from his sitter, and to incorporate it with his work. During several days he labored hard at his Psyche. He was still busy with it when he was interrupted by the arrival of his former visitors. The picture was on the easel. Both ladies uttered a cry of admiration, and clapped their hands.

"Lise! Lise! Oh, how like! *Superbe! Superbe!* What an exquisite idea, to dress her in the Grecian costume! What a truly delicious surprise!"

The artist hardly knew how to undeceive the

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ladies in their agreeable mistake. He hung his head, and, with an apologetic air, said, in a low voice, "This is Psyche."

"Painted as Psyche! *C'est charmant!*" said the mother, with a smile, faithfully repeated by the daughter. "Don't you think so, Lise? it 's just the thing for you. Painted as Psyche! *Quelle idée délicieuse!* But what a picture! Quite a Correggio! I have heard and read much about you, but I had not the least idea of your talent."

"What the deuce am I to do with them?" thought the artist. "Well, if they will have it so, Psyche shall go;" and he said aloud—"I must trouble you to give me a few minutes more —I should like to add a few touches."

"You cannot improve it. Pray leave it as it is."

The painter guessed that they apprehended some more yellow tones, and he hastened to remove their fears, saying that he was only going to increase the brilliancy and expression of the eyes. In reality he desired to give his picture a closer resemblance with the original—fearing, if he did not, that he should be taxed with unblushing flattery. In spite of the lady's reluctance, the pallid damsel's features began to come out more clearly amid the outlines of the Psyche.

"That will do," said the mother, less pleased by the picture as the resemblance grew closer. The artist was rewarded for his labor with smiles, money, compliments, a most affectionate squeeze of the hand, and a pressing invitation to dinner; in a word, he was overwhelmed with recompenses. The portrait made much noise in the town. The lady showed it to all her acquaintance. Everybody admired the skill with which the painter had succeeded in preserving the resemblance, and at the same time in giving beauty to the original. The last remark, of course, was not made without a slight tinge of malice. Tchartkóff was besieged with commissions. The whole town was mad to be painted by him. His door-bell rang incessantly. Unfortunately his sitters were of the class most difficult to manage; either persons very much occupied, or fashionable people, who, having in reality nothing to do, were, of course, far busier than anybody else, and hurried and impatient in the highest degree. Everybody expected a good picture in less time than was necessary to do a slovenly one. The artist saw that high finish was quite out of the question, and that all he could do was to dazzle by the facility, rapidity, and smartness of his execution. He had to content himself with catching the general expression, neglecting the more delicate details, and not attempting to attain the individuality and reality of nature. Besides this, every sitter had some fresh fancy. The ladies required that only their sentiment and character should be represented in their portraits; that all the rest should be smoothed and softened; sharp angles rounded off; defects mitigated, and even, if possible, altogether concealed. They required, in short, to be made attractive in their portraits, whether nature had made them so or not. Consequently many, when they seated themselves in the painting chair, put on such looks and expressions as absolutely astounded the artist. One struggled to give her features an air of melancholy; another of sentimental abstraction; a third tried desperately to make her mouth small, and pursed it up till it resembled a round dot. And in spite of all this they expected striking resemblance, ease, and grace. Nor were the gentlemen more reasonable. One required to be painted with a strong, energetic turn of the head; another with uplifted eyes, full of poetic inspiration; an ensign of the Guards declared that he should not be satisfied unless Mars was made visible in his countenance: a civilian delicately suggested that his face should be made as much as possible to express incorruptible probity, mingled with imposing dignity, and that he should be painted leaning his arm on a book, inscribed in legible characters, "I stand for right." At first all these requests frightened and annoyed our painter; there was so much to be harmonized, considered, and arranged, and all in a few hours. At last he began to understand the secret, and went on without troubling his head in the least. From the first two or three words spoken, he perceived how the sitter wished to be painted. The gentleman who wanted Mars was made a Mars of; he who aped Byron received a Byronic attitude. As to the ladies, whether they wished to be Corinnas, or Undines, or Aspasias, he was quite ready to accommodate them, and even added, from his own imagination, a universal air of distinction, which never does any harm, and which sometimes makes people excuse even want of resemblance. He soon began to be astonished at the wonderful rapidity and success of his execution. As to the sitters, they were in ecstasies, and proclaimed him everywhere a genius of the first water.

Tchartkóff became all the fashion. He drove out every day to dinner parties, escorted ladies to exhibitions and promenades, was a consummate puppy in his dress, and openly declared that an artist ought to be a man of the world; that it was his duty to maintain his dignity; that painters in general dressed like shoemakers; that their manners were excruciatingly vulgar, and that they were people of no education. His studio was a pattern of elegance; he kept a couple of magnificent footmen; took a number of dandified pupils; had his hair curled; dressed half a dozen times a day in various fantastical costumes. He was perpetually rehearsing improvements in his way of receiving visitors; meditating on all possible means of beautifying his person, and of producing an agreeable impression on the ladies. In short, it soon became impossible to recognize in him the modest student who once labored so fervently in his garret in the Vasîlievskü Ostrov. Concerning art and artists he now rarely spoke; he asserted that the merit of the old masters had been outrageously overrated; that, before Raphael, their figures were rather like herrings than human beings; that it was the imagination of the spectator only that could find in their works that air of grandeur and

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dignity generally attributed to them. Raphael himself, he said, was very unequal, and many of his productions owed their glory only to tradition. Michael Angelo was a boaster, weakly vain of his knowledge of anatomy, and without a particle of grace. Real force of outline, grace of touch, and magic of coloring we must look for, he said, in the present age. Thence the conversation easily glided to his own pictures.

"I cannot conceive," he would say, "the obstinacy of people who drudge at their pictures. A fellow who hangs month after month over one piece of canvass is, in my opinion, an artisan, not an artist. Such a one has no genius, for genius creates boldly, rapidly. Now this portrait, for instance," he would say, "I painted in two days, this head in one day, this in a few hours, and that other in rather more than an hour. I don't call it art to go crawling on, line after line."

Thus he would chatter to his visitors, and the visitors would admire his dashing rapidity, and uttered exclamations of wonder when they heard how quickly he worked; and then they would whisper to each other—"This is genius—real genius! How well he talks! What an extraordinary talent!"

Such praise as this the painter greedily drank in, and was as delighted as a child by the encomiums of the press, even when bought and paid for with his own money. His fame continued to spread, and his occupation to increase, till he grew weary of painting portraits and faces with the same tricks and attitudes that he knew by heart. Gradually he worked with less and less good-will, contenting himself with carelessly sketching in the head, and leaving all the rest to be finished by his pupils. Formerly he had taken trouble to seek new attitudes; to strike by novelty—by effect. Now he began to grow weary even of this labor. He entirely left off reflecting; he had neither power nor leisure for it. His dissipated mode of life, and the society in which he played the part of a man of fashion, severed him more and more from labor and from thought. His touch grew cold and dull, and he insensibly confined himself to stale, commonplace worn-out forms. The stiff, monotonous countenances of officers and civilians, in their graceless modern costumes, were not very attractive subjects for the pencil. He forgot all—his graceful draping, his easy attitudes, his power of representing the passions. As to skilful grouping, or dramatic effect in painting, all that was quite out of the question. He had nothing before his eyes but the eternal uniform, corset, or dress-coat—objects chilling to the artist, and affording little scope to imagination. By and by even the most ordinary merits disappeared, one by one, from his productions; and they still enjoyed the highest reputation, though real judges and artists only shrugged their shoulders as they looked at the work of his hand.

These mute but significant criticisms of the discerning few never reached the ears of the artist, intoxicated as he was with vanity and false fame. He already too approached the period of maturity in age and intellect, and was rapidly acquiring a respectable corpulence. He now met in the journals with such expressions as these:—"Our respectable Andréi Petróvitch—our veteran of the pencil, Andréi Petróvitch." He now received many honorary appointments in public institutions; was frequently invited to examinations and to committees. He began, as people infallibly do on reaching a certain age, to stand up sturdily for the old masters, not from any profound conviction of their wonderful merits, but in order to throw their names in the teeth of young artists. He did not hesitate to fly in the face of the doctrines he had advocated some years previously. According to him, labor was everything, inspiration a mere name; and he affirmed that, in art, all things should be subjected to the severest rules.

Fame can give no satisfaction to one who has not earned, but stolen it. It produces a constant thrill only in the heart conscious of having deserved it. Tchartkóff no longer valued fame. All his feelings and desires were turned towards gold. Gold became his passion, his delight, the object of his being. Bank-notes filled his portfolios, piles of gold his coffers; but, like all avaricious men, he grew sour, selfish, inaccessible to everything but money—cold-hearted and penurious. He was gradually sinking into an unhappy miser, when an event came to pass which gave his whole moral being a terrible and awakening shock.

Returning home one day, Tchartkóff found lying on his table a letter, in which the Academy of Arts, invited him, as one of its most distinguished members, to give his opinion of a new picture just arrived from Italy, the work of a Russian artist who had long studied there. The painter, who had been a schoolfellow of Tchartkóff's, imbued, even as a boy, with a fervent passion for art, had nearly torn himself from home and friends from all the pleasures and habits of his age and country, to toil and study in the renowned Italian city, whose very name thrills the painter's heart. There he condemned himself to solitude and uninterrupted labor. Men spoke of his eccentricity, of his ignorance of the world, of his neglect of all the customs of society, of the disgrace he cast on the artist's profession by his dress, which was beneath his station, and by his frugality, which was almost penury. He cared nothing for scoff and reproach. Regardless of the world's comments, he gave himself up to his art. Unweariedly did he haunt the galleries; hour after hour, day after day, he stood before the works of the great masters, striving to penetrate their secrets. He never finished a picture without comparing it many times with the productions of those mighty teachers, and reading in their creations silent but eloquent counsel. He engaged in no arguments or disputes, but accorded to every school the honor it deserved; and after aiming at acquiring what was most meritorious in each, at length addicted himself to the study of the immortal Raphael; like a student of letters, who, after read-

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ing and rereading the works of a multitude of authors, at last confines himself to the writings of one whom he conceives to unite the chief beauties of all the others, superadding graces none of them possess. After many years of persevering application and gradual progress, the artist left the schools, possessing pure and elevated ideas of composition, great powers of conception, and an execution that charmed alike by its delicacy and force. But, with the modesty of true genius, he still allowed a considerable time to elapse before he ventured to submit a picture to the verdict of his countrymen.

On entering the exhibition-room, Tchartkóff found it thronged with visitors, grouped before the painting. Silence, such as is rarely met with amongst a numerous collection of amateurs, reigned throughout the crowd. Assuming the knowing and supercilious look of an acknowledged connoisseur, he approached the picture, prepared to cavil and find fault, or at best, to damn with faint praise. But the canting phrase of conventional criticism died away upon his lips at the sight he there beheld. Faultless, pure, gracious and beautiful as some fair and virgin bride was the noble production of genius that met his astonished gaze. With wonder and admiration he recognized the work of a pencil that revived the glories of ancient art. A profound study of Raphael was manifest in the noble elevation of the attitudes; there was a something Correggian in the skilful handling and careful finish. But there was no servile imitation of any painter; the artist had sought and found in his own soul the divine spark that gave life to his creation. Not an object in the picture, however trifling, but had been the subject of a profound study; the law of its constitution had been analyzed, and its general organism investigated. And the painter had caught that flowing roundness of line which pervades all nature, but which no eye ever sees save that of the creator-artist—that roundness which the mere copyist degrades into points and angles. He had poetized, whilst faithfully representing, the commonest objects of external nature. A feeling of awe mingled with the admiration that kept the crowd profoundly silent. Not a whisper was heard, not a rustle or a sound, for some time after the arrival of Tchartkóff. All were absorbed in contemplation of the masterpiece; and in the eyes of the more enthusiastic tears of delight were seen to glisten. Tchartkóff himself stood open-mouthed and motionless before the wonderful painting, whose merits and beauties the spectators at last began to discuss. He was roused from abstraction by being appealed to for his opinion. In vain did he strive to resume his dignified air, and to give utterance to the musty commonplace of criticism. The contemptuous smile was chased from his features by the workings of emotion; his breast heaved with a convulsive sob, and after a moment's violent but ineffectual struggle, he burst into tears and rushed wildly from the hall.

A few minutes later he stood motionless, almost paralyzed, in his own magnificent studio. The bandage had fallen from his eyes. He saw how he had squandered the best years of his youth; how he had trampled and stifled the spark of that fire once burning within him, which might have been fanned until it blazed up into grandeur and glory, and extorted tears of gratitude and admiration from a wondering world. All this he had sacrificed and thrown away, heedlessly, madly, brutally. There suddenly revived in his soul those enthusiastic aspirations he once had known. He caught up a pencil and approached a canvass. The sweat of eagerness stood upon his brow; his soul was filled with one passionate desire—one solitary thought burned in his brain. The zeal for art, the thirst for fame he once so strongly felt, had suddenly returned, evoked from their lurking-place by the mute voice of another's genius. And why, Tchartkóff thought, should not he also excel? His hand trembled with feverish impatience till he could scarcely hold the pencil. He took for his subject a fallen angel. The idea was in accordance with his frame of mind. But, alas! how soon he was convinced of the vanity of his efforts! His hand and imagination had been too long confined to one line and limit, and his fierce but impotent endeavor to overleap the barrier, to break his self-imposed fetters, had no result. He had despised and neglected the fundamental condition of future greatness—the long and fatiguing ladder of study and reflection. Maddened by disappointment, furious at the conviction of impotency, he ignominiously dismissed from his studio all his later and most esteemed productions, to which places of honor had been accorded—all his lifeless, senseless, fashionable portraits of hussars, ladies of fashion, and privy councillors. He then shut himself up, denied himself to all visitors, and sat down to work, patient and eager as a young student. For a while he labored day and night. But how unsatisfactory, how cruelly ungrateful was all that grew under his pencil! Each moment he found himself checked and repulsed in the new path he fain would have trodden by the wretched mechanical tricks to which he had so long habituated himself. They stood on his road, an impassable barrier. In spite of himself he recurred to the old commonplace forms; the arms would arrange themselves in one graceless position; the head assume the old hackneyed attitude; the folds of dress refuse to drape themselves otherwise than they had so long been wont to do in his hands. All this the unhappy artist plainly felt and saw. His eyes were open to his heinous faults, but he lacked the power to correct them.

"Surely I *had* ability!" said he to himself; "or was it mere delusion? Could I not, under any circumstances, have done better than I have? Did the whispers of youthful vanity mislead me?" And, to settle this doubt, he hunted out some of his early pictures, which lay neglected in a corner of his painting-room—pictures he had labored at long ago, when his heart was pure from avarice, and he dwelt in his poor garret in the lonely Va-

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silievskü Ostrov, far from the world, from luxury and covetousness. He examined them attentively, and the conviction forced itself upon him with irresistible strength, that he had sacrificed genius at the altar of mammon. "I had it in me!" was his agonized exclamation. "Everywhere, in all of these, I behold traces and proofs of the power I have recklessly frittered away."

Covering his face with his hands, Tchartkóff stood silent, full of bitter thoughts, rapidly but minutely reviewing the whole of his past life. When he removed his hands he started, and a thrill passed over him, for he suddenly encountered the gaze of two piercing eyes glittering with a sombre lustre, and seeming to watch and enjoy his despair. A second glance showed him they belonged to the strange portrait which he had bought, many years before, in the Stchúkin Dvor. It had remained forgotten and concealed amidst a mass of old pictures, and he had long since forgotten its existence. Now that the gaudy, fashionable pictures and portraits had been removed from the studio, there it was, peering grimly out from amongst his early productions. Tchartkóff remembered that, in a certain sense, this hideous portrait had been the origin of the useless life he had so long led and now so deeply deplored; that the hoard of gold discovered in its frame had developed and fostered in him those worldly passions, that sensuality and love of luxury, which had been the bane of his genius. Calling his servants, he ordered the hateful picture to be taken from the room, and bestowed where he should never again behold it. Its departure, however, was insufficient to calm his agitation and quell the storm that raged within him. He was a prey to that rare moral torture sometimes witnessed when a feeble talent wrestles unsuccessfully to attain a development above its capacity—a furious endeavor which often conducts young and vigorous minds to great achievements, but whose result to old and enervated ones is more frequently despair and insanity. Tchartkóff, when convinced of the futility of his efforts, became possessed by the demon of envy, who soon monopolized and made him all his own. His complexion assumed a bilious yellow tint; he could not bear to hear an artist praised, or look with patience at any work of art that bore the impress of genius. On beholding such, he would grind his teeth with fury, and the expression of his face became that of a maniac.

At last he conceived one of the most execrable projects the human mind ever engendered; and, with an eagerness approaching to frenzy, he hastened to put it into execution. He bought up all the best pictures he could find in St. Petersburg, and whose owners could be induced to part with them. The prices he gave to tempt sellers were often most extravagant. As soon as he had purchased a picture, and got it safely home, he would set upon it with demoniac fury, tearing, scratching, even biting it; and, when it was utterly defaced, and rent into the smallest possible fragments, he would dance and trample on it, laughing like a fiend. The enormous fortune he had accumulated during his long and successful career as a fashionable portrait-painter, enabled him largely to indulge this infernal monomania. To this abominable end he, Tchartkóff, but a short time before so avaricious, became reckless in his expenditure. For this he untied the strings of his bags of gold, and scattered his rubles with lavish hand. All were surprised at the change, and at the rapidity with which he squandered his fortune, in his zeal, as it was supposed, to form a gallery of the noblest works of art. In the auction room, none cared to oppose him, for all were certain to be outbid. He was held to be mad, and certainly his conduct and appearance justified the presumption. His countenance, of a jaundiced hue, grew haggard and wrinkled; misanthropy and hatred of the world were plainly legible upon it. He resembled that horrid demon whom Pushkin has so ably conceived and portrayed. Save an occasional sarcasm, venomous and bitter, no word ever passed his lips, and at last he became universally avoided. His acquaintances, and even his oldest friends, shunned his presence, and would go a mile round to escape meeting him in the street. The mere sight of him, they said, was enough to cloud their whole day.

Fortunately for society and for art, such an unnatural and agitated existence as this could not long endure. Tchartkóff's mental excitement was too violent for his physical strength. A burning fever and furious delirium ravaged his frame, and in a few days he was but the ghost of his former self. The delirium augmented, and became a permanent and incurable mania, in some of whose paroxysms it was necessary to bind him to his couch. He fancied he saw continually before him the singular old portrait from the Stchúkin Dvor! This was the more strange, because since the day he had turned it out of his studio, it had never once met his sight. But now he raved of its terrible living eyes, which haunted him unceasingly, and when this fancy came over him, his madness was something terrific. All the persons who approached his bed he imagined to be horrible portraits; copies, repeated again and again, of the old man with the fiendish eyes. The image multiplied itself perpetually; the ceiling, the walls, the floor, were all covered with portraits, staring sternly and fixedly at him with living eyes. The room extended and stretched out to a vast and interminable gallery, to afford room for millions of repetitions of the ghastly picture. In vain did numerous physicians seek to discover, with a view to the alleviation of the poor wretch's sufferings, some secret connection between the incidents of his past life and the strange phantom that thus eternally haunted him. No explanation or clue could be obtained from the patient, who continued to apostrophize the portrait in disconnected phrase, and to utter howls of agony and lamentation. At last his existence terminated in one last horrible paroxysm. His corpse was frightful to behold; of his once comely form, a yellow shrivelled skeleton was all that remained. A few thousand rubles were the

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sole residue of his wealth; and his disappointed heirs, beholding numerous drawers and closets full of torn fragments that had once composed noble pictures, understood and cursed the odious use to which their relative had applied his princely fortune.

CHAPTER II.

A number of carriages, caleches, and drójkis were drawn up in the vicinity of a handsome mansion in one of the best quarters of St. Petersburg. It had been the residence of a rich virtuoso, lately deceased, and whose pictures, furniture, and curiosities, were now selling by auction. The large drawing-room was filled with the most distinguished amateurs of art in St. Petersburg, mingled with brokers and dealers on the look-out for bargains, and with a large sprinkling of those idlers who, without intending to purchase, frequent auctions to kill a morning. The sale was in full activity, and there was eager competition for the lot then up. The biddings succeeded each other so rapidly, that the auctioneer was scarcely able to repeat them. The object so many were eager to possess, was a portrait, which could hardly fail to attract the attention even of persons who knew nothing of pictures. This painting, which possessed a very considerable amount of artistical merit, and had apparently been more than once restored, repaired, and cleaned, represented the tawny features of an Oriental, attired in a loose costume. The expression of the face was singular, and by no means pleasant. Its most striking feature was the extraordinary and unaccountable look of the eyes, which, by some trick of the artist, seemed to follow the spectator wherever he went. Every one of the persons there assembled was ready to swear that the eyes looked straight at him; and, what was yet more unaccountable, the effect was the same whether the beholder stood on the right, or on the left, or in front of the picture. This peculiarity it was that had made so many anxious to possess a portrait whose subject and painter were alike unknown. Gradually, however, many of the amateurs ceased their biddings, for the price had become extravagant, and at last only two continued to compete—two rich noblemen, both enthusiastic lovers of the eccentric in art. These still continued the contest, grew heated with their rivalry, and were in a fair way to raise the price to something positively absurd, when a by-stander stepped forward and addressed them. "Before this contest goes further," he said, "permit me to say a few words. Of all here present, it is I, I believe, who have the best right to the portrait in dispute."

All eyes were turned to the speaker. He was a tall, handsome man, of about thirty-five, with a pleasant, cheerful countenance, a careless style of dress, and long black curls flowing down his neck. He was personally known to many present, and the name of B——, the artist, was circulated through the room.

"Extraordinary as my words may appear to you," he resumed, perceiving he had fixed the general attention, "I can explain them if you are disposed to give me five minutes' audience. I have every reason to believe that this portrait is one I have long sought in vain."

Curiosity was expressed on every countenance; the auctioneer stood open-mouthed and with uplifted hammer; all entreated B—— to tell his tale. The artist at once complied.

"You are all acquainted," he said, "with the quarter of St. Petersburg known as the Kolómna, and aware that it is chiefly occupied by persons either in poverty, or whose resources are exceedingly limited, many of whom, compelled by unforeseen circumstances to outstrip their limited income, frequently find themselves in want of immediate and temporary assistance; compelled, in short, to apply to money-lenders. In consequence of this, there has settled amongst them a particular class of usurers, who supply petty sums on satisfactory pledges, and at enormous interest. These pawnbrokers on a small scale are generally far more pitiless than the aristocratic usurer, whose customers drive to his door in their carriages. Compunction, humanity, a feeling of pity for the unfortunates upon whose need they fatten, never by any chance enter their breast. Amongst these callous extortioners there was one who, at a certain period of the last century, under the reign of the Empress Catherine II., had been settled for some years in the Kolómna. He was an extraordinary and enigmatical personage, of whom none knew anything; he wore a flowing Asiatic dress, his complexion was swarthy as an Arab; but to what nation he really belonged, whether Hindoo, or Greek, or Persian, none could decide. His tall stature, his tawny, withered, wiry face, with its tint of greenish bronze, his large eyes full of sullen fire, shadowed by thick and overhanging brows; every point in his appearance, in short, made a strong and marked distinction between him and the other inhabitants of the quarter. His very dwelling was quite unlike the little wooden houses which surrounded it. It was a large brick building, in the style of those often constructed by the Genoese merchants, with windows of different sizes disposed at irregular distances, with iron shutters and hasps. This usurer was distinguished from all others by the circumstance that he could always supply any sum of money required, and would accommodate alike the needy groom and the extravagant noble. At his door were often to be seen brilliant equipages, through whose windows might sometimes be discerned the head of a luxurious and fashionable lady. Rumor said that his iron chests teemed with countless heaps of money, plate, diamonds, and all kinds of valuable pledges, but nevertheless he was reported less greedy than the other money-lenders. He made no difficulty, people said, to lend, and was apparently far from oppressive in fixing the terms of payment. But on the day of reckoning, it was observed, that by some extraordinary arithmetical calculation, he made the interest mount up to an enormous sum: such, at least, was the popular report. The strangest thing about him, however,

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and which struck everybody, was the fatality that seemed to attach to his loans; all who borrowed of him finished their lives in an unhappy manner. Whether this was a mere popular notion, a stupid superstitious gossip, or a rumor intentionally disseminated, has ever remained a mystery. But it is a fact that many things occurred to give it validity, and that within a comparatively short period of time. Amongst the aristocracy of the day, there was one young man who particularly attracted the attention of society. He was of ancient descent and noble blood; had very early distinguished himself in the service of the empire, as a warm protector of everything honorable and elevated, and as a passionate lover of art and genius. He was soon distinguished by the personal notice of the empress, who confided to him the duties of an office peculiarly adapted to his tastes and talents—an office which gave him power to be of the greatest service not only to science, but to humanity itself. The young noble surrounded himself with artists, poets, scholars, and men of learning. To all of them he promised employment, patronage, protection. He undertook, at his own expense, a number of important publications, gave a multitude of orders to artists, founded prizes for excellence, spent enormous sums in this unselfish manner, and at length got into difficulties. Full, however, of generous enthusiasm, and unwilling to leave his work half finished, he borrowed money in all directions, and at length found his way to the famous usurer in the Kolómna. Having obtained from this man a very extensive loan, the young noble all at once underwent a complete transformation. He became, as by enchantment, the enemy of rising intellect and talent, the persecutor of all he had previously protected. It was just then that the French Revolution broke out. This event gave him a handle for suspicion. In everything he detected some revolutionary tendency; in every word, in every expressed opinion, he saw a dangerous hint or perfidious insinuation. The disease gained on him till he almost began to suspect himself. He laid false informations, fabricated the foulest charges, and caused the ruin of numbers of innocent people. At first, his guilty manœuvres were undetected, and, when found out, they were thought to proceed from insanity. Report was made to the empress, who deprived him of his office. But his severest sentence was the contempt he read in the faces of his countrymen. I need not describe the sufferings of this vain and insolent spirit, the tortures he endured from crushed pride, defeated ambition, ruined expectations. At last his monomania—for such it must surely have been—aggravated by regret and chagrin, became insanity, and in a frightful paroxysm the unhappy maniac committed suicide.

"Not less remarkable than the fate of this wretched young man was that of a lady who passed at that time for the most beautiful woman in St. Petersburg. My father has often assured me, that he never beheld anything to be compared to her. Possessing, besides her beauty, the not less fascinating charms of wit, intellect, wealth, and high rank, she was of course surrounded by a swarm of admirers. The most remarkable of these was Prince R., the flower of all the young nobles of that day, and to whom the palm was universally conceded, not only for beauty of person, but for high qualities and chivalry of character. He was well qualified for a hero of romance, or a woman's beau-ideal. Deeply and passionately enamored of the young countess, his affection met with as pure and ardent a return. But her relations disapproved the match. The prince's paternal estates had passed out of his hands—his family was in disgrace at court, and the derangement of his finances was no secret to anybody. Suddenly he left the capital, apparently for the purpose of putting his affairs in order; and after a brief absence, reäppeared and commenced a life of splendid extravagance. His balls and entertainments were so magnificent as to attract the notice of the court, and, it was rumored, to mollify imperial displeasure. The countess' father became suddenly gracious, and soon nothing was talked of in St. Petersburg but the marriage of the two lovers. Of the origin of the enormous fortune of the bridegroom, to which this change in the sentiments of his future father-in-law was unquestionably to be attributed, nobody could give a distinct account, though it was pretty generally whispered that he had entered into a compact with the mysterious money-lender of the Kolómna, and from him obtained a large loan. Be this as it may, the wedding formed the whole talk of the town. Bride and bridegroom were the objects of universal envy. Everybody had heard of their beauty and virtues, of their ardent and constant love; and all rejoiced that the obstacles to their union were removed. Numerous were the prophetic pictures drawn of the blissful existence the young couple were certain to enjoy. The event proved very different. In one twelvemonth a total and terrible change took place in the character of the prince. Hitherto noble, generous, and confiding, he became, on a sudden, jealous, suspicious, impatient, and capricious. He was the tyrant and tormentor of his wife; and, to the unbounded astonishment of everybody who had known him before his marriage, treated her with inhuman brutality, and was even known to strike her! In one year the beautiful and dazzling girl, who was followed by a crowd of obedient adorers, could not be recognized in the careworn and unhappy wife. At length, unable longer to support the cruel yoke of such a marriage, she sought a separation. At the first notification of this step, the prince gave way to the most uncontrolled fury—burst in her chamber, and would infallibly have stabbed her, had he not been seized and removed by force. Mad with rage, he turned his weapon upon himself, and lay a corpse at the feet of his horror-stricken friends. Besides these two incidents, which attracted great notice in the higher circles, a number of other instances were cited as having occurred amongst the lower classes, where the loans of the mysterious usurer had brought misfortune in their train. One

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man, previously a sober and honest artisan, had become a confirmed drunkard, and died in the hospital; a shopman had robbed his master; an izvóztchik, for years noted for his honesty, had cut the throat of a customer in order to rob him of an insignificant sum. All these persons, and many others, who sank into misery and crime, or perished by violent deaths, had been customers of the mysterious Asiatic, of whom these stories, related, as they often were, with additions and exaggerations, inspired the quiet and peaceable inhabitants of the Kolómna with an involuntary horror. Nobody doubted the real presence of the evil spirit in this man. They said that he exacted conditions which made one's very hair stand on end, and which none of his unhappy clients dared disclose; that his money had a mysterious property of attraction; that the coins were marked with strange characters, and grew red-hot of their own accord. In short, there were a thousand extravagant reports. But what is most remarkable is, that this population of Kolómna, made up of pensioners, half-pay officers, petty functionaries, obscure artists, and others equally necessitous, preferred bearing the utmost distress to having recourse to the dreaded money-lender. They all declared they would rather mortify their bodies than destroy their souls. Those who met him in the street hurried by with an uneasy sensation, making way for him with anxious submissiveness, and looking long over their shoulders at the tall, lean figure as it lost itself in the distance. His singular frame might well have been the receptacle of a supernatural and unholy spirit. The wild and deeply-cut features had something different from humanity; the extraordinary thickness of the shaggy eye-brows; the bronze glow of the countenance; the frightful eyes, with their steady unsupportable glare; even the broad folds of the oriental dress were, each in turn, the subject of uneasy and suspicious comment. My father told me, that when he met him he could not avoid stopping to gaze at him; and it invariably occurred to him that he had never seen, either in painting or life, a face that so completely came up to his notion of a demon.

"But I must make you, as briefly as possible, acquainted with my father, who is the real hero of my tale. He was a remarkable man, a self-taught painter, seeking principles in his own mind, and elaborating, without master or school, rules and laws of art, led onward by the mere thirst for excellence, and advancing, under the influence of causes which he himself, perhaps, could not have defined, along a path marked out for him only in his own mind. He was one of those children of genius whom contemporaries so often stigmatize as ignorant, because they have struck out a track for themselves, and whose ardor is to be chilled neither by censure nor failures; whence, on the contrary, they derive fresh vigor and courage. Aided only by his own lofty instincts, he attained to the true understanding of what historical painting should be. Scriptural subjects, the last and loftiest step of high art, chiefly occupied his pencil. Free from the feverish, irritable vanity and paltry envy so common amongst artists, he was a firm, upright, honorable man, a little rough and unpolished in externals—the husk rather rugged—and with a share of honest pride and independent feeling which sometimes imparted to his manner an air of mingled bluntness and condescension. 'I care nothing for your fine folks,' he would say. 'I don't work for them. I don't paint drawing-room pictures. Those who understand my work best reward me for it. I do not blame fashionable people for not understanding art; how should they? They understand their cards; they are judges of wine and horses. 'T is enough. When they do pick up a crude notion or two on the subject of painting, they become intolerable by their assumption. I prefer, a thousand times, the man who honestly confesses he knows nothing about art, to your ignoramus who comes in with a solemn affectation of connoisseurship, claiming to be a judge, talking about things he does not understand, and consequently talking nonsense.' By no means a covetous man, my father painted for very modest remuneration, contented to earn sufficient for the support of his family, and for providing the means of exercising his art. Generous in the extreme, his hand was ever open to less successful artists. Imbued with a fervent and profound sense of religion, it was that, perhaps, which enabled him to communicate to the faces he painted an elevation of religious sentiment that the most brilliant pencils often fail to give. In course of time, and aided by obstinate industry and unflinching perseverance, his talent attracted the attention and commanded the respect even of those who had at first sneered at him as a *home-made* artist. He received numerous orders for altar-pieces and other church pictures, and labored incessantly. One picture, in particular, engaged his closest attention. The subject I forget, but I know that the great enemy of mankind was to be introduced. Long did my father meditate on this figure; he desired to embody in the countenance the expression of every evil passion that afflicts fallen humanity. Whilst reflecting on the subject, and conjuring up horrible countenances in his imagination, the strange features of the mysterious money-lender frequently recurred to him; and, as often as they did so, he said to himself, 'The usurer would be a fine model for my Devil.' One day, whilst he was busy planning his great work, and making sketches, with which he had difficulty in pleasing himself, there was a knock at his studio door, and the next instant, to his infinite astonishment, the usurer entered the room. My father has since told me that on beholding him he felt an inexplicable chill and shudder come over his whole frame.

"'You are an artist?' said the intruder, abruptly.

"'I am,' replied my father, and wondered what was coming next.

"'I want my portrait painted. I have not long to live. I have no children, and I do not wish to die altogether. Can you paint a portrait of me that shall be exactly like life?'

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"My father reflected for a moment. 'Nothing could be more opportune,' thought he to himself; 'he comes of his own accord to sit to me for my Devil.' And he at once agreed to satisfy his singular visitor. Hour and price were stipulated, and the next day, my father, bearing palette and brushes, repaired to the abode of his new sitter. The gloomy court-yard, surrounded by high walls; the watch-dogs; the iron doors and shutters; the arched windows; the huge coffers, covered with strange, outlandish-looking carpets; and, above all, the grim, gloomy visage of the master of the house, seated immovable before him—all these conspired to produce a strong impression on his mind. The windows were closed and darkened; a single pane in the upper part of one of them admitted a strong ray of light. My father forgot the strange repute of his sitter in zeal for his art. 'How splendidly the fellow's face is lighted up!' he thought to himself, and set to work with furious eagerness, as though fearful of losing the favorable moment. 'What vigor! what light and shade!' he exclaimed, inaudibly. 'If I can get him in only half as vigorously as he sits there, the portrait will beat everything I have done; he will walk out of the canvass. What extraordinary features; what depth in the lines and furrows!' he repeated to himself, redoubling his fervor at every stroke, as he observed trait after trait rapidly transferring itself to the canvass. But, whilst proceeding with his work, he insensibly became aware of a strange feeling of oppression and uneasiness that crept over him, he knew not how or wherefore. Disregarding it, he persisted in following, with the strictest fidelity and most scrupulous care, every line, and tone, and shade in the extraordinary countenance of his model. To the eyes he gave his chief attention. At first they nearly made him despair. So peculiar and penetrating was their expression, so unlike were they to any eyes he had ever encountered, that it seemed an almost hopeless task to attempt to render them in a picture. Nevertheless he persevered, resolved, at whatever cost of pains and time, to follow them in their minute details, and thus to penetrate, if possible, the mystery and secret of their expression. But whilst engaged in this work, whilst diving, as it were, with his pencil, into the recesses of those mysterious orbs, the uneasiness he had before felt rapidly increased, and there arose in his soul such an inexplicable loathing, such an overpowering sensation of vague horror, that he was several times obliged to suspend his work, and it was only by a violent effort he could bring himself to resume it. At last this unaccountable feeling fairly mastered him; he could no longer bear to look upon those horrible eyes, whose demon-like gaze filled him with dismay. He closed the sitting. But the next day, and the one after that, the same thing occurred; after painting for a short time he invariably became agitated, excited, and unable to proceed. Each day these sensations increased in strength, until they became positive torture, and at last my father threw down his brush, declaring he would paint no more. Extraordinary was the effect produced upon the mysterious usurer by this declaration. By the most touching and humble entreaties, and by promises of munificent reward, he essayed, but in vain, to induce my father to retract his decision and resume his task. He even prostrated himself before him and implored him to terminate the picture, saying that upon its completion hung his fate, and his very existence. And then he threw out dark and confused hints of supernatural agency, by which, if his living features were once faithfully represented, his soul would be in some sort transferred to the portrait, and be saved from complete annihilation, or a yet worse doom. Terror-stricken at these strange and fearful words, my father threw down pencil and palette and rushed from the house. He could not sleep that night for meditating on this occurrence. The next morning he received back the unfinished portrait, brought to his house by an old woman, the only human being who lived with the usurer. She left also a message, that her master returned the portrait, because he did not want and would not pay for it. A few hours afterwards, on going out, my father learned that the usurer of the Kolómna had died that morning. There was a mystery in all this which my father neither was able nor desired to solve.

"Dating from that day, a perceptible and unfavorable change took place in my father's character. Without apparent cause he became irritable, restless, and unhappy, and a very short time elapsed before he became guilty of an act of which none supposed him capable. About this period, the works of one of his pupils had attracted the attention of a small circle of judges and amateurs of art. My father from the first had perceived and appreciated this young man's talent, and had shown himself particularly well-disposed towards him. Suddenly, as if by a spell, envy and hatred were generated in his mind. The general interest excited by the pupil became intolerable to the master, who could not hear with patience the name of the rising genius. At length, to fill up the measure of his mortification, he learned that the young man had been preferred to paint a picture for a splendid church then just completed. This drove my father frantic. Previously the most upright and honorable of men, he now condescended to the pettiest intrigues and manœuvres—he who, up to that time, had regarded with horror and contempt all that bore the semblance of intrigue. By dint of caballing, he succeeded in obtaining an open competition for the work in question; whoever chose, was at liberty to send in his pictures, and the best would obtain the preference. Having brought this about, he secluded himself in his studio and applied himself to the task with intense ardor, summoning up all his great energy, skill, and experience of art. As was to be expected, the result was one of his very finest pictures. As a work of art, it was unquestionably the best. When my father saw it placed beside those of the other competitors, a smile of

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triumph curled his lip, and he entertained no doubt that his would be the picture chosen to adorn the altar. The committee appointed to decide arrived, and cast approving glances at my father's painting. Before giving their verdict, however, they proceeded to examine it minutely, and at last, one of the members—an ecclesiastic of high rank, if I remember rightly—waived his hand to secure the attention of his fellow-judges, and spoke thus: 'The picture presented by this artist,' he said, 'has undoubtedly very high merit as a mere work of art; but it is unsuited to the place and purpose for which it was designed. Those countenances have nothing sacred or holy in their expression. On the contrary, you may discern in every one of them, and especially in the eyes, the traces, more or less modified, of some evil passion, a something unhallowed and almost fiendish.' Struck by this observation, all present looked at the picture: it was impossible to deny the justice of the criticism. My father rushed furiously forward eager to deny and disprove the unfavorable judgment. But he saw for the first time, with feelings of intense horror, that he had given to almost all his countenances the eyes of the money-lender. They all looked out of the canvass with such a devilish and abominable stare, that he himself could scarcely help shuddering. The picture was rejected, and, with unspeakable rage and envy, he heard the prize awarded to his former pupil. He returned home in a state of mind worthy of a demon. He abused and even ill-treated my poor mother, who sought to console him for his disappointment, drove his children brutally from him, broke his easel and brushes, tore down from the wall the portrait of the money-lender, called for a knife, and ordered a fire to be instantly lighted, intending to cut up the picture and burn it. In this mood he was found by a friend, a painter like himself, a careless, jovial dog, always in good humor, untroubled with ambition, working gayly at whatever he could get to do, and loving a good dinner and merry company.

"'What the deuce are you at? what are you about to burn?' said he, going up to the portrait. 'Why, are you mad? This is one of your very best pictures! The old money-lender, I declare. By Jove! an exquisite thing! Admirably hit off! You have caught the old fellow's eyes to perfection. One would almost swear you had transplanted them from the head to the picture. They look out of the canvass.'

"'We 'll see how they look in the fire,' said my father surlily, making a movement to thrust the picture into the grate.

"'Stop, stop!' cried his friend, checking his arm. 'Give it me, rather than burn it.' My father was at first unwilling, but at last consented; and the jolly old painter, enchanted with his acquisition, carried off the portrait.

"The picture gone, my father felt himself more tranquil. 'It seemed,' he said, 'as if its departure had taken a load off his heart.' He was astonished at his recent conduct, at the malice and envy that had filled his soul. The more he reflected, the stronger became his sorrow and repentance. 'Yes,' he at last exclaimed, with sincere self-reproach, 'God has punished me for my sins; my picture was really a shameful and abominable thing. It was inspired by the wicked hope of injuring a fellow-man, and a brother artist. Hatred and envy guided my pencil; what better feelings could I expect it to portray?' Without a moment's delay he went in search of his former pupil, embraced him affectionately, entreated his forgiveness, and did all in his power to efface from the young man's mind the remembrance of his offence. Once more his days glided on in peaceful and contented toil, although his face had assumed a pensive and melancholy expression, previously a stranger to it. He prayed more frequently and fervently, was more often silent, and spoke less bluntly and roughly to others; the rugged surface of his character was smoothed and softened.

"A long time had elapsed without his seeing or hearing anything of the friend to whom he had given the portrait, and he was one day about to go out and inquire after him, when the man himself entered the room. But his former jovialty of manner was gone. He looked worn and melancholy, his cheeks were hollow, his complexion pale, and his clothes hung loosely upon him. My father was struck with the change, and inquired what ailed him.

"'Nothing now,' was the reply: 'nothing since I got rid of that infernal portrait. I was wrong, my friend, not to let you burn it. The devil fly away with the thing, say I! I am no believer in witchcraft and the like, but I am more than half persuaded some evil spirit is lodged in the portrait of the usurer.'

"'What makes you think so?' said my father.

"'The simple fact, that from the very first day it entered my house, I, formerly so gay and joyous, became the most anxious, melancholy dog that ever whined under a gallows. I was irritable, ill-tempered, disposed to cut my own throat, and every body else's. My whole life through, I had never known what it was to sleep badly. Well, my sleep left me, and when I did get any, it was broken by dreams. Good Heavens! such horrible dreams; I could not bring myself to believe they were mere dreams, ordinary nightmares. I was sometimes nearly stifled in my sleep; and eternally, my good sir, the old man, that accursed old man, flitted about me. In short, I was in a pitiable state, lost flesh and appetite, and cursed the hour I was born. I crawled about, as if drunk or stupid, tormented with a vague, incessant fear, a dread, and anticipation of something frightful about to happen, of some uncommon danger besetting me at every turn. At last, I bethought me of the portrait, and gave it away to a nephew of mine, who had taken a great fancy to it. Since then I have been much relieved; I feel as if a great stone had been rolled off my heart; I can sleep and eat,

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and am recovering my former spirits. It was a rare devil you cooked up there, my boy!'

"My father listened to his friend's confession with the closest attention.

"'The portrait, then, is now in your nephew's possession?' he at last inquired.

"'My nephew's! No, no! He tried it, but could stand it no better than your humble servant. Assuredly the spirit of the old usurer has transmigrated into the picture. My nephew declares that he walks out of the frame, glides about the room; in short, the things he tells me, pass human understanding and belief. I should have taken him for a madman, if I had not partly experienced the thing myself. He sold the picture to some dealer or other; and the dealer could not stand it either, and got it off his hands.'

"This narrative made a deep impression upon my father. About this time he became subject to long fits of abstraction, and incessant reveries, which gradually turned to hypochondria. At last, he was firmly convinced that his pencil had served as an instrument to the evil spirit; that a portion of the usurer's vitality had actually passed into the picture, which thus continued to torment and persecute its possessors, inspiring them with evil passions, tempting them from the paths of virtue and religion, rousing in their breasts feelings of envy and malice and all uncharitableness. A great misfortune which afflicted him shortly after, the loss, by a contagious disorder, of his wife, daughter, and infant son, he accounted a judgment of Heaven upon his sin. He determined to quit the world, and devote himself to religion and prayer. I was then nine years of age. He placed me in the Academy of Arts, wound up his affairs, and retired to a remote convent, where he shortly afterwards assumed the tonsure. There, by the severity of his life, and by the unwearied punctuality with which he fulfilled the rules of his order, he struck the whole brotherhood with surprise and admiration. The superior of the monastery, hearing of his skill as a painter, requested him to execute an altar-piece for the convent chapel. But the devout brother declared that his pencil had been polluted by a great sin, and that he must purify himself by mortification and long penance, before he could dare apply it to a holy purpose. He then, of his own accord, gradually increased the austerity of his monastic life. At last, the utmost privations he could inflict on himself appearing to him insufficient, he retired, with the blessing of the superior, to court solitude in the desert. There he built himself a hermitage out of the branches of trees, lived on uncooked roots, dragged a heavy stone with him wherever he went, and stood from sunrise to sunset with his hands uplifted to heaven, fervently praying. His penances and mortifications were such as we find examples of only in the lives of the saints. For many years he followed this austere manner of life, and his brethren at the convent had given up all hopes of again seeing him, when one day he suddenly appeared amongst them. 'I am ready,' he said firmly and calmly to the superior: 'with the help of God, I will begin my task.' The subject he selected was the Birth of Christ. For a whole year he labored incessantly at his picture, without leaving his cell, nourishing himself with the coarsest food, and rigid in the fulfilment of his religious duties. At the end of that time the picture was completed. It was a miracle of art. Neither the brethren nor the superior were profound critics of painting, but they were awe-struck by the extraordinary sublimity of the figures. The sentiment of divine tranquillity and mildness in the Holy Mother, bending over the Infant Jesus—the profound and celestial intelligence in the eyes of the Babe—the solemn silence and dignified humility of the three Wise Men prostrate at his feet—the holy, unspeakable calm breathed over the whole work—the combined impression of all this was magical. The brethren bowed the knee before the picture, and the superior, deeply affected, pronounced a blessing on the artist. 'No mere human art,' he said, could have produced a picture like this. A power from on high has guided thy pencil, my son, and the blessing of Heaven has descended on the work of thy hands.'

"About this time I finished my education in the academy; I received the gold medal, and at the same time saw realized the delicious hope of being sent to Italy—the cherished dream of the boy-artist. Before departing, I wished to take leave of my father, whom I had not seen for twelve years. I had heard divers reports of the extreme austerity of his life, and expected to see the withered figure of a hermit, worn-out, exhausted, macerated with fast and vigil. My astonishment was great when I beheld my father. No trace of exhaustion was on his countenance, which beamed with a joy whose source was not of this world. A beard as white as snow, and long thin hair of silvery hue floated picturesquely down his breast and along the folds of his black robe, and descended even to the cord girdling his monastic gown. Before we parted, I received from his lips precepts and counsels for the conduct of my life and for my guidance in art—precepts I have religiously remembered, and which will ever remain indelibly engraven on my soul. Three days I abode near him; on the third, I went to ask his blessing before my departure for the artist's home, the distant and much-desired shores of Italy. Already, in the course of our long communings, he had told me the story of his life, especially dwelling on the remarkable passage I have just related. 'My son,' these were his last words, 'my conscience, tranquillized in great measure by years of prayer and penitence, has yet its uneasy moments, when I recall the circumstances connected with that portrait. I have been told that it still passes from hand to hand, occasioning misery to many, exciting feelings of envy and hatred, fostering unlawful desires and unholy thoughts. By the memory of thy mother, and by the love thou bearest me, I entreat thee, my son, truly and faithfully to perform my last request. Seek out

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that portrait; sooner or later you must find it; you cannot fail to recognize it by the strange expression, and by the extraordinary fire and vividness of the eyes. Purchase it, at whatever cost, and commit it to the flames! So shall my blessing prosper thee, and thy days be long in the land.'

"How could I refuse the pledge thus touchingly required by the venerable old man? Throwing myself into his arms, I swore, by the silver locks that flowed over his breast, faithfully to do his bidding. We live in a positive age, and believers in anything bordering on the supernatural grow each day rarer. But my path was plain before me; I had promised, and must perform. For fifteen years I have devoted a certain portion of each, to a search for the mysterious picture, with constant ill-success, until to-day—at this auction."

Here the artist, suspending his sentence, turned towards the wall where the portrait had hung. His movement was imitated by his hearers, who looked round in search of the wonderful picture, concerning which they had just been told so strange a tale. But the portrait was no longer there. A murmur of surprise, almost of consternation, ran through the throng.

"Stolen!" at last exclaimed a voice. And stolen the picture doubtless had been. Some dexterous thief, profiting by the profound attention with which the eyes of all were fixed upon the narrator, whilst all ears drank in his singular story, had managed to take down and carry off the portrait. The company remained plunged in perplexity, almost doubting whether they had really seen those extraordinary eyes, or whether the whole thing were not a fantasy, a vision, the phantom of a brain heated and fatigued by the long examination of a gallery of old pictures.

TO A REDBREAST SINGING IN AUGUST.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Oh! Redbreast, why that early trill!
The very leaves will feel alarmed,
And at that strain, so autumn-chill,
Will be of summer strength disarmed.

Nay, from this hoary apple-tree,
Large yellow leaves fall to the ground,
As, Robin Redbreast! stirred by thee,
They sympathize with that old sound.

These mists which on the morning hang
Awake such notes before their time,
For even now the cuckoo sang,
A bird that loves no chilly clime.

Then, Robin, cease awhile that song,
Till swallows thick of flight confer,
Nor do September grievous wrong,
As it the month of August were.

I love thy song, but sing not now,
Lest all the birds of summer rise
From heath and meadow, dome, and bough,
And plume their wings for southern skies.

The glow-worm yet is on the grass,
The leaves, though dark, as yet are green;
The flowers—not all yet from us pass,
But even now, it spring has been.

It seems but yesterday that we
Were gazing on pale primrose flowers,
On greening field, on leafing tree;
And thou dost hail autumnal hours!

O, sing not yet! but let the leaves
Grow russet with a slow decay;
For yet its nest the skylark weaves,
And sings—It is a summer's day.

Robin! the autumn all is thine
'Midst falling leaves to pipe thy fill;
And it *will* come, with sure decline;
Then cease, and 't will be summer still.

Summer supreme! matured from spring,
More matron-like in grace and worth,
Of heavenlier mould, a holier thing,
As God and angels homed on earth!

Howitt's Journal.

A late number of the London *Morning Chronicle* contains a sort of semi-assertion as to the European cabinet which was connected with the plan of Paredes for restoring monarchy in Mexico, which must carry with it, from that journal's position, some authority. It is as follows:—*Nat. Intell.*

"The return of Paredes has naturally created a great sensation in the States. The most probable result of his reäppearance on the scene of war will be to put it entirely out of Santa Anna's power to realize any of those pacific intentions which of late he has been reported to entertain. And should Paredes, as appears not impossible, reach Mexico before the fate of that city is decided, the chances of its successful resistance will be considerably improved. He and Santa Anna may perhaps agree to waive their quarrels for a time, and uniting their energies and their influence they might obtain a success which neither of them singly could hope for.

"The *Washington Union* attacks the captain of the British steamer from which Paredes landed, as having violated the neutrality of this country by introducing 'so decided an enemy into their ports, and without acquainting them with his character.' But it really does not appear that the captain knew, or any one on board knew, who Paredes was. He talked very freely of Mexican affairs, as any one else might have done. The hearty abuse of Santa Anna, in which he is said to have indulged, might have rather led the captain to look upon him as a friend, and not an enemy to the United States. As to the imputations in which some of the American papers have indulged against the English government, because Paredes was permitted to embark from Southampton, they are ineffably preposterous. England is a free country, and has no system of passports with which to fetter the motions of any man of any country who chooses to visit her shores or to leave them. As for Paredes, if he carries with him the germs of any European intrigues, it is in the *Tuileries* or the Rue de Courcelles that they were concocted. Christina had some time ago, and perhaps has still, the notion that it would be possible to establish the Munoz dynasty on the throne of Mexico. The expedition to the Equador, which England nipped in the bud, was intended merely as a stepping-stone to a more extensive dominion in the western hemisphere."

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From Howitt's Journal.

THE SEXTON'S HERO.

BY COTTON MATHER MILLS, ESQ.

THE afternoon sun shed down his glorious rays on the grassy churchyard, making the shadow cast by the old yew-tree under which we sat seem deeper and deeper by contrast. The everlasting hum of myriads of summer insects made luxurious lullaby.

Of the view that lay beneath our gaze, I cannot speak adequately. The foreground was the grey-stone wall of the vicarage-garden; rich in the coloring made by innumerable lichens, ferns, ivy of most tender green, and most delicate tracery, and the vivid scarlet of the crane's-bill, which found a home in every nook and crevice—and at the summit of that old wall flaunted some unpruned tendrils of the vine, and long flower-laden branches of the climbing rose-tree, trained against the inner side. Beyond, lay meadow-green, and mountain-grey, and the blue dazzle of Morecombe Bay, as it sparkled between us and the more distant view.

For awhile we were silent, living in sight, and murmuring sound. Then Jeremy took up our conversation where, suddenly feeling weariness, as we saw that deep green shadowy resting-place, we had ceased speaking, a quarter of an hour before.

It is one of the luxuries of holiday-time that thoughts are not rudely shaken from us by outward violence of hurry, and busy impatience, but fall maturely from our lips in the sunny leisure of our days. The stock may be bad, but the fruit is ripe.

"How would you then define a hero?" I asked.

There was a long pause, and I had almost forgotten my question in watching a cloud-shadow floating over the far-away hills, when Jeremy made answer:

"My idea of a hero is one who acts up to the highest idea of duty he has been able to form, no matter at what sacrifice. I think that by this definition, we may include all phases of the character, even to the heroes of old, whose sole (and to us, low) idea of duty consisted in personal prowess."

"Then you would even admit the military heroes?" asked I.

"I would; with a certain kind of pity for the circumstances which had given them no higher ideas of duty. Still, if they sacrificed self to do what they sincerely believed to be right, I do not think I could deny them the title of hero."

"A poor, unchristian heroism, whose manifestation consists in injury to others!" I said.

We were both startled by a third voice:

"If I might make so bold, sir,"—and then the speaker stopped.

It was the sexton, whom, when we first arrived, we had noticed, as an accessory to the scene, but whom we had forgotten as much as though he were as inanimate as one of the moss-covered head-stones.

"If I might be so bold," said he again, awaiting leave to speak. Jeremy bowed in deference to his white, uncovered head. And so encouraged, he went on.

"What that gentleman" (alluding to my last speech) "has just now said, brings to my mind one who is dead and gone this many a year ago. I may-be have not rightly understood your meaning, gentlemen, but as far as I could gather it, I think you'd both have given in to thinking poor Gilbert Dawson a hero. At any rate," said he, heaving a long quivering sigh, "I have reason to think him so."

"Will you take a seat, sir, and tell us about him!" said Jeremy, standing up until the old man was seated. I confess I felt impatient at the interruption.

"It will be forty-five year come Martinmas," said the sexton, sitting down on a grassy mound at our feet, "since I had finished my 'prenticeship, and settled down at Lindal. You can see Lindal, sir, at evenings and mornings, across the bay; a little to the right of Grange; at least, I used to see it many a time and oft, afore my sight grew so dark; and I have spent many a quarter of an hour a-gazing at it far away, and thinking of the days I lived there, till the tears came so thick to my eyes, I could gaze no longer. I shall never look upon it again, either far off or near, but you may see it, both ways, and a terrible bonny spot it is;—in my young days, when I went to settle there, it was full of as wild a set of young fellows as ever were clapped eyes on; all for fighting, poaching, quarrelling, and such like work. I was startled myself when I first found what a set I were among, but soon I began to fall into their ways, and I ended by being as rough a chap as any on 'em. I 'd been there a matter of two year, and were reckoned by most the cock of the village, when Gilbert Dawson, as I was speaking of, came to Lindal. He were about as strapping a chap as I was, (I used to be six feet high, though now I 'm so shrunk and doubled up,) and, as we were like in the same trade, (both used to prepare osiers and wood for the Liverpool coopers, who get a great deal of stuff from the copses round the bay, sir,) we were thrown together, and took mightily to each other. I put my best leg foremost to be equal with Gilbert, for I 'd had some schooling, though since I 'd been at Lindal I 'd lost a good part of what I learnt; and I kept my rough ways out of sight for a time, I felt so ashamed of his getting to know them. But that did not last long; I began to think he fancied a girl I dearly loved, but who had always held off from me. Eh! but she was a pretty one in those days! There 's none like her now. I think I see her going along the road with her dancing tread, and shaking back her long yellow curls, to give me, or any other young fellow, a saucy word; no wonder Gilbert was taken with her, for all he was grave, and she so merry and light. But I began to think she liked him again; and then my blood was all afire. I got to hate him for everything he did. Afore-time I had stood by, admiring to see him, how he leapt, and what a quoiter and cricketer he was. And now I ground my teeth with hatred whene'er he did a thing which caught Letty's eye. I could read it in her eye that she liked him, for all she held herself just as high with him as with all the rest. Lord God forgive me! how I hated that man."

He spoke as if the hatred were a thing of yesterday, so clear within his memory were shown the actions and feelings of his youth. And then he dropped his voice, and said:

"Well! I began to look out to pick a quarrel with him! for my blood was up to fight him. If I beat him, (and I were a rare boxer in those days,) I thought Letty would cool towards him. So one evening at quoits, (I 'm sure I don't know how or why, but large doings grow out of small words,) I fell out with him, and challenged him to fight. I could see he were very wroth by his color coming

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and going—and as I said before, he were a fine active young fellow. But all at once he drew in, and said he would not fight. Such a yell as the Lindal lads, who were watching us, set up! I hear it yet; I could na' help but feel sorry for him, to be so scorned, and I thought he 'd not rightly taken my meaning, and I 'd give him another chance; so I said it again, and dared him, as plain as words could speak, to fight out the quarrel. He told me then, he had no quarrel against me; that he might have said something to put me up; he did not know that he had, but that if he had, he asked pardon; but that he would not fight no-how.

"I was so full of scorn at his cowardliness, that I was vexed I 'd given him the second chance, and I joined in the yell that was set up, twice as bad as before. He stood it out, his teeth set, and looking very white, and when we were silent for want of breath, he said out loud, but in a hoarse voice, quite different from his own:

"'I cannot fight, because I think it is wrong to quarrel, and use violence.'

"Then he turned to go away; I were so beside myself with scorn and hate, that I called out:

"'Tell truth, lad, at least, if thou dare not fight, dunnot go and tell a lie about it. Mother's moppet is afraid of a black eye, pretty dear. It shannot be hurt, but it munnot tell lies.'

"Well, they laughed, but I could not laugh. It seemed such a thing for a stout young chap to be a coward, and afraid!

"Before the sun had set, it was talked of all over Lindal, how I had challenged Gilbert to fight, and how he 'd denied me; and the folks stood at their doors and looked at him going up the hill to his home, as if he 'd been a monkey, or a foreigner—but no one wished him good e'en. Such a thing as refusing to fight had never been heard of afore at Lindal. Next day, however, they had found voice. The men muttered the word 'coward' in his hearing, and kept aloof; the women tittered as he passed, and the little impudent lads and lasses shouted out, 'How long is it sin' thou turned quaker?' 'Good-bye, Jonathan Broad-brim,' and such like jests.

"That evening I met him, with Letty by his side, coming up from the shore. She was almost crying as I came upon them at the turn of the lane; and looking up in his face, as if begging him something. And so she was; she told me it after. For she did really like him; and could not abide to hear him scorned by every one for being a coward; and she, coy as she was, all but told him that very night that she loved him, and begged him not to disgrace himself, but fight me, as I 'd dared him to. When he still stuck to it he could not, for that it was wrong, she was so vexed and mad-like at the way she 'd spoken, and the feelings she 'd let out to coax him, that she said more stinging things about his being a coward than all the rest put together, (according to what she told me, sir, afterwards,) and ended by saying she 'd never speak to him again, as long as she lived;—she did once again though—her blessing was the last human speech that reached his ear in his wild death-struggle.

"But much happened afore that time. From the day I met them walking, Letty turned towards me; I could see a part of it was to spite Gilbert, for she 'd be twice as kind when he was near, or likely to hear of it; but by-and-by she get to like me for my own sake, and it was all settled for our marriage. Gilbert kept aloof from every one, and fell into a sad, careless way. His very gait was changed, his step used to be brisk and sounding, and now his foot lingered heavily on the ground. I used to try and daunt him with my eye, but he would always meet my look in a steady, quiet way, for all so much about him was altered; the lads would not play with him; and as soon as he found he was to be slighted by them whenever he came to quoiting, or cricket, he just left off coming.

"The old clerk was the only one he kept company with; or perhaps, rightly to speak, the only one who would keep company with him. They got so thick at last, that old Jonas would say Gilbert had gospel on his side, and did no more than gospel told him to do; but we none of us gave much credit to what he said, more by token our vicar had a brother, a colonel in the army; and as we threeped it many a time to Jonas, would he set himself up to know the gospel better than the vicar? that would be putting cart afore the horse, like the French radicals. And if the vicar had thought quarrelling and fighting wicked, and again the Bible, would he have made so much work about all the victories, that were as plenty as blackberries at that time of day, and kept the little bell of Lindal church forever ringing; or would he have thought so much of 'my brother the colonel,' as he was always talking on?

"After I was married to Letty I left off hating Gilbert. I even kind of pitied him—he was so scorned and slighted; and for all he 'd a bold look about him, as if he were not ashamed; he seemed pining and shrunk. It 's a wearing thing to be kept at arm's length by one's kind; and so Gilbert found it, poor fellow. The little children took to him, though; they 'd be round about him like a swarm of bees—them as was too young to know what a coward was, and only felt that he was ever ready to love and to help them, and was never loud or cross, however naughty they might be. After a while we had our little one too; such a blessed darling she was, and dearly did we love her; Letty in especial, who seemed to get all the thought I used to think sometimes she wanted, after she had her baby to care for.

"All my kin lived on this side the bay, up above Kellet. Jane (that 's her that lies buried near yon white rose-tree) was to be married, and nought would serve her but that Letty and I must come to the wedding; for all my sisters loved Letty, she had such winning ways with her. Letty did not like to leave her baby, nor yet did I want her to take it; so, after a talk, we fixed to leave it with Letty's mother for the afternoon. I could see her heart ached a bit, for she 'd never left it till then, and she seemed to fear all manner of evil, even to the French coming and taking it away. Well! we borrowed a shandry, and harnessed my old gray mare, as I used in th' cart, and set off as grand as king George across the Sands about three o'clock, for you see it were high water about twelve, and we 'd to go and come back same tide, as Letty could not leave her baby for long. It were a merry afternoon, were that;—last time I ever saw Letty laugh heartily; and for that matter, last time I ever laughed downright hearty myself. The latest crossing time fell about nine o'clock, and we were late at starting. Clocks were wrong; and we 'd a piece of work chasing a pig father had given Letty to take home; we bagged him at last, and he screeched and screeched in the back part o' shandry, and we laughed, and they laughed; and in the midst of all the merriment the sun set, and that sobered us a bit, for then we knew what time it

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was. I whipped the old mare, but she was a deal heener than she was in the morning, and would neither go quick up nor down the brows, and they 're not a few 'twixt Kellet and the shore. On the Sands it were worse. They were very heavy, for the fresh had come down after the rains we 'd had. Lord! how I did whip the poor mare, to make the most of the red light as yet lasted. You, maybe, don't know the Sands, gentlemen. From Bolton-side, where we started from, it 's better than six miles to Cart-lane, and two channels to cross, let alone holes and quicksands. At the second channel from us the guide waits all during crossing time from sun-rise to sun-set; but for the three hours on each side high water he 's not there, in course. He stays after sun-set if he 's fore-spoken; not else. So now you know where we were that awful night. For we 'd crossed the first channel about two mile, and it were growing darker and darker above and around us, all but one red line of light above the hills, when we came to a hollow (for all the Sands look so flat, there 's many a hollow in them where you lose all sight of the shore.) We were longer than we should ha' been in crossing the hollow, the sand was so quick; and when we came up again, there, again the blackness, was the white line of the rushing tide coming up the bay. It looked not a mile from us; and when the wind blows up the bay, it comes swifter than a galloping horse. 'Lord help us!' said I; and then I were sorry I 'd spoken, to frighten Letty, but the words were crushed out of my heart by the terror. I felt her shiver up by my side, and clutch my coat. And as if the pig (as had screeched himself hoarse some time ago) had found out the danger we were all in, he took to squealing again, enough to bewilder any man. I cursed him between my teeth for his noise; and yet it was God's answer to my prayer, blind sinner as I was. Aye! you may smile, sir, but God can work through many a scornful thing, if need be.

"By this time the mare were all in a lather, and trembling and panting as if in mortal fright; for though we were on the last bank afore the second channel, the water was gathering up her legs; and she so tired out! When we came close to the channel she stood still, and not all my flogging could get her to stir; she fairly groaned aloud, and shook in a terrible, quaking way. Till now Letty had not spoken; only held my coat tightly. I heard her say something, and bent down my head.

"'I think, John—I think—I shall never see baby again!'

"And then she sent up such a cry—so loud, and shrill, and pitiful! It fairly maddened me. I pulled out my knife to spur on the old mare, that it might end one way or the other, for the water was stealing sullenly up to the very axle-tree, let alone the white waves that knew no mercy in their steady advance. That one quarter of an hour, sir, seemed as long as all my life since. Thoughts, and fancies, and dreams, and memory, ran into each other. The mist, the heavy mist, that was like a ghastly curtain, shutting us in for death, seemed to bring with it the scents of the flowers that grew around our own threshold;—it might be, for it was falling on them like blessed dew, though to us it was a shroud. Letty told me at after, she heard her baby crying for her, above the gurgle of the rising waters, as plain as ever she heard anything; but the sea-birds were skirling, and the pig shrieking—I never caught it; it was miles away, at any rate.

"Just as I 'd gotten my knife out, another sound was close upon us, blending with the gurgle of the near waters, and the roar of the distant; (not so distant, though;) we could hardly see, but we thought we saw something black against the deep lead color of wave, and mist, and sky. It neared, and neared; with slow, steady motion it came across the channel right to where we were. O God! it was Gilbert Dawson on his strong bay horse.

"Few words did we speak, and little time had we to say them in. I had no knowledge at that moment of past or future—only of one present thought—how to save Letty, and, if I could, myself. I only remembered afterwards that Gilbert said he had been guided by an animal's shriek of terror. I only heard, when all was over, that he had been uneasy about our return, because of the depth of fresh; and had borrowed a pillion, and saddled his horse early in the evening, and ridden down to Cart lane to watch for us. If all had gone well, we should ne'er have heard of it. As it was, old Jonas told it, the tears down-dropping from his withered cheeks.

"We fastened his horse to the shandry. We lifted Letty to the pillion. The waters rose every instant with sullen sound. They were all but in the shandry. Letty clung to the pillion-handles, but drooped her head as if she had yet no hope of life. Swifter than thought, (and yet he might have had time for thought and for temptation, sir; —if he had ridden off with Letty, he would have been saved—not me.) Gilbert was in the shandry by my side.

"'Quick!' said he, clear and firm. 'You must ride before her, and keep her up. The horse can swim. By God's mercy I will follow. I can cut the traces, and if the mare is not hampered with the shandry, she 'll carry me safely through. At any rate, you are a husband and a father. No one cares for me.'

"Do not hate me, gentlemen. I often wish that night was a dream. It has haunted my sleep ever since like a dream; and yet it was no dream. I took his place on the saddle, and put Letty's arms around me, and felt her head rest on my shoulder. I trust in God I spoke some words of thanks; but I can't remember. I only recollect Letty raising her head, and calling out—

"'God bless you, Gilbert Dawson, for saving my baby from being an orphan this night.' And then she fell against me, as if unconscious.

"I bore her through; or, rather, the strong horse swam bravely through the gathering waves. We were dripping wet when we reached the banks in-shore; but we could have but one thought—where was Gilbert? Thick mists and heaving waters compassed us round. Where was he? We shouted. Letty, faint as she was, raised her voice and shouted, clear and shrill. No answer came. The sea boomed on with ceaseless, sullen beat. I rode to the guide's house. He was a-bed, and would not get up, though I offered him more than I was worth. Perhaps he knew it—the cursed old villain. At any rate, I 'd have paid it if I 'd toiled my life long. He said I might take his horn, and welcome. I did, and blew such a blast through the still, black night, the echoes came back upon the heavy air; but no human voice or sound was heard; that wild blast could not awaken the dead.

"I took Letty home to her baby, over whom she wept the live-long night. I rode back to the shore about Cart lane; and to and fro with weary march did I pace along the brink of the waters, now and

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then shouting out into the silence a vain cry for Gilbert. The waters went back, and left no trace. Two days afterwards he was washed ashore near Flukeborough. The shandry and poor old mare were found half buried in a heap of sand by Arnside Knot. As far as we could guess, he had dropped his knife while trying to cut the traces, and so had lost all chance of life. Any rate, the knife was found in a cleft of the shaft.

"His friends came over from Garstang to his funeral. I wanted to go chief mourner, but it was not my right, and I might not; though I've never done mourning him to this day. When his sister packed up his things, I begged hard for something that had been his. She would give me none of his clothes, (she was a right-down having woman,) as she had boys of her own, who might grow up into them. But she threw me his Bible, as she said they 'd gotten one already, and his were but a poor used-up thing. It was his, and so I cared for it. It were a black leather one, with pockets at the sides, old-fashioned-wise; and in one were a bunch of wild flowers, Letty said she could almost be sure were some she had once given him.

"There were many a text in the gospel, marked broad with his carpenter's pencil, which more than bore him out in his refusal to fight. Of a surety, sir, there 's call enough for bravery in the service of God, and to show love to man, without quarrelling and fighting.

"Thank you, gentlemen, for listening to me. Your words called up the thoughts of him, and my heart was full to speaking. But I must make up; I've to dig a grave for a little child, who is to be buried to-morrow morning, just when his playmates are trooping off to school."

"But tell us of Letty; is she yet alive?" asked Jeremy.

The old man shook his head, and struggled against a choking sigh. After a minute's pause, he said,

"She died in less than two year at after that night. She was never like the same again. She would sit thinking, on Gilbert I guessed; but I could not blame her. We had a boy, and we named it Gilbert Dawson Knipe; he that 's stoker on the London railway. Our girl was carried off in teething, and Letty just quietly drooped, and died in less than a six week. They were buried here; so I came to be near them, and away from Lindal, a place I could never abide after Letty was gone."

He turned to his work, and we, having rested sufficiently, rose up, and came away.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

The Journal of Commerce, a very zealous friend of New England Congregationalism, publishes the following communication.

Messrs. Editors,—In my goings-up and down in New England, these last few months, I have been confounded with what I have seen in the churches of almost all denominations, in relation to the important part of the public worship of God, which consists in singing. Would you believe it, in scarcely one church which I have been in during the last six months, have I heard any one sing (save perhaps in the doxology or in some extraordinary case) except the choir! This does amaze me. If there be any part of divine worship in which all the people should take part, it is that of the praises of God. And of all portions of our country where I expected to find the whole congregation take part in this delightful act of religious service, New England is the very first. But I found that even the all-souled Methodists are sinking down into that most wretched of all practices—of having the choir, often consisting in part or whole of hired singers, do all the singing, and the congregation sitting or standing in perfect silence. And this, too, emphatically in the land of singing-schools! Shade of Ichabod Crane! How in the world has this come about? What, in a land where everybody has gone to singing-school and learned more or less of the elements of vocal music, has it come to this, that it is impossible to train a congregation to sing 50 or 100 good tunes, in which all who can sing at all, may unite? What is the matter? Must the edification of the people—must the praise of God by the people—even by *all* the people—be sacrificed to exact harmony, to refined and elegant music, uttered indeed very often by a "thoughtless tongue."

For my part, I am not astonished to find religion in a very low state in the churches of New England, so long as a most important part of divine worship —the most *popular*—is so conducted that the congregation has little more interest in it than in listening with feelings very similar to those of the spectators in a theatre. This is all wrong. I would rather, infinitely rather, have the whole-hearted singing, even if not scientific and accurate, of a good congregation of blacks in the south, than this lifeless, soulless, godless manner of conducting this portion of divine worship. The fact that it exists is proof enough that there is but little spiritual life in the churches in these parts.

I am no enemy to choirs, if they be of the right sort; but I do protest with all my might against their monopolizing the singing of the house of God. And I protest, too, against the foolish practice of allowing choirs to be eternally introducing new tunes—on purpose to prevent the congregation, in consequence of not knowing them, from taking part in the music. Very few of the new tunes, now-a-days, can be compared with many of the old ones known to almost everybody. I do not hesitate to declare that if I were pastor of a church where such a state of things exists as I have seen in very many of the best churches in New England, during the last six months, I would instantly demand a dismission, and go to the heathen rather than take another such charge. I say this in sober verity. I believe that there is a vast deal of downright wickedness in all this matter. I speak my honest opinion on the subject, without knowing, or caring to know, the opinions of others. I feel quite sure the great God whom we worship does not approve of this manner of publicly conducting his praise. I am inclined to think that David understood what was the Divine mind on this subject. And when he exclaims so often in the very psalms which he composed for the public service of Jehovah, "Let the people praise Thee, O God, yea, let *all* the people praise Thee," he did not mean to say let the choir praise Thee, O God, yea, let *all the choir* praise Thee. No, no, he meant no such thing. Nor did the Divine Being intend that he should mean so.

I hope, Messrs. Editors, that you will lift up your voice like a trumpet against this dreadful departure from the Divine pattern, as well as from what the exigencies of human nature itself demand. What can be more natural, or conduce more to edification, than for a whole congregation to join in this delightful, this heavenly portion of public worship!

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From the New Orleans Picayune.

MR. KENDALL'S LETTERS FROM THE ARMY.

TACUBAYA, August 30, 1847.

THE funeral of poor Irons, General Cadwalader's aid, who was mortally wounded at Churubusco, yet who lingered until the 28th, was most numerously attended by his brother officers yesterday. The chances of war have so ordained it that some of the most gallant and popular spirits of the army should fall victims. Of Colonel Butler I have already spoken, and the memory of such men as Burke, Willoughby, Anderson, Hanson, Capron, Thornton, Preston, Johnstone, Hoffman, Easly, and others will live in the minds of those who knew them as long as recollection lasts.

Since I sent off my letters yesterday, our reports from the city are so conflicting and so contradictory that we can make little out of them. It is certain that Santa Anna yesterday reviewed no less than 14,000 troops, and those who saw them say that they made truly an imposing appearance; it is also certain that breastworks have been thrown up in the vicinity of many of the entrances to the capital; yet the friends of Santa Anna and of peace say that they have only been constructed to overawe the enemies of pacific arrangements, both within and without the walls. As regards the probabilities of peace, no one not immediately in all the secrets can form a conjecture. One hour everything looks favorable; the next comes, and not a man in the army but will tell you we are even further from an amicable adjustment than when General Taylor crossed the Rio Grande, and raised the stars and stripes at Matamoros. All is doubt and confusion, and no one knows at night when he lays himself upon his bed, what the early morrow will bring forth. In the city, save the coffee-houses, billiard-rooms, and grocery stores, all places of business continue closed, while hordes of hungry *léperos* are prowling about, robbing and inciting to every species of outlawry. No property is safe, and I hear it hinted that millions of dollars, belonging to wealthy Mexican families, have been placed under a foreign flag for protection, and that the immense amount is claimed as the property of the citizens owing allegiance to that banner.

From eye-witnesses I have received a full account of the recent outrageous attack upon our wagon train in the city. A more wanton or cowardly outrage was never committed. A little French woman, who lived in a house near the scene, is said to have come out and openly harangued the rabble which assailed the unfortunate teamsters. Calling the rioters all sorts of hard names, she told them they had just found a calling for which they were fitted —that they had finally encountered a set of men without arms in their hands, and it was a fit occasion for them to show their great valor by attacking them a hundred to one. It is also said that a knot of foreigners—Frenchmen and others—who saw the outrage, were so much incensed that they proceeded to arm themselves in order to attack the miscreants; but the wagons were moved from the scene before they could be organized. Santa Anna, from a balcony of the palace, was a cool spectator of the whole affair, and had a thousand men all drawn up in front that were not ordered to move. His apologists say that he kept them there for his own safety, as amid the shouts of the crowd were cries of "Death to the wooden-legged tyrant!—Down with the traitor who wants to sell us!"

Let me give you as correct an idea as I am able of the state of parties and feeling in the city of Mexico yesterday—as everything changes here with the sun, I cannot be responsible for the correctness of the picture to-day. In the first place, then, there is the rabble, by far the larger part of the population, who attribute the fact that the American army did not enter the city to fear. Their own manifestoes and documents all go to prove this; the opponents of Santa Anna and peace do all they can to spread the belief, and the fact that the wagon train was driven from the city, and no steps to obtain redress for the outrage or punish the offenders taken, gives coloring to the belief. These people know no more about the Nueces or the Sabine than they do about the Wabash or Salt river—care no more about the one or the other, or about any point in dispute between the two governments—but they have been nurtured amid broil and disturbance, see no pleasure except in revolution and turmoil, expect no change in their condition from peace, and look upon the Americans as their common enemy. They have no master mind among them to point out the evil and direct the right—they move on without rudder or compass, one day glorifying Santa Anna as a god, and the next kicking his mutilated limb about the gutters and dung-hills—they have all the blood-thirstiness and depravity of the French *canaille* in the worst days of the revolution, but not one tithe of the courage of the amiable co-laborers of Marat. Even up to this time it has never struck the majority of all classes that they are the most arrant cowards that Christendom has ever produced; that they have neither valor nor prowess. Adversity furnishes them no teaching—defeat exposes not their weakness and utter worthlessness. Ten of our men may chase one hundred of them until they drop from sheer exhaustion, and the moment they recover their breath they are just as valiant as ever—talk of what they are *going to do*, of how they are to expose their lives to the last gasp, and, against all odds, to vindicate the honor of their country! Forgetful entirely that there are such places as Palo Alto, Buena Vista, or Cerro Gordo, they talk of the deeds of Hidalgo and Morelos, and claim to be their valiant descendants. Take from them a province, a castle, an important stronghold, and not a whit are they the wiser as to their true merits—they shrug their shoulders, articulate "*aguarde un poco*," (wait a little,) and still believe that they are the greatest people and the greatest nation on earth, and that they are yet to come out of the war conquerors. They rely not upon Providence, much less upon their own arms; but look into the glass darkly and hope against every semblance of hope. Idle words with them stand in the relation of facts among any other people, and empty boastings pass for deeds actually performed—they imagine victories upon paper, yet do not realize defeats while yet wounded and panting on stricken fields. Such is a feeble portrait of the rabble of Mexico—of nine tenths nearly of the population—useless, worthless, abandoned, yet with a happy self-sufficiency that renders them blind to every disgrace and indifferent to every disaster. With this population we have to make peace.

The thinking portion of the liberal classes again, the *puros* or ultra-democrats in part, however much they may desire peace to protect their property, are perfectly outrageous that Santa Anna should have anything to do with the making of it. Much rather would they see an American government established at once in the capital, great as is their hate for us, than see a peace patched up with the tyrant

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who has so long ruled and ridden rough-shod over them. This is the party who would do away with every shadow of a standing army, who would reduce the power and revenue of the clergy, who would do away with all monopolies, and who would cut down the offices and expenses of the government to the lowest figure. With such a people their schemes must prove Utopian, but they hate Santa Anna, and many of them will oppose every obstacle in their power to his making a peace.

Then there are the *moderados*—those who oppose alike the agrarian notions of the *puros* as well as the absolutism of the *monarquistas*—and this party embraces a large portion of the wealthy proprietors, followers of the church, and better class of society generally—they may be in favor of peace, but they are alike opposed to Santa Anna. Many of this party, notwithstanding their pride, would be rejoiced to see the United States establish a secure and safe government over them—some of them even go in for annexation at once. Santa Anna has a few friends in this party—friends only from interest; but the larger portion mistrust him, and there is everywhere a portion who will throw every obstacle in the way of his making peace. A fraction of all these parties have been mixed up in the late riot, but the majority of the malcontents have been *puros*.

Opposed to all his enemies, Santa Anna has a large portion of the officers of the army immediately around him, together with some 15,000 troops still under arms. No doubt he is anxious for peace, and will exert every means to bring it about; but time has been given him to look about him and feel the national pulse, and he will undoubtedly act as may best further his own ambitious schemes. If he finds that he can make peace and still preserve his ascendency, which I much doubt, well and good; if not, he will probably make another show of resistance, and contrive to humbug his countrymen into the belief that he has done everything for their honor and glory. If ever man was placed in an extremity it is Santa Anna; if ever man was capable of extricating himself, he is the one. A ruler who has deceived and cheated every one with whom he has had dealings thus far has still wit enough to overcome all his enemies.

In the mean time, the congress of the state of Mexico, in session at Toluca, the capital, has protested against making peace with the United States, or coming to any terms until the blockade of all the ports is raised and all our troops are withdrawn from the territory. The governor of the state, too, Don Francisco M. de Olaguibel, has come out with a strong manifesto against peace. He is a *puro*, but a man of character and standing, a friend of Gomez Farias, who is now living at Toluca. Valencia is also there, and has recently come out with a strong paper vindicating his own conduct while in command at Contreras. To read it, one would think that on the 19th of August he had completely annihilated the entire American army —the document is Mexican all over.

I have perused a manifesto issued at Toluca, which breathes nothing but war to the very last against the United States—war without rest and war without quarter—and the writer makes it out that our future annihilation is inevitable. If there were any meaning in Mexican threats, I presume that General Scott would either capitulate or evacuate the country with his army forthwith; but these furious paper proclamations of the Mexicans, like the fierce heads and figures the Chinese paint outside their walls, frighten no one. Has it ever struck you that the Chinese and the Mexicans resemble each other? Some of the foreigners here even call the latter the Chinese of America.

The peace commissioners have adjourned their meetings until Wednesday next, the 1st September. Rumor has it that Mr. Trist has given them their ultimatum; but this I doubt. The talk is, that both General Scott and Mr. T. are sanguine that peace will be brought about. They of course have the best chances of knowing everything, but my humble opinion is that all their hopes will prove groundless.

To get provisions out of the city, since the wagons are not permitted to enter it, our commissaries and quarter-masters are compelled to steal supplies out as best they may. For this purpose pack mules are sent to the suburbs every morning before daylight, loaded, and driven out before the mob has time to collect, while money is also clandestinely smuggled out in coaches. It is rather humiliating to be compelled to resort to such trickery in the presence of an enemy so contemptible; but as concession is the order of the day, with the hope that a speedy peace is to be brought about, I suppose it is best to put up and bear with every indignity offered. The terms of the armistice have certainly been broken in more ways than one by the Mexicans. Yours, &c., G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Aug. 31, 1847.

A party under Capt. Wood, escorted by a squadron of dragoons under Capt. Hardee, went out a day or two since in the direction of Toluca after grain, and reports are current that it has been cut off by the Mexicans. At all events another party has been sent out to gain information on the subject. In the city, where there is such an immense rabble, it is a different matter; but in the country I hardly think the Mexicans will offer great molestation to any foraging party that may be sent out. We shall see.

I have conversed with several gentlemen from the city to-day, and they tell me that the general impression among the foreigners is that there can be no peace. They say that Santa Anna, much as he desires it, does not give it his consent. Congress will, of course, oppose the measure to the last, or perhaps will not meet to approve of it, which is all the same thing; but then if Mr. Bankhead gives Santa Anna a receipt that he is the government of Mexico, and is willing to acknowledge him as having full power, it makes but little difference to us what course congress may take.

There are doubtless a great many Mexicans, perhaps a large majority, who think that a few weeks' or months' inaction or delay of the Americans outside the capital will destroy their army, and hence the opposition they evince to the removal of provisions and supplies from the city. They may perhaps flatter themselves into the belief that Gen. Scott will be either forced to retire upon Puebla for want of food, or else starved into a surrender here at Tacubaya. In the mean time, they are digging intrenchments in different quarters, throwing up breastworks, and reviewing their troops. The friends of Santa Anna say, that all these preparations are made to put down anticipated revolution against himself—they are certainly in progress.

A large portion of our wounded officers are doing well—the two most difficult and dangerous cases are perhaps Lieuts. Holloway and Hamilton, and the strongest hopes are entertained that they will recover. Capt. Kearny is improving; so too is

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Captain M'Reynolds and Lieut. Graham. The charge of these gallant officers, upon the garita of Mexico, after the glorious battle of Churubusco was over, was most daring. Had they been supported by a single column of infantry, the Mexicans would not have made a struggle to defend the city, so great was the panic among them; but General Worth, who was in advance, had no orders on the subject, and thus the opportunity was lost. The intercepted letters, mention of which I have already made, say that the Polkas scattered each man to his house on entering the city, and changed their uniforms with the greatest haste. No band of music playing martial airs preceded them, nor did the ladies throw boquets and flowers upon the heads of these valiant descendants of Iturbide, as was the case when they went out to defend their capital to the last; the stampede was perfect, and we have the evidence of their own letter-writers in proof.

Yours, G. W. K.

P. S. *Nine o'clock, night.*—Major Palacios, the joint commissioner with Col. Belton to see that the terms of the armistice are carried out, has just sent word advising that the pack mules be not sent out to-morrow morning, as the authorities anticipate a mob and further acts of riot. So the war wages—humbug has the day.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 1, 1847.

The expedition under Capt. Wood, about which some fears were entertained, returned to-day in safety. At Lerma, about midway between this and Toluca, they were met by the governor of the state, Olaguibel, and were told that they could proceed no further, while the pickets of his force were seen plainly a short distance in advance. He, however, treated our officers very politely, directed them to a hacienda where they could obtain everything they wanted, and then retired. He did not leave, however, until he told Capts. Wood and Hardee that he had no respect for the armistice lately signed.

Santa Anna has issued a bando or decree, prohibiting all foreigners and others from leaving the city and visiting the lines of the Americans, unless they have a passport signed by himself. What his motives are for this obnoxious measure no one knows, but he doubtless has good reasons of his own. In the first place he issued an order, about a week since, for all families to return to the city within three days, and now he wishes to keep them there. Every one who comes out will have it—and they assert it upon the evidence of their own proper eye-sight—that the Mexicans are fortifying at different points, and especially at San Cosme. If this all be true, it is a direct violation of the armistice.

Among the guns captured at Contreras on the 20th ult. those which attract the most attention are the two taken from Lieut. O'Brien at the battle of Buena Vista, and over which the Mexicans made such a rejoicing. Is it not strange that the same company of the 4th artillery which lost the guns should have had the proud gratification of retaking them? The company was commanded by Capt. Drum at Contreras, and I learn that it is Gen. Scott's intention, after suitable inscriptions are engraved upon them, to present the guns to the company or regiment. The Mexicans will not get them back in a hurry.

A great many anecdotes of the individual gallantry of our officers are told, in connection with the glorious battles of the 20th August, but until I have more time and obtain more full particulars I must forbear recording them. I cannot avoid noticing, however, the personal gallantry of Chaplain M'Carty, the only chaplain I believe who has followed the army, and whose conduct at Churubusco, in particular, was noticed by all. Ever foremost, and where the balls were flying thickest, he was not only ready to give consolation to the dying, but spur on the living to fresh deeds. He not only sought the best places for crossing the ditches with which the ground was cut up, but helped our advancing soldiers across as well; and as some of the voltigeurs were wading a ditch more than waist deep, where their flasks were touching the water, the worthy parson pointed out the circumstance, and told them to be careful and *keep their powder dry!* Such a chaplain is worth having in a small army like ours. On Sundays he gives us a sound and sensible Episcopalian sermon, and his praise is in every mouth.

The peace commissioners met again to-day, Major Van Buren accompanying Mr. Trist, and report has it that "*the dinner on the occasion was most excellent!*" I believe it was furnished by the Mexicans, and the army wags will have it that the richness of the viands and the flavor of the wine induced a fall of one parallel of latitude in our demands. But to speak seriously, it is said that both Gen. Scott and Mr. Trist expressed themselves highly gratified with the prospects of an amicable adjustment, at the flattering chances that a peace between the two countries will be ratified. I must acknowledge that for one I shall be much astonished when I learn that a satisfactory peace to our country is signed with Santa Anna, or even any kind. The man who has cheated and humbugged every one with whom he has had diplomatic dealings thus far has not yet lost his trickery and cunning, and we are altogether too frank and honest in our transactions even to hope to make a fair bargain where nothing but dissimulation and deceit are pitted against us. Yours, &c. G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 2, 1847.

The mules, or a great part of them, sent into the city at an early hour this morning after supplies, came back unloaded, and the story is that a large building, occupied as a depot of provisions by Mr. Hargous, was broken into during the night and robbed of nearly everything—rice, flour, sugar and bacon. As bright a moon as ever shone was looking down upon the scene, patrols were in every street, and it would be deemed too great an insult upon the watchfulness of the Mexican authorities, to say that the outrage was committed without their knowledge; but as a few of the robbers were arrested just as our own men arrived at the place, they may make it appear that it was without their connivance or consent. I suppose that the matter will be amicably settled, for long-suffering and forbearance, thanks probably to instructions from Washington, are virtues which are possessed here in an eminent degree. I wish Gen. Jackson was alive and President.

Scarcely an hour passes that Santa Anna is not issuing some new bando or order. Yesterday a decree was published, prohibiting all private foreigners from hoisting the flags of their nation upon their houses—why or wherefore the deponent knoweth not. Another order was promulgated to prevent all strangers from leaving the city; and still another commanding all members of the National Guard to appear immediately at the quarters of his

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regiment: if he does not comply he is to be declared a deserter in front of the enemy, sentenced besides to serve ten years in the ranks of the regular army, and, if he is in the government employ, to lose his place forever. Santa Anna says, that in moments so critical Mexico expects every one of her sons to defend her, and that now the honor of the country is at stake no one can refuse his services without shame. This talk is all very fine, but the regimental quarters of the National Guard will not be crowded to any particular state of suffocation in consequence. The valiant Polkas have not yet forgotten Churubusco.

But the richest thing which has appeared as yet is an editorial in the *Diario del Gobierno*, announcing a meeting of Santa Anna and his principal officers to talk over the affairs of the nation. Not in Don Quixotte, nor in Hudibras, nor in Pickwick even, do we find recorded a scene so exceedingly ludicrous. In the first place came forward Bravo and the renowned Alvarez, who, after congratulating the country upon the possession of so great a treasure as was he, Santa Anna, next went on to inform his excellency, the "well-merited," that they had the utmost confidence in his wisdom, valor, integrity, and all that sort of thing, to carry them safely through all the perils with which the nation was surrounded, and that they would faithfully stick by him forever and ever—which in Mexican means until they can do better. Gen. Tornel next came up, and he too beplastered Santa Anna with any quantity of soap, of such exceeding softness, that our wonder is how even the great man could withstand the application. The president had told his officers that he would resign; but with one accord they all said no—there was a unanimity about it that would almost make one believe they had been drilled beforehand not to listen for one moment to the thought of his giving up the helm of state. Santa Anna, full of emotion at seeing such extraordinary unanimity and enthusiasm, reluctantly told all his officers that, as it was *their* will, he would hold on and do his utmost, as he always had done—including risking his life ever since 1821—to steer his vessel safely through. They then all said something coinciding with Santa Anna's views as regards the question of peace, and hoping that an honorable one might be concluded, but, if the war was to be continued, they each of them begged it as a special and very particular favor to be placed in the most dangerous position that could by any possibility be found; on this point they were all clamorous. Can any one imagine a scene more supremely ridiculous? Tornel and Alvarez beseeching to be placed in positions where the danger might happen to be the greatest! There were excellent openings of this kind at Churubusco, but we do not learn that one of these *valientes* improved them.

Peace stock rather fell this evening, it somehow coming to the ears of the public that at the meeting of the commissioners this afternoon the prospects were not so flattering as they were the day previous. No fancy stock in New York ever rose and fell as rapidly as does this peace or war stock here—it goes up or down ten times where the sun does once. Santa Anna, with all the opposition his own demented countrymen may make against it, probably remains as firm in his purpose to bring it about as ever, while he has the full influence of the English and some of the other foreign ministers to back him. The Prussian minister has come out with a letter, very flattering to Santa Anna, in which he trusts that he may be able to consummate a peace with his enemies and relieve his down-trodden country. He sees Mackintosh busying himself in the matter, and he also wishes to have a finger in the pie. In the mean time, there is certainly evidence abroad that some of the more thinking minds, both among the puros and moderados—notwithstanding their hatred and distrust of Santa Anna—are coming over to the peace party and advocating the measure. They want some protection and quiet, see none in a continuance of the war, and are even willing to assist the tyrant in his schemes as the lesser evil. We hear not a word as to the terms of the treaty, at least not a word that can be relied upon; and in case a peace is concluded we know not whether we are to have New Mexico and California, or one of them, or not a foot of either; all is doubt and most perplexing uncertainty. The commissioners, I believe, do not meet again until Saturday, the 4th inst.

Perhaps it might interest you to know the present location of the forces under Gen. Scott. He has his head-quarters here in Tacubaya, with the division under Gen. Worth. Gen. Pillow's division is at Mixcoac, about two miles south of this; that of Gen. Twiggs, about four miles further south, while Gen. Quitman's is at San Augustin. The health of the army is in the main good, although there are many on the sick report.

Yours, &c. G. K. W.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 4, 1847.

Notwithstanding the bandos to the contrary, several foreigners made their way out of the city yesterday. They state that the peace prospects were absolutely brightening apace in the capital—that many influential persons, albeit opposed to Santa Anna, were advocating the necessity of coming to terms with "los Yankees." A *junta des notables*, or convention of great men, has been called to meet to-day and talk over the affairs of the nation, and it is thought and hoped that something may grow out of it. The heavier property holders and moneyed men of the city are the ones whom Santa Anna has called upon, and their interests are for peace, of course, although their feelings are against it. The commissioners are also to meet to-day, and rumor has it that their deliberations have reached that point when something decisive must transpire. We shall see.

If peace be made, it will be the most singular that has ever been patched up since the crusades. From the time the war broke out our government has been an humble suitor at the feet of Mexico for peace—a degraded suitor would hardly be too harsh a phrase—while she has not even taken the trouble to coquette with us, at least not until now. The boasted magnanimity of our rulers has either been attributed to fear by the Mexicans in their ignorance, or scoffed at as insulting to them in their pride. Olive branches sufficient to turn the whole world into a vast community of Quakers have been worn out, yet with every scornful rejection a fresh twig has been cut and a fresh offer made. By these means victories have been robbed of their results; the Mexicans have been allowed what Napoleon never gave to his enemies—*time*. Like the man importuned to purchase of another what he knew he was obliged to sell, they have hung off for a better bargain; and now, when driven to the corner as it were, it is certainly problematical whether any offer we can make them will be accepted. I have said that if peace was made it would be a

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most singular consummation. Look at it for a moment. In the first place there is Santa Anna, ambitious and most avaricious, anxious for peace and ready to sell it for a price, yet fearful of losing power and place in his own country and all claim to standing as a patriot or ruler in the eyes of the world. Watched with wary eyes by his enemies, he sees that he cannot accept bribes and be the sole master of the secret. His fears and not his honesty hold him halting as to what course to pursue. Time has been given him, and no man can work greater wonders with it than he. He has an opportunity to feel the public pulse at his leisure, and will make the most of the extension. If he finds that he can drive, coax or frighten the master-spirits around him into his own views, can gain their support and coöperation, he will pocket any money offered and sanction a peace. He wants accomplices in the crime, but no sharers in the spoils. If he ascertains that he cannot sustain himself against his enemies, he will make a virtue of being the best patriot among them, and bide the issue of another battle. So much for Santa Anna and the chances of making peace with them, but there are elements at work which will go far to obstruct his effecting its consummation. To nine tenths of the inhabitants the war, as carried on, has been a pastime—to many a harvest. While those immediately on the lines occupied by our troops have made themselves rich by it, it still has not estranged them from their own idols or made them our friends. They, from policy and a species of patriotism, wish to see the war continued. The people remote from the scenes of actual strife, in their blind pride and overweening self-confidence, have no desire for peace, because they think that any peace would be ignominious. This idea is in their heads, and cannot be driven out. I have now spoken of the poorer classes, of the mass; let us look at the rich proprietors and moneyed men. A portion of them, from selfish interest alone, are in favor of peace; their hate for the Americans is every bit as cordial and as strong as that of the mass. Perhaps even a majority of this class would rejoice if peace were made, yet not one in a hundred of this majority could be induced openly to come out and advocate it. Very few friends can Santa Anna count upon among this part of the population, while he has long since made deadly enemies of such men as Arista, Ampudia, Requena, Almonte, and a host of other officers, many of them the best Mexico has ever produced. Among those immediately around him he doubtless has many friends who will aid and stick to him—men whom he has raised to the army not from any talent they possess, but for their influence—while at the same time it is strongly suspected that two of his ministers, Tornel and Pacheco, are opposed to his schemes, and have been mainly instrumental in getting up the recent rows and preventing our army from obtaining money and supplies from the city. It is hinted at, by those who have some inkling of state secrets, that Mackintosh, the broker and disbursing agent of all the moneys appropriated towards purchasing a peace, has overlooked these worthies in making his distributions, and as they have hands open to receive the smallest favors they may have become nettled at the slight. The léperos of the city, the gentlemen armed with knives, have nothing to gain from peace, and much to hope for in the way of plunder from a continuance of the war; they are all decidedly belligerent. Not one in a hundred, perhaps not one in a thousand, of the entire community, allows reason or good sense to have any part in the controversy, or thinks of the future welfare of the country. And thus stand matters at the present writing. If peace be made, it will be purchased of Santa Anna—regularly bought—and this against the wishes of nine tenths of the population. It will be purchased, too, of a weak and imbecile enemy, the vender really the worst enemy they have, while the National Congress, a body that I had almost overlooked, is opposed to the bargain. Santa Anna has the army and its leaders immediately around him, and his avarice may induce him to sign a peace with the hope that he will be able to put down the revolution that must immediately be raised against him; but I doubt whether he will do it. His fears of after consequences will overcome his avarice; his enemies will lend all their endeavors to thwart him; the time he has had to listen to peace propositions he has improved in strengthening his defences, and another battle must ensue.

I have thus hurriedly given you my opinions of to-day; circumstances may compel me to alter them to-morrow, but I have thought it best to put them in writing at all events. From the first I thought that no peace would grow out of the armistice—I think so still: but if a treaty is signed it will stand out, as I have already remarked, the most singular document of the kind on record—brought about by agencies most strange, and effected through means which reflect little credit on either party concerned. Yours, &c. G. W. K.

P. S. I was wrong in saying that the commissioners were to meet this afternoon—their next meeting is to take place on Monday next, and it will probably be the last. Report has it that the Mexicans are willing to give up what they consider the cause of the war, Texas, but only to the Nueces—New Mexico and California they say must be subjects of after stipulation. Look out for a break-up and perhaps a row at the next meeting of the commissioners.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 6, 1847.

I did not write a line yesterday, for the very good reason that there was nothing to write about. Proofs accumulated that Santa Anna was hourly breaking the armistice, by preventing supplies from coming out and by erecting breastworks within and near the city. In the evening, a *simulacro* or sham fight came off in the city, and the firing was quite brisk for a space and plainly heard out here at Tacubaya. Some thought it was a pronunciamento or revolution against Santa Anna, but it turned out that he was only exercising his troops. Peace stock is decidedly down, but I shall make no comment until I hear what has been done by the commissioners.

Afternoon, 6 o'clock.—The farce is over, and now comes the tragedy. General Scott has sent in to Santa Anna announcing that the armistice is broken, and that at 12 o'clock to-morrow—I believe that is the hour—hostilities are to recommence. He would not give the forty-eight hours, it is said, as he had abundant evidence the Mexicans had broken the armistice over and over again.

Mr. Trist has returned from the conference, and although we cannot learn what transpired, we know that nothing was effected. From a Mexican of standing I learn that one of the commissioners on the other side handed Mr. Trist a letter of instructions from Mr. Buchanan, dated in July last, and which had been intercepted. The letter went on to say that a line running near the parallel of 32 might be accepted, at which point it would leave

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the Rio Grande and branch off to California, following nearly the course of the Rio Gila. As I have said, I get this story from hearsay; if it is true, it will show that the Mexicans knew every card in Mr. Trist's hand, to use an uncommon but apt expression, before he had a chance to play them.

Night, 12 *o'clock*.—A white flag came in from Santa Anna half an hour since with a message. General Scott was informed that the Mexican president regretted very much the delays in getting out provisions, &c., to the Americans, that no fortifications or other works had been made, and that by to-morrow at noon the supplies could all be got out. The report is, that General Scott sent back word that if the provisions were furnished it would be an evidence of Santa Anna's desire to bring about an amicable understanding. So much for so much. A wag says that Santa Anna only wants to humbug us until he gets two cannon, cast a day or two since near Chapultepec, finished and ready for use!

Yours, &c., G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 7, 1847.

This morning the enemy is making preparations for our reception in real earnest. At an early hour long lines of infantry were seen emerging from the city, filing past Chapultepec, and taking up positions at the Molino del Rey, at a strong work known as the Powder Magazine, and as is supposed at the foundry where the Mexicans cast all their cannon. I might here mention that Chapultepec is about three miles directly west of the city, that the Molino is about one thousand yards further west, and that the other positions occupied by the Mexicans stretch along at intervals in the same direction. Chapultepec itself is on a steep hill or mound, noted as the residence of Montezuma, is fortified, and is also said to be mined. From the archbishop's palace to this work is but little over or under one mile; from the former to the Molino about twelve hundred yards. The palace is nearly south of Chapultepec, which brings the new positions of the enemy directly to the left as our army faces them. Close reconnoissances of their works have been made this morning by Captain Mason, and as the destruction of the foundry is considered of paramount importance, it has been determined upon to attack the enemy to-night. A hard resistance is anticipated, as large bodies, both of cavalry and infantry, are in plain view. Four pieces of cannon have been discovered in position, and it is thought the enemy has several others so masked that they cannot be seen.

In the mean time the greatest enthusiasm exists in the army—all appear anxious again to attack an enemy whose cowardice has no parallel, and whose treachery and duplicity would shame the veriest barbarians. Unpopular as was the armistice from the first with all, and uncalled for as they deemed it, its shameful violation by the Mexicans has served but to inflame, while the infamous intentions of the Mexican leaders in signing it, now rendered so palpable, has incensed both our officers and men to a degree that the enemy will feel in any encounter that may now take place.

Night, 9 *o'clock*.—The plan of attack has just been settled upon at a council of officers held at General Worth's. Colonel Garland's brigade is to move on the right in the direction of the Molino, watching Chapultepec, and to be governed by circumstances. A storming party of 500 picked men, under Major Wright, and conducted by Captain Mason, is to attack the work supposed to be the foundry. Captain Huger, with two 24-pounders, is to open upon the building as soon as it is light enough to see. Colonel McIntosh, now that Colonel Clarke is disabled, commands the 2d brigade of Worth's division, and will attack the enemy's right, Duncan's light battery and a large dragoon force under Major Sumner will act according to circumstances. To strengthen the movement, General Cadwalader's brigade is also to take a part, and will probably attack in the centre. There are many who do not approve of the attack. They think that Chapultepec should be included in the programme of the performances, but of this General Scott should be the best judge.

Yours, &c., G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 8, 1847.

Forenoon, 10 *o'clock*.—I have just returned from another battle field—one on which the victory of the American arms was complete, and on which our troops contended against an enemy immensely superior in number and strongly posted. Gen. Worth commenced the attack at early daylight, and in less than two hours every point was carried, all the cannon of the enemy were in our possession, an immense quantity of ammunition captured, and nearly 1000 men, among them fifty-three officers, taken prisoners.

For more than an hour the battle raged with a violence not surpassed since the Mexican war commenced, and so great the odds opposed that for some time the result was doubtful. The force of the enemy has been estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000, strongly posted behind breast-works, and to attack them our small force of scarcely 3000 was obliged to approach on an open plain, and without the least cover; but their dauntless courage carried them over every obstacle, and notwithstanding the Mexicans fought with a valor rare for them, they were finally routed from one point or another until all were driven and dispersed. The defeat was total.

But to gain this victory our own loss has been uncommonly severe—it has been purchased with the blood of some of the most gallant spirits of the army. The 5th infantry has suffered the most. This regiment, along with the 6th and 8th, was engaged in the attack upon a strong work on the enemy's right, and was opposed to such superior numbers that it was compelled to retire along with the others. The celebrated Col. Martin Scott was killed in this attack, along with Lieuts. Burwell and Strong, while Col. McIntosh and many other officers were badly wounded. The worse than savage miscreants in the fort, after our men retired, set up a yell and came out and massacred such of our wounded as were unable to get off. In this way poor Burwell lost his life. Fully were they avenged, however; for within half an hour Duncan's battery, aided by the fall of another of their works, drove the dastardly wretches in full flight across the fields. No one knew or even surmised the strength of the place; it was an old fort, constructed long since, and was one of the main defences of the line of works.

On the enemy's left, and nearer Chapultepec, our loss was also great, although not as severe. It was here that Col. Wm. M. Graham, as brave a spirit as ever lived, was killed; Capts. Merrill and Ayres also fell in this part of the field. The wonder now is how any one could come out safe under such a terrible fire as the enemy poured from his entire line of works. Nothing but the daring and impetuosity of our men, who rushed onward while their

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comrades were falling thick around them, gained the victory; had they once faltered all would have been lost.

The broken ground on the right of the enemy, cut up by deep ravines, saved many of Santa Anna's troops in their flight; yet, as it was, our dragoons killed and captured many of the fugitives. Large bodies of the Mexican cavalry approached the scene of strife several times, but they were driven like sheep by Duncan's battery.

The Mexican loss has been even more severe than our own. Gen. Balderas, Gen. Leon, and many other officers are numbered among the dead, while the interior of their works, the tops of the houses from which they fought, and the ground over which they fled, are strewn with lifeless bodies. Such was the panic that many of our officers say that a few fresh troops might have taken Chapultepec itself almost without a struggle; but other than a few shots fired at that point from some of the captured cannon, no demonstration was made.

After the battle was over, Gen. Scott came out, accompanied by his staff, and also by Mr. Trist. The Mexicans at the time were throwing shells at some of the wagons Gen. Worth had sent out to pick up the dead and wounded. They had placed a howitzer in position on Chapultepec at the close of the action, and now, seeing no enemy within reach, the cowardly wretches opened upon the ambulances and those who were gathering the bodies of their wounded and lifeless comrades. On seeing this worse than savage outrage, one of our officers, with a sarcastic expression of countenance, asked whether Mr. Trist had any new peace propositions in his pockets. Mackintosh did not come out after the battle to gain more time for his friend Santa Anna, nor worm out fresh intelligence of the strength and movements of our army, in order that he might be of service to the Mexicans by communicating it.

The Mexican prisoners say that Santa Anna himself was on the ground in the rear of their works, but left at the commencement of the rout. They admit that their entire force was 15,000; it is certain that, including killed, wounded, prisoners and dispersed, their loss has been near 5,000. Many of them were regulars, the 11th and 12th infantry regiments suffering most. The commander of the latter, Col. Tenorio, is a prisoner in our hands; some fourteen officers belonging to the former are also prisoners, but the commander, Gen. Perez, escaped.

The foundry, in which several moulds for casting cannon and other apparatus were found, was entirely demolished, and after ascertaining this Gen. Scott, not wishing to hold the position, ordered all the forces to retire. The whole affair, as a military movement, is severely criticised by many of our officers. They contend that no result has been gained commensurate with the immense loss we have sustained in the battle. This is a matter I do not feel myself qualified to discuss, but it must be certain that the *morale* upon the Mexicans, of a defeat so disgraceful and so disastrous, must be important. They have now (it is 5 o'clock in the afternoon) returned to their positions; and if Santa Anna was on the ground as is stated, and can find no one to lay the blame upon, he may twist the whole affair into a victory—*on paper*. It will not be the first time he has done this thing.

Since I commenced this letter, I have been out endeavoring to obtain a full list of the killed and wounded officers, but so far have been unable. Knowing the deep anxiety felt in the United States by the families of all, this shall be my first care The entire loss in Gen. Worth's division, out of some 1,800 or 2,000, that went into action, will not fall much short of 600. The dragoons and Gen. Cadwalader's brigade did not suffer so severely in comparison. What the next movement is to be no one knows, but it is thought the city will be attacked immediately.

Yours, &c.

G. W. K.

[We copy only parts of this letter.—*Liv. Age.*]

TACUBAYA, Sept. 9, 1847.

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The above list is complete and perfect. There has been much difficulty in obtaining it, as nearly all the orderly sergeants and executive officers have been killed or wounded. The conduct of all the non-commissioned officers has been gallant and most conspicuous, while several of them behaved so nobly that they have been recommended for immediate promotion to Gen. Scott. Their names are Sergeants Benson, Wilson, and Robinson, of the 2d artillery; Sergeant Heck of the 3d artillery; Sergeants Updegraff, Farmer, Archer and Dally, of the 5th infantry; Sergeant Major Thompson of the 6th infantry; Sergeant Major Fink of the 8th infantry. I trust and hope that Gen. Scott will at once promote these brave fellows. More than half the officers in Gen. Worth's division have been struck down, either killed or wounded, in the actions of Churubusco and El Molino del Rey, and many of the companies have absolutely no one to command them.

* * * *

No less than *nineteen* of the deserters, captured by Gens. Twiggs and Shields at Churubusco, have been found fully guilty, and are to be hung to-morrow morning. The miscreant Riley, who commanded them, escapes the punishment of death, as he proved that he deserted before the war. He has been sentenced, however, to be severely whipped, to be branded as well, and to wear a ball and chain in front of the army during the war! A deserter, taken among the prisoners at the Molino on the 8th, was summarily dealt with. It seems that he deserted from Monterey last fall, and a comrade who recognized him, to save the trouble of a court martial, at once pitched him into the mill flume and he was crushed to pieces by the wheel! Another batch of deserters, who have been undergoing a trial here in Tacubaya, will be hung in a day or two it is said. Most richly do they deserve their fate.

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I may possibly send this letter off to-night by a Mexican, but it will depend upon whether there is a prospect of another battle to-morrow or next day. Matters are approaching a crisis, while the great mistake in not entering the capital on the night of the 20th, when the Mexicans were perfectly panic stricken and in full flight, is hourly developing itself. The great sacrifice of life yesterday—the loss of so many gallant spirits—has all been owing to the cessation of hostilities and the armistice which followed, and an awful responsibility rests either with the government or with Gen. Scott and Mr. Trist. The instructions will show, but I am of the opinion that the former is mostly to blame. The latter are censurable for placing faith in Mackintosh, in giving Santa Anna so much time, or even in having any reliance upon his power and ability to make peace under all the circumstances, however much he might have desired it personally. I will say nothing of the bribery—that dark side of the picture is un-

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doubtedly the work of the exceedingly wise men at Washington. Bad advisers have been busy, both here and at home, in recommending measures to bring about a peace, and their counsels have prevailed to the exclusion of the opinions of men who might have been listened to with profit. I trust the experience of the past may prove a lesson for the future, and that by this time our rulers must see and feel that in order to bring about a peace with the Mexicans they must use hard blows instead of soft words.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 10, 1847.

We have accounts from Mexico, brought in by Frenchmen and other foreigners, to the effect that Santa Anna's loss at El Molino, was much more severe than any one here had anticipated. They say that during the afternoon of the 8th, no less than 1500 wounded men came into the city, while the number of killed was over 600. The slaughter from the batteries of Col. Duncan and Capt. Drum must have been terrific. Santa Anna, it is said, would have laid all the blame of the defeat upon Gen. Leon, but that officer, unfortunately for him, died. He has since torn the epaulettes from the shoulders of Col. Miguel Andrade, commander of the celebrated regiment of Hussars, accuses him of everything, has thrown him into prison, and denied him all communication. He must have some one to break out upon.

Everything looks quiet to-day, but the Mexicans are busily employed in fortifying at every point. At Chapultepec they can be seen at work, while they are also repairing the damage done at El Molino and other points on that line. On the Piedad road they have strong works, while at the Niño Perdido and San Antonio Abad entrances to the city they are also fortifying with the greatest vigor. Gen. Pillow's division, as also Col. Riley's brigade, attached to that of Gen. Twiggs, occupy the village of La Piedad and neighborhood, in plain sight, and in fact under the guns of the enemy. Gen. Worth remains here in Tacubaya, but he is sending all his sick and wounded to Mixcoac, out of the range of the guns of Chapultepec. No one knows what point will be first attacked, but this question will soon be determined. The next blow struck will be hard, and all hope decisive. It must read strange, the story that some 7 or 8000 men have set themselves down before a strongly fortified city of over 200,000 inhabitants, with an army of at least 25,000 men to defend it; but the tale is a true one, and the proud capital of Mexico must fall.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 11, 1847.

A small party of us have just returned from a ride over to La Piedad, the head-quarters of Gen. Pillow. Gen. Scott was there, as also were some of his principal officers, holding a council as to the best mode and point of attack. The result of their deliberations is not known, but it is thought that the infantry will have some respite after their hard labors, and that all the heavier cannon recently captured from the Mexicans will be employed in sending their own balls back at them. With their own guns, and those brought up by Gen. Scott, at least fifty pieces of heavy calibre can be opened at any one point—enough to demolish any work the Mexicans have constructed in time incredibly short, and give them a lesson they will not soon forget.

From the Puente del Hermita, which has been destroyed by the Mexicans, they can plainly be seen at work on several fortifications between the roads of San Angel and San Antonio de Abad. These works are but little more than half a mile from the city, which is also in plain view. Shortly after we left, the enemy opened with two of their heavy guns upon our pickets or engineers, and continued the fire for near an hour. I cannot learn that they did any injury. On our return to Tacubaya we found that Maj. Sumner and Col. Duncan had had a little brush with the enemy's lancers near the battle ground of El Molino. Capt. Ruff, with his company of mounted riflemen, drew a large party of the Mexican cavalry immediately within the range of one of Duncan's guns, when one or two discharges sent them scampering off in every direction. Only one man was wounded on our side, but it is known that the enemy lost several in the skirmish. They opened with one heavy gun from Chapultepec on our men, but did no harm other than frightening the inhabitants of this place half out of their wits.

Lieut. Burbank, who was mortally wounded at El Molino, died yesterday, and Capt. E. Kirby Smith this afternoon of wounds received at the same time. Lieut. Col. Dickinson, shot badly in the ankle at Churubusco, is also dead. All were gallant officers, and their loss is much regretted.

I have already mentioned the execution of nineteen of the deserters captured on the 20th August at Churubusco. Gen. Scott has just signed the death warrant of thirty others, taken at the same time, and they will suffer the same fate in the course of a day or two.

From various movements, there is certainly strong reasons to believe that Gen. Scott will open a heavy fire upon Chapultepec to-morrow morning, from not only his own siege guns but from those captured from the enemy. Whether it is a feint to draw the Mexicans to that point and weaken other defences, is not known. Yours, &c. G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 12, 1847.

At early daylight this morning a heavy cannonade was opened upon the stronghold of Chapultepec, which was increased during the day as additional siege guns were placed in position. The Mexicans returned the fire with great spirit at intervals during the day, but with little effect other than dismounting one of our guns; I cannot learn that a man has been killed at any one of the batteries. Several of the voltigeurs, while skirmishing with the enemy's sharp-shooters at the foot of Chapultepec, were wounded, but none of them severely. A 10½-inch mortar was opened upon the place during the afternoon, and as several shells have been seen to fall and explode directly within the enemy's works it is certain that great damage has been caused. A firing of heavy guns has also been heard in the direction of La Piedad, showing that the Mexicans have been diverted in that quarter.

At dusk this evening several loads of scaling ladders were sent down towards the foot of Chapultepec, and the movements of our infantry and other light corps would indicate that the strong works upon the crest are to be stormed early to-morrow. A large portion of the entire army will be brought to the struggle, and it is thought the contest will be terrible. I have little time to write.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

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CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 14, 1847.

Another victory, glorious in its results, and which has thrown additional lustre upon the American arms, has been achieved to-day by the army under Gen. Scott—the proud capital of Mexico has fallen into the power of a mere handful of men compared with the immense odds arrayed against them, and Santa Anna, instead of shedding his blood as he had promised, is wandering with the remnant of his army no one knows whither.

The apparently impregnable works on Chapultepec, after a desperate struggle, were triumphantly carried—Gens. Bravo and Monterde, besides a host of officers of different grades, taken prisoners; over 1000 non-commissioned officers and privates, all their cannon and ammunition, are in our hands; the fugitives were soon in full flight towards the different works which command the entrances to the city, and our men at once were in hot pursuit.

Gen. Quitman, supported by Gen. Smith's brigade, took the road by the Chapultepec aqueduct, towards the Belén gate and the Ciudadela; Gen. Worth, supported by Gen. Cadwalader's brigade, advanced by the San Cosme aqueduct towards the garita of that name. Both routes were cut up by ditches and defended by breastworks, barricades, and strong works of every description known to military science; yet the daring and impetuosity of our men overcame one defence after another, and by nightfall every work to the city's edge was carried. Gen. Quitman's command, after the rout at Chapultepec, was the first to encounter the enemy in force. Midway between the former and the Belén gate, Santa Anna had constructed a strong work; but this was at once vigorously assaulted by Gen. Quitman, and aided by a flank fire from two of Duncan's guns, which Gen. Worth had ordered to approach as near as possible from the San Cosme road, the enemy was again routed and in full flight. They again made a stand from their strong fortifications at and near the Belén garita, opening a tremendous fire not only of round shot, grape, and shell, but of musketry; yet boldly Gen. Quitman advanced, stormed and carried the works, although at great loss, and then every point on this side the city was in our possession. In this onslaught two of our bravest officers were killed—Capt. Drum and Lieut. Benjamin.

Meanwhile Gen. Worth was rapidly advancing upon San Cosme. At the English burying ground the enemy had constructed a strong work; it was defended by infantry for a short time, but could not resist the assault of our men. The affrighted Mexicans soon fled to another line of works nearer the city, and thus Gen. Worth was in possession of the entrance to San Cosme. As his men advanced towards the garita, the enemy opened a heavy fire of musketry from the house-tops, as well as of grape, cannister and shell from their batteries, thus sweeping the street completely. At this juncture the old Monterey game, of burrowing and digging through the houses, was adopted. On the right, as our men faced the enemy, the aqueduct afforded a partial shelter; on the left, the houses gave some protection; but many were still killed or wounded by the grape which swept every part, as well as by the shells which were continually bursting in every direction. About 3 o'clock the work of the pick-axe and the crow-bar, under the direction of Lieut. G. W. Smith, of the sappers and miners, had fairly commenced, and every minute brought our men nearer the enemy's last stronghold. In the mean time two mountain howitzers were fairly lifted to the top of one of the houses and into the cupola of the church, from which they opened a plunging and most effective fire, while one of Duncan's guns, in charge of Lieut. Hunt, was run up under a galling fire to a deserted breastwork, and at once opened upon the garita. In this latter daring feat, four men out of eight were either killed or wounded, but still the piece was most effectively served. The work of the miners was still going on. In one house which they had entered by the pick-axe, a favorite aid of Santa Anna's was found. The great man had just fled, but had left his friend and his supper! Both were well cared for—the latter was devoured by our hungry officers; the former, after doing the honors of the table, was made a close prisoner. Just as dark was setting in, our men had dug and mined their way almost up to the very guns of the enemy, and now, after a short struggle, they were completely routed and driven with the loss of everything. The command of the city by the San Cosme route was attained.

During the night, Gen. Quitman commenced the work of throwing up breastworks and erecting batteries, with the intention of opening a heavy cannonade upon the Ciudadela with the first light this morning. At 10 o'clock at night Gen. Worth ordered Capt. Huger to bring up a 24-pounder and a 10-inch mortar to the garita or gate of San Cosme, and having ascertained the bearings and distance of the grand plaza and palace, at once opened upon those points. The heavy shells were heard to explode in the very heart of the city. At a little after midnight Major Palacios, accompanied by two or three members of the municipal council of the city, arrived at Gen. Worth's head-quarters, and in great trepidation informed him that Santa Anna and his grand army had fled, and that they wisned at once to surrender the capital! They were referred to the commander-in-chief, and immediately started for Tacubaya; but in the mean time the firing upon the town ceased.

At 7 o'clock this morning Gen. Scott, with his staff, rode in and took quarters in the national palace, on the top of which the regimental flag of the gallant rifles and the stars and stripes were already flying. An immense crowd of blanketed léperos, the scum of the capital, were congregated in the plaza as the commander-in-chief entered it. They pressed upon our soldiers, and eyed them as though they were beings of another world. So much were they in the way, and with such eagerness did they press around, that Gen. Scott was compelled to order our dragoons to clear the plaza. They were told, however, not to injure or harm a man in the mob—they were all our friends!

About five minutes after this, and while Gen. Worth was returning to his division near the Alameda, he was fired upon from a house near the convent of San Francisco. Some of the cowardly Polkas, who had fled the day previous without discharging their guns, now commenced the assassin game of shooting at every one of our men they saw, from windows, as well as from behind the parapets on the azoteas or tops of the houses. In half an hour's time our good friends, the léperos, in the neighborhood of the hospital of San Andres and the church of Santa Clara, also commenced discharging muskets and throwing bottles and rocks from the azoteas. I have neglected to mention that just previous to this Col. Garland had been severely wounded by a musket, fired by some miscreant from a window.

For several hours this cowardly war upon our

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men continued, and during this time many were killed or wounded. It was in this species of fighting that Lieut. Sidney Smith received his death wound. The division of Gen. Twiggs in one part of the city, and Gen. Worth in another, were soon actively engaged in putting down the insurrection. Orders were given to shoot every man in all the houses from which the firing came, while the guns of the different light batteries swept the streets in all directions. As the assassins were driven from one house they would take refuge in another; but by the middle of the afternoon they were all forced back to the barriers and suburbs. Many innocent persons have doubtless been killed during the day, but this could not be avoided. Had orders been given at the outset to blow up and demolish every house or church from which one man was fired upon, the disturbances would have been at once quelled. As it is, I trust that the lesson the rabble and their mischievous leaders have received to-day may deter them from future outrages.

On entering the palace Gen. Scott at once named Gen. Quitman governor of Mexico—a most excellent appointment. Some wag immediately proclaimed aloud in the plaza as follows: "Gen. John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, has been appointed governor of Mexico, *vice* Gen. José Maria Tornel, resigned—*very suddenly!*" It seems that the valiant Tornel ran off at an early hour, and his magnificent house has been converted into a hospital for our wounded officers.

Yours, &c. G. W. K

City of Mexico, Sept. 17, 1847.

The capital is now quiet enough, and although the inhabitants say but little, they are probably not altogether contented with their new masters. They say that the Lord and Santa Anna are to blame for all their misfortunes: their own lack of prowess and courage is not thought of. They say that Providence witheld the rains and gave the Yankees fair weather for their operations, while Santa Anna deserted them in their extremity, and gave up the city without even making terms for them. The latter has gone no one knows whither. Some contend that he is on his way to the coast, with the intention of leaving the country; others say that he has gone towards Querétaro; while many think that he is lurking about Guadalupe or San Christobal, within a few miles of this, yet with only a small force of cavalry at his command. His wife, who has been living all the while at the house of his particular friend Mackintosh, has gone out in the direction of San Christobal in search of him. Santa Anna, just before he left the city, grossly insulted Gen. Terres, who commanded at the Belén gate, for deserting his post. It is also said that he has quarrelled with Lombardini. These are old tricks of the tyrant—throwing the blame upon others to cover his own shameless conduct. * * *

The Mexican loss it is impossible to ascertain, but it has been immense. Among the killed at Chapultepec were Gen. Juan Nepomecuno Perez, Col. Juan Cano, a distinguished officer of engineers, and Lieut. Lucian Calvo, one of Gen. Bravo's aids. Gen. Saldaña was badly wounded, as were many other distinguished officers. Five generals, three colonels, seven lieutenant-colonels, and near one hundred majors, captains, and lieutenants, were taken prisoners, together with eight hundred or more rank and file. At the garitas of Belén and San Cosme many officers were killed or wounded, but their names are not known.

The total number of deserters hung at San Angel and Mixcoac was *fifty*, and well did they deserve their fate. Thirty of them were hung at Mixcoac on the morning of the 13th. They were compelled to stand upon the gallows until the flag they had deserted was flying from Chapultepec, and were then all swung off at the same time. Not one of them complained that his fate was undeserved.

It is no time now to mention the hundreds of cases of individual gallantry noticed at the different battles, but I cannot help paying a passing compliment to the noted chaplain, Parson McCartey, as he is called by all. The worthy man was seen in all parts, and where the danger was greatest, comforting the wounded and exhorting the wavering to press forward, and all the time regardless of his own safety. No man exerted himself more to ensure a victory, no man is more entitled to special commendation.

We are still without any positive or definite information as regards Santa Anna's great army, but all agree that it is disorganized and broken up. There is a report that Gen. Herrera has reached Querétaro with four thousand men in a body, but it requires confirmation.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

City of Mexico, Sept. 20, 1847.

All our wounded have been brought in from Mixcoac and other places, and have been made as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Chapultepec is still held by our troops, but all the other points have been deserted, and the main body of the men are quartered within the limits of the city.

Gen. Bravo's official report of the loss of Chapultepec has been published in a Toluca paper. He blames Santa Anna for not sending him reinforcements as he requested, materially underrates his own force, and accuses one of his engineer officers, Aleman, who had charge of the different mines on the hill sides, with being absent at the critical moment when by springing them the fate of the day might have been changed. If possible, I will send on his report.

In the same paper, we see it stated that Santa Anna has renounced the presidency of the republic, and in this juncture names Don Emanuel Peña y Peña, chief justice of the supreme court of Mexico, as his constitutional successor. Peña y Peña is at a hacienda of his close by, is a lawyer of great standing, and may possibly assume the reins of power in the present crisis. It is hardly probable that he will retain them, however. In the present distracted state of the country no one can expect to hold them long.

We hear but little, one way or the other, as to what the Mexicans intend to do in future—whether they are for peace or a continuance of the war. In fact, it is hardly time for them, after their recent disastrous discomfitures, to think of anything. Everything will now depend upon our own government. If the nonsensical soothing system is continued—if another dose of magnanimity is to follow the hard blows which have lost us so many lives—the war will be spun out until doomsday. On the contrary, if a rigorous system is at once adopted, if men and means are poured into the country, and the rulers of Mexico are for once made to believe that we are in earnest, six months will suffice to make *them* sue for peace. Heretofore, the propositions, with a stretch of magnanimity positively

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ridiculous, have all come from our side, and we all know with what contumely and insult they have been treated.

Speaking of sending men and means to Mexico, do the people of the United States know the real force which has achieved the recent glorious triumphs here in the valley of this proud republic? I have not seen the paper, but I have been told that a recent number of the Union states that when Gen. Scott would reach the vicinity of Mexico, his army would number 22,000 effective men. If such a statement has been made, one more false or ungenerous could not have been promulgated. Gen. Scott arrived on this side the mountains with a fraction over 10,000 men, of which number at least 4,000 were new recruits. Of this force, so insignificant when compared with the magnitude of the enterprise, at least 1,000 were on the sick list before a blow was struck. With a disposable army, then, of 9,000—not a man more—the bold attempt was made to reduce a populous and well-fortified city, and after a succession of hard-fought battles the result is known. The 12,000 paper men, then, manufactured at Washington by Gens. Marcy, Jones and Co., must remain where they have been during all the recent struggles—either unenlisted, in hospitals, in camp, or *in transitu*—and not detract from such merit as has been gained by the 10,000 true men, who have borne the battle's brunt and won such laurels for their country. To them all honor and credit is due, and I will procure the muster roll of every regiment that passed the Vente de Cordova if it should be necessary to prove my statement as to their actual number.

Gen. Terres, who commanded at the Belén gate, has come out with a report of the part taken by himself and command on the 13th. It is pretty much the same old story. He complains that he had not men enough; says that those he did have fought with determination, bravery, and enthusiasm; intimates that he sent for reinforcements, at a juncture when the tide of battle might have been turned against Gen. Quitman, which were refused, and finally openly accuses Gen. Pedrigon Garay, who commanded his reserve, with running off without firing a gun, or rendering him the least assistance. He himself speaks of the gross insult bestowed upon him by Santa Anna after the battle—an insult, he says, that he could not resent. We now have the reports of Bravo, who commanded at Chapultepec, and of Terres, who commanded at the Belén gate: Santa Anna and Gen. Rangal were both of them at the San Cosme gate, and it remains to be seen what frivolous excuse they will make for their disgraceful defeat. Of course the blame will not rest on their illustrious shoulders.

The "American Star," published by Peoples & Barnard, made its appearance to-day in neat form, and the talk is that another new paper, the "North American," is to come out in the course of the week. Meanwhile, the city is rapidly becoming Americanized. From every quarter, staring in the largest capitals, we see such announcements as "Union Hotel," "Mush and Milk at all Hours," "American Dry Goods," "United States Restaurat," "St. Charles Exchange," "Egg-Nogg and Mince Pies for Sale Here," and other kindred notices to the passer-by as to where he can be served on home principles. Nor is there to be any lack of amusements, for already the posters announce a bull-fight, a circus, a theatre, and even an Italian opera, as shortly to be produced. We are a great people. Yours, &c. G. W. K.

City of Mexico, Sept. 24, 1847.

Among other rumors, we hear to-day that there has been a coalition of some of the states north of this, that Señor Cosio has been appointed president, that 12,000 men are immediately to be raised and organized to carry on the war with vigor, and, to make them effective, $1,000,000 is to be levied. Bustamente and Paredes are to command the army, as the story goes, while Santa Anna has leave to retire from public service and from the country if he sees fit. Another report current would make us believe that the Mexican congress is shortly to assemble at Querétaro, and that the peace question is to be talked over with Mr. Trist in real earnest. These are all but mere rumors.

Speaking of Mr. Trist reminds me of a story current on the 13th. It is said that shortly after Chapultepec was carried, that gentleman rode up the height, and on being recognized by a gallant Irish soldier, the latter accosted him with, "I say, sir, it 's a beautiful thraty we 've made wid 'em to-day, sir!" The story is worth relating at all events.

Although all appears quiet on the face of the city, assassinations are still frequent. Our men are led off to drinking-houses in the by-streets and in the suburbs, are plied with liquor until they become intoxicated, and are then stabbed. Nor will this cowardly system be put down until each house where a murder is committed is razed, and exemplary justice dealt out to all its inmates. It has come to the knowledge of the authorities that knives and dirks have been recently distributed to the horde of thieves and murderers liberated by Santa Anna on the night he fled from the capital, and with no other intention than that they might do the work in the dark he had not the courage to perform in open day. By an order issued by Gen. Scott, it would seem that active measures have been taken to ferret out the assassins, and also the miscreants who have set them on to murder.

Not a little joy has been manifested by all at the arrival here of the American prisoners—Capts. Clay, Heady, and Smith, Lieuts. Churchill, Davidson, and Barbour, and sixteen privates—who have recently been confined at Toluca. It seems that they were released by the governor, Olaguibel, on his own responsibility, they promising that the same number of Mexican prisoners, and of equal rank, should be delivered up to him. Those officers who refused to give their parole when all were ordered to Toluca, and who afterwards escaped, have performed active service here in the different battles. Major Gaines has been serving on the staff of Gen. Scott, Midshipman Rogers on that of Gen. Pillow, Major Borland on that of Gen. Worth, and Capt. Danley on that of Gen. Quitman. The latter was severely wounded on the 13th, but will recover.

Among the papers captured at the palace—for in his haste to run Santa Anna left almost everything—were many rich and at the same time most valuable documents. Among them are two letters, one written by Rejon to Santa Anna, and dated at Querétaro on the 29th August, with the answer of the latter, dated here in Mexico on the 31st. In brief, Rejon informs his friend that he has learned with pain that negotiations for peace have been entered into, an act offensive to the army and humiliating to the republic. He contends that the war ought to be prosecuted, and that if the capital cannot be saved, like Puebla it must be abandoned, while the withdrawn troops must contend with the enemy as best they can. Resources, he says, will not be

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wanting, as the states, with the slightest encouragement, will supply them. He contends that peace will destroy Santa Anna, while war will ever crown him with honor and glory if he but carries it on without truce and with energy. In Querétaro, Rejon continues, the disgust was general when they first heard of the sad negotiations, [*furestas negociaciones,*] and on the morning previous to the date of his letter a courier passed through from Toluca with communications arousing the states against any authority that should make peace at the capital. Rejon finishes his letter as follows: "With the frankness of a friend I inform you that I am committed to this course. Continue the war, and I will perish by your side!"

In answer to all this, Santa Anna says that he learns with bitter regret the charges which have been made against the government for the course it has pursued. He urges that Gen. Scott solicited an armistice, [he does not say what Mackintosh came out for after the battle of Churubusco,] in order that Mr. Trist might be heard, which solicitation he granted, "*because the suspension of hostilities would give his troops rest, reëstablish their morale, and give him an opportunity to collect the dispersed and enable him to adopt other measures to ensure a reaction!*" These are Santa Anna's own words. I have not time or space at present to give you the whole of his answer to Rejon, but will procure it for some future period. I have thought all along the "well-merited" of his country really desired peace, reasoning the while that he was to be well paid for it, and that he knew he must be defeated again, in the event of another battle; but I now begin to have some misgivings that he was humbugging us all the time. If he really had Mr. Buchanan's ultimatum to Mr. Trist in his pocket, as has been stated, he well knew that there was no earthly chance for an amicable result to the negotiations. Let his real intentions, however, have been what they may, self was at the bottom, and his poor country unthought of. To show the man's avarice, I have been told by those who know Mexican affairs well, that since Mr. Polk allowed him to return from Havana, he has contrived to pick and steal nearly a million of dollars, which is all safely placed in the hands of his foreign agents or friends. Yours, &c. G. W. K.

City of Mexico, Sept. 26, 1847.

Assassinations continue. No less than ten murdered soldiers were found this morning in the vicinity of the quarter of San Peblo, and eight on the previous day. The fault lies partially with our own men, who straggle from their quarters and get intoxicated at the first *pulqueria* or grog shop; yet the fact that even in this state they are set upon by gangs of armed ruffians shows that a feeling of revenge and deep hatred obtains against us; and the frequency of the murders would prove that a regular system of assassination has been organized, the wire-workers very likely some of the priests and leading men.

One great reason for this is the almost insignificant force under the command of Gen. Scott. True, he has had enough to achieve victories and capture the city of Mexico, and for this reason many may think that he has sufficient men. But such is not the ease. The very smallness of our army is more degrading to the pride of the Mexicans than any defeat that has befallen them. Had an army respectable in numbers, compared with the enterprise undertaken and accomplished, entered the valley of Mexico, the smartings of discomfiture would have been alleviated by the evidence that they had not been beaten so shamefully by a body of men so inferior in numbers to their own grand army. Nor will they think of peace until forced to it by an army so large that there will at least be some merit in succumbing in the eyes of the world. Rigorous measures, too, must be adopted, for any one who runs may read that if the *quasi* war heretofore carried on is continued, it will be prolonged until the causes which brought it on are forgotten.

Bring the matter home for a moment. Supposing that an army composed of 9,000 of the picked men of Christendom should set themselves down before New Orleans, a city of but little over half the size of Mexico, and that we had 25,000 soldiers and strong fortifications to defend it—how could we reconcile the entrance of the former into our streets and squares as conquerors? Of course I am supposing an impossibility, but there is not a citizen between Faubourg Marigny and Carrollton but will at once see and feel the degrading position in which the Mexicans are placed, and will hardly blame them for continuing a contest even against every semblance of hope. But let an army of 50,000 men be placed upon the line between this city and Vera Cruz, let the communications be kept thoroughly open, and let the inhabitants here be made to know and feel that our intention is to compel them to sue for terms, and there will then be an excuse for them, which in their eyes will hold with the nations of the earth, to come to an amicable arrangement. At present all the territory we possess in Mexico is comprised within the range of our guns. This we can have and can hold, against any force the enemy can bring; but until our army is increased to a size sufficient to command the territory on our line of operations, we can have no peace. The Mexicans are now bewildered, not subjected; they think there has been some grand mistake in all that has occurred. Their own inferiority and lack of military skill they do not take into the scale—they believe that for a space Providence has forsaken them—and thus believing, they will continue to preach war without truce against the North Americans, and honestly think they will in the end come out victorious. Nor can their eyes be opened until they see that we have men and means at our hands sufficient to overrun their country at will. Hastily I have scratched off a few speculations as regards the future conduct of the war—they may be of no service, but still are my honest convictions. We must either hold this line with a force sufficient to awe the enemy, or else retire from it altogether; and the sooner our government bestirs itself the better.

In my last I stated that Col. McIntosh was sinking under his wounds—that brave officer died last night and is to be buried to-morrow with all military honors. He fell pierced by two balls while gallantly leading his men to attack the Casa Mata on the 8th September, and his system, suffering under wounds received in former battles, was not able to overcome the shock.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

City of Mexico, Sept. 28, 1847.

We have rumors without number from Puebla to-day. One is that Santa Anna has been killed in an encounter with Col. Childs in the vicinity of that city; another story would make us believe that he has been taken prisoner, after defending himself for sometime at the paper mill called La Constancia, in the neighborhood of Puebla. The accounts say

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hat Col. Childs was reinforced by Maj. Lally, and hat he immediately entered the city, drove out the guerilleros and surrounded the mill above named. What credit to place in these rumors I know not; but if Santa Anna is really a prisoner, it has been intentional—he has given himself up. If he has been killed, it has been what the Mexicans would term one *casualidad*, a sheer accident, for no such intention ever entered his head.

As a prisoner, Santa Anna knows perfectly well that he can humbug Mr. Polk with ease, and all his friends besides. We shall know the whole truth of the matter in the course of a day or two.

It is said that the Mexican congress is to assemble at Querétaro, on the 5th of October—next week—and that Peña y Peña has gone out to be installed as the acting president. I have heard Mexicans say that the body has many members who will deliberate manfully and seriously in favor of peace; but my opinion is, that a majority of them will talk of little save honor, and ditches, and glory, and last extremities, and ruins, and of being buried under them, and kindred nonsense. Some of them may be bribed, or hired, to espouse the peace side. We shall see.

Rejon, in his letters to Santa Anna, told him that if he would continue the war, he would perish by his side; but they say that when the armistice was broken, he remained at Querétaro and forgot all about fighting. Valiant man is Manuel Cresceneis Rejon! but he has a prudent way of manifesting it in the hour of peril.

Paredes was here in the city a few days since, without followers, and has gone north, perhaps towards Guadalayara, his old and favorite ground, to stir and influence the minds of the people against the Yankees, and try his hand against them. He is, no doubt, one of the bravest and best generals Mexico has ever produced.

Gomez Farias is at Querétaro, but we do not hear what he is doing. Gen. Herrera is also there, and if any leading man in Mexico is in favor of peace, he is the one. His influence, however, is confined almost entirely to the *moderados*.

Mr. Wells, the partner of Hart in the army theatre, died here a day or two since. He may be recollected in the United States, not only as a pantomimist, but as a dancer and actor of some distinction. Capt. Pemberton Waddell, of one of the new regiments of infantry, is also dead. The wound of Gen. Shields, although painful, is improving. A musket ball struck him in the left arm at the storming of Chapultepec, but binding a handkerchief round it he continued with his men until everything was calmed. Gen. Pillow has almost entirely recovered. Since commencing this I have heard another rumor to the effect that Alvarez and the congress of Puebla have risen upon Santa Anna and put him to death. This can hardly be credited. Alvarez is doubtless in that direction. He took especial good care to keep himself and his pintos out of harm's way during the recent struggles in this vicinity.

The loss in the different divisions in the storming of Chapultepec and capture of the city on the 13th is as follows: In that of Gen. Quitman about 300, in that of Gen. Twiggs 268, in that of Gen. Pillow 142, in that of Gen. Worth 138. Owing to his previous heavy loss the latter only had about 1000 men engaged in the last battles. As I know it will be of great interest to their friends, before closing this letter I will state that the wounds of almost all the officers are doing well. I can speak positively of Col. Garland, Majors Wade, Waite, Loring and Gladden, of Capts. Mason, Walker, Danley, and of Lieuts. Foster, Shackelford, Selden and Lugenbeel, and I mention them as being some of the most severely wounded.

I send you a few papers and documents of interest, which, I trust, will reach safely. Had I an opportunity, I could furnish you with a volume of letters, papers, &c., all found in the palace and other places, which would be a rare treat to our readers. You shall have them all in good time. I send you a species of diary, from the 30th August up to this date, in the shape of letters, written from day to day. In the main, I believe I was correct in my surmises, although not always right. I write in great haste, as the courier is just starting.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

SANTA ANNA AND HIS DESIGNS.

The position of Gen. Santa Anna is certainly a very anomalous one. Notwithstanding his great capacity, his unsurpassed energy, and his thorough knowledge of his countrymen and the best modes of controlling and directing their feelings, he has but a slight hold upon their affections or their respect. He is cordially hated by a large class of the best citizens of Mexico, and by the great mass his intentions are looked upon with constant suspicion. Hence the necessity for the continual efforts Santa Anna is compelled to make to disarm their suspicions, to impress them with his disinterestedness, and his entire freedom from ambitious views and tyrannical designs. His late resignation of the presidency of Mexico we look upon as an act of this nature—dictated in fact by no sense of patriotism, but by a selfish calculation of his own personal interests. There is nothing very enviable in the exercise of political authority in Mexico just at this moment. Dark and dismal is the prospect for a statesman there. If he be a true patriot, he has all the prejudices of his countrymen to oppose. There is hardly a chance for him to restore to the nation the blessings of peace, embittered as are all classes against us. But times of danger and difficulty are not the moment for a true lover of his country to shrink from responsibilities, from braving public opinion, from perilling personal interests and aims for his country's good. Santa Anna is precisely the man thus to shirk his duty. He found his popularity diminishing, his enemies denouncing him as a coward and a traitor, his best friends suspecting his intentions, and his power to control congress gone. He resigns his office. His ample authority is devolved upon an eminent civilian, who can hardly be suited for a crisis in public affairs like the present. Whatever odium may fall upon the government for not warding off the distresses which are now sure to be visited upon Mexico, Santa Anna will escape. Retaining his command in the army, and his hold upon the soldiery, he will await the course of events. The public clamor aroused by his continued reverses will ere long die away, or be diverted against the man who may chance to hold power when the United States turn upon Mexico their full energies. As affairs grow more and more desperate, and the necessity is felt of having a man of energy to direct them becomes more apparent, Santa Anna hopes to be again called to the helm; but he is not the man to resume power until the want of a vigorous leader is felt so deeply that it will assure him a controlling and paramount influence over the destinies of the country.

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Santa Anna has the weakness to fancy that in the elements of his character he bears a strong resemblance to Napoleon. He has had the audacity to avow this in various forms more or less disguised. He studies to imitate the emperor in his outward acts, and it would hardly surprise us if in his late resignation, upon the close of a campaign which had been totally disastrous for him, he imagined he was running yet further the parallel with his great master in the art of war. He is quite capable of this weakness, and we shall be surprised if we do not find him in after years dwelling upon the events of Churubusco, Contreras, Chapultepec, &c., as Napoleon may have reviewed the series of unparalleled exploits on his own part which preceded his first abdication.

As to Santa Anna's designs, it is somewhat singular that it should have been so generally believed in the city of Mexico, in Vera Cruz, in Tampico and by some here, that he intended to escape to a foreign country. From Tampico they write that Central America is to be his place of refuge; from Vera Cruz the story came that he designed embarking or had embarked upon the British steamer of the 1st inst. in disguise; while in the city of Mexico the most current report was that he was making his way to Tehuantepec, thence to escape from the country. All agree that he was bent upon leaving Mexico. Yet we put no confidence in any of these rumors, nor in the imputed intentions of Santa Anna. We believe he will remain in Mexico so long as he may do so with personal safety. He thirsts for power and for money. Avarice and ambition are the ruling elements in his character. There is no country where an unscrupulous public servant can peculate with such impunity as in Mexico, and the promptings of his ambition must lead him to remain close at hand, to take advantage of any favorable turn of affairs. Could he perform one successful and brilliant military achievement, his countrymen would be ready to deify him. This he can hardly expect to do, but there is nothing which may not be effected in Mexico by the arts of intrigue which Santa Anna possesses in remarkable perfection. He seems to us vastly superior to all his countrymen in energy and ability, and where these qualities are so much required as in Mexico, a very long period can hardly elapse before we see him again reinstated in the exercise of the supreme power of the state and more absolute than ever.—*Picayune.*

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac, for 1848, has already had the great sale of more than twenty thousand copies. It contains notices of valuable Fruits; Kitchen Garden; Flower Garden; Live Stock; Farming Utensils; new Improvements; a Calendar, &c. &c. We congratulate our old friend on so good a book. Its cost is small, but we do not know *how* small.

Messrs. C. S. Francis, & Co. have completed their neat Edition of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 184.—20 NOVEMBER, 1847.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE NOVEL-WRITER'S WORLD.

THERE is a point of view from which fiction may be studied with advantage, but from which I never had the pleasure of seeing it contemplated. There might, I think, be derived from this department of literature a great sense of thankfulness that the actual world was not, as the fictitious one is, of the novelist's creation. It is very true that the fictionist makes a number of much more entirely virtuous men and women than the author of nature has done; but then comes in the sad drawback that they are thinly sown, and mixed up with such a set of horrid people of all kinds, that they are of no manner of use but to be married at last, or at least to live happily all the rest of their days after the novel is concluded. The question is, if a world composed of a few Mr. Allworthys, and Lady Bountifuls and Lord Trueloves, in connection with a host of such indifferent characters as the novelist deals in, would answer. I say not. The villain of the piece would to a certainty have us murdered, or at least cast in a ruinous lawsuit, before Mr. Allworthy could come to the rescue or hear of our case. Virtuous innocence would have no chance, for it would be found that that system of making a heroic peasant of the name of William Hawthorn spring out of the wood, to play off an irresistible sapling cut from the last hedge, would not work in real life. It would always be ten to one against the worthy fellow coming at the proper time. I have great doubts, moreover, if those admirable reduced widows, who live in cottages or fifth floors, with paragons of daughters, would find themselves saved, in any considerable number of instances, from executions, by the happy return of long-lost sons with fortunes from India. The unparalleled inhumanity of the landlords of all poor widows' houses, in novels, would be too much for that set of amiable characters, and the consequences would be extremely distressing.

One great result of our having the novel-writer's creation established, would be a putting down of that vast class, the "good enough people." Now I much fear that we should not do nearly so well in this world if we wanted that class. They serve an immense number of useful purposes those good enough people. The most of the new generation are brought into the world and educated by them—they raise the corn, furnish the butcher-meat, and import all the groceries required by mankind, not to speak of many other professional services. I don't know but they pay nearly the whole of the taxes. What we should do without such serviceable, albeit commonplace citizens, I cannot pretend to imagine. The novelists, indeed, would take care to provide us with a set of most romantic, and far more sinned against than sinning malefactors, who might be supposed to make up in some degree for the absence of the good folks; but I have doubts if a few amiable house-breakers and high-minded assassins would quite come to be the same thing. There cou'd not fail to be some inconvenience felt from this great blank in society. Who knows but it might be fatal to the entire machine?

Another result would be a very general separation of the inclination from the ability to be liberal and generous. In the actual world, of the people who are able to be generous, there must be a very considerable number who are likewise disposed to be so; for how otherwise should our public charities be supported, not to speak of private benefactions, which we may also presume to be numerous? But if the novelist's world were established, all who had any money in their pockets would immediately become to the last degree selfish and hard-hearted, and there would be no liberality except amongst the coinless. It would obviously serve a poor purpose if we only found we could get names to bills from persons who had no credit at the bank, or invitations to dinner from individuals forced to live upon potatoes and point. It would help marvellously ill to get us over a difficulty, if every one we applied to were to say, "My dear friend, I have all the wish in the world to oblige you, but I am myself at my wit's-end for half-a-crown." It would only be tantalizing to find the desire of advancing our fortunes exclusive to those who were themselves out of suits with fortune. Better, we would think, that all were iron-hearted alike. But the positive inconvenience of living in a world where rich people could in no way be bled, must strike everybody so forcibly, that it is scarcely necessary thus to dilate upon the subject. A world without heat, or light, or water, or some other of the great physical elements of existence, can be contemplated with some degree of patience, but not a world without a rich relation, or a friend susceptible of being squeezed.

It seems to me also very clear that the actual character of our relatives and associates in the world is greatly superior to what the novelists would give us. In the actual world, one often has a decent enough sort of uncle—perhaps half a father to one, supposing real fathers to be wanting—always sure to have an exhibition of lamb and sherry at his nephews' service on Sunday afternoons, and pretty sure to help handsomely in the outfit of nieces for marriage at home, or for expeditions to go and reside with married sisters in India. Now this the novelist would entirely deprive us of, giving us, in-

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stead, some rascally old dog who conceals wills in our favor, and treats us with all sorts of gross cruelties. Stepmothers of actual life are often exceedingly worthy creatures. I have known many who were a blessing to their adopted children. But the stepmothers of the novelist—what atrocious wretches they always are! That, too, were a bad exchange. Then as to persons connected with us in our affairs. Did anybody ever know a novelist's steward or agent turn out aught but a rogue? Only imagine us obliged to commit our property to such persons as fiction can furnish for that purpose, what a beggarly reckoning should we have of it in a few years! Beyond a doubt, every estate in the country would, in a novelist's world, shift owners each generation. It must be owned that, in the ideal creation, we should probably have some small consolation in one of those exceedingly faithful and attached old servants who always insist upon sharing their ruined master's or mistress' fortunes without wages or perquisites. This may, however, be allowed, and still the balance will be vastly in favor of the real world, seeing that the stewards of that creation are usually worthy persons, doing their best for their employers' interest, and thus saving them from all occasions to evoke the disinterestedness of their inferior domestics.

There are a few features of the novelist's creation that I am not quite sure about. For instance, that certainty of murder coming out. One somehow feels it to be an unpleasant peculiarity of the actual world that a throat may be cut, and the doer of the deed escape detection. It seems much preferable that the guilty man should be sure to be exposed by some bloody handkerchief, or some marks of his feet on the floor, or some bone discovered in digging a well, as is the common case in novels; so that he is sure to be punished for his crime. On the other hand, there are so many things to give us a general assurance of the good management of Providence, that we may perhaps be allowed to doubt if a certainty in the detection of murder would be an improvement. It is just possible that the tightening of this apparently loose screw might lead to the unfastening of some other of greater importance, in which case we might wish that murder was once more concealable. Since there is a doubt, however, I am willing that the novelists should have the benefit of it. It will not serve them much.

Finally, in one grand particular the novelist's world is so much inferior to that which actually exists, that even the most determined lovers of excitement may be happy to think that there is no fear of the one being exchanged for the other. I allude to the infinitely higher strain of romance attaching to the character of the persons and events of the actual world. Not that the novelist would not willingly give us as much romance in character and incident as we chose to have; but then we do not choose to have much from him, always demanding that he shall consult probability, or our notion of the average of things, and refusing to him whatever seems to trespass in the least upon the domain of extravagance. For this reason, the fiction-world is necessarily a tame, equable sort of world. Very different is the world of actuality, where one day a Bonaparte rises to astonish mankind, and another day ships take upon themselves to sail against wind and tide, and men begin to journey from London to Edinburgh between breakfast and supper. Men, too, do such strange things in the actual world—things come about in such odd ways—life is so full of whimsical surprises, and happy coincidences, and entirely original trains of events, that there is no end to our entertainment. In the progress of science a liberal mind can never be without something like a continual feast. Even the newspaper of the day presents in general such wondrous doings in some part or other of the world, in public or in private affairs, that the best romances are apt to appear tame in comparison.

I return, then, to the expression of thankfulness with which I started—that we live in the actual, and not in a fictitious world.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

On the Beneficent Distribution of the Sense of Pain. By Mr. G. A. Rowell. Communicated by the Author.*

Having had, in my youth, an aversion to animal food, from an idea that it was cruel to destroy life for the purpose of obtaining it, I have been led by that feeling, and a few rather extraordinary circumstances which have come under my notice, to pay some attention to the effects produced by injuries to various animals; which investigation has caused such a complete change in my opinions on the use and distribution of the sense of pain, that, so far from considering it an infliction, I now believe it to be one of the most necessary senses we possess; that, like all other senses, it is given to animals in as great a degree as it is necessary and useful to them; that no animals have a greater sense of pain than is necessary for the preservation of the class to which they belong; that those which are designed for food, suffer little when killed, in comparison to what other animals would feel from the same infliction: and that some are totally devoid of the sense of pain.

In submitting this paper to the consideration of the Ashmolean Society, I beg to state distinctly, that I do not pretend to any knowledge of anatomy, but have been led to my conclusions by what appears to be the effect of injuries to different animals. I do not attempt to assign any cause for the difference of the amount of pain, whether it be that the nerves are less sensitive, or less numerous in some classes than in others, or whether it is owing to the want of reflecting faculties, but only to show that there is such a difference.

I do not know that there is anything new in the opinions I advance; but as I have had more than ordinary opportunities of witnessing the effect of wounds on some classes of animals, I submit this paper, believing that the consideration of the subject is calculated, in the highest degree, to excite feelings of gratitude and admiration of the merciful designs of Providence; and as the discovery of the use of the vapor of ether has recently brought the

*Read before the Ahsmolean Society of Oxford, 3d May, 1847.

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sense of pain under the consideration of this society, I hope the paper will be in some degree interesting.

There can be little doubt that the sense of pain is of the first importance to man, to guard and warn him from injury. The skin is very sensitive, the body being thus enveloped in a membrane susceptible of the slightest injury, while the heart, lungs, brain, and other vital internal parts that are thus guarded, are almost insensible; but although the lungs are, in a great degree, insensible of pain during consumption, they are extremely sensible of the impurities of the air, thus guarding against the inhalation of anything injurious. As the hands, and especially the fingers, are very liable to injury, the sense of pain is great in those parts; and I believe there may be more real pain from a gathering in the finger, than from very many of the most fatal complaints. The exterior coating of the eye is extremely sensitive; while the back and interior portions of that organ are almost insensible. The sense of pain in the mouth guards the throat, and in the stomach is a warning against our eating anything that is injurious. Rheumatic pains are bad; but how many more fatal cases would arise from colds, &c., if man was not warned by pain and inconvenience of the bad effects upon his constitution of sudden changes of temperature.

One of the best ways to judge of the value of anything, is to consider how we could do without it; and it will be well to do so in the present case. Thus, if a man had not the sense of pain, he might sit by a fire, and, in his absence of mind, put his foot upon it, and soon find himself *minus* that useful member; he might have lime blown into his eyes, and thus lose his sight, if not warned by the pain; in fact there would be no end to his dangers if not possessed of that useful monitor, which guards him from injury, and is a check to his excesses. There may be pains and sufferings the use of which it may be difficult to see; but I would rather attribute this to a want of knowledge, than believe that the rule which holds good in so many cases does not hold good in all. In fact, the beneficial use of the sense of pain to man is so evident, and has been pointed out so long since in Paley's Natural Theology, that I should not have said anything upon the point, but that I considered it necessary for the elucidation of my subject, as regards its uses and distribution amongst the lower classes of animals.

Before I enter further upon the subject, it will be necessary to consider what may be taken as a *proof* of pain; convulsions are considered by many as a sign of suffering, but I believe it is generally allowed by the medical profession that that opinion is erroneous: the cry of animals cannot always be depended on as indicative of pain, which is proved by the noise a pig will make when taken hold of. It is also necessary to make allowance for the struggling under restraint which is natural to all wild animals. The only criterion to decide the question is to consider what is the effect of mutilations on the health of animals, and how far such injuries interfere with their usual habits and appetites.

I will now state a few cases, to show that injuries, apparently the most dreadful, have but little effect on many of the brute creation.

The first case which forcibly took my attention was seeing a horse that was feeding by the side of the road between St. Clement's and Headington hill, have its leg broken by a coach-wheel passing over it just above the fetlock joint; the poor beast showed evident signs of pain at the moment, the bone being dreadfully crushed, and protruding in parts through the skin. A number of persons collected around, but no one liked to despatch it, and on their standing aside, so that it might get out of the way of things passing, the moment the horse got to the side of the road it began grazing, showing no other sign of pain than holding up the injured leg.

Another case is that of a post-horse, which was going along the road between Botley and Ensham, about twelve years since, when it came down with such violence that the skin and sinews of both the fore fetlock joints were so cut that on it getting up again the bones came through the skin, and the two feet turned up at the back of the legs, the horse walking upon the ends of the leg bones. The man who was with it would not consent to its being killed till he had informed his master, (who, I believe, was Mr. Masters of Staple Hall Inn, Witney;) the horse was therefore put into a field by the road side, and was found the next morning quietly feeding about the field with the feet and skin forced nearly half-way up the leg bones, and where it had been walking about, the holes made in the ground by the leg bones were 3 or 4 inches deep.

A similar accident once happened to a coach-horse, the property of the late Mr. Costar of Oxford; it was found, when the coach stopped to change horses, to have dislocated the fetlock joints, and from the worn appearance of the ends of the leg bones, must have run a considerable distance along the road in that state.

I do not lay much stress on this case, as it is not very surprising that a spirited horse, in harness with others, should continue running under such circumstances; but, in the former case, there was nothing to excite the horse but its hunger, and if the pain had been equal to what such a dreadful injury would seem to indicate, it would probably, if in ever such a famished state, have gone upon its knees to feed, rather than upon the injured parts.

It is curious to observe the apparent indifference with which some animals will devour parts of their own bodies. I once kept tame dormice, and, in shutting the cage-door, accidentally caught the tail of one of them, when it squeaked out and left the skin of about two thirds of its tail sticking to the door. Whether the cry was caused by pain or fear, I cannot decide; but it went about the cage for a few minutes apparently rather uneasy, it then took hold of its tail with its paws and eat all the injured part, and then seemed as well as ever.

Rats will often eat their tails when in confinement, if kept short of food; and the habit of eating their own tails is not uncommon amongst the monkey tribe. I know a person who used to dip the end of his monkey's tail in tobacco water to keep it from being eaten, and some of the monkeys in the London Zoological Garden may at times be seen enjoying themselves in this way; but from whatever cause this propensity may arise, I believe it is never indulged in by the monkeys with prehensile tails; their tails seem to be too useful to be so wantonly disposed of, and I have no doubt are therefore possessed of a much greater share of the sense of pain.

A few years since, the Quarterly Review, in a notice of the Dean of Westminster's Work on the bones found in the cave at Kirkdale, stated that an old hyena kept in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, had its leg broken, when one night it bit off the leg at the broken part, and eat it.

The emasculation of large cattle seems a very barbarous operation, the parts being cut with hot

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instruments; yet I saw an aged bull, after undergoing that operation, walk away very unconcernedly, and then, after grazing for about half an hour, he lay down and chewed his cud apparently quite comfortable.

Pigs make a sad outcry when being killed, but I believe it is caused by fear and the uncomfortable way in which they are held, rather than by pain. I once saw a large pig which had been stuck, get away from the men who were holding it, and there was not the least cry after it had got out of their hands, although it was bleeding to death: when smaller pigs are killed by sticking them, and then letting them run about till they drop, there is no cry after they are let go; and if stuck skilfully, without taking hold of them, there is no more noise than a mere grunt or squeak, about the same as there would be if the pig had a slight blow with the end of a stick; and I have no doubt that a pig may feel more pain from a heavy blow, than from being killed in the usual manner. When it is considered that the nose of a pig is so very useful to the animal from its habit of rooting in the earth, and may therefore be very sensitive, it does seem probable that the opinion is correct, that a pig feels more pain from having a ring put through its nose, than in being killed.

I have stated these cases to show that the pain felt by brutes is much less than would be felt by man under similar injuries. My object is to show the probability, that as the sense of pain is not so necessary or useful to brutes, they have it in a less degree.

In the next class of animals to which I shall allude, that is, rabbits and hares, I will endeavor to show that the use of the sense of pain is, in a great degree, or almost completely, superseded by other senses, and that their sense of pain is very trifling, compared to that of most other quadrupeds. There can be little doubt that, although so very prolific, very few rabbits or hares in a wild state die of old age, as they are the food of a large class of beasts of prey. Foxes, wild-cats, martins, pole-cats, stoats, and weasels, could not exist without them; they are their natural prey, against the least of which the rabbit or hare has no means of defence when once caught; therefore, the sense of pain would be of no use to them, either to warn them from danger or to cause them to exert themselves to escape; but a slight examination of the form of both rabbits and hares will show that they have other means of defence: their eyes are not placed in the front of the head as in beasts of prey, but on the side of the head, very prominent, so that they are enabled to see before, behind, and all around them; their ears also can be turned this way or that way to catch the slightest sound, added to which, they have a degree of timidity which keeps them always on the alert.

With regard to their sense of pain, it is well known that a hare never, or very seldom, cries out when shot, even if she receives her death-wound, if she can run a few yards and hide herself; but if her legs are broken, or she is in any way stopped from running, even if caught in a net, which can give her no real pain, she utters most piteous screams; when followed by dogs, her screams always begin before they have actually caught her, and it is worthy of notice that she is much more readily despatched than perhaps any other animal of her size.

Rabbits resemble hares in this respect, as they utter no cry when wounded, but will do so from fear: if run down by a stoat or weasel, they always cry out when the enemy gets within two or three yards of them, and are generally so terrified that they lie down and are caught; therefore the cry in this case is evidently from fear.

I one day disturbed a rabbit which ran away in so singular a manner that I followed it, and saw that the flesh had been eaten away from the back of the head to the top of the shoulders; the sight was so sickening, that I turned away, thinking the poor creature could not live many minutes. About two hours afterwards, I went with a view to pick up and examine the rabbit, and when I came to the spot, was surprised to see it jump up and run away as before; the person who was with me ran after it, the rabbit ran into a bush, and he caught it. Now, although the poor thing was so injured, there was no cry when I first disturbed and ran after it, or when it was disturbed and followed the second time, but the moment it was caught it began to cry out, showing that fear could excite a cry which all its sufferings could not do.

When rabbits are caught in traps, if not taken out in a short time they are almost sure to escape, either by breaking away by force from the trap, and tearing off the leg, or by biting the leg off. These traps are made to clasp very strongly, but, to prevent escape as far as possible, they are made purposely not to close nearer than about the eighth of an inch, and the teeth are rounded so as not to cut; but rabbits are so indifferent to pain that I have seen their legs left in traps with the sinews attached to them, just as the sinews are drawn from a fowl's legs previous to cooking, and yet although the bone is so broken, and the muscles and sinews torn apart in this manner, it seems to have little or no effect on the health of the animal.

I have seen them caught after having recently lost a leg, and to all appearance in as good health, and as fat, as if nothing had happened to them. A short time since, I saw a rabbit caught which had but one leg, having lost one hind-leg apparently some time, and the two fore-legs very recently, but although the poor animal had been obliged to go along as it could with its one leg and the bare stumps of the others, it was in good condition and healthy.

Rats will bite off their legs in a similar way, and escape; but I do not know of any animal which is strictly a beast of prey, or rather a hunting animal, that will do so. I have never known a cat, polecat, or such animals do it, although they may sometimes lose a leg in a common trap which shuts close and is apt to cut; and I have lately known a fox found in a wood in a dying state, from starvation, with a trap on its leg, an incumbrance that a rabbit would have been free from in a very short time.

These facts, will, I believe bear me out on the point, that the sense of pain is for the preservation of animals, by compelling them to take due care of themselves, and that no animal has a greater share of the sense of pain than is necessary for the preservation of the class to which it belongs. The loss of a leg must be a great inconvenience to any quadruped, but rabbits or rats may still procure food without it; even the case before alluded to of the hyena, does not tell against it, as the hyena does not get its food by swiftness of foot alone, nor is its foot the weapon of attack, as with the cat tribe; but if a fox, wild-cat, polecat, or any animal of that description, loses its leg, it is a great chance if it does not die of starvation, unless its prey be very plentiful; therefore, as the legs are of so much

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importance to these animals, they seem to be endowed with a sense of pain in proportion to their usefulness, as a guard for their preservation.

From the ease and indifference with which crabs and lobsters will throw off their claws, when under the influence of sudden fright, or when their claws are injured, it is evident that their sense of pain from mutilation must be very little; and, according to the argument I have advanced, it may be asked, of what use can the sense of pain be to any of the crustaceous tribes? They are coated in armor sufficient to protect them from all minor enemies, and if they get into the power of an enemy strong enough to crush through their shells, of what use can the sense of pain be to them then? But they show signs of great pain when thrown into boiling water, and I see no reason why they may not be insensible to pain from mutilations, and yet be sensible, in a high degree, to pain from extreme changes of temperature; for, as there are no bounds to prevent their ranging over all parts of the sea, it is probable that a sense of temperature is necessary to them, and many other animals also, to keep them to those parts of the world which they are formed to inhabit. It may also be useful to keep them to those parts and depths in the sea that are necessary for their young to arrive at maturity.

From the observation of Sir Humphry Davy, and others well acquainted with the habits of fish, it is very probable that the sense of pain in many of them is very trifling; and when we consider the fecundity of the cod, and many other fishes, the number of eggs deposited by a single cod-fish in one season, (according to Leuenhock, upwards of nine millions,) and bear in mind, that unless these fish more than double their numbers annually, that of the myriads of fishes that are hatched from these eggs, not more than three or four, on an average, can arrive at the same maturity as the parent fish, the others being all destroyed at different stages of their growth, being the food of other animals; it does seem probable that there is a similar dispensation of mercy to them, as I have endeavored to show there is to rabbits and hares.

Many cases may be brought forward to show the absence of pain in insects. I have seen a wasp eat a fly almost immediately after a portion of its own abdomen had been cut off; I have also seen a cockchafer crawling and eating on a hedge after its abdomen had been emptied of the viscera, probably by some bird. It is well known that a dragon-fly will eat freely for a considerable time while confined by a pin through its body; and every one who has collected entomological specimens, must know the difficulty in killing some of the larger moths. But as this paper is already much longer than I originally intended, I shall say no more on this point, as the remarks on the subject in the introduction to Kirby and Spence's Entomology are very generally known.

It may be well to reflect for a moment on the constant slaughter that is going on amongst the lower class of animals. The number of flies eaten by a single pair of swallows and their young must be immense.

I once observed a rather extraordinary illustration of the law of nature to eat and be eaten. I kept in a glass globe a variety of the smaller aquatic animals, such as the larvæ of the dragon-fly, &c., and one day introduced amongst them a few of the common water newts and water beetles, one of which was the ditiscus marginalis. The dragon-flies had been living upon the animalculæ, &c.; the newts attacked and devoured the dragon-flies. The next morning I found one of the newts lying at the bottom of the vessel half-eaten, and, while looking on, saw the ditiscus attack another newt. Not wishing to have them all destroyed, I took the ditiscus out of the water, and put it in the sunshine a few minutes, when it flew away, and had not gone more than 30 or 40 yards when a sparrow flew after and caught it. This constant destruction of life would be fearful to contemplate, if there is truth in the quotation so often made, that "the poor beetle that we tread upon, in corporal sufferance finds a pang as great as when a giant dies."

It may be objected to what I have advanced, that where there are nerves, there must be a sense of pain; but I see no reason why the nerves may not differ as much as the animals to which they belong; and the use of the vapor of ether shows that nerves may exist without the sense of pain; for, if I understand the subject rightly, the patient, if not completely insensible, may be sensible of feeling while insensible to pain.

It may also be objected that I can bring no *proof* of brutes not feeling pain in the same degree as man, but only that they do not show *signs* of so much suffering. To this I would answer, that while I admit that man has no right wantonly to destroy or mutilate any animal, yet, in searching into the works of creation, seeing that it is a law of nature that some animals *must* be destroyed that others may exist, we have no right to assume, that in this destruction any animal feels more pain than it shows signs off.

From Chambers' Journal.

CLOUDS.

Clouds have long done good service in the cause of the poet and the moralist; the one has found them objects of grandeur and beauty; the other, emblems of the vanity and perishableness of human ambition and human life. But the endless variety of form, hue, and appearance assumed by clouds, is no longer the exclusive property of fancy; the philosopher has classified and reduced them to a certain degree of order; and as observations accumulate, they will become as important in the interpretation of what are at present atmospheric parables, as they have been in illustrating a thought or pointing a moral.

To Luke Howard is due the credit of first giving distinctly recognizable names to certain forms of clouds. The terms which are intended to express the different appearances are—*cirrus*, *cumulus*, and *stratus*. The first and last of these are the two extremes of cloud formations the most widely separated; between them, however, various combinations occur, which are described by different combinations of the words—*cirrostratus*, *cirrocumulus*, *cumulostratus*, and *cirro-cumulo-stratus*.

Observations on the weather require a large share of patience and perseverance on the part of the observer, as a great number of facts must be recorded before the slightest approach can be made towards the establishment of a law. These qualities, with a moderate degree of intelligence, are sufficient to enable any one to institute a course of daily and systematic observation, the results of which might prove of high value in the hands of the scientific. A treatise* just published at Prague, by Karl

*Ueber die Periodischen Erscheinungen am Wolkenhimmel. Prague: 1846.

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Fritsch, a member of the Bohemian Academy, is an instance of what may be accomplished by diligence. The author, *aided by his sister*, has maintained a series of hourly and daily observations on the clouds during several years—the form, mass, outline, color, all have been noticed; and the general conclusions appear to be suggestive and interesting.

Stratus is the long level layer of cloud seen frequently at sunrise or in rainy weather, resting apparently upon the horizon. When the vesicles of which it is composed are so loosely diffused as not to prevent the view of distant objects, it comes under the designation of fog or mist. Its formation commences with the exhalations that rise from the earth immediately after sunset; for sometime after sunrise, they remain condensed in the lower regions of the atmosphere, where the masses of air are not yet sufficiently warmed to prevent their accumulation. As the warmth increases, currents of air begin to ascend more or less rapidly, carrying the stratus upwards into the higher and colder regions of the atmosphere, where further condensation takes place, producing cumulus and cumulostratus, until the region is reached where the temperature is at the freezing point; the mist is then converted into a mass of floating crystals, forming those light feathery clouds classed under the term cirrus.

Cumulus is that massy spherical form of cloud described by sailors as the "ball of cotton." It is sometimes piled in such gigantic heaps, as to resemble a mountain range covered with snow; forming with its various colors, the grandest spectacle in cloud-physics. In fine weather, it is the cumuli which first appear; and for several days together they may be seen going through the process of accumulation and dispersion with the regularity of an established routine. Some hours after sunrise, when the temperature of the air increases rapidly, cumuli rise slowly out of the stratus, and collect in huge masses in the east. That their formation is influenced by the sun, is shown by their following him in his course; at mid-day they are in the south, and in the evening in the west. They gradually increase in bulk until the temperature reaches its maximum, after which they decrease, till, just before sunset, they disappear. At other times, while new cumuli are added from below, cirri are rapidly thrown off above; a portion of the former pass into the form of cumulostratus—a layer or bank of cloud with cumuli resting upon it—and the cirri become cirrostratus. If the process continue, other formations originate from these four varieties of cloud—cirrocumulus, and cirro-cumulo-stratus. The transition from one to the other is so gradual, that a quick eye, and rapidity of discrimination, are required to enable the observer to pronounce between them. The cloud last mentioned may be confounded with the *nimbus*, or rain-cloud; and in fact, partaking, as it does, of all the formations, it frequently gives off copious showers, which, reproducing the stratus—the formation of every kind of cloud at the same time—may often be seen in rainy weather.

Cirrus, as before described, is the light feathery cloud seen in the highest regions of the atmosphere. Among seafaring men it is known as "cat's-tail;" and although consisting of frozen particles, it is the most changeable in appearance of all the clouds. Sometimes it has the form of a cluster of threads—more commonly of filaments—crossing each other so as to resemble an immense network, with the knots at the intersections. At other times it has a fleecy, shaggy appearance, moving along with a lazy motion, until towards sunset, when it is condensed, through all the modifications, into a brightly illuminated nimbus. The general direction of the filaments or parallel bands is from south-west to north-east. At the equator, Humboldt found it to run north and south, thus favoring the hypothesis that cirri are conductors between distant foci of electricity.

The simultaneous formation of the different kinds of cloud is more frequent in summer than in winter, owing probably to the greater height to which they ascend, and to the more frequent change of wind in the former season; it appears also to depend materially on the simultaneous movement of contrary currents of air. Cirri are produced in horizontal, cumuli in vertical currents. The formation of the first-named takes place gradually, and is most favored by a south-west wind; the latter appear suddenly, the north-east wind being most favorable to their formation. Cirri are most frequently formed at changes of the weather; and when they undergo rapid alterations of form, assuming that of a bow or of a whirlpool, rain, it is said, will soon follow.

The outlines, mass, general appearance, and direction in which the clouds move, inform us respecting the condition of the higher regions of the atmosphere, which we are unable, except at rare intervals, to reach with instruments. The line, and duration of their movement, necessarily change with the winds, the change being least frequent where the clouds are highest. Cirri frequently follow the same direction during an entire day; while stratus, in the course of a few hours, will be drifted from every quarter of the compass. Taking the clouds in the regular order downwards—cirrus, cirrostratus, cirrocumulus, cirro-cumulo-stratus, cumulus, cumulostratus, and cumulus—there is no uniformity of motion among them; each formation seems to possess a movement peculiar to itself, in which, regarding them as a spectacle, their chief beauty perhaps consists. The early nations of the north were so impressed by these phenomena, as to interfuse their religion with their wildness and mystery; readers of Ossian will remember the succession of varied images which they furnished to the bard.

Sometimes the clouds appear to cling to a certain fixed point in the heavens, calm and motionless, indicating either a profound stillness in the air, or the prevalence of such relations in the distribution of heat, that the vapor borne by aërial currents can be thrown down only in one particular situation. The wind most favorable to the formation of clouds is the south-west, the least favorable the north-east; a fact easy of explanation. The south-west wind sweeps over the warm zones and the Atlantic, and reaches our latitudes charged with abundant vapors; while the north-east wind, on the contrary, brings us the cold dry air from the immense flat regions of Northern Asia. The fluctuations of the trade winds and monsoons, the predominance of one or the other wind, and the nature of the conflict which takes place at their semi-annual change, have a material influence upon the state of the atmosphere in the latitude of Britain. In the quarter where the currents meet, rain-clouds are formed, and on the oscillations of these essentially depend those atmospheric changes popularly termed "weather."

A mixture of cold and warm currents is required to produce rain, with such an amount of moisture as may suffice to saturate the whole. Immediately before thunder-storms or heavy showers, the cirrus sometimes suddenly thickens, and takes the form of cirrostratus, while the cumuli, violently hurried

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aloft, are resolved into cumulostratus, and, together with the cirrus, condense into nimbus. The change in the form of clouds is not an arbitrary process; stratus does not become all at once cirrus; it assumes the latter form only by passing through the successive gradations, as already described. Clouds of a sharp, well-defined outline, betoken rain, their condensation being far beyond that of the loosely-piled masses. Those clouds which sweep along half-hidden in a ragged coat of mist, often detaching themselves from cumulus or cumulostratus, bring light showers. Hail clouds, more than any other, are enveloped in these mists, owing probably to the great depression of temperature in their vicinity. Rain seldom falls from the smaller cumuli, however numerous they may be, when they are equally distributed over the sky. Cumuli generally disappear at sunset; but sometimes they remain, and subside into cumulostratus—an indication that the upper regions of the atmosphere are approaching the point of complete saturation, and about to discharge their contents. Thomson describes the process:—

"At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom."

When the cumuli formed in the morning are not changed into cumulostratus, the continuance of fine weather may be expected, as those two conditions are required for the formation of nimbus. The latter cloud may always be known by its uniform gray tint, the individual forms of the masses of which it is composed being indistinguishable. The lower edges of nimbus have a fringed appearance, caused by the accumulation of falling drops. In continued rains, the approach of fair weather is foretold by the resolution of the nimbus or cirro-cumulo-stratus into the formations from which they originated, particularly when the transition is into cumulus or stratus; and the more rapidly this is effected, the nearer is the change in the weather. Shelley's vigorous and animated lines on the clouds eloquently depict the phenomena they present: he makes one say—

"I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and upbuild it again."

It is seldom that the clouds are completely motionless; the pleasure we feel in gazing on them is greatly enhanced by their various movements: their chief beauty, however, is to be found in their alternations of color. Although the hues appear so numerous, they are produced from ten colors, chiefly combinations of red and green. Many variations of hue are naturally caused by the sun's rays; the lower clouds are shadowed by those above them. Green clouds are the rarest, and blue the most numerous; the next in order are red and yellow, modified by the different power of reflection. The ice crystals of the cirrus are good reflectors, while the cumuli reflect and refract the rays thrown down upon the stratus. The tints of the lower clouds are modified by reflected light from the earth, to which cause the green tint is perhaps to be attributed. We have described the gradual increase and diminution of cumulus between sunrise and sunset; the appearance of colors is consequently regulated by the same law: cirrus and stratus diminish while the sun is easterly, and increase when it is westerly—precisely the reverse of what takes place with regard to cumulus. The greatest variety of color will be seen in the morning and evening, as the sun's rays then pass in long lines through the atmosphere, giving rise to endless effects of refraction and reflection, which are lost at mid-day, when the rays fall more direct.

The circle within which the clouds appear is twice as large in summer as it is in winter: in the latter season there is more condensation, and the masses occupy a lower position. According to Herr Fritsch, their formation appears to be governed by some law. Cirrostratus, cirrocumulus, and cumulus, are most abundant in winter; cirro-cumulo-stratus is less in quantity in the spring than in the other three portions of the year, during which it is equable. Cirri increase from February to May, and decrease from May to August; from August to October they again increase, and again diminish from October to February. Cumuli increase from January to July, and decrease in the latter half of the year. An opposite law prevails with regard to stratus; cumulostratus is most abundant at the summer solstice, and least abundant at the corresponding period in winter.

The clouds present other phenomena worthy of observation, among which their rising and falling most deserve attention. The real cause of their suspension in the atmosphere is not yet ascertained; the assumption is, that they are supported in their place by ascending currents of air acting on the whole mass of vesicles of which clouds are composed. Dependent as vegetation is upon the weather, it is clear that any means of arriving at certainty, with respect to its fluctuations, must be of essential importance to cultivators. The periodical and other phenomena exhibited in M. Fritsch's pages, are not exclusively confined in their effects to physical science; they have a bearing on the well-being of mankind. And notwithstanding the disposition to escape from the operation of natural laws, society is inevitably influenced by their periodicity.

"Tightness" of the Money Market.—Some faint idea of the past scarcity of money may be entertained from the following circumstance. No less than six dukes, four marquesses, as many earls, and three barons, all of whom we learn intended to send to the Shakspeare fund certain sums, varying from £50 to £200, have, up to the present moment, not sent a single sixpence. In our next we trust to be enabled to give a better account of the money market.—*Punch.*

Barter—A probable effect of Peel's measure, and consequent scarcity of coin.

Lady. How much would a dress of this come to?

Linen-Draper. We could do that, ma'am, at three silver forks and a tea-spoon.

Lady. William, give me my plate basket.

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From the Westminster Review.

Wit and Humor, selected from the English Poets; with an Illustrative Essay, and Critical Comments. By LEIGH HUNT. London: 1846.

UNDER the pretence of illustrating Wit and Humor from the English poets, Mr. Hunt has produced a very pleasant book. It contains a great variety of extracts and sketches of character, short and sweet, which cannot fail to elevate and enliven our notions of the poetic genius of our native country. The personality of the editor, which is summed up in his worship of Uncle Toby as the noblest of beings, mixes with all his observations that touch upon human life, or human perfection; but the reader can easily allow for this bias if he thinks proper.

It is no imputation upon Mr. Hunt to say, that he has failed in his attempt to define wit and humor. We should have reckoned it creditable to his literary and philosophical sagacity if his quotations had always been undoubted instances of one or other of these qualities; but, in fact, it is impossible to agree with him in ascribing either wit or humor to a great number of the passages he has cited and emphasized the beauties of. So that he may be said to have confused as much as he has cleared the discriminating boundaries of the peculiar effects in question.

The criticism of art may create out of its subject an additional gratification, as well as give a peculiar expansion and illumination of mind, by comparing a wide range of productions, and indicating, by varied illustration, the great leading attributes that belong to them. There is an effect partly artistic and partly scientific in the aggregation of examples of sublimity, beauty, pathos, humor, eloquence, or keeping, from the artists of every country and time; and it is instructive alike to the creator and to the lover of art. The criticisms of Aristotle and Longinus do not detract from the pleasure of reading Homer or Demosthenes; they rather produce a new intellectual effect, which some minds enjoy even more than the primary influence of great compositions. The mustering of analogies and unthought-of resemblances, from the remotest ages and situations, into one blazing heap of illustration, like the historical comparisons of Niebuhr, the geographical speculations of Humboldt, or the similes of Shakspeare, is one of the most impressive and stimulating efforts of human genius. It is the greatest known device for irradiating the obscure and enigmatical complication of the world, and running a thread of kindred and recognition through the processes of nature and the manifestations of mind. It gives the highest *effect* that the mere scientific faculties of man can work up. We may call it the sublime of classification.

But it requires a considerable maturity in critical distinctions, and in the knowledge of first principles of science and art, to bring together things according to their genuine likenesses; and unsuccessful attempts are apt to produce in our minds only new distraction. If there are any books that we are wiser and better for *not* having read, they are such as have theory for their object, and theorize badly, as for example, Burke "On the Sublime and Beautiful," not to mention the myriads of obsolete scholastic folios.

To illustrate wit and humor—to bring together a gorgeous array of the finest examples that human genius has created, or human life spontaneously offered of these attractive qualities—we must first discriminate precisely what they are. The term *wit* has had an application so loose and wide, that unless it be fixed by an express definition it is unfit to enter into any accurate discussion. It formerly meant intellect generally, and the phrase, "a great or powerful wit," would have been applied miscellaneously to Shakspeare and Newton, Milton and Hobbes. In becoming narrower in its application it has not yet settled decisively on any distinct thing or quality; but is so applied as to confound matters that are wholly different, and thus prolong the reign of confused conceptions. We shall cite a few of the kinds of intellectual products that are given as wit (or humor) by Mr. Hunt, and not uncommonly reckoned such in ordinary speech, and then ask the reader to judge which of them the word should be confined to; premising that, in our own opinion, the best restriction would be, to whatever truly contains the *ludicrous* or *laughable*, which is an effect most distinct and peculiar, and produced by one specific and uniform cause. And undoubtedly, when a witty book is promised, the most common expectation is that it will make people laugh.

1. Felicitous *comparisons*, that render some conception remarkably clear or vivid, or that condense into a brief expression a great compass of thought. These may be either formal comparisons, introduced with "as," or "like," or "as if;" or they may be involved in a metaphorical phrase, or an epithet. As—

"Her face is like the Milky Way i' the sky;
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

Or Goldsmith's line on Garrick:—

"An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man."

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the goud for a' that."

"True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon."

"'T is with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike; yet each believes his own."

Or this, from the teeming pen of Shakspeare:—

"A woman moved *is like* a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty."

Or Sir Philip Sydney's saying, that "the ballad of 'Chevy Chase' stirred the heart *like the sound of a trumpet*."

Aristotle has been called "the secretary of nature, who dipped his pen in intellect."

Comparison, in its thousand shapes, is one of

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the greatest resources of human genius in effecting its ends; it may have a purely intellectual effect, as in making an obscure thought clear by citing an illustrative parallel, or it may involve and be concerned in producing any kind of emotion—anger, pathos, love, beauty, the ludicrous. The only *constant* effect that follows on an original and striking comparison, is a shock of agreeable surprise; it is as if a partition wall in our intellect was suddenly blown out; two things formerly strange to one another have flashed together. It is the feeling of any sudden violation or contradiction of use-and-wont, and has a sharp, pleasant, stimulating effect. Like all agreeable things it becomes painful when we get too much of it, as in reading Hudibras, or in keeping company with people that are always aiming at clever sayings. There is a great tendency to call a very striking comparison *wit*, although there be nothing laughable in it. It would be better, however, to confine ourselves to some name implying the general fact that two things have been likened or identified, such as a simile, a comparison, a discovery of likeness, a coincidence, an analogy, a flash or rush of two into one, and so forth.

2. Sudden surprise, or the agreeable crossing of our expectation, is carried to the utmost in *epigram;* which often gives us a truth under the guise even of contradiction :—

"This world, they say, is worst to the best."

Or—

"By indignities men come to dignities."

Or this, of Göethe—

"I am content, and I don't like my situation."

Pope's writings are crowded with epigrams like these—

"And most contemptible to shun contempt."

The ludicrous is not at all brought out in the greater number of epigrams; yet perhaps there is no kind of effort apart from the creation of the laughable that is more commonly denominated "wit," than this dexterous tampering with contraries and contradictions while expressing sense and truth. It is like tantalizing a dog before giving him a bone. But the forms and devices of epigrammatic surprise are endless. Similarities in things where they do not naturally occur, as in the sounds of the words expressing contrary things; or contrarieties in sound with sameness in sense; or bold contradictions, as, "There is nothing so uncommon as common sense;" metrical felicities; or even mere brevity, "the soul of wit," are all of this species. The copious detail of Barrow's famous passage on wit is nearly full of varieties of epigrams :—

"Sometimes it is lodged in a sly question; in a smart answer; in a quirkish reason; in a shrewd intimation; in a plausible reconciling of contradictions; or in acute nonsense. Sometimes it ariseth only from a lucky hitting what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable; being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and knoweth things by.)"

His account of the feelings caused by wit is an admirable expression for the effects of comparison and epigram, as we have defined them, to the exclusion of the ludicrous :—

"It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension; a special felicity of invention; a vivacity of spirit; and reach of wit more than vulgar. Whence, in Aristotle, such persons are termed ἐπιδέξιοι, dexterous men, and εὐτρόποι, men of facile and versatile manners. It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty (as monsters and juggling tricks are beheld with pleasure;) by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gayety and airiness of spirit; and by seasoning matter, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang."

Supposing we are to be allowed to restrict the term "wit" to the causes of the laughable, "epigram" would be our chosen term for the class of "surprises" produced, by startling, unusual, terse, or apparently contradictory phraseology.

3. There is an effect produced in the literary as well as the other fine arts, which being, as it appears to us, the very essence and cream of art itself, the most genuinely artistic impression, ought to be carefully rescued from the designation of "wit," or "witty." It is what is called harmony and melody, in music; picturesque, in painting; keeping, in poetry; and fitness and suitableness of the parts, exquisite adaptation, and the essence of beauty, in all the regions of art. When we put a number of like things together, as soldiers in a line, there is an agreeable feeling of order and uniformity; but the force of art lies in joining two or more things of quite different composition or make, which nevertheless produce a fine harmonious feeling. It is, in Greek architecture, the harmony of the columns and the entablature; in Gothic, the harmony of the spire with the arch: and, in all styles, the harmony of the decorations with the main body. In sculpture, it is the suiting of expression to mind, and of attitude and drapery to expression. In painting, it is the composition and grouping of things that will in different ways excite the same emotion. In speech, it is suiting the action to the word—the sound to the sense. In poetry, which combines music and painting, there is unbounded scope for fine harmonies; there is the capacity of the verbal or metrical dress, which is susceptible of great variety and of powerful effect by itself alone, and therefore may work wonders in combination. Take a stanza and a half from Suckling's "Bride :"—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
But oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is half so fine a sight.

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* * * * * *

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin
Some bee had stung it newly."

Here the soft melodious movement of the metre chimes in exquisitely with the picture that the artist intends to give us.

We have also innumerable harmonies brought out between outward scenery and internal feelings and passions, as in Hamlet's midnight soliloquy.

" 'T is now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on."

There is next the suiting of situation and circumstances to character, and the making actions to harmonize that are of a totally different nature; of this one of our greatest examples is Don Quixote. Under the same general head we may rank the selection or invention of those points in external appearance, expression and manner, that have a fine accordance with the individual character or profession.

Chaucer's descriptions of his Canterbury Pilgrims have never been surpassed in this respect; most strangely adduced as they are by Mr. Hunt to illustrate Wit and Humor. Take for example the hardy yeoman—

" A nut-head had he, with a brown visage;"

And the Prioress—

" That of her smiling was full simple and coy,
Her greatest oath was but by Saint Eloy:—
Her mouth full small, and thereto soft and red;"

Or the Monk—

" A manly man to ben an abbot able;
Full many a dainty horse had he in stable,
And when he rode, men might his bridle hear
Jingling in a whistling wind as clear,
And eke as loud as doth the chapel bell."

How finely the scholar is touched in the single line—

" And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach."

And, in like manner, we might quote from every one of the descriptions, strokes of the same picturesqueness and keeping.

When the question is very closely argued, " Is such a one a poet?" there is nothing so certain to procure an unanimous affirmative as undoubted instances of this creation of fine harmonies. Accordingly, while the claims of Johnson, or even of Pope, to the highest order of poetic inspiration are disputed, there is never any question about Chaucer, Shakspeare, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Wordsworth, Campbell, or Burns. Men may have very great force of intellect both in thought and expression, and be totally incapable of such efforts as we now allude to. They mark the extreme points of contrast between the artistic and the scientific faculty; the latter, when in its highest glory, being an entire blank in regard to the exercise of this gift of the muses, and even almost preventing the possibility of its coming into play.

4. Closely allied to the highest character of artistic creations is what we call *truth to the life*, or a representation by words that calls up the most striking images of the distant or unseen realities of the world. We wonder that the mere use of language should give to a man sitting in London the visions and spectacle, almost the very sensations, of another walking in the streets of Rome; or that we should be made to know a hero of former ages as if we had lived with him and loved him; and we are agreeably surprised by receiving, from a printed book, the exact form and pressure of what we have otherwise known by personal experience. As, for example, such graphic descriptions of natural appearances as

" I expose no ships
To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea:"

or the portraitures of character by great artists. Shakspeare's Fop, or his Mrs. Quickly, occur to us among the thousands of such; and Mr. Hunt's book supplies admirable cases from Pope, Dryden, Swift, Goldsmith, &c. A single stroke in " Mary the cook-maid's letter," is worth citing: " For I write but a sad scrawl, but my sister, Marget, she writes better." The perfection of modern poetic and prosaic art in character-drawing and life-imitation is very great; but we demur to styling this operation wit; although it is very liable to be characterized as such if done in the epigrammatic style of Pope, Dryden or Goldsmith, more especially when executed in the malicious taking-down spirit of the first two.

5. The embodiment of a passion, or a feature of character, or a class attribute, in situations and circumstances and conduct that present it in a strong light; as, for instance, many of Pope's characters, and his Ode on the Ruling Passions; Randolph's Fear, Rashness, and Flattery; Swift's exposure of human selfishness, in his verses on his own death. This effort has more of abstraction and less of fulness and the varied circumstances of real life than the former; it has, in fact, a kind of scientific purpose to impress an idea or a doctrine, and uses living personification to aid the effect. It can be achieved by a less measure of the true artistic faculty than is required to set a completely filled up reality before us. The greatest of modern poetic artists abounds with perfect examples of this, as he might have been quoted for the highest harmonies, and for complete life pictures. We shall take from him two extracts in the form of speeches, each bodying forth the express image of the speaker. They are from the prelude to Faust; where the manager consults with the theatre-poet and merryman as to the business of getting up a play. The manager explains his mind on the subject thus (we use the closest translation we have been able to procure)—

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"You two, who have so frequently
In need and trouble me directed,
Say, what success may be expected
For our attempt in Germany?
To please the public is my anxious study,
Because, while eating, it lets others eat.
The posts and boards are all put up and ready,
And every one is counting on a treat.
They sit there now, each one his eyebrows cocking
At ease, and quite in key for something shocking.
I know the people how they are amused;
Yet ne'er in such a pother did I feel;
True, to the very best they are not used;
But then the rogues have read a frightful deal.
When we can manage to be fresh and new,
And, with a purpose, yet be pleasing too;
Then, with free conscience, can I see the bustle,
When to our booth the stream comes pressing straight,
And with strong heaving and repeated hustle,
Squeezes itself through our tight mercy-gate;
When, in clear day, ere stroke of four,
They fight their way to the calm man of checks;
And, as for bread in famine round a baker's door,
So, for a ticket, almost break their necks.
This wondrous power o'er masses hath the poet
Alone of men. My friend, to-day, oh, show it."

Such is the manager's feeling; the poet's point of view is embodied as follows—

"Go hence, and seek thyself another slave!
The poet, sooth, because thy pockets crave,
His highest right must basely sport away—
The manhood-right from Nature he inherits!
Wherewith bestirs he human spirits?
Wherewith makes he the elements obey?
Is 't not the stream of song which out his bosom springs,
And to his heart the world back-coiling brings?
When Nature of her thread the length unending,
Placidly turning, on her spindle strings;
When crowded beings' unharmonious blending
Harsh-jingling through each other rings;
Who parts the flowing equable procession,
Imparting life that it may march in time?
Who calls the unit to the general consecration,
Where it in lordly sympathy may chime?
Who bids the tempest rage in angry bosoms;
The evening red in earnest spirits glow?
Who sheds all sweet and beautiful spring-blossoms
Upon the path where loved ones go?
Who weaves the worthless green leaves, ere they wither,
In glory wreaths for every merit known?
Makes strong Olympus, binds the gods together?
The power of Man, as in the poet shown!"

The sketching of class peculiarities, ruling passions, or strong isolated points of character, is all that many artists can achieve. Even Ben Jonson, notwithstanding his genuine power and his great poetic resources, stops short at this effect, oftener than he rises into the higher region of full-life description.

6. Fine and happy renderings of great or favorite sentiments, by the invention of circumstances or situations that bear them out and illustrate them strongly. In this we believe that Shakspeare carries the palm over all mortals; we may ask, like Solomon, "who has come after him" in his expression of almost any great sentiment, situation, or opinion that has come in his way? The Fear of Death, The Love of Life, the Affections, Authority, Order, Mercy, Grief, Ingratitude, the Vanities of Life, and more than we can recount, have been clothed by him in immortal shapes which have struck them deeper into the human spirit than before. A single line will serve to bring before the reader what we mean—

"———— so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly."

We have alluded already to the illustration of sentiment by *comparison* or simile, but this illustration by *circumstance*, or the invention of contiguous or collateral incident and situation, comes more near the true poetic effect than the other; being more allied to harmony, which is not produced by exact likeness. Fable, also, whose creation Hazlitt admires as the most enviable of human gifts, is a powerful device for conveying sentiment. Now when such embodiments and enforcements of sentiment yield nothing of the laughable, we take the liberty of excluding them also from the domain of wit.

7. Eloquent and powerful panegyric, or abuse, or stirring assertions borne out by terseness of example, illustration, proof or epigram.

"Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst;
For close designs and crooked councils fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, that working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-infirmed the tenement of clay."

Much of Swift has this character of direct downright earnest assertion of bad or good qualities. Burke's "French Revolution" is full of it. His famous expression of trampling law and order under "the hoofs of the swinish multitude," is an oratorical thunderbolt rather than a flash of wit.

8. Indirect and insinuated expressions of good or ill regard, abuse, or praise. These are very often witty in the sense of laughable, but in general they are not so; they merely heighten the effect of the meaning conveyed, and please us by the ingenuity and dexterity that can do one thing while seeming to do a quite different thing. The extreme case of *irony*, we shall notice again.

The quotations from Marvel often exemplify this mode of speech; as in his lines on "Blood stealing the crown"—

"He chose the cassock, cincingle and gown,
The fittest mask for one that robs the crown."

Voltaire's mockeries are often conveyed by insinuation, as in his critique on the Song of Solomon: "A Jew is not obliged to write like Virgil." A good instance occurs in Pope's lines on the Lord Mayor's show—

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"Now night descending, the proud scene is o'er,
But lives in Settle's numbers one day more."

9. In addition to all the foregoing ways of bringing out literary effect, there is a power wielded by some writers through the fertility and profusion of their style—the mere multitude of comparisons, epigrammatic turns, harmonious circumstances, life delineations, illustrations of character and sentiment, strokes of eloquence, and touches of insinuation, that they accumulate round every subject. We must admire luxurious productiveness of intellect, and we cannot but be strongly impressed by whatever it is brought to bear upon. Such writings as those of Rabelais or Jean Paul, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson or Swift, produce a huge tumultuous agitation of our faculties and feelings, by the massiveness and richness of their creations. They form a strong contrast to the artistic method of Göethe or Chaucer, (in his Canterbury Pilgrims especially,) or the Greeks, who execute their works by touches few and fine, and put us in a state of calm enjoyment of their exquisite harmonies.

There is a set of products of an altogether illegitimate character that have been finely exposed by Addison, under the name of False Wit, and by Johnson, in his dissertations on the Metaphysical Poets. Mr. Hunt has however admitted some of this species into his collection, such as puns, macaronics, mixed languages, nonsense verses; while he condemns as heartily as Addison the acrostics and anagrams. The best of these things can have no merit but as showing ingenuity and intellect, and they have the demerit of torturing rather than gratifying the human susceptibility. We can enjoy them only after a hardening process, like the blunting of the natural sympathies requisite to fit a person for gladiatorial shows.

Having endeavored to apply names to all the intellectual creations that are not in their nature ludicrous, so as to reserve the term "wit" to the cases where the laughable really predominates, we must now consider the nature and producing cause of this peculiar effect.

It is admitted on all hands that laughter is caused by *incongruity;* that it always implies the concurrence of at least *two* things or qualities, that have some sort of oppositeness of nature in them. But the question comes, what kind of incongruity or oppositeness is it that inevitably causes laughter. There are many incongruities that produce anything but a laugh. A decrepid man under a heavy burden, five loaves and two fishes among a multitude, and all unfitness and gross disproportion; an instrument out of tune, a fly in ointment, snow in May, Archimedes studying geometry in a siege, and all discordant things; a wolf in sheep's clothing, a breach of bargain, and falsehood in general; the multitude taking the law in their own hands, and everything of the nature of disorder; a corpse at a feast, parental cruelty, filial ingratitude, and whatever is unnatural; the entire catalogue of the vanities given by Solomon—are all incongruous, but they cause feelings of pain, anger, sadness, loathing, rather than mirth.

As far as we can judge, the *ludicrous* kind of incongruity is that arising from opposition in the particular quality of *Dignity*. It is the clash of coincidence of Dignity and Meanness, High and Low, Venerable and Contemptible, Eminent and Vulgar, Elevation and Humiliation, Sanctity and Commonness, Awe and Familiarity. We are not aware of any case that yields the ludicrous where there is not some inequality or incompatibility in the degrees of reverence or respect that an object inspires. A creature incapable of worship is incapable of laughter.

The outburst of laughter is nature's provision for relieving an incompatibility of mental and bodily states, that would otherwise be painful in the extreme. There are attitudes and movements of the system that, if occurring simultaneously, pull the same organ opposite ways, and produce the most terrible agony. The convulsions of disease are sometimes of this nature. Contradictory statements painfully distract the intellect, the countenance, and the active intentions. The distress of doubt is known to all men. Education is disagreeable from the struggle of opposite states of body and mind. We might even consider tears as the relief from the conflicting opposites of affection and loss.

Now, we find, on making the observation, that the feelings of reverence, worship, respect or awe, invariable put on one distinct attitude and expression of body, and that there is a totally opposite kind of attitude for ease, indifference, familiarity, vulgar and animal offices.

But we must first discriminate the carriage of dignity itself, and also attend to that of reverence, which is reciprocal to it, and reflect further on the elevated personage in the act of receiving homage, either by additional erectness of deportment, or by gracious condescension.

Dignity is created and maintained by power, and by no other thing whatever. It is the carriage, style, appurtenances, privileges, gifts, and accompaniments of power—or of influence, extensive causation, active energy, the instrumentality of change or resistance, action and effect in any of the regions of nature or the world's affairs. A Hercules, killing monsters, and conquering difficulties, an Orpheus, impelling rude multitudes by his eloquence; a Tyrtæus, kindling the bravery of his countrymen by song; a patriarch, at the head of his family; the chief of a tribe, the rulers of a state, the dispensers of spiritual privileges, the lord of the soil, the owner of machinery and wares, the arbiters of justice to nations, the teachers of youth, the inventive genius whose thoughts enthral the world—are men of power and dignity, they are the natural superiors of their fellows, they receive respect and homage from right-thinking men, and have badges and privileges accorded them by right-thinking societies. Some men are powerful by favor and promotion; others are so

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by intrinsic gifts, or by wielding with unusual force and skill the ordinary instrumentality of head and hands in ordinary situations. One set of men are dignified merely by administering great trusts; others have become so by surmounting great difficulties, by victory and conquest over matter or mind, nature, art, or science: a Wellington or Humboldt, Watt, Faraday, or Wordsworth.

Now, there is an attitude or carriage suiting the exercise and possession of power, and an accompanying state and circumstance, which strike the minds of beholders immediately into the corresponding carriage of reverence. The *person* is erect, the *chest* expanded, the *head* drawn back, the *under lip* is strongly drawn up, the *eyes* hang with an easy downward look, or look even forward, respiration predominates over digestion, and the muscles of extension are the active sustainers of the position. If the exertion be easy to the individual, this state is an agreeable luxurious one; if it be assumed, and uninspired from within, it is fatiguing and painful. It is the state proper to the *exercise* of active power, as well as to the *show* of it; it is, in fact, the *commanding* attitude.

The carriage of respect, worship or homage, is opposed to this in several points. The *body* is bent, not for ease, but rather with the stiffened bending of supporting a load; the *eyes* are tightened with intense upward stretch; the bowing, kneeling, and falling down, all suggest the idea of one person beckoning to another above him to stand on his prostrate person, and be kept erect and elevated at his expense.

The effect of homage and worship upon dignities is to set them more at ease in the maintenance of their stately and erect attitudes; the suggestion of a bodily support gives a mental support.

Strongly contrasted with these two attitudes is the easy, loose, relaxed state of a person under the temper of indifference and unconcern about exertion, power, or dignity of any sort. The *body* is bent at ease, the chest collapsed, the abdominal muscles receive the energy of the system, the limbs and various members hang upon the bones and ligaments, instead of being supported by nervous and muscular energy. Digestion prevails over respiration, and over activity of body or mind. This state lies between action and sleep; it is the state of passive animal enjoyment, so welcome to all that are blessed with a vigorous digestive system. It is, however, deemed *brutish*, because it pervades the brutes to the very lowest; *vulgar*, because common to the most insignificant of the human race; *sluggish*, because it needs no exertion; *selfish*, because it can give no pleasure but to one's self; *low* and *mean*, because it is the opposite of the state that yields great exertions and great influence and command over others.

The erect, dignified attitude has usually been provided with many outward accompaniments that harmonize with it, and become part of its expression to the world; for example, elevated seats and platforms, central position, overhanging canopies and lofty roofs, aspiring architecture, spacious halls and wide domains, glittering colors and sparkling gems, worldly abundance, trains of homage-paying attendants, voluminous music and acclamations, high-sounding speech, poetry and song, refinement upon every grossness, processions, ceremonies and rites—by the multiplication of these power increases its efficacy, and its exactions of humiliation and respect from all that draw nigh unto it.

The undignified, easy, careless, relaxed, digestive state, has its appropriate accompaniments too; it is signified by the filth that the higher feelings desire to have put away; by confusion, chaos, and the native rudeness and grossness of nature; by rags, poverty, narrow and squalid dwellings; by laziness and helplessness of demeanor; by the sluggard's fields, physical misery, a slavish and humiliating rank, low vices and grovelling ignorance, awkwardness, difficulty, and a prodigious show of effort in actions. The beholder of any of these tokens is put into a state of feeling and carriage very different from the effect of a display of power, greatness, and majesty on the mind. And if it should happen that both spectacles come upon us at once, or are combined in one and the same object, since we cannot possibly entertain the double and contradictory emotion, the question is, what must happen?

Either we are torn on the rack of opposite forces, or one feeling entirely subdues the other, or we are agreeably relieved by laughter, which is a convulsive tottering and relapse from the high and dignified attitude to the vulgar and easy. We contemplate for an instant the lofty side of the picture, and our breast swells into sympathy with it; we catch, the next moment, the low aspect, and the chest is violently collapsed by convulsive expirations, that shake the whole frame. The features of the face, the expression of the eye, the carriage of the body, and every part that is strung by dignity or reverence, suddenly shake and vibrate downwards to the opposite state, amid moist effusions and bold darting glances. The entire moving system of the body is under strong agitation.

Now, in a world where there are so many dignities, and so many of the shows of dignity abundantly spread, and also where there is necessarily so much of the opposite, this kind of collision is very common. The pomp and circumstance and accompaniments of greatness are so apt to be occasionally entangled with features of vulgarity, either through accident or intention, that we have abundant opportunities for the mirthful explosion. If the dignity thus brought into the dirt have a strong, serious influence, or inspire a deep earnest reverence in the spectator's mind, the effect of the degrading conjunction is suppressed at once, and the laugh is not allowed. Or any strong passion whatever, anger, grief, affection, intense desire, or resolute determination, can, in like manner, stifle the budding conflict. There are people, too, that want the laughing nature, from some physical or mental singularity; in others it is kept down by a

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perpetual serious deportment. But mankind in general are very much alive to the effect of ludicrous conjunctions.

There are many dignities set up and emblazoned by pomp and pretension that are not universally accounted real genuine dignities, whose clash with vulgarity, therefore, not being rescued by serious homage, causes unresisted hilarity. And, in fact, this case includes a large number of all the ludicrous occasions that happen. False or faded dignities and deities; splendor and show without meaning; characters unfit for their stations; hollow pretensions, affectation, assumption and self-importance; vanity, airs and coxcombry; all the windings of the hypocrisy that aims at seeming greater than the reality; painful strivings to gain glittering positions—are among the things that commonly induce laughter, when brought into the embrace of meanness and degrading inferiorities. It is true that, for the sake of mirthful enjoyment, we are often disposed to waive even our serious feelings of respect, and hail the descent of a true dignity with sparkling countenance, but it is against our better feelings to do so, and we are glad when the case is of the other kind.

We shall now present a few examples of the ludicrous, first, in its purest form, and next, as combining with all the other kinds of artistic and literary effect.

Lucian's dialogues, the plays of Aristophanes, Swift's "Tale of a Tub," or our own "Punch," indicate, we think, at once, the truth of our general definition; every one of them owes its effect to seizing on elevated personages and plunging them into vulgar situations. When Molière brings in the celestial messenger of the gods, sitting tired on a cloud, and complaining of the number of Jupiter's errands, Night expresses surprise that a god should be weary; whereon, Mercury indignantly asks, "Are the gods made of iron?" With all our disbelief in these deities, their highly decorated representations have on our minds the effect of dignity, and when they are dealt with thus, we are affected by the most extravagant opposition of sentiments and states, and burst into a roar.

In a court of justice, or in an assembly of more than ordinary gravity, a trifling incident causes laughter. We are screwed up into an expression of gravity and dignity that we do not feel at heart, and the slightest vulgarity, such as a loud snore, breaks us down immediately. All forced dignity of demeanor, as that imposed upon children and giddy people in certain places, is very apt to explode. In a mirthful mood, every attempt to assume the decorous and dignified is the cause of new outbreaks, as when a merry party on the road is interrupted for a moment by a grave and awful-looking passer-by. Children, mimicking the airs and strut and weighty actions of grown men, are ludicrous; but in this they are surpassed by the monkey, from its being a creature so much more filthy, mean, and grovelling, and which, therefore, in performing human actions, presents a wider contrast of dignity and debasement. Stage mimicry is made ludicrous by introducing some vulgarizing accompaniments of manner or dress.

A common device for causing laughter is to make a person pass at once from an elevated to a common or degrading action, as in Pope—

"Here thou great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea."

Or in the remonstrance to a lady—

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?"

But the more perfect the fusion of the two hostile ingredients, or the more impossible it is rendered to think of them separately, the surer is the ludicrous effect. We shall now see this in detail by exemplifying the mixing-up of the lucidrous with the different effects already enumerated, which we maintained to be not necessarily witty or laughable in themselves.

1. Ludicrous comparisons are of very frequent occurrence, and by their nature cause the incongruous features to be run very close together. We have sometimes a dignified object clothed by a mean simile, as in Butler's famous couplet, "And like a lobster boiled," &c.; and at other times a mean object illustrated by a parallel of elevated rank, as "He had torn his breeches, as if heaven and earth had come together." Shakspeare has often long strings of ludicrous similes, as in Falstaff's speeches; indeed, comic exaggeration and degradation, by comparisons heaped one upon another, seem to have been one of the easiest and most natural efforts of his genius.

2. The epigram in combination with the laughable is richly exemplified in Pope, Butler, Swift, and many others. The "Rape of the Lock" is a sustained tissue of this character. Marvel's description of Holland contains good instances of epigram bringing the high and the vulgar into collision—

"Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord and country's father speak.
To make a bank was a great plot of state,
Invent a shovel and be a magistrate."

We may have surprises pleasant or painful—witty or not witty: when looking for the dignified, if we stumble on the common, or opposite ways, the surprise is ludicrous—

"In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
A prodigy: her morning dress was dimity."

Under the epigram, as formerly defined, we must necessarily rank puns of every kind; where a word in expressing one idea carries with it a second meaning, suggesting something very different, perhaps contradictory, to the first. A pun will be ludicrous when the clash of meanings involves a great contrast in the feelings of dignity or importance. In the creation of puns Hood probably excels all other wits in luxuriant abundance.

"Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;

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But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

"Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, 'Let others shoot;
For here I leave *my second leg*,
And the Forty-second foot.'"

A humorous play upon the same terms in a paragraph taken from the "Nottingham Mercury," is running the round of the press while we write, and it is worth preserving, as perhaps the best specimen the reader has met with of a penny-a-line extravaganza—

"DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—A short time ago a man was cutting ling or heather in Papplewick-forest, in this neighborhood, for the purpose of being manufactured into besoms, when, having slipped between two pieces of fallen timber which lay concealed beneath the heather, he broke his right leg. Being unable to extricate himself from his position, with a desperate resolve he seized the handbill, which he had brought for the purpose of cutting the ling, and chopped the leg clean off. Though thus liberated from the confinement under which he had previously suffered, he found himself, of course, unable to make his way over the forest on one leg, when he deliberately set himself down on a large stone, and placing the entire leg on an adjoining block, without more ado, chopped it level with the other broken leg, and trudged his way home, more than two miles, on the stumps, with his amputated legs under his arms! It may be just necessary, in order to mitigate the horror which the reader might be apt, very naturally, to feel, at the above extraordinary recital, to inform him that both the legs were wooden ones."

The pun upon Archbishop Laud is genuinely ludicrous—

"Great praise to God, and little Laud to the devil."

So also is old Fuller's remarks upon the antiquarian, Selden: "He possessed coins of the Roman emperors and a good many more of our later English kings." Sidney Smith's account of a dinner supplied by New Zealand hospitality, which would have, among other things, some "cold clergyman on the sideboard," in addition to the admirable pun, is a concentration of ludicrous clashes. It is inferior only to Sheridan's illustration of the Addington ministry, which contained all Pitt's colleagues and subordinates under a new premier: "The right honorable gentleman (Mr. Pitt) had sitten so long, that, like Hercules, when he arose he left the sitting part of the man behind him." The following passage from Sidney Smith's third letter to Archdeacon Singleton rises above mere verbal punning:

"You must have read an attack upon me by the Bishop of Gloucester, in the course of which he says that I have not been appointed to my situation as canon of St. Paul's for my piety and learning, but because I was a scoffer and jester. Is not this rather strong for a bishop, and does it not appear to you, Mr Archdeacon, as rather too close an imitation of that language which is used in *the apostolic occupation of trafficking in fish?*"

3. The highest poetic harmony and keeping may be rendered ludicrous by the appropriate infusion. Shakspeare produces this effect by bringing low characters on the stage to comment, in their dialect, upon the high matters and incidents of the play, as in the grave-digger's scene in "Hamlet." Faust contains powerful instances of the same combination; the demeanor of Mephistopheles, in the opening scene, is intensely poetical and comic in the same breath. Few artists have brought out the highest harmonies of nature and life, and fewer still have been able to work into them the ludicrous. But we shall allude to this again in commenting upon humor.

4. Life pictures and striking representations of the actual, where the finest concords are not expressly sought so much as genuine fresh reality in its natural colors and unharmonious combinations, are very susceptible of yielding the ludicrous. They must often be so, in their very truthfulness. Pope's description of Timon's villa is admirable as a ludicrous description of a ludicrous original. With an eye for the incongruous, and the requisite power of illustration, he that paints life has a boundless command of the laughable; and if there be, in addition, an express design to produce it, and a little license taken in departing from the original, we have the comic art of Aristophanes and Plautus, Rabelais and Swift, Hogarth and Dickens. The following is a very remarkable picture of the bustle of warlike preparation, as seen in the furnishing out of ships and stores, taken from the "Acharnians" of Aristophanes. It is in a defence of a supposed truce made with the Lacedæmonians against a war-loving party:—

"——and so they went to war.
You 'll say, 'They should not!' Why, what should
they have done?
Just make it your own case. Suppose the Spartans
Had manned a boat, and landed on your islands,
And stolen a pug-puppy from Seriphos;
Would you then have remained at home inglorious?
Not so, by no means; at the first report,
You would have launched at once three hundred
galleys,
And filled the city with the noise of troops;
And crews of ships, crowding and clamoring
About the muster-masters and paymasters;
With measuring corn out at the magazine,
And all the porch choked with the multitude;
With figures of Minerva, newly furbished,
Painted and gilt, parading in the streets;
With wineskins, kegs and firkins, leeks and onions;
With garlic crammed in pouches, nets, and pokes;
With garlands, singing girls, and bloody noses.
Our arsenal would have sounded and resounded
With bangs and thwacks of driving bolts and nails;
With shaping oars, and holes to put the oar in;
With hacking, hammering, clattering, and boring;
Words of command, whistles, and pipes and fifes.
Such would have been your conduct. Will you say
That Telephus would have acted otherwise?"*

Sydney Smith's description of what he calls as

* Mr. Freer's translation, extracted in the "Classica Museum," Vol. I.

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ordinary clergyman, is abundantly comic, from the choice of the phrases :—

' But substitute for him an average, ordinary, uninteresting minister; obese, dumpy; neither ill-natured nor good-natured, neither learned nor ignorant; *striding over the stiles to church with a second-rate wife, dusty and deliquescent, and four parochial children, full of catechism and bread-and-butter;* or let him be seen in one of those Shem-Ham-and Japhet buggies, made on Mount Ararat soon after the subsidence of the waters, driving in the High-Street, Edmonton, among all his penurious, saponaceous, oleaginous parishioners."

5. When, instead of full, genuine, life description, we have reality picked and garbled to unfold and illustrate some one character or feature—some passion, idea, or moral—it is very easy to produce comic effect by selecting the points in character or doctrine that yield it most readily. By choosing vanity, affectation, coxcombry, or ambition, the task is easy. Cowards with high pretensions to honor and valor, like Bessus and the bullies, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "King and no King," hypocrites, gallants, flunkeys, are easily dressed up in the mirthful garb of mingled high and low. Foolish admiration of glitter, and the fondness of women for the men of the sword, are vividly portrayed in Swift's "Grand Question Debated." From this we extract three lines of the lady's description of a captain—

"For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle;
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle."

Caricature is generally a peculiar point of character, or an idea, rendered comic by the due mixture of opposites in the composition. In this department the painter has peculiar advantages.

6. Sentiments, and opinions, and situations, may be illustrated in the ludicrous as well as in the serious manner, by the suitable choice of circumstance and accompaniment—

"A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind."

Or Sydney Smith's illustration of the peculiar forms of the Natural History of Botany Bay.

"Then comes a quadruped as big as a large cat, with the eyes, color, and skin of a mole, and the bill and web-feet of a duck—*puzzling Dr. Shaw, and rendering the latter half of his life miserable,* from the utter inability to determine whether it was a bird or a beast. Add to this, many other productions *that agitate Sir Joseph, and fill him with mingled emotions of distress and delight.*"

7. Eloquence, borne out and strengthened by wit, might be exemplified at any length both in our poetic and prose literature. Dryden's abuse of Shadwell, the laureate, is a perfect specimen. The supposed speaker is Flecnoe, who is on the search for a successor.

"Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years,
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

8. Ludicrous insinuation has always a richer effect than the laughable direct. Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" contains many good examples of it. An extract given by Mr. Hunt, from Rabelais, yields a beautiful illustration in point. The cowardly and lazy Panurge, in a storm, where shipwreck is imminent, becomes intensely and of course most ludicrously pious, praying himself, and reproving the oaths of the busy sailors.

"Oh! you sinn'd just now, Friar John, you did indeed; you sinn'd when you swore; think of that, *my former crony!* Former, I say, because it 's all over with us, with you as well as with me. Oh, I sink, I sink. Oh to be but once again on dry ground; never mind how or in what condition; *oh if I was but on firm land, with somebody kicking me.*"

Rabelais might be given as our very greatest example of the ludicrous in splendid profusion and power:—a vast genius appropriating materials from all regions of life and thought, and producing mirth and laughter as his first and foremost effect, with pictorial, moral, and doctrinal tendencies behind.

Parody and travesty and the mock heroic may be cited, as very clearly illustrating our general description of the ludicrous. In these, a low subject is clothed in a dress borrowed from a subject of an elevated character. Thus Philips, in "The Splendid Shilling," makes great havoc of the style of Milton.

"Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale:
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-hall repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phyllis, he each circling glass
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast) my meagre corpse sustain;
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill fingers; or from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well polished jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent.
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Authur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale,) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To wend his wares at the Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yeleped Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encirles Aricinium, fruitful soil."

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Peter Pindar's parodies of Boswell and Johnson (although the subject is exceedingly susceptible of parody) are a powerful condensation of wit and ludicrous effect. Boswell's story of imitating a cow at Drury Lane, is a good instance.

"When young ('t was rather silly, I allow,)
Much was I pleased to imitate a cow.
One time, at Drury Lane, with Doctor Blair,
My imitations made the playhouse stare!
So very charming was I in my roar,
That both the galleries clapped, and cried 'Encore.'
Blest by the general plaudit and the laugh,
I tried to be a jackass and a calf;
But who, alas! in all things can be great?
In short, I met a terrible defeat;
So vile I brayed and bellowed, I was hissed;
Yet all who knew me wondered that I missed.
Blair whispered me, 'You 've lost your credit now;
Stick, Boswell, for the future, to the cow.'"

Burlesque brings about the clash of dignity and vulgarity in the opposite manner from travesty. It is the application of low terms to high subjects: which is a very easy effort of art, being often produced when not intended. It generally requires a great artist to make either of these modes at all endurable.

Irony is not necessarily ludicrous, but it is often made so. The great power of this mode of address lies in its embarrassing an opponent's reply; the meaning to be conveyed being given intelligibly enough, but not being contained in the language used, it becomes hard to grapple with it. The master of well sustained irony is Swift, and probably his masterpiece is the "Modest Proposal for preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or the Country, and for making them beneficial to the Country." Never was there so much coolness and gravity maintained in an exposition of a monstrous project; and the effect of the whole as a severe rebuke is tremendous, while every now and then there occurs an uncontrollable burst of the ludicrous.

Lest the details of a cannibal project, although only a jest, should be too coarse for the present age, we prefer to give, as a good example of irony, Sydney Smith's exhibition of the common-place attacks made upon political innovations and new measures in general. It is a happy aggregation of the fallacies so well dissected and exposed by Bentham. We may suppose it pronounced in parliament as

NOODLE'S ORATION.

"What would our ancestors say to this, sir? How does this measure tally with their institutions? How does it agree with their experience? Are we to put the wisdom of yesterday in competition with the wisdom of centuries? (*Hear, hear!*) Is beardless youth to show no respect for the decisions of mature age? (*Loud cries of hear! hear!*) If this measure is right, would it have escaped the wisdom of these Saxon progenitors, to whom we are indebted for so many of our best political institutions? Would the Dane have passed it over? Would the Norman have rejected it? Would such a notable discovery have been reserved for these modern and degenerate times? Besides, sir, if the measure itself is good, I ask the honorable gentleman if this is the time for carrying it into execution?—whether, in fact, a more unfortunate period could have been selected than that which he has chosen? If this were an ordinary measure, I should not oppose it with so much vehemence; but, sir, it calls in question the wisdom of an irrevocable law—of a law passed at the memorable period of the revolution. What right have we, sir, to break down this firm column, on which the great men of that day stampt a character of eternity? Are not all authorities against this measure—Pitt, Fox, Cicero, and the attorney and solicitor-general? The proposition is new, sir; it is the first time it was ever heard of in this house. I am not prepared, sir—this house is not prepared to receive it. The measure implies a distrust of his majesty's government: their disapproval is sufficient to warrant opposition. Precaution only is requisite where danger is apprehended. Here, the high character of the individuals in question is a sufficient guarantee against any ground of alarm. Give not, then, your sanction to this measure; for, whatever may be its character, if you do give your sanction to it, the same man by whom it is proposed will propose to you others, to which it will be impossible to give your consent. I care very little, sir, for the ostensible measure; but what is there behind? What are the honorable gentleman's future schemes? If we pass this bill, what fresh concessions may he not require? What further degradation is he planning for his country? Talk of evil and inconvenience, sir—look to other countries—study other aggregations and societies of men, and then see whether the laws of this country demand a remedy or deserve a panegyric. Was the honorable gentleman (let me ask him) always of this way of thinking? Do I not remember when he was the advocate in this house of very opposite opinions? I not only quarrel with his present sentiments, sir; but I declare very frankly I do not like the party with which he acts. If his own motives were as pure as possible, they cannot but suffer contamination from those with whom he is politically associated. This measure may be a boon to the constitution, but I will accept no favor to the constitution from such hands. (*Loud cries of hear! hear!*) I profess myself, sir, an honest and upright member of the British parliament, and I am not afraid to profess myself an enemy to all change and all innovation. I am satisfied with things as they are; and it will be my pride and pleasure to hand down this country to my children as I received it from those who preceded me. The honorable gentleman pretends to justify the severity with which he has attacked the noble lord who presides in the court of chancery; but I say such attacks are pregnant with mischief to government itself. Oppose ministers, you oppose government; disgrace ministers, you disgrace government; bring ministers into contempt, you bring government into contempt; and anarchy and civil war are the consequences. Besides, sir, the measure is unnecessary. Nobody complains of disorder in that shape in which it is the aim of your measure to propose a remedy to it. The business is one of the greatest importance; there is need of the greatest caution and circumspection. Do not let us be precipitate, sir; it is impossible to foresee all the consequences. Everything should be gradual; the example of a neighboring nation should fill us with alarm! The honorable gentleman has taxed me with illiberality, sir.

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I deny the charge. I hate innovation, but I love improvement. I am an enemy to the corruption of government, but I defend its influence. I dread reform, but I dread it only when it is intemperate. I consider the liberty of the press as the great palladium of the constitution; but, at the same time, I hold the licentiousness of the press in the greatest abhorrence. Nobody is more conscious than I am of the splendid abilities of the honorable mover; but I tell him at once, his scheme is too good to be practicable. It savors of Utopia. It looks well in theory, but it won't do in practice. It will not do, I repeat, sir, in practice; and so the advocates of the measure will find, if, unfortunately, it should find its way through parliament. (*Cheers.*) The source of that corruption to which the honorable gentleman alludes is in the minds of the people;—so rank and extensive is that corruption, that no political reform can have any effect in removing it. Instead of reforming others—instead of reforming the state, the constitution, and everything that is most excellent, let each man reform himself! let him look at home;—he will find there enough to do, without looking abroad, and aiming at what is out of his power. (*Loud cheers.*) And now, sir, as it is frequently the custom in this house to end with a quotation, and as the gentleman who preceded me in the debate has anticipated me in my favorite quotation of the 'Strong pull and the long pull,' I shall end with the memorable words of the assembled barons—'*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*'"

"The merchant's opinion of wives," in Chaucer, is irony of the keenest character. Butler also produces it of a rare quality, sometimes laughable, sometimes not. One instance we shall give from him, which has the genuine ludicrous infusion—

> "This we among ourselves may speak,
> But to the wicked or the weak
> We must be cautious to declare
> Perfection truths, such as these are."

The ludicrous, mixed up with contempt, hatred, or dislike, becomes ridicule, derision, scorn, and mockery; and of these unamiable kinds the genius of man has produced great examples. But we turn from them to the consideration of a mixture of a very different character, that is to say, Humor.

Humor is felt to be a higher, finer, and more genial thing than wit, or the mere ludicrous; but the exact definition of it has occasioned some difficulty. It is the combination of the laughable with an element of love, tenderness, sympathy, warm-heartedness, or affection. Wit, sweetened by a kind, loving expression, becomes humor. Men who have little love to their fellows, or whose language and manner are destitute of affectionateness and soft, tender feeling, cannot be humorists, however witty they may be. There is no humor in Butler, Pope, Swift, Dryden, Ben Jonson, or Voltaire.

It is, in fact, very difficult to unite the warm glowing sympathies with mirthful creations. Even when the laughing mood is also a loving mood, the *embodiment* of such a compound in expression or creation would not be easy. There are many points of character that it is hard to combine together; to find fault without giving offence; to be affectionate and authoritative at the same time; to exhibit in conduct both the *fortiter* and the *suaviter*. Laughter is from its nature more easily allied to contempt and egotism than to affection and devotedness.

Mr. Carlyle, in his various critiques on Jean Paul Richter, (an admirable subject to study humor on,) has presented this view of the essence of humor in all variety of phrases. "In Richter's smile itself a touching pathos may lie hidden, a pity too deep for tears." "The essence of humor is sensibility; warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence," and the power of exhibiting this in sportful ways.

Don Quixote we would place at the head of humorous creations. The hero, with all his ludicrousness, is so continually radiant with true good feeling; a chivalric devotion sits so naturally and genially upon him, that the picture of a kind heart is ever before us. Knight-errantry is taken down by the exhibition, but not ridiculed; we have a feeling for it far different from what is given by the heartless mockeries of Voltaire.

"The reason, Sancho," said his master, "why thou feelest that pain all down thy back, is, that the stick which gave it thee was of length to that extent."

The sympathetic feeling of Quixote is on every occasion real and strong, but his manner of expressing it makes it highly ludicrous.

Addison is among our greatest English humorists. Sir Roger de Coverley is a noble example of genuine humor; for while he is making fun to us by his simplicity and his irrelevance, he maintains a warm kindliness of manner, that would make him a delightful character apart from his incongruous features. But in everything that Addison writes we discern the fit and perfect expression of a genial and loving turn of mind, which converts ridicule into raillery and wit into humor. We shall quote a few paragraphs from the delineation of the worthy knight.

"I was this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me and told me that there was a man below desired to speak to me. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend, Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn walks. As I was wondering with myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

"I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderberg.

"I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigor, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air, (to use his own

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phrase,) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

"Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr. Barrow.

"He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble, upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

"Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead, and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. But for my part, says Sir Roger, I do not think the old woman had any hand in it.

"He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbors, and that in particular he had sent a string of hog-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small-beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.

"I was very much pleased with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of parliament for securing the church of England, and told me with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid dissenter who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

"After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the Club, and particularly of his old antagonist, Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile, whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, tell me truly, says he, don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the pope's procession? But without giving me time to answer him, well, well, says he, I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters.

"The knight then asked me, if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honor to the British nation. He dwelt very long upon the praises of this general, and I found that since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honor of this prince.

"Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squires'. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humor, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take a pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, until the knight had got all his conveniences about him."

Sir Walter Scott has given us humorous characters; and Galt's novels abound with exquisite specimens: but Burns represents, perhaps, the best that Scotland can show in this region of art. His intense feelings both of tenderness and mirth, and his creative force of intellect, acting through the Scotch dialect, produced the intense humor that we find in "The Jolly Beggars," "The Address to the Mouse," "The Farmer's Mare," and "Tam o' Shanter." The opening stanzas of "The Jolly Beggars" may be quoted (if not too Scotch for many readers) to show how the most disgusting objects can receive a loving as well as a ludicrous color:—

"When lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or, wavering like the bauckie bird,*
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreught† drest;
Ae night at e'en, a merry core
O' randie gangrel bodies,
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore
To drink their ora duddies:
Wi' quaffing and laughing
They ranted and they sang;
Wi' jumping and thumping
The vera girdle rang.

"First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae and blankets warm,
She blinket on her sodger;
And aye he gies the tousie drab

* The bat. † Hoar frost.

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The tither skelpin' kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab
Just like an a'mous dish;*
Ilk smack still did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whup,
Then staggering and swaggering
He roared this ditty up."

In "Tam o' Shanter," humor is only one of the many effects of that wonderful creation. The humor predominates in the opening of the story—

"O Tam! had'st thou been but sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder,† wi' the miller,
Thou sat as long as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on;
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on:
That at the L——d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah! gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How monie lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale. Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleesing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, souter Johnnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure.
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious;
O'er all the ills o' life victorious."

Falstaff must be set down as a humorous character; the kindly, loving ingredient being shown in his resigning himself with such good heart and good grace to be the butt of all his merry companions. Justice Shallow has also well-marked traces of humor.

The finest poetic harmony is so much akin to love, which is the harmony of human souls, that it may constitute the sweetening element of humor. Of this we know no better example than Chaucer's "Disappearance of the Fairies"—

"In oldĕ dayĕs of the King Artoûr,
Of which that Bretons speken great honôur,
All was that land full filled of faerie;
The elf queen, with her jolly company,
Dancĕd full oft in many a greene mead;
This was the old opinion as I read;
I speak of many hundred years ago,
But now can no man see none elvĕs mo;
For now the great charity and prayers,
Of limitours and other holy freres,
That searchen every land and every stream,
As thick as motĕs in the sonnĕ beam,
Blessing halls, chambers, kitchenĕs, and boures,
Cities and burghs, castles high and toures
Thropĕs and bernĕs, shepĕnĕs and dairies,
This maketh that there be no faëries;
For there as wont to walken was an elf,
There walketh now the limitour himself.
Women may now go safely up and down;
In every bush and under every tree,
There is none other incubus than he."

It is more easy to produce a humorous effect by bodily expression and manner than in writings. A warm, beaming countenance, an affectionate smile, and tones mirthful and soft, are more common than the power of combining wit and endearment in words. Hence, we find many humorists in common life, and on the stage; and hence painters and sketchers have been more successful in this region than poets. In our own day the sketches of George Cruickshank often exhibit the most genuine humor.

With regard to Wit and Humor generally we have to remark that they are most effective in small doses, or with a large mixture of sterling matter of the serious kind. Interesting information, strong good sense, vivid pictures, powerful eloquence or pathos, with a touch of wit occurring now and then, give the effect with the greatest degree of relish. If Swift, Addison, and Sydney Smith, had not possessed intellects that would have made them great without their wit, they never would have been great with it. Nothing but a certain amount of sensible remark, and a few touches of character, keeps Sam Slick's writings from being unendurable. But in our greatest artists, who pour forth thought, imagery, and harmony, in grand profusion, and touch every chord of human nature, the ludicrous cannot easily be overdone; and when it does occur its effect is enchanting.

This is finely illustrated by a famous passage in the "Birds" of Aristophanes, where the birds expound their pretensions to illustrious descent, and their superiority to gods and men. It is a piece of lofty and vigorous poetry, yielding the ludicrous from the purpose it is made to serve:—

"Ye children of man, whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly, calamitous creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the sovereign Birds,
(Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air,)
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labor, and care.
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,

* A wooden bowl or platter, which the beggars carried with them to receive their alms in, these usually consisting of meal.
† Corn sent to the miller.

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A profound speculation about the creation,
And organical life, and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky. We propose by and by
(If you listen and hear) to make it all clear,
And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce,
When his doubts are explained and expounded at once.

Before the creation of Æther and Light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight.
Nor ocean, or air, or substance was there,
Or solid or rare, or figure or form,
But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm.

At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,
By Night, the primeval, in secrecy laid:
A mystical egg, that in silence and shade
Was brooded and hatched,—till time came about,
And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
In rapture and light, exulting and bright,
Sparkling and florid, with stars in his forehead,
His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnished,
To range his dominions, on glittering pinions,
All golden and azure, and blooming and burnished.

He soon, in the murky Tartarean recesses,
With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses
Impregnated Chaos, and hastily snatched
To being and life, begotten and hatched
The primitive birds; but the deities all,
The celestial lights, the terrestrial ball,
Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth,
More tamely combined, of a temperate kind;
When chaotical mixture approached to a fixture.

Our antiquity proved, it remains to be shown
That Love is our author and master alone;
Like him we can ramble, and gambol, and fly,
O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky;
And, all the world over, we're friends to the lover;
And, when other means fail, we are found to prevail,
When a peacock or pheasant is sent as a present."

Of the uses and benefits of man's risible faculty in human life we should speak largely, if we had the power to express them. The amount of enjoyment that it causes is only to be described by those that can paint the blessings of sunshine, or the value of repose. In how many situations does it not smooth the intercourse of life? When we are thrown among strangers, when we encounter our fellows without the means of sympathizing with them, a stroke of merriment is the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

Laughter is a source of prodigious moral power; it is a weapon that can inflict pain and torture, and largely influence the actions of men. It keeps vanity, affectation, and singularity in check; and can sometimes exterminate dignities, and abolish their worship. When opinions have been disproved to the satisfaction of all men that can judge of truth, their last hold of the human mind is generally dissolved in floods of ridicule. But, as the masters of this weapon are not always qualified or careful to descriminate the false from the true, the best things have often to endure the ordeal of being laughed at. It was at one time said that ridicule is a test of truth; which can only mean, that what cannot be dethroned from the respect and worship of men by derision, and alliance with degrading ideas, is at least well established, and has probably some truth on its side. But the opinions that defy ridicule in one age often sink under it in another.

We cannot refrain from repeating, that the great object that an artist must seek, in gratifying men through their sense of the ludicrous, is to arrest and delay the outburst of laughter, or so to interweave the mirthful occasion with other feelings and actions, that the enjoyment may be prolonged and tranquil rather than brief and violent. The laughable should be converted into a seasoning of the serious purposes, the weighty actions and the elevated pleasures of existence. This is exactly what we mean by *refinement;* it is the application of intellect to husband and control the animal impulses. He that can use the stimulus of mirth to send home a truth, to impress a moral, to rouse to useful activity, is both a great artist and a benefactor of the species; and he that can enliven without fatiguing an assembly through a long evening by gentle and variegated touches of this one string, is a valuable agent in human life. The strong animal feelings are of themselves sudden and exhausting; but it is possible so to interrupt and dam their current that they may run slowly and sweetly, and with a gradual effusion. Out of the most unpromising of passions, the feeling of terror, Mrs. Radcliffe has distilled the most exquisite fascination, by keeping the actual objects always at a distance, and merely suggesting them indirectly to the imaginations of her readers. Abruptly to present to us a man in a mad fit of jealousy, would be simply to torture our sympathies and give unmixed pain; but to work up the case into a complicated tale of circumstance and plot—to give along with the main accident the entire train of events and the full embodiment of the love, the anger, and the despair—is to yield a feast of intellect and soul such as nothing but some terrible occasion could inspire. The passions without the intellect are brutish; the intellect without the passions is drivel. The greatest orator is not he that can produce sudden impulses, but he that can control the emotions and kindle up by their means an extensive surface of thought and resolution. The poet portrays the wrath of Achilles only through the manifold scenes and incidents of a ten years' struggle. A human passion has no greatness except as woven into the variegated tissue of life; and life uninspired by strong emotion is void of interest.

The greatest formal device for allying the ludicrous with the panoramas and pictures of the living world is the superstructure of comedy. Here the action and reaction of man on man, in business, in pleasure, in ambitious pursuits and inglorious vices,

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are displayed and irradiated by the flashes of laughable encounter. The convergence of dignity and littleness in one point is very easy when two parties are brought on the stage. In the intercourse of men, and in the dramatic representation of it, there is greater difficulty in keeping up level dignity than in producing incongruities. The dialogues of companionship commonly yield more of mirth than seriousness; and except where the ludicrous faculty is castrated, comedy is easier to write than tragedy. The smallest attempt of one man to influence another, is so liable to produce an effect different from what is proposed—to issue in a cross purpose, a bathos, or some disproportionate action—that one can scarcely say a word that does not run the risk of causing a joke. A single person apart may keep his dignity unsoiled, and avoid being great and little at the same instant; but when there are two, three, or many, acting together with all possible differences of character, we are sure that comedy and farce, and all the occasions of mirth, will be abundant. Accidents, the uncertainties of temper, the disappointments of daily life, and the whole fund of contradictions that occur to try human nature, contain every possible mode of incompatibility, and produce, along with griefs and sorrows, triumphs and successes, the clash of unequal dignity and the outbursts of the ludicrous. If, therefore, a good selection of different characters, and a story full of cross incidents and uncertainties are put well together; above all, if a really dramatic dialogue can be composed, where the production of the ludicrous is kept in view, we have the main elements of a comedy. Low and vulgar as comedy may seem, it is a genuine poetic creation in this sense, that every character must be provided with a wide variety of speech and action in keeping with itself. The more richly each character can be displayed, the more abundant and expressive the touches whereby it is manifested, the greater means will there be of producing the comic effect; and moreover, the ludicrous will be so much the more softened and diluted by the presentation of harmonious life-pictures. There is of course room for a peculiar felicity in bringing about encounters of the truly laughable sort, which is the test of the high comic genius. Aristophanes rules supreme in the ancient world in this species of creation. As a specimen of his power we may quote the contest between Æschylus and Euripides for the tragic throne in the shades, before Bacchus, as umpire, who had come there to seek a dramatic poet, and at his arrival had found the dispute just commencing.

"*Bacchus.* Come now begin, dispute away; but first I give you notice
That every phrase in your discourse must be refined, avoiding
Vulgar absurd comparisons, and awkward silly jokings.
Euripides. At the first outset I forbear to state my own pretensions;
Hereafter I shall mention them, when his have been refuted;
After I shall have fairly shown how he befooled and cheated
The rustic audience that he found, which Phrynichus bequeathed him;
He planted first upon the stage a figure veiled and muffled,
An Achilles, or a Niobe, that never showed their faces;
But kept a tragic attitude, without a word to utter.
Bac. No more they did; 't is very true—
Eu. In the meanwhile the chorus
Strung on ten strophes right-an-end, but they remained in silence.
Bac. I liked that silence well enough; as well perhaps or better
Than those new talking characters.
Eu. That 's from your want of judgment, Believe me.
Bac. Why perhaps it is—but what was his intention?
Eu. Why mere conceit and insolence:—to keep the people waiting,
Till Niobe should deign to speak—to drive his drama forward.
Bac. O, what a rascal! Now I see the tricks he used to play me.
[*To Æschylus, who is showing signs of indignation by various contortions.*]
What makes you writhe and wince about?
Eu. Because he feels my censures.
Then having dragged and drawled along, half way to the conclusion,
He foisted in a dozen words of noisy, boisterous accent,
With lofty plumes, and shaggy brows, mere bugbears of the language,
That no man ever heard before.
Æs. Alas! Alas!
Bac. [*to Æschylus*] Have done there.
Eu. He never used a simple word.
Bac. [*to Æschylus*] Don't grind your teeth so strangely.
Eu. But bulwarks and samanders and hippogriffs and gorgons,
'On burnished shields embossed in brass,' bloody remorseless phrases,
Which nobody could understand.
Bac. Well, I confess for my part,
I used to keep awake at night with guesses and conjectures
To think what kind of foreign bird he meant by griffin-horses;
Æs. A figure on the heads of ships; you goose, you must have seen them.
Bac. Well, from the likeness I declare I took it for Eruxis.
Eu. So! Figures on the heads of ships are fit for tragic diction.
Æs. Well, then, thou paltry wretch, explain—what were your own devices?
Eu. Not stories about flying stags, like yours, and griffin-horses;
Nor terms nor images derived from tap'stry, Persian hangings.
When I received the muse from you, I found her puffed and pampered,
With pompous sentences and terms, a cumbrous huge virago.
My first attention was applied to make her look genteelly;
And bring her to a slighter shape by dint of lighter diet;

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I fed her with plain household phrase, and cool familiar salad,
With water-gruel episode, with sentimental jelly,
With moral mincemeat; till at length I brought her into compass;
Cephisophon, who was my cook, contrived to make them relish.
I kept my plots distinct and clear, and to prevent confusion,
My leading characters rehearsed their pedigrees for prologues.
Æs. 'T was well at least that you forbore to quote your own extraction.
Eu. From the first opening of the scene all persons were in action;
The master spoke, the slave replied; the women, young and old ones,
All had their equal share of talk.
Æs. Come then, stand forth and tell us
What forfeit less than death is due for such an innovation?
Eu. I did it upon principle, from democratic motives.
Bac. Take care, my friend, upon that ground your footing is but ticklish.
Eu. I taught those youths to specify—
Æs. I say so too—moreover,
I say that for the public good you ought to have been hanged first.
Eu. The rules and forms of rhetoric, the laws of composition;
To prate, to state, and in debate to meet a question fairly;
At a dead lift, to turn and shift, to make a nice distinction."

Ludicrous monologue, or general reflections of a mirthful kind, do not make comedy. It is not enough to give the dramatic shape to a piece, and to produce comic effects in it; the effects must arise from the clash of the characters themselves. Comedy is the mode of ludicrous embodiment that essentially requires the form of the drama as its foundation.

But we must consider laughter also as a philosophy, a mental support and consolation against the ills of life. That there should be a sect of laughing philosophers, as well as cynics, stoics, epicureans, hermits, or weeping philosophers, is no marvel; for many have triumphed over much misery by the force of mirth. We cannot drive away the immediate pressure of distress; but the intervals of actual hunger, pain, or sickening disappointment, may be spent in a cheerful mood, rather than in gloomy forebodings and recollections. Even the sense of present uneasiness may be alleviated by a turn given to the thoughts and feelings, which is what we call philosophy. Thus we have the philosophy of Tullochgorum and John o'Badenym, which prescribes music and song; the philosophy of the poet, who, Göethe says, has received from nature the right enjoyment of the world; the philosophy that bids us drive away care by labor; the influence of the affections and friendship; the love of knowledge; and many others. But we have Burns, and Jean Paul, and thousands besides, who have filled up the periods of life-weariness, and eased the load of pain, by converting everything into fun and jollity. The light-hearted Irishman has often been known, in the dreary fatigues of a campaign, to keep up the spirits of a company by turning the laugh against each occurring misery. It were well, however, that the gifts of the poor Irish in this particular were not quite so great. There is a certain seriousness in keeping with the realities of life, and the laughing, and all other philosophies that blind us to these, only lead us to destruction.

From the Spectator.

NEWS OF THE WEEK, ENDING OCTOBER 9.

Half-way between the prorogation and the meeting of parliament is the time when rumors of "ministerial intentions" are sure to appear; and the present season is no exception to the rule. Several rumors are afloat—that the navigation-laws are to be abolished; that the Irish poor-law and tithe-act are to be abolished, the ecclesiastics and paupers to be supported by a kind of income-tax on land: that certain new offices are to be created, including one at the head of the issue department of the Bank of England; that Lord Palmerston is to resist foreign intervention in Switzerland, as well as in Italy, &c. The foreign policy imputed to Lord Palmerston is inferred from the movements of his diplomatic agents, and cannot yet be authentically understood. The other reports rest on various grounds. It is tolerably certain that some new offices are to be created, but of what importance we do not know. The appointment of an official head to the issue department of the bank has been mentioned by the *Morning Post;* and the idea probably originates in a rather general opinion as to the necessity of some such measure. If the appointment were made, it would seem to involve the absolute separation of the issue department from the bank, and its elevation into a sort of "sub-treasury." The rumor about the two Irish measures is put forth by an evening paper of Dublin in the landlord interest, perhaps as a suggestion; the suggester, however, affecting to deprecate encroachment on the established church.

The repeal or sweeping modification of the navigation-laws, is an inference drawn from some symptomatic phenomena in the press. The current number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an elaborate and effective exposé of the navigation-laws, their profitless restrictions and mischievous interference with trade. According to the *Review*, the presumption that protection is injurious even to the shipping interest is justified by the facts: our shipbuilders are best protected by their own skill and peculiar command of resources. The advocacy, indeed, is all on one side; which might raise a doubt of its absolute trustworthiness. But the importance of the paper, echoed by the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Times*, consists not so much in its arguments as in the probable inference which it suggests, that the laws thus assailed by the whig organ are to be broken down by the whig government. It looks like the official gift of an ill name to the dog as a preliminary to the official hanging.

As the whig Quarterly is supposed to foreshadow the whig policy, so the *Quarterly Review* endeavors to establish a policy for the opposition—the veritable opposition, the country party, real tories, or

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anti-Peelites. The principal political paper in the new number proclaims the alarming fact that Sir Robert Peel is evidently intending to take up a neutral position, in order to arbitrate between the contending whig and country parties; and the *Quarterly* earnestly calls upon the true tories to prevent his taking or using that commanding position. They are requested to defeat his plan, by not entering into needless contest with ministers, and by themselves preöccupying the coveted position of neutrality, so as to arbitrate between whigs and Peel-conservatives. The whig policy, we know, has all along been to arbitrate between the conservatives and the tories. There is something very ludicrous in this anxious watching of the countenance which Sir Robert Peel maintains with provokingly untranslatable placidity, and in this intense competition for the post of "arbiter." Neither party is to oppose, scarcely to propose, anything, lest the third party should take advantage of the equal contest to dispose of events at its own pleasure. This would be a dead lock.

Fortunately for the country, however, the balance is not so even as the *Quarterly* hopes; nor is either of the two parties to which it stands opposed actuated by motives of mere neutrality. The whig ministers, in their capacity of liberals, are under a compulsion to be active, not passive—positive, not negative; and, however they might prefer a neutral policy, it is clear that they are precluded from it. Neutrality is no characteristic of the ex-premier's position—let not the *Quarterly* delude its faithful with any such hope: the policy which he has expressly enunciated as the one which he will support is a cautious but diligent endeavor to promote the material welfare of the empire in all its parts; a policy above faction, but not neutral, nor one to be counteracted by the strategy of neutrality.

The dreaded "4th" of the month appears to have put a stop to the failures in the city by the neutralizing effects of a general panic; as homœpathic medicines profess to cure a disease by inducing its like. After ten days or a fortnight of disasters as regularly recurring as the daily post, "the 4th" was expected to bring on a terrific crisis—a kind of universal dissolution. The conduct of the bank was watched with anxiety. It had postponed its restrictive policy, as if, with malice prepense, it meant to suffer the pressure to become as bad as possible in order that the reaction might come with the more destructive jar. And it did pull up with a tremendous jerk, refusing to renew loans even on public securities! The money-market was astounded; the usual epithets enjoyed by the writers of those revolutionary epics the "city articles"—such as "agitation," "sensation," "alarm," or even "panic"—fail to represent the condition of the most sensitive of communities: it was stunned—an Irishman would say "kilt"—a Cockney, still more expressively, "flabbergasted." Despair, indignation, and helpless bewilderment, possessed the enraged multitude on 'change. But, somehow, the succession of downfalls stopped. Odd, but true.

Our peaceful anticipations for Italy are so far justified, that Austria has retracted from its aggressive position and evacuated Ferrara. Prince Metternich has not stood upon the technical right on which his subordinates insisted. He has emulated the denizen of the politest nation in the world, who replied to the English lady's fear lest what she had said was not good French, that "it *ought* to be so:" if Pope Pius the Ninth is not diplomatically infallible, Prince Metternich virtually admits that his holiness ought to be so; and the Latin construction of the treaty is made for the nonce to override the idiom of diplomacy. This is well for all parties.

The *Morning Chronicle*, a journal which has watched Italian affairs with assiduity and discussed them with zeal and judgment, observes, that if "Austria has given way for the moment," it is "only to recommence her antagonism to Italian liberty under different circumstances, on more specious pretexts, and at times and places more favorable to her." No doubt; and the warning of our contemporary, that Italy should not cease to be vigilant and united, is just. But still this pacific retrograde movement on the part of Austria is a true victory for Italy, not the less valuable in that it costs no blood nor any loss even to Austria herself. Quite the reverse. Absolutism is a political principle as well as popular liberty; it is not yet extinct, and is not to be disposed of by a stroke of the pen in journal or edict; it will, it must continue to vindicate its existence for some time longer in a region where it has been so long established. The utmost that can be expected is, that the contest shall be fair and open, without miscalculation or waste of power on either side; so that the mean result of the two resisting forces shall be ascertained and established with as little disturbance as possible. It is well for both sides to know, not only their own, but each other's strength. It will save much loss, much misery, much time, and much future unsettlement, if they attain to that useful knowledge. The peace of Italy will be promoted by nothing more than by a clear understanding as to what is possible, and what is not yet so. A clear understanding on such points would tend more than anything to make even Austria revise her policy. The total extinction of absolutism as an opinion in England, indicated by the extinction of the tory party and its "divine right" tenets, is not an isolated fact, nor without its corresponding advancement of opinion in other countries. Prussia, however reluctantly, has altered the standard of opinion for all Germany. The elevation of Pius to the popedom is an historical fact. Even Prince Metternich seems capable of reading these signs. But Prince Metternich is not immortal; and not many years hence, Austria as well as France must "turn over a new leaf," if only because the presiding genius of the present system will have disappeared from the scene. It is well that the native statesmen should approach that inevitable revision of Austria's position with all the practical experience that can be crammed into the interval. Peaceful energy is the outward sign of commanding power: if Italy can display that, Austria will be taught lessons yet unlearned. And it has fortunately happened that the attention of Europe has been drawn to Italy in a manner favorable to the fostering of her independence, and to the friendly checking of any untoward indiscretions.

Among the deaths of the week, that of Mr. R. B. Peake will be observed with regret. Mr. Peake was the author of numerous and for the most part successful dramatic pieces; for several years he had been treasurer of the Lyceum Theatre; and he was esteemed for his talents, his probity, and his amiable disposition. The *Times* states that Mr. Peake leaves a numerous family in difficult circumstances.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

NARAYUN BAWA, THE PSEUDO-MESSIAH OF THE MAHRATTAS.

About the end of the year 1829, there appeared in the Deckan an extraordinary child, who gave rise to one of the strangest, and, for the brief period of its duration, one of the most powerful movements of religious fanaticism ever witnessed; and whose career, had it not been suddenly cut short by a premature and violent death, might have led to the establishment of a new form of worship, and possibly to some serious political convulsion. Although seventeen years have been sufficient—in the rapid succession of political events of great magnitude, and the constant flux to which the British-Indian public is subject—to make the memory of this individual almost forgotten, and his very name unknown to a majority of those who now compose Anglo-Indian society, those who were in Bombay, the Deckan, or the Southern Conkan, in the early part of the year 1830, must well remember the unbounded excitement which prevailed on the subject of this child, through all the territories subject to the government of Bombay; and which, sometime before his decease, had, from a religious, gradually begun to assume a political character. A brief record of his career, therefore, besides presenting a peculiar phase of Hindoo supernaturalism, bodying forth in a recent living example their theory of divine appearances upon earth, and, perhaps, illustrating the mode in which former heroic or remarkable men were elevated into incarnations of the deity, may be useful also on political grounds.

The proper name of this child was Narayun Powar; but he soon became distinguished by the title of Narayun Bawa, the Holy Narayun; and, ultimately, by that of Narayun Deo, the God Narayun. He was the son of a peasant named Powar, and born in Pimpoordee, a village belonging to the Raja of Sattara, situated about sixteen miles north of Sattara, and east of Waee. Of his earlier infancy nothing certain is known; but at the age of eight years, he had become famous in the neighborhood for the extraordinary faculty which he possessed, of catching and controlling venomous serpents. He went about the fields and the rocks, the ditches and walls of loose stones, enticing or dragging these reptiles from their holes and lurking places, and handled them with the greatest fearlessness. He seemed vested with a predilection for, and a command over, these creatures, equally singular. He had them continually twined round his arms and neck; played with them as other children would with kittens; petted or chided, fondled or chastised them with equal impunity. They came at his summons, and departed at his bidding; several were constantly around him; he appeared, in fact, to live among them and control them at his will.

How he had become invested with, or acquired so extraordinary a faculty, his parents could not or would not tell; and it is difficult now to determine If the assumption of his disciples, that he was endowed with preternatural power, be, on the one hand, inadmissible; on the other, it is difficult to imagine by what process of tuition an art so difficult and dangerous could have been taught so young a child. Nor is it easy to conceive a motive strong enough to induce parents possessed of ordinary filial affection, (a feeling very strong in the Hindoos,) to expose their infant to the risks of so deadly an experiment—one which, as the event showed, must ultimately prove fatal to him. It has been imagined that the whole secret lay in his having about his person, or being rubbed with the juice of, some particular herb, the smell of which had the power of attracting the snakes, and, at the same time, overpowering their noxious qualities, by inducing a sort of voluptuous intoxication. There are certainly reports of the existence of such a plant, and its alleged effects upon the snakes would not be greater than those which certain herbs produce upon other animals. The existence of the antidote which the Mungoos swallow after being bitten, is, we believe, unquestioned; and it is, at all events, a more rational way of escaping a difficulty, to give nature credit for powers not generally known, than to resort to the supernatural without an adequate necessity.

But, whatever the nature of his power or his art, it was soon bruited abroad with considerable exaggeration; and his own family, in conjunction with some brahmins, began to turn it to account. They gave out that Narayun, whom they now began, for the first time, to dignify with the addition of Bawa, or "The Holy," was not an ordinary mortal, but the incarnation of some divinity, born into the world for the deliverance of the human, or, at least, the Hindoo race. Strange, mysterious words were said to have fallen from him at times, revealing glimpses of his real nature, and the purpose for which he was come. In general, he was so far from being a grave child, that he was distinguished among all his companions for his sportive disposition, his love of merriment, and his addiction to gambling. He never would wear clothes, which, indeed, Hindoo children at his age seldom do, but ran about naked; and when not engaged with his favorite serpents, he would be found seated among a crowd of children, playing with them at cowries. These shells, it should be remarked, are used in India as dice; six or seven being thrown, the varying numbers of shells which fall with the orifice up and down at each throw, give the requisite variety of chances.

This sportive, mercurial character, and this habit of gambling, which, in Europe, would have been fatal to all pretensions to holiness, rather aided than impeded the opinion which his friends wished to spread respecting him. For, according to the notions of the Hindoos, sportiveness is a characteristic of deity, when emerging from eternity, unity, and quiescence, into time, variety and action. All the phenomena of nature are but the sporting of the divinity—the MAYA, or illusion, by

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which he deceives, confounds, and evades our senses. So, the tremendous battles of Rama, and the wanton amors of Krishna, were alike but "KRIDA" and "MAYA," sport and illusion. The whole universe is an unsubstantial, cloud-built, flitting pageant—a shifting, deceptive panorama or phantasmagoria—a sleight, a game, with which the divinity, like a skilful juggler, cheats our perceptions and baffles our inquiry. Conformably to these views, Narayun's fondness for play and gambling were set down and reverenced as KRIDA and MAYA—divine sport and illusion. The little boy, throwing up cowries, or pelting his playfellows with mud, beheld by the eye of faith, and through the medium of the maya doctrine, was no longer the urchin Narayun Powar, but the God Narayun, sporting with worlds.

The false ever stimulates the true—the demoniacal apes the divine. To this imagined Messiah of the Mahratta nation, there was not wanting a Baptist to go before his face, and prepare his way—to announce his mission—to bear testimony to his divinity. Balkrishna, the brahmin koolkurnee, or village registrar of Pimpoordee, undertook this office. Selecting a small rivulet in the neighborhood, he there established a teerth, or place of sacred bathing, in the name of Narayun Deo, the living God Narayun. Thither were invited pilgrims from all quarters, to come and purify themselves in the sacred waters; thither the sinner was summoned to be washed—the faithful to offer up their sacred vows—the weary and distressed to obtain rest, and a deliverance from worldly cares—the sick to be healed, in the name of Narayun. The diseased of all denominations flocked to the spot from every quarter, bathed in the stream, and sat down upon the banks, awaiting the destined hour of their deliverance. The blind, the lame, the leper, and the cripple, were there in great numbers and in great hope; for rumor had spread abroad through the country that many lepers had been healed, and many blind had received their sight. Parties appeared in Bombay and Poonah, who averred they had been cured by Narayun: and these assertions of one or two strangers, whose history it was impossible to trace, or whose truth to test, were multiplied a hundred-fold by the voice of popular exaggeration, and increased the general ferment and delusion. On the spot no cure was publicly witnessed; indeed, none appears to have been formally attempted. Each was told to bathe—to lay his offering at the feet of Narayun—to worship, offer up his prayer or his vow, and then retire, and await, in silent resignation and hope, conjoined with a frequent repetition of bathing in the sacred rivulet, the hour when it might please the divinity to fulfil it.

Evangelists were not wanting to record Narayun's actions, nor apostles to proclaim his mission and his doctrine. He was soon attended by a crowd of brahmins, of whom four were specially employed in registering his words and actions—the miracles and cures alleged to have been performed by him, and the vows offered up in his name. One of these legendary gospels, of which a copy got into circulation, amounted to about three hundred foolscap sides in manuscript. Other of his brahmin disciples were sedulous in spreading his fame and inculcating his doctrine upon all who approached the pilgrimage, whether from faith or curiosity. The doctrine which he is represented as having preached, and which, at all events, his apostles preached in his name, amounted to this: that men should no longer worship gods of wood or stone; that all faith should be placed in *him*, the living divinity, come to deliver the world. The deliverance thus promised and looked for, seems to have been like that expected by the Jews from their Messiah, an earthly one—from physical evil and political servitude. Foreign dominion was to cease—Narayun to obtain supremacy; the wicked and impure to be exterminated, piety to flourish, the golden age to return.

Miracles were not wanting to confirm his mission; they are cheap in India. Besides the details of cures, alleged to have been performed on the blind, the lame, and the leper, who, as all the new arrivals were told, had gone away rejoicing; and of vows made in distant places, and fulfilled by Narayun; other marvels were narrated of him. When his uncle, unable to pay the balance of his land-tax to the revenue officers of the rajah of Sattara, was taken before the chowdry, and a large stone placed upon his head, (a common mode of torture resorted to under Mahratta governments, for the purpose of extorting payment from recusants,) Narayun, beholding his distressed situation, and filled with indignation at the outrage, miraculously removed the stone, and miraculously produced the sum that was demanded. When the rajah himself came to visit him and commanded his attendance, he refused to obey the summons, and ordered the rajah to wait *upon him*. The incredulous rajah demanded a sign, and Narayun ordered a large rock to transport itself from its native bed, and move to an opposite hillock in his presence. These and similar feats of thaumaturgy, were narrated to all comers; and, from the wonderful command which they beheld him daily exercise over the snakes that were brought to him from every quarter, such tales received a ready credence.

Prophecies were not wanting. An ancient prediction of the poet Toolseedas, referring to a period not far distant from that in which Narayun appeared, was pressed into his service. It foretells the appearance of an extraordinary person, who is to obtain political supremacy in India, and terminate all foreign dominion; and the person so foretold is not to be a mere man, though in human form, but an incarnation of Indrajit, the son of Rawun. Rawun, as perhaps most of our readers know, was a gigantic, many-armed, many-headed demon, or Titan—a Hindoo Briareus, who, some thousands of years ago, was king of Lunka, or Ceylon, and was slain by the god Rama, at the

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end of the war which is celebrated in the Ramayun, the Hindoo Iliad.*

In this war, Indrajit, too, was slain by Luxoomun, Rama's brother. It may be wondered at, that the son of a demon should have so glorious a future destiny predicted him; or that those who wished to represent Narayun as a god, should thus identify him with a titanic hero. But, through the whole Hindoo system, the demoniacal or titanic nature and the divine melt into each other. Their external phenomena are opposed, but this is *maya*, or illusion:—their internal essence is one. Indrajit, in his former appearance on earth, had himself overcome the god Indra, (the atmospheric Jove,) and wrested the thunderbolt from him.† Rawun, his father, was, although a Titan, an ascetic of exalted devotion. His very death, at the hand of the god Rama, was a glorious reward for this virtue. In the pantheistic and mystic views of the Hindoos, all oppositions and diversities are reconciled in unity. The apparent enmity and punishment of the devout demon king was only external maya, phenomenal illusion; the hostile contact, the death-embrace with Rama, was, in reality, union with the divinity!

There was, therefore, no difficulty on the score of Indrajit's former titanic character:—this was quite consistent with his now coming as a god and deliverer of mankind. All that was necessary was, to make the verses of Toolsee-das fit Narayun Deo. This, with the help of a little interpolation, was easily effected; and the prediction, thus altered, was speedily circulated, and before long was in every hand and on every tongue, through the Mahratta country.

*Rawun had, like Paris, carried off Sita, the wife of Rama. Rama and his brother Luxoomun, like the two Atrides, laid siege to the ravisher's capital, which they took and burnt, as the Greeks did Troy; recovering the imprisoned beauty, and slaying her captor and all his family. Every exhibition of fireworks, transparencies, or other pyrotechny, is to this day called Lunka by the Hindoos, as representing the superb conflagration of that city produced by one of Rama's most efficient allies, the monkey-god, Hunoomun, commander of the army of monkeys, who assisted Rama's operations. Hunoomun allowed his tail—a tail some miles long—to get into jeopardy among the besieged, and they imprudently wreaked their vengeance on this formidable member, by setting it on fire, and feeding the flame with all the available oil in the city. But as soon as it was well kindled, Hunoomun commenced wagging it to and fro through their capital, and thereby produced the most magnificent conflagration on record.

†Perhaps, like Franklin, of whom it is said, metaphorically, *Eripuit fulmen cœlo*. Indeed, one is led to suspect that Rawun and his son were in reality men of great scientific resources. A remark on this subject was once made to us by a Hindoo, which is so curious that we here record it:—"The Hindoos, who watch and reflect upon the proceedings and achievements of you Europeans, say that all your actions resemble those attributed in our Poorans or religious poems, to giants and demons. Thus it is said in the Ramayun, that Rawun had taken several of the gods prisoners, and made them his household servants. The god Agni (fire) was his cook, and dressed his food; the god Wayoo (wind) was his housemaid, and swept his chamber; the god Waroonu (water) was his gardener, and watered his trees; and so with the rest. You, too, have mastered and imprisoned these elements, and make them serve you. The wind works your ships; the ether (gas) lights your houses; you have harnessed the fire and water like horses to your carriages and your steamers; they work in your mills, and coin your money."

The following is a translation of the metrical prophecy of the poet Toolsee-das. It was written during the supremacy of the Mogul or Turkish dynasty, whose fall it predicts; and the first, second, fourth, and fifth stanzas, being found in most copies, may be considered genuine. The long third stanza, however, is not in any old copy, and must have been specially framed to represent the rise and fall of the British power in the Deckan. The particular locality and the healing of disease are evidently introduced to adapt it to Narayun Deo. It will be observed, too, that the four last lines of this stanza repeat, in a combined form, particulars mentioned separately in the first, fourth, and fifth stanzas: and the omission of the whole third stanza will not injure the sense of the genuine prophecy. It is clearly an interpolation and a forgery. The nineteenth century of Vikrumajit, within which the prophecy was to be accomplished, terminates in 1844. The fifteenth year of the British rule in the Deckan, when it was to be overthrown, and the year Nundun, when Indrajit was to establish his supremacy at Delhi, and the new golden period of eighty years was to commence, correspond with 1832–33.

PROPHECY OF THE POET TOOLSEE-DAS.

I.

"Why, mind, art thou impatient? There shall come,
Within one thousand and nine hundred years,
A destined period, when Indrajit,
The son of Rawun, shall again be born.

II.

"Why, mind, art thou impatient?—for, behold!
The splendor of the Turkish race shall fade,
Even as a garment fretted by the moth:
And to the North, the South, the East, the West,
The destined one his kingdom shall set up.

III.

"Why, mind, art thou impatient?—ere that day,
Large armies of a race impure shall come
Into the Deckan, and set up a sway
For a brief period, which shall wane away
And perish of itself. Behold! behold!
Out of the sea—with hat upon his head—
A reddish-bodied waterman shall come,
To man nor woman working aught of good,
And hold dominion for some fifteen years;
Till Indrajit, the son of mighty Rawun,
In Huree Bulevunt Punchal's land be born;
At Delhi he shall rule for eighty years;
Shall heal disease, and shall consume the wicked.

IV.

"Why, mind, art thou impatient? In that day
Bhoolbula, born in Powar's ancient race,
Shall rule at Delhi. In the year called Nundun,
In the sixth day of Vusunt's vernal season,
There shall be spread his regal canopy.

V.

"Why, mind, art thou impatient? Eighty years
This golden age shall last;—virtue shall flourish,
And all the wicked be destroyed;—by aid
Of Rughoobeer, thus Toolsee-das [foretells]."

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Psalmists were not wanting to hymn Narayun's praise. Many hymns and canticles were composed in his honor by the brahmins around him, and forwarded to every quarter to increase his celebrity. Of these we subjoin one which was circulated at an early stage of his appearance, and became very widely known—

TRANSLATION OF AN UBHUNG OR METRICAL HYMN, IN PRAISE OF NARAYUN DEO.

Composed and circulated by Balcrishna, the Koolkurnee or Registrar of the village of Pimpoordee.

I.

" In the hamlet of Pimpoordee,
In the ancient line of Powar,
Young Narayun rose to life.
Numbering only eight brief summers,
But in glory all outgrowing,
Young in years and old in fame.
Gathering all the children round him,
On the ground behold him sporting,
Or with cowries joyous play.
Hark to Balcrishna's cry!—' Approach all ye who will,
And be delivered from the toils of life!'

II.

" Rumor spread, the infant played with
Scorpions, snakes, and deadly reptiles,
Granting every faithful vow.
On the ocean, oh, Narayun!
Tempest-tossed a vessel labored,
And had perished but for thee.
Thee the mariners remembering,
Straight thou gavest them assistance,
And conveyedst the ship to port.
Hark to Balcrishna's cry!—' Have pity on him,
And keep him free from worldly griefs and cares!'

III.

" Thou delightest most in serpents,
Loving still their folds to handle,
And to twine them round thy neck.
Thou delightest, too, with children
Blithe to sport, without apparel,
And with cowry shells to play.
Hark to Balcrishna's cry!—' Oh be his guide,
Nor let him into mental darkness fall!'

IV.

" From the hills, the vales, the cities,
Speeding fast to meet Narayun,
See the trooping serpents come!
Thou art called by men Narayun,
But thy real name is hidden:
What thy nature none can tell!
Hark to Balcrishna's cry!—' In Powar's line,
To free the world, the world's deliverer 's come!'

V.

" At the moment most auspicious
Broken was the cocoa-nut,
And drawn the lines triangular.
For Phuta-pooree,* at his bidding,
Up shall rise a mighty city—
In his hands the fate of men!
Hark to Balcrishna's cry!—' Remember, men,
Remember our deliverer is come!'

* *i. e.*, City of Victory.

VI.

" To the king, Narayun's uncle
Owed a balance for the impost
Of his land, rupees fifteen.
To the chowdry he was taken;
On his head, to force the payment,
Quick they placed a heavy stone.
Strolling by, Narayun, wondering,
Saw and questioned—' Why, oh! uncle,
Is this stone upon thy head?'
He replied, because a balance
Of rupees fifteen is due, and
I have not the power to pay.
Filled with wrath, the child indignant,
Heaved the stone from off his head, and
Paid the sirkar's money down.
Hark to Balcrishna's cry!—' To magnify his name,
From all their woes his worshippers he frees.' "

Narayun's fame was now spread throughout western India. He was established in the minds of men as an incarnation of the deity, and the most extravagant expectations began to be entertained of the results which he was to achieve. As Rama and Krishna had in former times rid the earth of demons and giants, and overthrown the dominion of wicked men, so he was destined to put an end to the rule of the European barbarians. One writer from the Deckan, describing the excitement which had been prevalent there, says, in a letter published just after Narayun's death—

"Thousands flocked from every part of the country to see this new deity; and besides those who went expressly for the purpose of prostrating themselves before him, all travellers were sure to take that road, who had any business at Waee or Sattara. Crowds of blind and of lepers also flocked to Pimpoordee from all quarters, expecting to obtain deliverance, now that a god had condescended to dwell with men. Many lepers were seated beside a rivulet, waiting for a miraculous cure, and it was given out throughout the country that several lepers had been cured, and several blind had received their sight."

In another published letter from Poona is the following—

"I suppose you must have heard of Narayun Bawa, the miraculous child of Pimpoordee, who was said to raise the dead, to make the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, &c. The general infatuation respecting him here was truly astonishing; even the most sensible natives did not escape. Immense crowds left Poona every day, to visit him during his brief career. One day I was told that there had been a report that a large snake summoned by Narayun Bawa from Peitun, had arrived at the temple of Mumma Devee, (the Protestant church, dedicated to St. Mary,) whither a great many people had gone in consequence."

Even in Bombay, where the commercial spirit, the spread of education, the constant intercourse with Europeans, and the impressions received from daily witnessing the resources of British power and science, displayed in the arsenal, shipping, dock-yard, and mint, have generated a wholesome scepticism as to the miraculous power of pretended gods and saints; even here the madness took to

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such an extent, that, within two or three months, no less than ten thousand pilgrims, many of them men of wealth and rank, set off to bow before the feet of Narayun. The plain around Pimpoordee had by this time become an immense encampment of pilgrims, and bid fair to realize the prophecy of a mighty city arising at the bidding of Narayun. The house of his parents had now become a sacred shrine, as the neighboring rivulet had become a stream for holy ablution. Both throve apace. His family and the administering brahmins were rapidly growing rich; for on all that bathed in the waters, or bowed to the divinity, a tax was levied. Even the blind beggars were not exempt. Many persons also at a distance, who were themselves unable to come, made vows, which they forwarded with their offerings to the shrine.

To complete the establishment of Narayun, a little girl at the village of Sonee, who was also said to be gifted with miraculous powers, was set up as his intended bride (for the former incarnations, Rama and Krishna, had married) and on a certain day, it was rumored, he would cause a magnificently caparisoned steed to rise out of the earth, on which he was to proceed to meet her. She was given out to be an incarnation of some female deity.

Narayun Bawa had now been about six months before the public. His divinity was established. His fame, the number of his worshippers, the amount of offerings, the vows sent to be registered, the pilgrims crowding to his presence, were all increasing so rapidly, that men began to wonder what would be the upshot of this daily accumulating enthusiasm. The rajah of Sattara was very uneasy. It would appear that he had discredited and disliked the pretensions of Narayun from the first; and, at an interview which took place, he allowed something of his doubts and his enmity to transpire. His scepticism must not be set down entirely to his good sense and enlightened views. Facts have since come to light—if we are to credit the allegations made in the public papers, and at the time uncontradicted—which afford a very curious and sufficient reason for his opposition, at the same time that they prove that the rajah was quite as credulous and superstitious as the rest of his countrymen. One of the ladies of his court, the wife of one of his ministers, had, it appears, been for many years subject to fall into trances during which she was filled with a WAREN, πνευμα, or spirit of vaticination. In these periods of inward lucidity, she had given utterance to a series of predictions, promising the raja the most extravagant destiny—the recovery of the old Hindoo empire over all the nations professing Hindooism, &c. These predictions were regularly taken down as uttered, by her husband, or some other party, for the benefit of the raja. Copies of them were found in the Zenana after the raja's deposition by Sir James Carnac; and of other papers, showing that his highness placed implicit credence in them, and acted upon them. There is little doubt that they mainly contributed to his ruin. It was wittily remarked by a native, when speaking on this subject—"The lady's warén (familiar spirit) promised that he should remove his throne to Delhi, (an expression implying his obtaining the whole empire of Hindostan;) and the prophecy is now fulfilled—he has been removed to Delhi or its neighborhood." This fact, only recently discovered, fully accounts for the opposition which the raja alone, of all the Mahratta nation, offered to Narayun Bawa's pretensions. Looking upon *himself* as the person, who, according to the voice of prophecy, was destined to achieve universal dominion, and expel the British, he could ill brook the rival claims set up for this child, as the incarnation of Indrajit, foretold by Toolscerdas. The progress of his worship, therefore, caused him considerable uneasiness, not unmixed with fear. But, indeed, this is not to be wondered at; for stronger minds than his had been shaken by the accounts which every day brought, of new wonders performed by this extraordinary child, and by the rapidity with which all men seemed forced to own and bow to his divinity. At the time the mania was at its height, the writer of this paper asked a European gentleman of distinguished attainments as a scholar, and a firm believer in Christianity, what was his opinion of Narayun Bawa? His reply was as follows:—"The facts which I have heard have quite staggered me: the whole Hindoo population are thoroughly convinced of the divinity of this child, and are going mad after him. *It is impossible to say what extraordinary means God may see fit to adopt for the spiritual recovery of the Hindoos.* Ordinary means and missions seem to have failed with them."

But in the midst of all this enthusiasm and expectation, a message of dismay came to every city—"*Narayun Bawa is dead!*" At first no one would believe it; but the next day came other messengers with further tidings; and while they confirmed the fact of his death, they brought with them the assurance that he was to rise again in a few days.

It appears that while Narayun was as usual exhibiting his control over all the snakes brought to him by strangers, a mhar, or pariah, produced a very large one, which he said he had brought all the way from Benares, or some other far-off place. Narayun laid hold of the reptile with his usual boldness, and attempted to play with it; but, for the first time, he found a serpent which he could not manage. The snake became irritated, and bit him mortally. In a few hours, the wretched child, whom imposture, or delusion, or both, had elevated into a divinity, was a corpse—affording one more example in confirmation of an awful remark, which has been more than once made, that no human being has long survived the assumption of divine honors. By his disciples his death was attributed to the malice of the raja of Sattara, who, it was asserted, had sent the mhar that presented the fatal snake. The mhar himself was believed to have been a magician in disguise. But, though Narayun was dead, the delusion o.

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imposture did not die with him. It was confidently given out that he would rise from the dead on the third or eighth day; and a vast multitude of the pilgrims, clinging to this hope, awaited on the spot to witness his resurrection. The predicted days passed; no resurrection took place; and the disappointed and sorrowing crowd, awaking too late to their delusion, began to disperse. But even here the infatuation did not terminate. Reports continued to be circulated that Narayun was shortly to reäppear in different places, and, now and then, that he actually had appeared. In Poona it was for a time believed that his soul had lodged itself in the body of a brahmin, who would fulfil all that had been predicted of the peasant boy; but this imposture speedily died away.

In the Conkan it was in like manner given out that he was to reäppear there, and the town of Hurnee, on the coast, was specified as the appointed place. The inhabitants, in consequence, were in a state of great excitement and expectation; and, at one time, it was thought Narayun had really appeared.

One evening at dusk, some people going to the temple to pay their vesper worship, found a person lying prostrate before the idol, apparently in a trance. His features were unknown to any present, and the idea struck one of the party that it must be Narayun. "The sound of his name," to quote a letter written from the spot, "flew like lightning, and 'Narayun has appeared! Narayun has appeared!' was soon proclaimed throughout the village. The workmen threw down their implements and ran; the bazaar was soon deserted, and the fat and sleeky brahmin hobbled along with the moving crowd to pay his adoration to this new incarnation. Some brought flowers, and others rice or ghee, or pice, or other offerings; one ran for lamps to light up the temple; others for tom-toms, without which, of course, nothing can go off with eclat; and as large a crowd as a large village can turn out was soon collected around the temple. Narayun, in the mean time, appeared to play his part pretty well. He raised himself, so soon as those who first discovered him began to adore him, and received afterwards the prostrations and offerings of the crowd with a great deal of calmness, but spake little or none; and all went off well for the first night. Next morning, a few of the more intelligent of the people thought proper to inquire into the claims of this said person to be recognized as a second Narayun. They began to question him as to the truth of these claims, when the poor man honestly confessed that such claims he had never made. He was a poor weaver, who had come from a distance, and was going further down the coast on some business. He had been taken ill in going through Hurnee, and had thrown himself down in the temple, as he was unable to proceed further. He had no idea of ever being recognized as Narayun; but being awoke by people paying their adorations, he sat up and calmly received all they had to give him. Thus ended Narayun's second appearance, and with it appear to have ended all the hopes of the people in this quarter."

In the village of Nagaon, on the island of Bombay, a similar occurrence took place. A stranger had been discovered in the temple, seated beside the idol; the report spread that it was Narayun, and three or four hundred persons assembled, prostrated themselves before him, and presented their offerings. But two brahmins from a distant village happening to come in, recognized in the object of all this homage an idiot boy who had strayed from his home.

Some days afterwards a Mahratta peasant, who was said to have a warén, or Pythonic spirit, prophesied that Narayun would, on a certain day, rise from the ground near the tank of Cowasjee Patell, in the middle of the town of Bombay. His declaration met with implicit belief, and a large crowd assembled on the spot, loaded with cocoanuts, and other offerings; and, planting a TOOLSEE or shrub of sacred basil in the ground, near the place whence he was expected to emerge, sat down to wait the event. But the day waned away, the sun went down, and the coming darkness at length forced them to retire.

Similar expectations and reports continued to prevail in many parts of the country for two or three months after Narayun's death; but all these hopes at last ended, and though a few still clung to the persuasion of his divinity, the majority at length came to the conclusion that he was nothing but a Rakshus or demon, who came for a while on earth to amuse himself by deluding mankind.

The foregoing history is calculated to throw light on the manner in which some of the gods of the Hindoo Pantheon may have originally come to be deified; and, perhaps, on hero worship in general. It is admitted by the ablest Sanscrit scholars of the present day, that the Bhagvut, and many other of the Hindoo Poorans, which celebrate the praises, and advocate the worship of these divinities, are of a comparatively modern date, though compiled from older materials. Perhaps it would not be a very improbable conjecture, that they were framed from popular ballads, not very different in character from the hymn in praise of Narayun Bawa, above translated.

One thing is calculated to strike the Christian reader in this history—the resemblance, whether casual or intentional, between some of the attendant circumstances and pretensions of Narayun, and those which are narrated of Christ in the Gospel. When it was boldly asserted that Narayun Bawa cleansed lepers, gave sight to the blind, and restored the lame to the use of their limbs, a suspicion naturally arose, that some parties, well acquainted with the gospels were endeavoring to get up a Pseudo-Messiah, in imitation of the Christian Saviour; when prophecy was brought forward in support of his mission, and it was stated that *four* brahmins attended the child daily, to register his words and actions, the suspicion was strengthened: and when it was given out, on his death, that he would rise again on the third, and afterwards on

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the eighth day, it almost became converted into a certainty. Yet, it must be allowed, the resemblances, in some degree, spring naturally, almost necessarily, from the very nature of the design of enacting incarnate deity.

If, however, such imitation was really intended, the attempt was a signal failure. The tax levied upon all who came to seek relief, presented, at the very outset, a striking contrast with the gratuitous benevolence of the merciful Redeemer. The want of reality in the alleged miracles was another conclusive point of difference. The Jews, who were contemporaries of Christ, never disputed the reality of his miracles, but imputed them to demoniacal agency. Those who succeeded equally admitted their reality, but accounted for them by his having obtained possession of the Tetra grammaton, or sacred name of the MOST HIGH from the temple; by his having watched the secret devotions of his preceptor in the night-time, and thus learned the mystic words which invested him with thaumaturgic power; and by other asserted means, which will be found in the Toldoth Yesu, and similar Rabbinical works. But, of all the alleged miraculous cures by Narayun Bawa, which were so loudly bruited in his life-time, *not one* was eventually well authenticated, or survived the decline of his reputation. When the mania was at an end, it was admitted by the most respectable natives who had visited him, that the only thing miraculous they had seen was his manner of handling serpents.

The blind, who had gone to meet him in hope came back complaining that they had paid their money and consumed their time, and were now nothing the better for it; they had, in the emphatic language of Isaiah, spent their money for that which was not bread. If the history of Narayun Bawa afford, on the one hand, a remarkable example of the facility with which religious delusion may be propagated among a credulous people, it evinces, on the other, in the most striking manner, the difficulty of counterfeiting genuine prophecy and miracles, and gives a new value to the evidence of that kind, which is admitted, by its greatest enemies, to exist in support of Christianity. Of the prophecies in the Old Testament, the Jews themselves are the providential guardians; to the genuineness of the miracles recorded in the NEW, the Toldoth Yesu and other Rabbinical writings bear conclusive testimony.

It is sad, it is wonderful, to contrast the blind enthusiasm and worship which greeted this tool and victim of imposture, with the reception which the real Saviour of mankind met, notwithstanding the splendor of his miracles, and the divine purity of his life and doctrine.

THE EFFECTS OF THE PRESSURE.

IT seems to be an established fact that nobody has got any money, and therefore, if the business of the country is to go on, (which we humbly suppose it is,) we see no alternative but resorting to an exchange of commodities, since transactions for cash have become almost impossible. Though a man may be without gold in his purse, he has probably a gold watch in his pocket; and those who are without silver coin may be possessed of silver spoons. We think it exceedingly likely that a system of barter will shortly be established to prevent that stagnation in business which must otherwise ensue from the limited quantity of cash that is just now available. We wish a few enterprising tradesmen would lead the way in the great plan we have hinted at, by advertising their intention somewhat in the following fashion:—

In consequence of the tightness of money, the proprietors of the HOUNDSDITCH MART OF ELEGANCE and *Magazin des Modes des Minories* have resolved on reducing all their articles from a price in cash to a price in commodities. A gentlemanly wrap-rascal, lined throughout with best blanketing, and hitherto charged one pound, will be supplied for THREE SILVER DESSERT-SPOONS, and can be made to measure for THREE TABLE-SPOONS. Trowsers from A PLATED CANDLESTICK upwards, and Fancy Vests beginning at A SILVER PENCIL-CASE.

Or we may see something like the following:—

It has been said that money is the root of all evil; and, there being now no money, it is to be presumed that everything is good. Inspired with this supposition, Messrs. Screw and Doo have determined on offering their first-rate stock of linen-drapery to the public without the intervention of money, by receiving the value of their various elegant novelties in kind. They have some exquisite shawls, which S. and D. are enabled to offer at A LEG OF MUTTON EACH; and there are several soiled muslins that may be had at the surprisingly moderate rate of A MUTTON-CHOP PER YARD.

Gloves of the best town-make can be put in at a QUARTERN LOAF THE PAIR; and Hats may be procured at all prices, from a BASIN OF SOUP TO A TUREEN.

We are perfectly aware that the system of labor exchange was tried some few years ago by Robert Owen, the philanthropist, and a few other Sons of Harmony, who, if they were legitimate Sons of Harmony, behaved very ill to their parent, for they literally kicked poor Harmony out of doors. The labor exchange, in those days, being got up by a few people bonded together in brotherly love, turned out a most quarrelsome business, and the police had to be called in every five minutes to preserve that peace which it was the aim of the united brothers to promote. We do not, however, argue from the failure of the former undertaking any reason for discouragement to that which is now proposed. The little differences of the Owenites arose from their very natural anxiety to get a bookcase worth ten pounds for a pair of boots value ten shillings, and as there were several seized with the same sort of predilection, the thing fell to the ground.

Things are now quite altered, and as nobody has any money, everybody will of course be flocking to the tradesman that offers to take labor in exchange for labor, as long as the practice lasts.—*Punch.*

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TRADING MORALS.

The great crisis which has so dismayed the money world is characterized by some very remarkable traits. "Anomalies," we call them, in the hasty impatience of a superficial glance: but an anomaly is generally an imaginary thing, and when we use the word it only means that we have misconstrued a rule. The crisis, with all its anomalies, is an effect following its cause just as legitimately as a burn from the application of fire; and the supposed anomalies are traits peculiarly instructive.

It is observed, not only that trade generally has been on the whole in a "healthy" state in spite of these exceptional failures, but that houses which have stopped possess ample assets to pay all, and that among the houses that have fallen an extraordinary proportion were firms of the greatest magnitude. The causes at which people glance are as many as the commentators—the act of 1844, want of accommodation, want of one-pound notes, over-speculation in corn, unpunctuality of remittances from India, the ten-month bills which have survived the establishment of the overland route, transition state of the sugar trade, &c. But one cause of a more sweeping kind, we suspect, overrides all these—the very extension of business taken within the grasp of particular traders.

Instances are common just now of houses falling which have for years carried on the most extensive and complicated affairs; have all that while conducted their operations in the usual way; have books to show kept in the most approved fashion; and yet have for years been "shakey." As a matter of account, their credit was complete; yet their paper was viewed with distrust. Nobody could tell why, but somehow there was a vague idea that their liabilities were too gigantic. In spite of an air of the utmost straightforwardness, they incurred some kind of suspicion that attaches to mystery. This seems odd, but it is not unaccountable. An instinctive sense of one important fact would gradually steal into the minds of the least theorizing and generalizing among their fellow traders. The very extension of the business transacted by one of these monster houses implies that its accounts are mixed up with the accounts of other houses and dealers; that its assets are virtually made to consist, in great part at least, of the assets of other houses whose accounts cannot by any means be subject to any effectual scrutiny; its credit is involved in the operations of a host of other dealers over which it can have no control whatsoever. The more business is extended, the more these remote connections become multiplied and extended beyond scrutiny or control. In truth, a house thus placed cannot compass a clear and definite understanding of any one bargain which it undertakes; it cannot see the ramifications of its liabilities, but rushes into a lax kind of partnership with strangers, trusting to Providence for coming through safe at last—like the huge French diligence with six or seven horses driven at a hand gallop by a single rope and a restless whip. In such a position, the utmost prudence, the most longheaded sagacity of the chief, cannot effectively guide the machine; its operations go beyond the ken of ordinary intellect or calculation. Such a state of things implies the necessity of a bankruptcy law like that of Egypt, under which the insolvent debtor is never made bankrupt, but is helped by his very creditors to go on. And indeed the increasing tendency to demand and reciprocally to allow enormous loans—"accommodation" to the amount of tens of thousands, or even a million or two sterling—to "support credit," while a house is under threat of actual bankruptcy, partakes strongly of that Levantine practice. But such a practice is totally inconsistent with our commercial code, totally inconsistent with the railway speed and gigantic dimensions of our mercantile operations: it can therefore never become a recognized principle in our system of credit; and those houses which suffer their business to extend beyond their own powers of supervision and control, must be content to incur the chance of these enormous disasters, bringing ruin upon others as well as upon themselves.

But probably it would be nearly as easy to make all mankind pure and virtuous as to make our monetary magnates abandon "the system." It is so difficult for any "practical" class, that lives and behaves by rule of thumb, to abandon any "system." These vast transactions, too, have in them their peculiar dignity: it is "princely" not to be able to tell the bounds of your own business. Multiply your trading income by one or two places of figures, and it becomes a "revenue." You must have a house at the West-end—next door perhaps to a duke's. You must indulge in a ducal expenditure, and if you fail it must be for a ducal sum. The spirit of lavish expenditure pervades all society, and is increasing. It is the natural reaction on the baser spirit which made money-getting the end. A more generous spirit is begotten by greater intelligence and better taste. The best taste, indeed, is not necessarily costly: beauty and grace, if not common among the meanest and humblest classes, are not monopolized by the wealthiest. An extravagant use of costly materials is barbaric. But such necessarily is the condition of a better taste in its infancy. Meanwhile, if you happen to be a trader of the "princely" order, it is incumbent on you to let your business grow to be as big as a province, to let its confines be as remote from your own inspection as an Irish estate, and to know it chiefly in its results—its "revenue."

A nice morality, indeed, might suggest to these lordly spenders—both traders and dukes—the question whether it is honest to incur liabilities of an extent defying measurement, so that you are unable to tell, in a thoroughly plain, honest, commercial sense, whether you can discharge them or not. You may presume that your immense liabilities will be covered by the immensity of your resources; but unless you *know* it to a farthing, you are no fair trader—you are prostituting your "promise to pay." "My word is my bond," the trader's boast, is becoming an equivoque; and, to support the dignity of your mansion in Belgravia, you are suffering the honest business which you inherited from your father to degenerate into something like a magnificent swindle. If you were to sell your West-end house and furniture, go back into the city, and attend to business, your connections would sleep o' nights with a renewed sense of safety, and you would be the honester man. But "nobody does so now," and you are ashamed to begin.—*Spectator*, 9 *Oct.*

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From Chambers' Journal.

'T IS USELESS TRYING.

"You will never succeed—'t is useless trying," was the answer we received one day when talking of something quite unimportant to you, dear reader, but very near our own heart. The voice was one we always listen to, and not seldom follow; but this time its discouraging arguments were unheeded. We *did* try, and we *did* succeed.

The fact set us moralizing on the good or evil tendency of these three words—"'T is useless trying." And the conclusion we came to was this, that for one vain idea dispelled, one wild project overturned by their prudent influence, these chilling words have rung the knell of a hundred brilliant and life-sustaining hopes, and paralyzed into apathy a thousand active and ardent minds, who might otherwise have elevated themselves, and helped the world on in its progress. What would America have been if that strong-hearted Columbus had been discouraged by sneers and arguments about the uselessness of his attempt to discover a new world? Or where would have been Newton's stupendous theory, if, at the commencement of his researches, some meddling friend at his ear had whispered, "Don't try; you will be sure to fail?" In aid of the "Never-try" doctrine comes vanity, with its potent arguments that no attempt at all is better than a failure. We deny the fact *in toto*. Should a man fail in a project too high for him, he at least becomes acquainted with the extent of his own powers; he loses that inflated self-exaltation which is the greatest bane to real merit; and in finding his own level, he may yet do well. And better, far better, that all the pretenders in the world should sink back into deserved obscurity, than that one spark of real talent should be extinguished by the cold-hearted cheek—"'T is useless trying!" Now, having prosed enough, let us enlighten our arguments by a story.

Between ten and twenty years ago—the precise date is immaterial—there was in the city of New York a barber's apprentice, a young boy named Reuben Vandrest. His Dutch lineage was shown by his surname, which, in course of years and generations, had been corrupted from Van der Dest to Vandrest, while for his Scriptural Christian name he was indebted to a worthy Quaker, his maternal grandfather, who had come over with William Penn. These names were, in truth, all the boy owed to his progenitors, as from his cradle he had been an orphan, cast on the charity of the wide world. But the excellent sect to which Reuben's mother had belonged, is one of the few who never cast the lambs from their bosom, and the orphan child was not deserted. The Friends took care of him; and when he was able to earn a livelihood, one of their number received him as an apprentice. Such was the short and simple story of the barber's boy.*

Without entering on metaphysics, every human being has some inner life which the world outside knows nothing of. Thus from his earliest childhood the passion of Reuben Vandrest had been music. He would follow the itinerant minstrels of the city through one street after another, often thus losing his meals, his rest, everything except his schooling, which precious thing he was too wise to throw away even for music. He made friendships with blind pipers, Italian hurdy-gurdyists, and, above all, with wandering fiddlers; for, with an intuitive perception, the violin—the prince of stringed instruments—was his chief favorite. From all and each of these wandering musicians Reuben was intent on gaining something: they were won by his childish manners and his earnest admiration—for love of praise is the same in a blind fiddler as in an opera-singer—and by degrees Reuben not only listened, but learned to play. No instrument came amiss to him; but his sole private property was an old fife; and with this simplest of all orchestral varieties the poor barber's boy used to creep to his garret, and there strive, with his acute ear and retentive memory, to make out the tunes he had heard in the streets, or invent others.

But the grand era in the boy's life was coming. One day as he stood wistfully looking at a violin which he held in his arms fondly and lingeringly, prior to returning it to its right owner, a poor street musician, the idea of its construction first entered Reuben's mind. He had been accustomed to regard a violin as a mysterious thing—a self-creating, sound-producing being; and never once had he considered of what it was made, or how. Now he began to peer into its mysteries, and to find out that it was only wood and catgut after all. He questioned his friend the fiddler, but the man had scraped away during a lifetime without once casting a thought on the mechanism of his instrument. True, he could replace a broken string, and at times even manufacture a bridge with his penknife, but that was all. When Reuben inquisitively wanted to learn how violins were made, the fiddler shook his head, and said he did not know.

"Do you think I could make one?" pursued the anxious boy.

A burst of laughter, so cuttingly derisive, that Reuben's face grew crimson, was the only answer. "Why, you little simpleton," cried the fiddler when his mirth had subsided, "surely you 'll not be so silly as to try? You could as soon build a house."

"But violins must be made by somebody."

"Yes, by people who know all about it; not by a lad like you. Take my advice, and don't try."

Reuben said no more; but he could not get the idea from his mind. Every violin that he saw he begged to look at: he examined the varieties of construction, the sort of wood used, the thickness and fashion of the strings; and after weeks of consideration, he at last determined to try and make one for himself. During the long light

* The *barber's* boy! Did anybody ever see a barber of the society of Friends?—*Liv. Age.*

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summer nights, he worked hour after hour in his garret, or on the roof of the house; his natural mechanical skill was aided by patience and ardor: and with the few tools which he borrowed from the good-natured carpenters who had given him the wood, he succeeded in forming the body of the violin. But here a long cessation took place in Reuben's toil; for he had not even the few pence necessary to purchase strings; and the bow, which he could not make, it was utterly out of his power to buy. He sat looking in despair at the half-finished instrument—a body without a soul—and even his fife could not console him.

But one day a kind-hearted customer noticed the slight, pale-looking boy who had arranged his locks so gently and carefully, and Reuben became the glad recipient of a dollar. He flew to buy catgut and an old bow, and with trembling hands strinaed his instrument. Who can describe the important moment? Leverrier's crowning calculation for the new planet, Lord Rosse's first peep through his giant telescope, are little compared to poor Reuben's first attempt to draw sounds from his violin. The sounds came; string after string was tuned; the bow was applied; and the violin had a soul! Feeble and thin the notes were, but still they were distinct musical tones; and the boy hugged his self-made treasure to his beating heart, actually sobbing with joy.

He played tune after tune; he never noticed that evening darkened into night; he forgot his supper; he forgot too—what but for his musical enthusiasm would long since have come into his mind—that though the childish fife might pass muster in the house of his master, a violin never would. The good Quaker, one of the strictest of his sect, thought music was useless, sinful, heathenish; and a fiddler in his eyes was equal with a thief. Therefore who can picture Reuben's consternation when his garret-door opened, and his master stood before him? Reuben bore all Ephraim's wrath in silence, only he took care to keep his darling violin safe from the storm, by pressing it closely in his arms.

"Thou hast been neglecting thy work and stealing fiddles," cried the angry man.

"I have not neglected my work," timidly answered the boy; "and I have not stolen the violin—indeed I have not."

"How didst thou get it?"

"I made it myself."

Old Ephraim looked surprised. All the music in the world was nothing to him, but he had a fancy for mechanical employments, and the idea of making a violin struck him as ingenious. He examined it, and became less angry. "Will it play?" asked he.

Reuben, delighted, began one of his most touching airs; but his master stopped him. "That will do," said he; "I only want to see if it sounds—all tunes are the same. And I suppose thou wilt turn musician?"

Reuben hung his head and said nothing.

"Well, that thou canst never do, so I would advise thee not to try. Forget the fiddle, and be a good barber. However, I will say no more; only thou must play out of doors next time."

But all the discouragements of the old Quaker could not repress Reuben's love for music. He cut, and curled, and shaved, as in duty bound, and then fled away to his violin. From the roof of the house his music went forth; and in this most original sonnet-room, with the open sky above him, and the pert city sparrows, now used to his melody, hopping by his side, did the boy gradually acquire the first secrets of his art. It is needless to enumerate the contrivances he resorted to for instruction—how he wandered through the streets with his violin at night, to gain a few cents wherewith to purchase old music; and how he gradually acquired skill, so as to be admitted into a wandering band.

One night when this primitive orchestra was engaged for a ball at a private house in the city, the first violin mysteriously disappeared. In this dilemma young Reuben found courage to offer himself as a substitute. It was a daring thing. The other musicians first laughed at him; then heard him play the part, which no one else could take; and finally suffered him to try. For the first time in his life the barber's boy witnessed the glare of a ball. It seemed to him a fairy scene: he was dazzled, bewildered, excited, and in his enthusiasm he played excellently. The night wore away; the dancers seemed never weary: not so the aching fingers of the musicians. Reuben especially, to whom the excitement was new, grew more and more exhausted, and at last, just as he had finished playing a waltz, fell fainting from his chair. Most of the gay couples passed on—it was only a poor musician; but one young girl, in whom the compassionate and simple nature of a child had not been swept away by the formalities of young ladyhood, held a glass of water to the boy's lips.

"Cora Dacres bringing to life a fainting fiddler!" said a tittering voice. "Oh what a nice story when we go back to school!"

The girl turned round indignantly, saying, "Cora Dacres is never ashamed of doing what is right. Are you better now?" she added gently to poor Reuben, who had opened his eyes.

The boy recovered, and she disappeared again among the dancers; but many a time did the auburn curls, and soft, brown, sympathizing eyes of the little school-girl float before the vision of Reuben Vandrest; and the young musician often caught himself repeating to his sole confidant—his violin—the pretty name he had heard on his waking, and dimly recognized as hers—Cora Dacres.

Long before he was twenty-one, Reuben had entirely devoted himself to the musical profession. The turning point in his career was given by a curious incident. One moonlight night, as he was playing on the roof as usual, he saw a head peep out from the uppermost window of the opposite house. This head was drawn in when he ceased

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playing, and again put forward as soon as he recommenced. A natural feeling of gratified vanity prevented the young man from yielding to his first shy impulse of retiring; and besides, sympathy in anything relating to his art was so new to Reuben, that it gave him pleasure to be attentively listened to even by an unknown neighbor over the way. He threw all his soul into his violin, and played until midnight.

Next day, while at his duties in his master's shop, the apprentice was sent for to the house opposite. Reuben went, bearing the insignia of his lowly trade; but instead of a patient customer, he saw a gentleman who only smiled at his array of brushes.

"I did not send for you to act as barber," said the stranger in English, which was strongly tinctured with a foreign accent, "but to speak to you about the violin-playing which I heard last night. Am I rightly informed that the performer was yourself?"

"It was, sir," answered Reuben, trembling with eagerness.

"Who taught you?"

"I myself."

"Then you love music?"

"With my whole heart and soul!" cried the young man enthusiastically.

The stranger skilfully drew from Reuben the little history of himself and his violin, and talked to him long and earnestly. "You have a true feeling for that noble art, to which I, too, belong," he said. "You may have many difficulties to encounter; but never be discouraged—you will surmount them all. You have had many hindrances; but listen, and I will tell you what befell me at your age. I once came, a poor boy like you, to the greatest capital in Europe, my heart full of music, but utterly without means. My only wealth was my violin. I left it one day in my poor chamber, while I went out to buy a loaf with my last coin. When I came back, my violin was gone! It had been stolen. May God forgive me for the crime I contemplated in my mad despair! I rushed to the river; I plunged in: but I was saved from the death I sought, and saved to live for better things. My friend," continued the musician after a long silence, during which his face was hidden by his hands, "in all the trials of your career remember this, and take warning."

"I will—I will!" cried Reuben much moved.

"And now, after having told you this terrible secret in my life, it is as well that I should not reveal my name; and besides, it could do you no good, as I set out for Europe to-morrow. But should you ever be in Paris, come to this address, leave this writing, and you will hear of me."

The gentleman wrote some lines in a foreign language, which Reuben could not make out, though among his musical acquaintance he had gained a little knowledge of both French and Italian. He then gave Vandrest the address, and bade him adieu. The young man long pondered over this adventure, and it was the final point which made him relinquish a trade so unpleasing to him for the practice of his beloved art.

It is a mistake to suppose that the profession of music is an easy, careless life, to which any one may turn who has a distaste for more solid pursuits. In no calling is intellectual activity and arduous study more imperatively required. He who would attain to even moderate eminence in it, must devote years of daily patient toil to dry and uninteresting branches of study. A poet may be one by nature: it is utterly impossible that a musician can be great without as deep science as ever puzzled a mathematical brain. He must work—work—every inch of his way; must dig the foundation, and enrich the soil, before he can form his garden and plant his flowers. Thus did our young ex-barber of New York: he studied by science what he had before learned through his natural genius, and rose slowly and gradually in his profession. Sometimes his slight and ordinary appearance, which made him look more boyish than he really was—his quaint old-world name—and, above all, a simplicity and Quaker-like peculiarity in his dress and manner, aroused the ridicule of his companions, who followed music more for show than through real genius and love of the art. But the story of his early perseverance always disarmed them; and it was a common saying, with reference to young Vandrest, that he who could make a violin, would surely learn to play it.

By degrees the young violinist rose into note, and became received into society where he could hardly have dreamed that he should ever set his foot. But it is a happy peculiarity in the domestic manners of the new world, that real talent ever finds its way, and takes its own rank in society. Thus many a rich citizen was pleased to welcome to his house Mr. Vandrest, the young and unassuming musician, whose gentle manners and acknowledged talent were equally prized. The barber's apprentice of New York was utterly forgotten, or only thought of as a proof of how much a man's fortune lies in his own hands, if he will only try.

In one of those elegant reunions which were established when worthy Brother Jonathan was first beginning to show his soul and mind—when Bryant's songs, and Allston's pictures, and Channing's lectures, first gave evidence of transatlantic genius—Vandrest again heard the name which had never utterly gone from his memory through all his vicissitudes—Cora Dacres. He turned round, and saw the altered likeness of the girl who had held the water to his lips on the night of the ball. She had grown into womanly beauty; but he remembered the face still. She had not the faintest memory of him—how could it be so? Light and darkness were not more different than the pleasing, intellectual, gentleman-like man who was introduced to her, and the pale, angular, ill-clad boy whom she had pitied and aided. Sometimes Vandrest thought he would remind her of the circumstance; but then a vague feeling of sensitiveness and shame, not entirely the result of the memory

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of those poverty-stricken days, prevented him. He went home, and again his old violin might have heard breathed over it the name of Cora Dacres; but this time not in boyish enthusiasm for whatever was pleasing and beautiful, but in the first strong, all-absorbing love of manhood, awakened in a nature which was every way calculated to receive and retain that sentiment in its highest, purest, and most enduring character.

Reuben Vandrest (hate him not, dear reader, for having so unherolike a name: I will engage that, if Cora loved him, she thought it most beautiful; and so would you, if any one dear to you bore the same:) well, Reuben Vandrest, who had hitherto cared for nothing on earth but his violin, soon learned to regard Miss Dacres with the enthusiastic attachment of an earnest and upright nature; for with all the allurements of a musical career, Reuben continued as simple-minded and guileless in character as the primitive sect from which he sprung. And Cora was worthy to inspire the love of such a man: whether she returned it or not, Reuben did not consider—he was too utterly absorbed in the new delight of loving, and of loving her, to think of asking himself the question. He visited at her house, and became a favorite with her father—a would-be amateur, who took pleasure in filling his drawing-rooms with musicians, and treating them as costly and not disagreeable playthings.

But at last Mr. Dacres was roused from his apathy by the evident and close friendship between his daughter and young Vandrest. Though he liked the violinist well enough, the hint of Reuben marrying Cora sounded ill in the ears of the prudent man, especially when given by one of those odious, good-natured friends with whom the world abounds. The result was a conversation between himself and Vandrest, in which, utterly bewildered and despairing, poor Reuben declared his hidden and treasured love, first with the shrinking timidity of a man who sees his inmost heart rudely laid bare, and then with the firmness given by a consciousness that there is in that heart nothing for which an honest man need blush.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Vandrest," said the blunt yet not ill-meaning citizen. "But it is impossible that you can ever hope for Cora's hand."

"Why impossible?" said the young man, recovering all his just pride and self-possession. "I am not rich; but I have an unspotted name, and the world is all before me. Do you object to my profession?"

"By no means; a musician is an honorable man, just as much so as a storekeeper."

At any other time the very complimentary comparison would have made Reuben smile; but now he only answered, while the color deepened on his cheek, "Is it because of my early life? My father was of good family; but, it may be, you would blush to remember that your daughter's husband once served in a barber's shop?"

"My dear sir," said Mr. Dacres, "you forget we are Americans, and talent and wealth are our only aristocracy. The first you undoubtedly possess; but without the second, you cannot marry Cora; and there is no chance of your ever becoming a rich man."

"Will you let me try?" eagerly cried Vandrest.

"It would be of no use; you could not succeed."

"I could—I could!" exclaimed the young man impetuously. "Only let me hope. I would try anything to win Cora!"

And in this earnestness of love did Reuben pursue his almost hopeless way. He had pledged his word that he would not speak of his love to Cora, that he would not try to win hers—this her father imperatively demanded; but Mr. Dacres also promised that he would leave his daughter free, nor urge her to accept any other husband during the three years of absence that he required of Reuben Vandrest.

They parted—Reuben and Cora—with the outward seeming of ordinary acquaintance; but was it likely that a love so deep and absorbed as that of the young musician should have been entirely suppressed by him, and unappreciated by her who was its object? They parted without any open confession; but did not Cora's heart follow the wanderer as he sailed towards Europe?—did she not call up his image, and repeat his unmusical name, as though it had contained a world of melody in itself?—and did she not feel as certain in her heart of hearts that he loved her, as if he had told her so a hundred times?

When Vandrest was preparing for the voyage, he accidentally found the long-forgotten note of the stranger musician. It directed him to Paris; and to Paris he determined to proceed, as all Europe was alike to one who knew not a single soul on the wide expanse of the old world. He arrived there; and found in his unknown friend the kind-hearted and talented Swede, who, on the death of Paganini, had become the first violinist in the world—Ole Bull.

The success of the young American was now made sure. The great violinist had too much true genius to fear competitors, and no mean jealousy kept him from advancing the fortunes of Vandrest by every means in his power. Reuben traversed Europe, going from capital to capital, everywhere making friends, and, what was still more important to him, money. He allowed himself no pleasures, only the necessaries of life; and laid up all his gains for the one grand object of his care—the acquiring a fortune for Cora. He rarely heard of her; he knew not but that her love might change; and sometimes a sense of the utter wildness of his project came upon him with freezing reality. But intense love like his, in an otherwise calm and unimpassioned nature, acquires a strength unknown to those who are alive to every passing impulse; and Reuben's love,

"By its own energy, fulfilled itself."

Ere the three years had expired, he returned to America, having realized a competence. With

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a beating heart the young musician stood before his mistress, told her all his love, and knew that she loved him too. It was very sweet to hear Cora reveal, in the frankness of her true heart, which felt no shame for having loved one so worthy, how her thoughts had continually followed her wandering lover, and how every success of his had been doubly sweet to her. But human happiness is never unmixed with pain; and when Cora looked at the altered form of her betrothed, his sunken and colorless face, and his large bright eyes, a dreadful fear took possession of her, and she felt that joy itself might be bought with too dear a price. It was so indeed. Reuben's energy had sustained him until came the reaction of hope fulfilled, and then his health failed. A long illness followed. But he had one blessing; his affianced wife was near him; and amidst all her anguish, Cora felt thankful that he had come home first, and that it was her hand and her voice which now brought comfort to her beloved, and that she could pray he might live for her.

And Reuben did live. Love struggled with death, and won the victory. In the next year, in the lovely season of an American spring, the musician wedded his betrothed, and took her to a sweet country home, such as he had often dreamt of when he used to sit on summer evenings on the house-top in New York looking at the blue sky, and bringing music from his rude violin. And in Reuben's pleasant home was there no relic more treasured than this same violin, which had first taught him how much can be done with a brave heart and a good courage to try.

Reader, the whole of Reuben Vandrest's life was influenced by his acting up to that little word —"try!" Two old proverbs—and there is much sterling wisdom in old proverbs—say, "Everything must have a beginning," and "No man knows what he can do until he tries." Now, kind reader, keep this in mind; and never, while you live, damp the energies of yourself or of any other person by the heartless and dangerous sentence, "'T is useless trying."

THE WHITE QUAKERS OF DUBLIN.

We have occasionally seen, in the English and Irish papers, allusions to these people, but the first complete and thoroughly intelligible account of them that we have ever met is given in the following letter to the Anti-Slavery Standard, dated

DUBLIN, October 1, 1847.

I have been a good deal interested by a paper in a recent number of Howitt's Journal. It is entitled "Singular Sects—A Day with the White Quakers," and it gives an account of a number of seceders from the Society of Friends who have settled in community on a handsome farm of 130 acres, about six miles from Dublin, where they eschew animal food, hats and bonnets, and mahogany. They wear white clothes, and shoes made of leather of the natural color. They go to rest with the sun, and rise at a very early hour, "to commence their labors of weaving, sewing, spinning, basket-making, &c., while one of the members reads aloud from some instructive and amusing work, selected for the purpose. Having breakfasted, they adjourn to the fields. Men, women and children alike assist in the cultivation of the farm, for it is one of their axioms that every hand is able and ought to supply its owner's mouth with food. The community consists at present of thirty persons, children included; it was at one time still more extensive, but the increasing strictness of their rules has caused the lukewarm and unworthy to fall away."

They have large gardens, a handsome greenhouse and grapery, abundance of fruits and flowers, native and exotic, luxuriant crops of wheat, oats, beans, &c.—the whole the produce of spade labor. Their whole establishment is a model of neatness and cleanliness. They appear to live very happily together, and are extremely kind and charitable to the poor in their neighborhood. They hold that the earth was given to us all for a heritage, and that the distinctions of noble and peasant, rich and poor, are but the creation of a corrupt order of things, which is sure to give place to a brighter and happier day. Besides all their other possessions, they have a library well stocked with books, the walls covered with maps, and the "tables strewed with several volumes of beautifully illustrated works." "What struck us most was the chaste simplicity and exceeding purity of the whole."

Now this report is all very pleasant, and I believe it is true, for it agrees substantially with an account I had of this community, from a friend of mine who visited it about a year ago. Yet it is difficult to comprehend how such a civilized and peaceful Arcadia, so near an approach to an unexceptionable monastery, could have been the work of such a people as the White Quakers were but a few short years ago. The leading members of the sect were, without exception, rigidly strict, and consistent, strait-laced members of the Society of Friends, severe against all departures from the "testimonies," stern upholders of the discipline—very worthy, good people—kind to the poor, and wishing well to all, but chiefly interested for the prosperity and purity of their own little corner of Mount Zion. Among them was the most valued of the society's ministers, a female Boanerges, who denounced mixed marriages with such awful warnings as must often have made the blood of "young women Friends" curdle within them, and she enforced plainness of dress with terrible energy. There was an elder and an overseer or two among them, and all the rest were steady Friends, pillars in the society, with the profoundest faith in all stories of Quaker miracles, dreams, portents, revelations and prophecies. They were, in short, the very last of its members from whom

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the society could have apprehended an insurrection. But they revolted, nevertheless, and on this wise:

Joshua Jacob, their leader, who was at that time a prosperous trader, a Friend in good standing, a regular attender of meetings for worship and discipline, a good neighbor, kind to the poor, and greatly respected—began to "appear in the ministry," or, in plain English, he began to preach. An uninitiated person, like you and me, would not have been able to perceive much difference between his communications and those of the most approved ministers. Suffice it to say that they were marked by all the peculiarities of the Quaker gallery—equally free from the text-taking, connectedness, and other trammels of pulpit eloquence. But his preaching did not satisfy the elders, the appointed judges, among Friends, of the acceptableness and right mission of the candidate for the ministry. Joshua was advised to withhold his communications; he was counselled and labored with, and a degree of patience was exhibited toward him, such as I verily believe would not have been extended to a refractory priest in any other community in Christendom. He kept on, never heeding, and preached all the more, the more he was advised to be silent. At length the elders brought the matter before the monthly meeting. But the monthly meeting had no terrors for Joshua; he refused to withdraw when his case was under consideration; and when they sent messengers to him he denied their jurisdiction.

At length he was formally disowned. But as he held stoutly to the doctrine of the inward light, and did not look on himself as a "man-made minister," or as amenable to man's judgment for the exercise of his gift, he preached without intermission; and when the Friends, wearied with his obstinacy, kept him out of the meeting-house, he preached in the passage. He had a fine ringing voice, and a tremendous sing-song, which I would have thought very holy when I was a little boy.

The disapproval of his course was pretty general in the society, but there were important exceptions among the more rigid professors, in many of the monthly meetings. They looked on him, as he looked on himself—that is to say, they had a very high opinion of him; they espoused his cause, talked of "a persecuted recusant," prophesied an evil day to the society, preached like him, were equally refractory, and were in like manner disowned, were kept out of the meeting like him, and held forth in the passages as he did.

Joshua then assumed a white dress, of undyed cloth, wore untanned leather in his shoes, banished all his mahogany furniture, using deal instead, pulled down his bells, abstained from clocks and watches, brought forth his looking-glasses and broke them in pieces in the open street for a testimony to the people, cramped his business as much as possible, and at last and at length he put away his wife. This last extremity he resorted to because she seemed unable to keep up with him in the rapid progress of his reforms. He also denounced, with unsparing fidelity, all his followers who faltered by the way, who clung to dark clothes or mahogany, or their husbands and wives when these displeased him. I should say, to give him his due, that he allowed his own particular rib to return to the community as an humble companion, on her earnest entreaty. She is the mother of his six children, who are all living with him.

Meanwhile all the "White Quakers" bitterly abhorred and denounced the "Black Quakers," and refused to hold any intercourse with them on any terms—looking on them as apostates and enemies of all good. No ties of kindred or friendship shielded any from this condemnation; mothers left their grown-up children and grandchildren, husbands their wives, and wives their husbands and children, denouncing and inveighing all sorts of bitter things against all their old acquaintances who were unprepared "to go the whole hog" with them. There were many rich people—particularly rich women—among them. They threw their property into a common fund, and made Joshua Jacob their chancellor of the exchequer, as well as the keeper of their consciences. A sister-in-law of Joshua's, being left a widow with five children and £9,000, threw the whole of the money into their treasury at his instigation: and when he was summoned before the Court of Chancery to explain this appropriation of the property of orphans, who, as such, are its wards, he refused to appear, and was sent to prison for contempt of court. There he lay for many years, attended by his faithful friend and fellow-laborer, Abigail Beale, with whom he openly contracted a Platonic union.

It was during his incarceration that he adopted the patriarchal habit of wearing his beard—and now he has a fine long one, and so have all his masculine followers. Previous to this imprisonment, the little community were indefatigable in the distribution of tracts and papers in explanation of their views, relating their sufferings and persecutions, and denouncing all their foes; in fact, "dealing damnation round the land," and terribly hot and heavy against the unhappy "Black Quakers," sparing neither age nor sex, ignorance nor innocence. Joshua and his followers have been haled out of steeple-houses, mobbed in the streets, brought up before magistrates, mocked at by silly people in the streets, and by the more respectable (behind his back) in drawing rooms. In short, they suffered a very sufficient share of petty martyrdom, and they rejoiced accordingly. During the imprisonment of their leader they subsided a good deal, became a very quiet set of bodies, and are now hardly ever spoken of even in "the society," which they once convulsed to such an extent that they formed the staple subject of the gossip at quarterly meetings, and on all occasions when it is customary or proper for people to gossip at all.

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From the N. Y. True Sun.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

THE change which a few years have wrought in the commercial position of Great Britain is truly surprising. Her influence, once all-powerful for good or for evil, is now impotent with respect to the commerce of the world. But twenty years since, any change in the current of credit in London, would be sensibly felt to the remotest regions of the commercial world. At this moment all the leading houses of the kingdom are tottering into bankruptcy, yet not a ripple undulates the smooth surface of American prosperity. A hundred firms, whose aggregate liabilities are not less than $80,000,000, have failed, and every packet brings news of additional disasters, with predictions of the failure of the Bank of England, yet curiosity, and perhaps some anxiety, as to the future markets for produce, are the most important feelings awakened. This arises from the total change which the relations of England have undergone to the rest of the world. When the peace of 1815 took place, she was the only manufacturer, and supplied the world with goods at prices which produced for her enormous profits. Her capital rapidly accumulated, and she had a large surplus to lend, which she did freely on stocks to governments, and on open credits to buyers of goods all over the world. In fact, when the United States and Europe began to rival her in manufactures, her favorable terms of credit enabled her long to command the markets. Her mercantile powers, having command of great capital, would advance freely on produce in all parts of the world, having it consigned to their houses for sale. By these means vast commerce was concentrated in the British Islands. With these ramifications extending in all directions, a moment of pressure in London, by compelling houses to call in debts due for goods, and ceasing to loan on produce, caused the distress to be felt in every market with which England had dealings. The payments flowing back to London, eased the market there at the expense of all the world. Of late years, however, her large capital has accumulated far less rapidly in years of apparent prosperity. The keenness of foreign competition has reduced prices, until profits have become both small and uncertain. At the same time the crops of food have become yearly more important, because they have necessarily been larger, to feed the advancing population; consequently the loss of a crop, or any proportion of it, took from her larger capital than formerly, and which she can less afford because she is earning less; and it is very probable, that with less profits in favorable years, and larger and more frequently recurring losses by short harvests, that her capital has actually been impaired in the last ten years; her merchants have less means of giving credit, and less to advance on produce, while the capital of other countries, especially the United States, has been accumulating, so that they require less advances on sales and are more independent of credit on purchases. Hence, when revulsion overtakes the London market, the impulse is not communicated to her correspondents.

At such a juncture—viz., with capital largely diminished by lessened profits and enormous losses in crops, she has undertaken to invest incredible sums in railways. That is to say, $5,000,000 per week for 100 weeks, is the amount required to complete lines in process of construction. This state of things has deprived merchants and manufacturers of the use of that capital, which on good securities they have been accustomed to command in the prosecution of their business, and they have found it impossible to procure money to meet their engagements. Many manufactories have been forced to close, and others to work short time. By these means the consumption of United States cotton has been greatly diminished, and the prices fall. The operations in all produce are paralyzed; and dealers, instead of their accustomed stocks, buy from "hand to mouth." They cannot command capital to hold stocks. Hence prices are much less than they otherwise would be. In view of these difficulties, many eminent bankers contend that if the Bank of England were allowed again to control the currency and issue notes at its pleasure, that there would be money enough. Others contend that it is necessary to repeal the act passed in 1819, requiring specie payments, and so to return to irredeemable paper. At all events, the position of the bank was such at the latest date as to excite the liveliest alarm, and its ex-governor, J. Horsely Palmer, wrote a letter to a gentleman of this city to the effect that within the three days after the sailing of the packet of October 4. an event would occur that "would shake the credit of the commercial world." Many suppose that by this he meant the suspension of the Bank of England. This does not seem probable immediately, although the danger is great that within the year it may become inevitable. It is possible that the charter of 1844 may be so changed that the institution will again have control of the circulation. This must hasten its insolvency, because it is obvious if the bank regain the right to issue notes at its will, and it does so, producing greater ease in the money market, all the operations of trade will immediately be renewed, cotton again be in demand, and produce become active at advancing prices, stimulating renewed imports and a further drain of bullion, while the railroads will progress with increased vigor. This would be highly beneficial to the United States, and would cause an increased import of specie from England, until finally the bank will explode. She lost last year £8,300,000 of specie, and has now about as much more to lose, while the business prospects for the year are no better than those of last. Should she fail, the whole paper fabric of England, her paper system and enormous debt, would sink in one common ruin, while perhaps her regular business conducted on a specie basis would be better than ever, and United States produce come in greater requisition. The first effect of bank suspension will be a great rise in prices, and consequently rapid sales of produce for paper, which will mostly be converted into specie at the best terms and brought home. The paper will gradually depreciate, and as it does so the actual capital of England will be the more rapidly transferred to the United States.

In the impregnable position the United States occupy, with great natural wealth and a *specie currency*, nothing can happen to our position injuriously in Great Britain. Should she be able to maintain the present struggle for a specie currency, our market for provisions would be considerably curtailed, and the best news which we could receive would be that of a suspension of the bank, or at least its preliminary relaxation in the system now pursued.

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From the Examiner, Oct. 9.

PEEL'S BILL—THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

In our number for May 18, 1844, we gave merited but qualified praise to Sir R. Peel for his currency bill. It did not come up to our notion of what was requisite, but perhaps he went as far in the right direction as the state of public ignorance and private interests at the time would allow. The bill aimed merely at the regulation of the issue of notes by the bank. It said to the bank, "You shall enjoy the lucrative privilege of issuing promissory notes to the extent of 14,000,000*l.*; beyond that amount you shall not issue, except in exchange for gold; and your transactions shall be published weekly, so that all the world may see whether gold is coming in or going out of the country, and regulate their actions accordingly." This was all that Peel's bill did. Those who now lay to its charge in any degree the present crisis mean either that this has been caused, or else that its severity has been increased and continued, by the restriction which prevents the bank from issuing more than 14,000,000*l.* of promissory notes, unless in exchange for gold. Proposals for suspending or sweeping away Peel's bill mean, "Let the bank, at its discretion, issue as much more than 14,000,000*l.* as it likes."

To state the fact of what Peel's bill really is, in the plain and simple manner that we have done, is sufficient by itself to show that "the incapability of the bank during the last three years to issue its promissory notes for more than 14,000,000*l.*, except against gold," cannot possibly have been the cause of the present crisis—cannot now aggravate it—and that it would not be overcome were the bank invested to-morrow with the capability withheld. In so far indeed as vague mistrust mingles with justifiable mistrust, anything whatever on which the public imagination happens to fix might dissipate the *vague* apprehensions, and produce an interval of unsubstantial repose. But passing over this portion of the crisis—to which the name of panic has been very properly affixed, and which is unamenable to rational treatment—the suspension of Peel's bill—that is to say, the giving power to the bank to issue beyond the 14,000,000*l.*—would immensely increase the severity of the crisis itself.

And this leads us to consider what the "crisis" is. The crisis, then, consists in a gradually increasing inability of a continually-increasing number of persons to provide the capital they have contracted to find, reaching a point at last in which very great numbers of merchants and manufacturers are *simultaneously* unable to fulfil their contracts. This is the *crisis*, and as these contracts to find capital are inter-dependent—that is to say, as *I* contracted to find capital for *you* because A had previously contracted to find it for *me*—in other words, as I undertook to pay *my* acceptance in *your* favor because A undertook to pay *his* in *my* favor—there is a general chaos of confusion.

Now this state of things originates in the fact that the trading and producing classes in general have undertaken to invest, in a given time, a greater amount of capital than they possess; and they do not possess this anticipated amount, for the simple reason that it does not exist anywhere to be possessed. A certain and definite amount *does* exist, and is susceptible of investment; they have pledged themselves to one another that a greater aggregate amount shall be invested, and they are necessarily incapable of redeeming an impossible pledge. Such is the real state of the case, stripped of all fallacious, metaphorical, and misleading phraseology. Now where is the nostrum-monger who will aver that the bank, by being permitted to issue at discretion, will become capable of enabling the trading and producing world to find what does not exist?

In this part of the investigation, some one rushes in to the rescue armed with metaphor and exclaims, "*I* aver it—*I* say the capital *does* exist, but it is *locked up;* and if you do away with that absurd bill and let the bank issue in *support of trade*, capital will be unlocked—people will be able to pay—or find capital, as you call it—*you* will pay your acceptance to me, because A will pay *his* to *you*, and in a little while the tumult will subside."

What, then, is capital which it seems is thus "locked up?" for in the fallacy conveyed by the metaphor of "locking up" lies the necessity of the question. Capital consists of all those products of human industry which are capable of being employed in reproduction, and the term is relative to production. A man who has got his capital, as it is called, "locked up" in pictures cannot build a factory with *them;* he must first of all buy gold with them, and exchange the gold for the materials he wants. The gold and the materials are capital.

Now the essential cause of the crisis is, that the trading and manufacturing world has covenanted to bring forward in a given time a greater quantity of capital, in this sense, than does really exist. An issue of notes would enable the first receivers of them to perform contracts in which they would otherwise have failed, and, likewise, the second class of receivers, &c. &c. This augmentation of the circulating medium would necessarily enable the possessors of capital to sell it for higher prices than they would have obtained otherwise; but as the total quantity of capital will not be increased by the increase of the circulating medium, the performance of the whole number and amount of previously existing contracts is quite as impossible as before. Moreover—the temporary movement in produce and other capital, which ensued upon the issue of the notes, necessarily ceasing as this unmoved and unmovable disproportion between capital and contracts begins again to make itself felt, and as the securities upon which those notes were issued become due and redeemable and the notes, in consequence, repayable—a more dreadful crisis occurs. For the primary cause of the evil, viz., an actual inferiority in the quantity of capital compared with that covenanted to be brought forward, is now reinforced by sundry auxiliary and additional

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contracts into which people have been tempted to enter during the fallacious lull. In short, as in the Tulipomania in Holland, no augmentation of the currency could have enabled contractors to deliver roots which did not exist, so neither in the railroad mania of to-day can it, or any other conceivable contrivance, enable the whole body of covenanters to find a total of capital greater than the existing total.

But this is a branch of the subject of the last practical importance, big with the fate of thousands, and, in the very grave circumstances under which we are now writing, we should indeed be descending from the conscientious discharge of our duty if we permitted any consideration to deter us from declaring our full mind regarding it. We implore those who are tempted, in the gloom and despair of the moment, to cry out for "the suspension of Peel's bill and an immediate issue of notes," to ask themselves whether a measure of this disastrous nature was not inflicted upon them five weeks ago—whether the derangement it was calculated to produce was not predicted at the very times, (see *Times*, City Art. Sept. 6)—and whether the peculiar agonies of the past week are not directly traceable to it. Five weeks ago, when money was selling in the market at six per cent., the managers of the Bank of England having a great mass of that commodity accumulating on their hands belonging to the public, notwithstanding that their published weekly returns proclaimed that the value of money was steadily increasing, commenced underselling their rivals in the market, and offered their commodity at *five* per cent. The immediate effect of this extra issue was what is called "relief;"—money was easier, traders obtained discounts rather more freely, and at a lower rate than before, property moved, and persons were tempted to accept contracts which they would otherwise have rejected. In the mean while, the weekly bank returns went on announcing that the stock of gold was diminishing, and that the *natural* value of money was enhancing, and such bystanders as ourselves awaited in breathless expectation the inevitable result of this terrific proceeding on the part of the managers of the bank. It came—those managers met one morning last week and found that they had got no more money than they should want for paying the public dividends. They turned round in an instant upon the unfortunates whom they had been pampering with treacherous nourishment, (as they have often done before,) and whom they had led and lulled into a fatal security, and, by a contraction and denial of loans more sudden, more perfidious, and more remorseless than we ever before heard of, (but indispensably necessary to save *themselves* from the consequences of the criminal act of which they had been previously guilty,) plunged thousands into distress, and hundreds into ruin. We say that this last act was indispensable because they were compelled to provide notes in time to pay the October dividends, but it was optional with them whether they would make this provision by selling their own stock, &c. &c. at a heavy loss to *themselves*, or by scattering ruin among *others*. Still the act of contraction, in whatever way performed, was an unavoidable necessity springing out of the antecedent act of expansion. We say nothing more of this act at present than that it was—on the 2nd of last September and subsequently—an act of "expansion of the currency," an act of what is called "relief;" that it was just such an act in its *own* nature (though dictated by the most wretched and self-defeating hopes of profit) as is now earnestly demanded by a large part of the public from motives praiseworthy, and at any rate honest—but, as we are convinced, entirely erroneous. The panic woe that befell us in the early part of this week is entirely distinct from the *general* distress, and was superinduced upon it *wholly* and *solely* by the managers of the Bank of England tampering in most barefaced breach of their duty with the natural value of money—on the 2nd September last and since. But if the public itself should refuse the warning this recent occurrence affords, and now invoke a tampering with the natural price of money by calling for the suspension of Peel's bill—we speak advisedly, and after the observation and reflection of years—it will draw down on its own head a repetition of those agonies under which it is now laboring, and which the bank managers have inflicted upon it.

We return to our proposition that the essential cause of the crisis is, that the trading and manufacturing world has engaged to bring forward a greater quantity of capital in a given time than can be found existing. And we say further, that it is in the specific engagements to bring forward capital for railroad works that the active malignity of the general cause resides. We shall not waste words to prove this—we think it has been proved elsewhere to demonstration—and we now assume it. We are perfectly aware that the country expended more capital last year by the value of 20,000,000*l.* to purchase the same quantity of food than it did the year before—we know that the price of cotton has coöperated with the last named cause, but the great cause of the crisis is the 1,000,000*l.* per week of capital that is to be invested in railroads. If we find that this is disputed, we shall show in detail next week how it operates to raise the rate of interest to merchants and manufacturers, and to annihilate their profits. But at present we pass to another branch of the subject.

Does the present state of things admit of administrative mitigation? We think it may to a certain extent, admitting that the means are adapted to an extraordinary and extreme case of embarrassment, to be excepted from all common rules, and that the palliation we venture to propose is surrounded with very considerable difficulties. We think that the chancellor of the exchequer should direct a return to be made by every railroad in the kingdom of its actual and prospective investment: the latter should be divided into the prospective investments per week for the next year; each

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should state the time in which it proposes to complete its works. When a table shall have been formed showing what are the engagements of the companies, the Frankenstein public will be for the first time enabled to look this monster fairly in the face. The legislature may then interfere and say —so many millions shall be invested annually in railroads, and no more;—that amount shall be duly apportioned out among all the railroads, and each shall only obtain its allotted amount by calls on its shareholders, and not by loans. It will be exclaimed, "You can't interfere with rights you have created unless you make compensation." We answer, the legislature did not consider the rights it conveyed to railroad companies as rights and privileges only, but also as obligations and duties for which they are the trustees, and the public the *cestaqui* trust. A mining company is endowed with rights solely for its own benefit, and, beyond paying a premium for the grant of the mine, has no connection with the *public;* but the public *is* directly interested in railroads—*its* rights are inalienable and cannot be legislated away. This the companies know, and that they take their own right subject to the major right of the public; and when the two rights come into competition those of the companies must properly and justly give away.

This is the case now, and this is the ground on which the action of the legislature is justifiable: unless this palliative be adopted there is none other, and we shall expect for the next two or three months a state which we will not attempt to describe.

What was the real defect in Peel's bill, and where it ought to be repealed, and why the public neither sees this nor calls for it, we will explain in our next number.

From the Examiner, 16th Oct.

We proceed to point out the real defects of Peel's bill, and we take up the question where it was when he undertook to settle it. All persons admitting that the English paper currency, conditioned as it long had been previous to the year 1844, disturbed the metallic prices of commodities, Sir Robert Peel framed his measure to remedy this enormous evil. Correctly concluding that the empire would always require for the interchange of its vast wealth a quantity of legal-tender paper money greatly exceeding 14,000,000*l.*, he chose to draw a line at this amount, and to decide that the surplus should only be issued in exchange for the universal commodity, and the measure of the value of all other commodities—gold. Every ounce of this was to be retained to pay the note issued against it, while the 14,000,000*l.* itself was to be held as having been already issued and in part secured upon the credit of a much inferior value of government stock.

The principle of this measure had been gradually making its way in the public mind for many years—and thus far Sir Robert adopted a plan for carrying it out, not unlike, on a superficial view, one which had been proposed in the preceding year by Mr. Cowell, in his letters to the Right Hon. F. T. Baring on the currency. But while in reality he deviated considerably from the scheme itself, he rejected two indispensable provisions with which the only vulnerable point of Mr. Cowell's plan had been guarded—a point which was more exposed in his plan; and, besides this, he chose very different machinery of execution. We called public attention to the first of these defects in our number for May 18, 1844, but in vain, and the bill came into existence bearing in its bosom the seeds of a fatal disease, which the parental hand had implanted. Our words were—"There is a point of great importance on which Sir Robert is quite silent. At present the rate of interest is much disturbed by the operations necessary for paying the dividends of the public funds. Previous to this trimestral payment the chancellor of the exchequer is compelled to impound as much as he can of the produce of the taxes, and he borrows the remainder of the bank. This process produces a temporary scarcity of money and *enhances* the rate of interest; then in the course of three or four days an immense sum is suddenly paid out to the public, which creates a temporary plethora of money, and *lowers* the rate of interest. Sir Robert's scheme contains not even an allusion to this great and certain cause of monetary disturbance. It certainly requires serious attention.

It received, however, no attention whatever; not a single public man, as far as we know, even glanced at it publicly, and the circumstances which attended the operation of the bill during the years 1845 and 1846 appeared to justify their indifference. For in those years the operations of commerce and of the Chinese war caused an unexampled flux of gold to set into England; and the natural price of money being reduced to two and a half per cent., the bank, although deprived of the power of issuing discretionally, was still enabled, without creating any marked monetary disturbance, to assist the chancellor of the exchequer in the payment of the dividends, as its permitted issues of paper were, throughout, below their legal maximum. But when prices abroad invited gold to foreign shores, and its price began to advance at home as its quantity diminished, the formidable difficulty to which we are now referring began to make itself felt. The managers of the bank who, we cannot doubt, had misled Sir Robert Peel in 1844 on this matter, came forward to treat it in 1847, and so proceeded as to produce a panic in April last. In July Sir C. Wood was enabled to take the affair out of their hands, by discounting the Irish loan; and at present, the managers of the bank, resuming their former position, and incapable of profiting by the experience of last April, have produced a still more disastrous panic; deliberately imposing on others immense pecuniary sacrifices, which their own mean and ignorant covetousness of profit a few weeks before most righteously called upon them to undergo themselves. What these authorities will do in January next—but *surrexit mudus justis furiis*, and we trust that the sagacity of Sir

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Charles Wood, backed by the honest indignation of the country, will limit powers so grossly abused.

We will now briefly show how the difficulty in the trimestral payments of the public dividends was obviated under the old system of discretionary issue of notes by the bank, and thus the indispensable necessity of providing for it under any scheme intended to carry out the principle on which Peel's bill professed to be founded, will come clearly forth to the view. We shall abridge our exposition from Mr. Cowell's pamphlet.

Twice a year the government was under the obligation of paying in the course of a few days the enormous sum of 9,000,000*l.*, and twice a year likewise that of 3,000,000*l.* According to any system of taxation, it would require a considerable time to collect either of these vast amounts, during which a painful contraction of the circulating medium would arise, followed by a sudden and deranging expansion of it consequent upon the payment of the dividends. To prevent these inconveniences, the Bank of England, about six weeks before the dividends became payable, and while the produce of the taxes was accumulating, proffered to lend its notes on exchequer bills, bills of exchange, &c., &c., at a somewhat low rate of interest, to be repaid in a few days after the dividends should be paid. Thus, as fast as the tax-gatherer was abstracting notes from the circulation, the bank was restoring them to it by making these loans, and no real contraction of the circulation took place before, or violent expansion of it after the dividends. And if the government funds fell short of what was requisite for paying the dividends, as was frequently the case to the extent of millions, the bank, having power to issue its notes at discretion, temporarily advanced the difference on what are called "deficiency bills." When the bank was to be deprived of the power of discretionary issue, how were these adjustments of the circulating medium to be made, and how was the chancellor of the exchequer to be provided with notes to pay the dividends if he should happen at the moment to fall short of the necessary supply? These were the questions.

If there are any other methods of preventing the monetary disturbances naturally incident to the payment of the dividends, than the two which Mr. Cowell proposed, we are unacquainted with them. We can only advert, therefore, to that gentleman's suggestions. He first recommends that the payment of the dividends of the national debt should be spread over the whole year, instead of being made, as is now the case, at four periods only; that the debt should be divided into twelve series; that six months' interest on the first series should be payable in January and July, six months on the second series in February and August, and so on for the whole twelve. By this means an end would be put to such inconvenient accumulations as 6,000,000*l.* or 8,000,000*l.* four times a year for one purpose only, and the public' revenue, constantly accruing from customs, excise, stamps, taxes, &c. &c., would be returned, almost as fast as it accrued, to the circulation, in direct accomplishment of the object for which it is collected, instead of being indirectly so returned through the intermediation of the Bank of England loaning it out for its own profit, to the disturbance—and occasionally, as at present and in March last—to the destruction of commercial prosperity.

The other provision was that the chancellor of the exchequer—who will always be under the necessity of borrowing large sums of money for *short* periods of time, because the in-comings of the revenue do not coincide in time for the demands upon him for disbursements—should make these temporary loans by means of a new instrument, viz., by means of selling in the market "obligations to pay on certain days specified sums bearing no interest." He would sell these "obligations" for less amounts than those specified on them, and thus have to redeem them by greater amounts than he received. They should never have more than three months to run, and should be for any shorter periods that his convenience from time to time might recommend. They should be for amounts of 200*l.*, 500*l.*, and 1,000*l.* each, Thus—if money were worth five per cent. on the 1st of January, and the chancellor were to sell an "obligation" for 1,000*l.*, payable on the 1st of April, he would only receive 987*l.* 10s. into the exchequer. The sales of these obligations would supply his temporary wants for money, and he could keep down all temporary accumulations of useless balances by buying them back again before they should be due. Such an instrument would be the *ne plus ultra* of all securities in convenience and convertibility, and would therefore always enable the chancellor to command money on the cheapest terms.

It is clear that the managers of the Bank of England in 1844 must have been perfectly aware of the dangers that would menace Sir Robert's bill, from the immense amounts periodically required to pay the dividends; and it is equally clear that they did not provide him with any protective arrangements against them. Is it possible that they could have concealed these dangers from him? We can hardly conceive it. Then, if they set them before him, why did they not propose some safeguard? And if they had none better, why did they not propose to him those safeguards which Mr. Cowell had provided, and with which we are entitled to assume that they were perfectly acquainted? Although they foresaw that these safeguards, by enabling the chancellor of the exchequer to utilize the public balances, would deprive the bank of the immense profit of them and transfer it entirely to the nation, yet they could have negotiated with Sir Robert on this basis, and have shown him that the bank performed certain services for the public for which it was unpaid otherwise than by being permitted to use the public deposits, and that it would therefore be justly entitled to compensation if the deposits were made to yield a profit of 200,000*l.* or 300,000*l.* per annum to the nation instead of to the bank. This natural course was

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open to them, and we cannot account for their not having taken it, unless it was because they were as little acquainted as we ourselves are with any services whatever rendered by the bank to the public for which the public did not already pay it.

However, Sir Robert was not only led into leaving his bill entirely unguarded on this vital point, but he rejected the machinery that had been elsewhere suggested for carrying it out, and was persuaded to place its future fate entirely in the hands of the bank, and to arm the bank with weapons of more power than would have been sufficient to destroy a measure capable of making a much better defence.

What is called "the issue department" of the measure appears to us to have worked as well as Sir Robert could have expected, and has given out an amount of legal-tender paper money which we will call 20,000,000*l.*, inaccessible to discretional augmentation and diminution, and varying only as gold seeks or quits the country. But what of this, when he placed from 12,000,000*l.* to 15,000,000*l.* of money in the hands of the managers of the bank, to be issued and absorbed by them entirely at their discretion, and which he ought to have known would have been—as it *has* been—entirely at their *in*discretion. This step has been fatal to his bill. When the managers of the bank engaged, on the 2d of last September, to issue on government stock and exchequer bills at one per cent. under the *natural* price of money, they necessarily over-issued, because they sold more of the commodity (money) than they would have done had they asked for it the full *natural* price. This over-issue necessarily disturbed the *natural* price of money, and what more could an unwarranted issue from the issue department have done? The essence of the evil which Sir Robert Peel undertook to remedy by his bill, consisted in this, that the metallic or natural prices of commodities were disturbed by our currency, conditioned as it was previous to 1844, and here we see the natural price of commodities disturbed in the same manner under his bill, and by the same cause, viz., the discretion or *in*discretion of the bank managers tampering with the natural market price of money by means of the enormous power which Sir Robert left at their command when he omitted to fetter their employment of the public balances by sound rules and extrinsic agency. Therefore the bill is at at end unless corrected immediately in these two respects.

Sir Robert Peel and the present chancellor of the exchequer may rely upon it that nothing can render the bill efficient for the purpose at which it aims, unless the difficulty regarding the payment of dividends be removed, and the managers of the bank be, moreover, deprived of the power of all *in*discretion in the banking, as they have been in the issuing, department. We will make the last point clear, although we are far from pledging it as our opinion that Sir Robert's bill would have proved perfectly efficient if the managers of the Bank of England had both understood and practised sound principles of banking; we lean, nevertheless, to that side of the question. But the *practice* of the bank managers has been such that the bill may be said not to have had a fair trial. The principle of the bill certainly has had no trial at all, because the machinery and the details of it were never adequate to carrying out its intention.

Sound principles of banking require that the banker should lend the universal commodity at its full *natural* price, and for *short* periods of time only. The necessity of lending it at its full *natural* price is obvious, but the reason for lending it thus for *short* periods *only* is not so obvious. This is founded on the observed fact that the *natural* value of gold—on every mercantile spot over the whole globe—is in a continual state of fluctuation, generally slight, but occasionally considerable. We do not propose here to point out the cause of this incessant fluctuation, but merely the fact. Now as the fluctuation in value is continual, so the *natural* price of gold is continually varying, therefore, if the banker lends it for so long a period as six months, (that is to say, if he discounts a six months' bill,) he may be sure that during the currency of the bill the *natural* price of his money will have repeatedly changed.

Now the managers of the bank *never* lend at the *natural* price of gold, unless it be by an accidental concurrence, lasting only for an hour or two, between their rate and the natural rate. They are forever tampering with the price of money. They announce that they are selling the commodity at three, three and a half—at four, five, or six per cent., just as if there were no market price to which sound principles would compel them to conform; as if they were invested with a jurisdiction over value; as if their announcements were edicts. We say, therefore, that the principle of Peel's bill has never had any trial at all. That measure armed the managers of the bank with private and public deposits, amounting to more than half of the issues of bank notes, and these persons were just as much enabled to disturb the natural price of money—and through it, of everything else whatever—as in any previous moment of their long, evil, and consistently misdirected career. They were enabled to do this, and they have done it accordingly. They will never change; reason and advice are thrown away upon their obtuseness and conceit; the direful manner in which they have been sporting with the property and happiness of millions during these last six weeks passes the power of language to describe. We do not know how much pain is inflicted, and over how wide a surface it may extend, when a savage conqueror sacks a great city; but second to this alone is the pain and the long-extending and wide-spreading ruin which the wantonness of these men has caused. We can name from twenty to thirty persons within the circle of our own acquaintance who among them have undergone a loss at the hands of the bank managers of little less than a million sterling during the last six weeks. The desolation of

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hearths—children taken from school because their parents were suddenly deprived of the means of continuing their education—parents posting at a day's notice to distant lands—the agony of plighted hearts that part—deserted infancy—the solitude of helpless age—all these and many other forms of social misery are the results of their proceedings during these few weeks—are the fruits of the rapacious greed for profit which impelled them to tamper with the price of money on the 2nd of September. Compel the merchants, bankers, and manufacturers of England to risk their property at the common gaming-table, with Louis Philippe for dealer, M. Guizot for croupier, and the Duke of Lucca, Queen Christina, or any other Bourbon, as stakeholder—do this—but save them from the vulturous discretion of the managers of the Bank of England. It is a national misfortune at this moment that the great bankers are mainly prevented from a public demonstration against the Bank of England by a groundless apprehension that the activity of any one of them might be misconstrued into a betrayal of alarm on his own account; and thus they sit, with Spartan endurance, while the monster is preying upon them. Let them descend from this lofty, and we think over-strained, punctilio, and do their duty to the thousand sufferers who have hoped for safety under the outspread of their mighty wings, and who have been surprised by the dart of the enemy, piercing through that potent protection. Is it for such persons as we refer to, whose wide possessions strike the eye in every county of England, to stand on the threshold of duty, letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would?" A noble field is now before them.

In conclusion, we say that the legislature must be called upon without loss of time to stop the long-continued misdirection of the managers of the Bank of England. Even while we were writing, the *Times* brought the fact before us that they had been agreeing to lend 270,000*l.*, a sum equal to one sixty-ninth of the whole bank circulation, to the copper miner's company, at 5 per cent.! These bankers have done this at a time when they *themselves* were lending at 7, 8, and 9 per cent. to the general public; and, in further defiance of the principles of banking, they have lent this vast sum for a *long* period of time, while to the public their loans, at the heavy rates mentioned above, were on *short* bills! And it is the public money which they are permitted to employ, thus tyrannically and unjustly in the particular instance—and in the general effect upon the circulation, so injuriously both to public and private interests!!

When we saw and reflected on this extraordinary transaction last Thursday, it struck us, at first, as being so bad that nothing could make it worse. We changed our opinion when we subsequently learnt that the governor of the copper miner's company—himself indebted to that company in the large sum of 20,000*l.*—was, up to the time of his failure, three weeks ago, an influential member of the bank direction; that another director of the company was also, up to the time of his failure a week ago, a bank director; and that a third was a very near relation of a bank director.

CHOLERA.

Mr. Chadwick, Dr. Southwood Smith, and the other members of the special sanatory commission for the metropolis, have been engaged for several days past examining witnesses as to the present state of those districts where the cholera was the most prevalent in 1832; Shadwell, Rotherhithe, and the Borough.—*Globe.*

The steady advance of the cholera westward has induced Mr. William Herapath, of Bristol, to publish for the public benefit the results of his chemical experiments on the nature of the infection during the visitation in 1832. Mr. Herapath gives reasons why the recently discovered disinfectants will be of no avail in grappling with this particular form of infection:—

"For some time I attended almost daily at the cholera hospitals, and experimented in every way I could think of, upon the dead and living subjects, their contents and *ejecta*, the atmosphere surrounding them, and their articles of clothing. The conclusions I arrived at I forward for the information of those who have not had the same opportunities.

"1. That the cause of cholera is a putrid animal poison, capable of being recognized by the smell by some, emanating from and surrounding the dead or living cholera subject or articles of clothing.

"2. That it is not sulphuretted hydrogen or hydrosulphuret of ammonia, as it does not decompose salts of lead or zinc, and when passed through nitrate of silver it only forms a red solution when exposed to light.

"3. That it is only received into the living body through the lungs, and cannot be propagated by inoculation.

"4. That infection can be conveyed by articles of clothing, bedding, &c.; and that washerwomen are more subject to infection than ordinary persons from that cause.

"5. That all persons are not equally liable to infection from equal exposure, and even the same individual becomes more sensitive under certain circumstances.

"6. That the poison is destroyed by chlorine gas and a heat of 300 degrees Fahrenheit.

"As the object of the present communication is merely to give the public opinion a right direction so as to help the future boards of health to combat this insidious and powerful enemy, I must at once state that the two most popular disenfectants of the day—the chloride of zinc and the nitrate of lead, known as Sir W. Burnet's and Ledoyen's—will be of no avail, although they will promptly remove ordinary putrid effluvia. The only chemical preventive I depended upon in my numerous exposures to the virus was chlorine gas; and this I believe to be a perfect one if the fumigation is complete. I invariably passed through an atmosphere of it on my return home, and kept it escaping in my residence during the continuance of the disease in the city. I also placed large quantities of the substance necessary for the evolution of this gas in the hands of a Bristol druggist, who was kind enough to distribute 1,200 quantities of it gratuitously to applicants during three days, with instructions for the use; and am happy to say that during that time the deaths fell from ten to one per day; and I have but little doubt that if every ship arriving in Eng-

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land from an infected place should be exposed to a perfect fumigation with chlorine, we shall be preserved from the infection. If the disease should pass this cordon by any accident, then every house in the infected district should be simultaneously fumigated with it—say three times a day; unless done in all houses at the same time, it would be useless, or nearly so; and to do it effectually, a mixture of three parts of common salt and one of black oxide of manganese should be placed just inside the outer or street door of the dwelling-house, and a little common vitriol poured upon it. The inward current of air will convey the chlorine gas to every part of the interior; and wherever it can be smelt the effect is produced—the miasm is destroyed. If articles of clothing are infected, and the colors are likely to be injured by the gas, they may be heated in an oven or on a kiln, to 250 or 300 degrees, (about the heat of baking bread,) when they might be handled or used with perfect impunity."

GEORGICS AT DRAYTON MANOR.

Sir Robert Peel's present mission is a fit sequel to his career as a conservative reformer. Heretofore, it has been the privilege of statesmen who have left office, either to intrigue for a return to power, or, abandoning political intrigue, to indulge in merely personal recreations. But the retired premier of our times inclines to neither. It is well understood that he is not a candidate for office —that *he* at least does not contemplate a return to it, whatever others may do for him; he has not entered into party intrigues; and yet he is not idle or regardless of public objects. The emancipation from the exigencies of party has only served to enlarge the sphere for the exercise of his usefulness. Of all our statesmen, he is acknowledged to be the one that centres in his own person the greatest influence, and that influence he is bringing to bear beneficially for his country in promoting that one of all the sciences which most immediately concerns her—agricultural science. This he does more effectually than if he were himself to enter into active competition with experimentalists; although he has not neglected the subject. But such social meetings as that recently held in his mansion, of scientific experimentalists and practical farmers, command far more attention than common agricultural dinners or scientific gatherings. It was not merely the admirable expositions of a nascent science which gave value to the meeting—*they* can be heard elsewhere; nor was it the testimony of working practice to scientific investigation—that also, though still possessing the interest of novelty, is to be found in other places: but it was the social position given to the young science and its professors.

The spectacle presented to the country by the hospitable board is instructive and encouraging. At its head sat the most successful statesman of the country—a man still in the full vigor of his intellect, still warmed by public zeal, yet with judgment tempered by maturity of years: he has retired, after a great peaceful victory, from active political contest; but his unfailing energy needs action, and, habituated to public service, he must have employment useful to the public. Having in the legislature freed the industry of the country from its shackles, he retreats to aid in developing its resources. He summons to his council natural philosophers and practical agriculturists. Is is at the table of that leading statesman that the scientific investigators learn the full appreciation of their labors: there they learn that natural science applied to agriculture is a branch of intellectual activity which takes its place with politics and political economy as a recognized part of statesmanship: does it not follow that they will carry away a prouder zeal than ever in the pursuit of a knowledge not only vitally interesting, but now authoritatively admitted to be so? No doubt, the innate love of it would have stimulated those excellent persons in their avocations; but a worldly recognition of philosophy is both gratifying to the teacher and useful to the dissemination of the doctrine. The doctrine is stamped, as it were, with an official authority, which must smooth its way towards those whom it most immediately concerns. Plodding men, dull time-serving fellows, who would sneer at doctors and professors, at new-fangled practices and theoretical notions, will be disposed to receive with respect doctrines that come direct from the table of the wealthy and powerful. Besides, the pride of the working farmers will be conciliated by the consideration shown to their order in being summoned to the hospitable council: farmers are now among the recognized company of statesmen and philosophers, not merely as pupils or listeners, but as parties to the deliberation. A Woodward sits with a Huxtable and a Peel to consult how the welfare of the nation can be best and most directly promoted.

It is true that Sir Robert Peel, great and powerful as he may be, derives perhaps the brightest lustre in his fame from the companionhood; but that fact only renders his countenance the more influential for good. Apart from the effect which such investigations have in enlarging and reinvigorating the mind of the statesman, there is the renewed prestige which he derives on reëntering the dry walls of the national debating-chamber, from the knowledge that he comes fresh from a consultation with the true Egeria of all statesmen—Nature. Sir Robert Peel is not alone in applying to fresh and original sources to enrich his statesmanship withal. Lord Clarendon's recently commenced attempt to promote agricultural knowledge where it is still more needed than in England, is based upon the same clear and candid view of state wisdom—that it ought to be dictated by the practical necessity of the times. Mr. Cobden's tour of Europe is in the same spirit. Here we have three of our statesmen, who might all of them claim the highest position in point of knowledge and estimation, teaching by example that the principle of the wisest practical philosophy is never to cease learning, but ever to renew strength for wordly affairs by applying at the original sources of knowledge. Such a reference must tend to infuse a new spirit of life into the deliberations of parliament.—*Spectator, 9th October.*

The *Times* recounts a truly "extraordinary instance of the application of the electric telegraph," at the London Bridge terminus of the South-eastern Railway, on Thursday, 7th October.

"Hutchings, the man found guilty and sentenced to death for poisoning his wife, was to have been executed at Maidstone jail at twelve o'clock. Shortly before the appointed hour for carrying the sentence into effect, a message was received at the London Bridge terminus from the home office, requesting that an order should be sent by the electric telegraph, instructing the under-sheriff at Maid-

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stone to stay the execution two hours. By the agency of the electric telegraph the communication was received in Maidstone with the usual rapidity; and the execution was for a time stayed. It seems that the under-secretary of state had been in conference with a gentleman who had interested himself in the case, and a reëxamination of the evidence was humanely determined on; pending the consultation, the under-secretary ordered the temporary respite. Shortly after the transmission of the order deferring the execution for two hours, a messenger from the home office conveyed to the railway the secretary of state's order that the law was to take its course, and that the culprit was to be at once executed. As we have heard it stated, Mr. Macgregor, chairman of the South-Eastern Railway, happened to be at the terminus when this order arrived. The telegraph clerk hesitated in sending such a message without instructions; and the propriety of transmitting it was accordingly submitted to Mr. Macgregor. The messenger from the home office could not be certain that the order for Hutchings' execution was signed by the home secretary, although it bore his name; and Mr. Macgregor, with great judgment and humanity, instantly decided that it was not a sufficient authority on such a momentous matter.

"It now became the duty of Mr. James Walter, the chief superintendent of the South-Eastern Railway, to see the home secretary on the subject of the message: Mr. Walter proceeded to Downing street, and stated to Sir Denis le Marchant, the under-secretary of state, that the railway company, in being required to deal with such a matter as a man's execution, must have the signature of the order affixed in the presence of their responsible officer; that the second telegraphic message was in fact a death-warrant, and that Mr. Walter must have undoubted evidence of its correctness. On Mr. Walter drawing the attention of the secretary of state to the fact that the transmission of such a message was, in effect, to make him the sheriff, the conduct of the railway company, in requiring unquestionable evidence and authority, was warmly approved. The proper signature was affixed in Mr. Walter's presence; and the telegraph then conveyed to the sad criminal news that the suspension of the awful sentence was only temporary. Hutchings was executed soon after it reached Maidstone.

"An extraordinary sensation was created in Maidstone. It was generally believed that the man would not be hanged. The sheriff delayed the execution the full time of two hours, and did not get the second mandate, ordering the execution, until after the expiration of the time. This was in consequence of the wires being engaged in transmitting a message from the sheriff to the home office, so that the secretary of state's order could not pass through until the sheriff's conversation had ended. We believe this is the first instance of the employment of the electric telegraph on such a service."

The revenue accounts for the year and quarter ended on the 10th of October are alarming—a decrease on the year of above a million, on the October quarter of above a million and a half! This was to be expected: the famine in Ireland and the overtrading in England, with all the consequent dislocation, fiscal and commercial, could not happen and not mark the formidable effects of scarcity and imprudence in the aggregate accounts of the nation. The dearth by a visitation of Providence diminished, while the speculative madness wasted, our resources; and that "burning of the candle at both ends" exhibits its natural results in straitened means.

If we look to particulars, the account for the year is not so very bad; there is an increase on all the great branches of ordinary revenue, amounting in the aggregate to £673,000; the striking exception is the excise, which shows a decrease of £160,000; but the great apparent decrease on the year is mainly attributable to the falling off in the receipt of "China-money" and other casual items.

The account for the quarter is dark indeed. Taking the particular season, the country is in a much worse position than it was at this time last year: all the great branches of the revenue exhibit decrease, with small exceptions under the heads of taxes and post-office: the gross increase under every head is only £18,667. On the other hand, there is a decrease in customs, (£374,000,) excise, (£641,000,) stamps, (£66,000,) and property-tax, (£53,000;) the gross decrease being £1,525,000. No doubt, the receipts of the customs in the third quarter of 1846 were unduly swelled by receipts for corn-duties, now in abeyance; the affluence of the stamp revenue was an unhealthy excess; and the apparent abundance of the property-tax was unsound: but even with those deductions, the fact remains, that the diminished and wasted resources of the country, a bad harvest in the previous year, and disturbed commerce, are telling on the revenue at a most serious rate.

Will it stop here? The prospect is not cheering. The present deficiency belongs to a stage before the recent storm in the commercial world could have had time to operate greatly upon the public receipts; short time is the order of the day in the manufacturing districts; in railway matters, heated speculation is succeeded by icy stagnation: diminished exports must be accompanied by diminished imports —deficiency in customs; wages will continue low —deficiency in excise; incomes will be lower, sometimes imaginary—deficiency in income-tax; even a healthy reaction in railway affairs must tend to induce a deficiency of revenue under the head of stamps. To these pinching straits add, that the Irish subsidies will probably be renewed; and that the French government is going to take from the general money-market its long-threatened loan, in instalments at the rate of £400,000 a month for the next two years. It does not seem probable that Lord John Russell's administration will be able to boast the happy ornament of rich revenue-tables.—*Spectator* 16 *Oct.*

Omnibuses have appeared in Turkey; a regular course of them has been established between Constantinople and Adrianople, by an Armenian company. These carriages carry twelve passengers inside, two out, and are drawn by six horses. The journey occupies thirty-two hours; and the fare is 130 piastres.

The joint Stratford and London committees have reported, that they have paid 3,823*l.* for Shakspeare's house and the adjoining property; and that the subscriptions fall short of that amount by 1,400*l.*; leaving the committee liable.

Grace Aguilar, the authoress of many popular works in favor of the Jews, urging their claims to free and equal civil and religious rights throughout the civilized world, died on the 10th September, at Frankfort, in her thirty-second year.

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Railway Intelligence.—Such is the pressure for money among some of even the largest and wealthiest railway companies, that, in addition to their offers of five per cent. for money advanced on their debentures, they contemplate allowing a bonus on fares paid in advance by passengers. Thus, a person going by the twelve o'clock train will be allowed a handsome drawback if he takes out his ticket at eight o'clock, for the company gets the play of his money during four hours, which in the present state of things will be found a most desirable accommodation. It is expected that some of the leading lines will speedily put forth an announcement that "interest at the rate of five per cent. per hour will henceforth be allowed on all fares paid in advance on sums not exceeding fifty shillings;" and preference tickets will be issued, with a corner seat guaranteed, to the twenty first passengers by each train who shall have paid up the whole sum upon their fares a quarter of an hour previous to starting.—*Punch.*

Island of Jamaica.—The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman who inherited a landed estate in the island of Jamaica, the slaves attached to the same having been emancipated under the act of Parliament. Encouraged by the British and American abolition reports on the successful progress of the emancipation policy, and hoping that he could revive his abandoned sugar estate with *free black labor*, he recently visited Jamaica, and on his return gave the result in the extract furnished.

"The condition of property in Jamaica is as low, as regards value and production, as can well be imagined, yet the people there think they have not yet reached the lowest point, and will not for a year or two. About eighty sugar properties are thrown up, not paying the expenses of cultivation, and everything on them gone to ruin. Before the emancipation, the export of sugar was about 200,000 hogsheads; last year it amounted to little more than thirty thousand. The negroes are very loyal and humble in their deportment and pretensions, but very indolent; and being able to maintain themselves with little work, sufficient labor cannot be had. The coffee properties (which are in the mountains) are doing somewhat better; but bad is the best. All the white inhabitants able to leave the island have gone away."—*Charleston Mercury.*

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. We can only acknowledge the receipt of this welcome book now, but shall hereafter find opportunity of introducing it to our readers. Published by Messrs. Ticknor & Co., Boston.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published Campaign Sketches of the War with Mexico. By Capt. W. S. Henry. The officers of the army, and other reporters, have drawn from the life and given us many vivid and picturesque scenes in Mexico. This is not a sufficient reason for the war, but it may be called "one of its advantages." And yet not so, dear friend, if it create a *love* of war.

Also—The Life of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre, by G. P. R. James; and No 31 of the excellent and beautiful Pictorial History of England.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

The Progress of America, from the Discovery by Columbus to the year 1846. By JOHN MACGREGOR, Secretary to the Board of Trade; author of *Commercial Statistics*, &c. &c. 2 vols. large 8vo. London: 1847.

THESE volumes contain by far the most valuable store of facts which has ever been collected respecting the commercial and social history of the New Continent. It requires, indeed, some courage even to glance over the enormous mass of details, which these 3000 closely printed pages present to the eye. But a very brief examination dispels any doubt as to the serviceable and practical character of the work. Mr. Macgregor is so thoroughly conversant with the art of dealing with statistical figures, and long habit has rendered him such a master of arrangement, that an inquirer even moderately familiar with such studies will find himself easily enabled to turn to the particular pigeon-hole in which the materials he is in search of are deposited. The first volume embraces a general sketch of the history of discovery in the New Continent; its more recent political annals; the separate history and geography of British America, Brazil, and Spanish America; and the statistics of the two latter countries, together with those of Hayti and the foreign West Indies. In the second volume, Mr. Macgregor returns to the statistics of the United Sates of North America; and this is by far the most complete part of the work, as the subject is more important, and the materials more trustworthy.

We do not understand on what principle the British dominions in America are left out, or rather treated of in part only; a sketch of their history and geography being given, while *the statistics* both of British North America and the West Indies are wholly omitted. Perhaps Mr. Macgregor was of opinion that these regions, forming part of the British empire, would be more properly included in compilations treating of our own domestic affairs. Perhaps he intended at some future period to supply the omission. If otherwise, we cannot but regret it; not only on account of the peculiar interest which those parts of America possess for the British reader, but also because Mr. Macgregor is personally familiar with them. He illustrated their condition some years ago in his "British America," of which the statistical part is already antiquated, from the rapid changes which the subject-matter has undergone.

"The enthusiasm," says Mr. Macgregor, "which accompanied me in my youth to the British settlements in America, was first inspired by the writings of Robertson, Charlevoix, and Raynal—by poring over Hakluyt and Purchas, and the more recent collections of voyages and travels; and an ambition, entertained on perusing with delight the travels of a near relation, the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie, to the Arctic shores, and afterwards across the broadest part of America to the Pacific. The more I study the progress of the European settlements in America, the more thoroughly am I convinced of an infallible truth, that the history of navigation and commerce is the history of civilization."

To enthusiasm of this order the history of American progress affords the most ample nourishment. The visions and speculations of the people of a new country are almost wholly of a material order. Wrestlers against nature, conquerors of the wilderness, their chief attention is concentrated on a struggle which, among inhabitants of the Old World like ourselves, is long ago over, and forgotten; and excites only the interest of romance. We have become settled in our present condition. There are many among us—nay, most of us, in some mood, have shared the feeling—who could be content to remain stationary, and to be neither more numerous, nor wealthier, nor more advanced in our command over nature, than we are at present, provided only the rest of the world could gain no advantage by slipping past us. Our cherished dreams are generally of other conquests and glories than these, and are not easily kindled by statistics; but statistics constitute the favorite excitement of the imagination of most Americans, and of Mr. Macgregor no less. He evidently enjoys himself amidst the long array of figures, which prove the rapidity of past advance, and illustrate the laws of future development.

A very large part of his first volume, however, contains matter more attractive to ordinary readers, being composed of extracts and summaries of modern travels, after the fashion of Pinkerton and other compilers; and here Mr. Macgregor has drawn very largely on American stores with which we were previously unacquainted. This is particularly the case in relation to Mexico, the old "Internal Provinces," so long unvisited, but now opened by the commercial and military enterprise of the Anglo-Americans—California, Oregon, and the interior of Brazil. Many of the sources from which he has derived this part of his collections are almost inaccessible to English readers in general.

As to the Spanish-American republics, Mr. Macgregor appears to have been perplexed between the necessity of making his work as complete as possible, and the extremely worthless character of the materials with which in their case he has had to deal. We place very little reliance on his political arithmetic respecting these regions, which, feebly disclosed to us in the personal narratives of a few occasional visitors from Europe and the United States, are sinking, for the most part, back into the darkness which concealed them from the eyes of the civilized world during the

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century before their emancipation; and are left as it were aside in the rapid movement of the rest of Christendom. As to these, the statistician has to elicit his results from a multitude of old, ill-arranged, and contradictory authorities; and it is not altogether to be wondered at, if, with that propensity, which certainly belongs to his class, and from which Mr. Macgregor is not wholly free—to prefer collecting to analyzing—to fling down cart-loads of figures on the desk, and trust to chance for the arrangement—his tables are often not only inaccurate, but sometimes inconsistent in their details.* These portions of the work, however, will be consulted more as matters of curiosity than utility; except the commercial returns from the various ports of South America, which appear to rest, for the most part, on better authority, and to be compiled with great labor from sources generally unattainable.

As matters of political interest, the chapters relating to the United Sates constitute the main value of the work. Mr. Macgregor is well known in this country as the laborious and steady champion of the cause of free trade. He has had a share, and no trifling one, in directing the movement of the last few years. To many minds, his figures have brought stronger conviction than all the eloquence enlisted on the same side, both in and out of parliament. And now that the battle is won, (or nearly won) in his own country, there is no more glorious victory left to be achieved, than that which must ultimately be won, over the party prejudices and class-interests which still govern the commercial legislation of the great republic. That legislation may not be worse than what still prevails in many European countries; but it stands in more striking contrast with the character and the other institutions of a people so shrewd and far-sighted in all matters concerning their interests. Nor has it arisen, as in less enlightened states, from the successful intrigues, or the arbitrary exercise of power, of a protected class of monopolists. Nothing is more clear, to any one who has studied the history summed up in Mr. Macgregor's pages, than that the "American system" of protection arose from political and not from commercial motives. We are ourselves the fathers of it. It began in a desire of just, but impolitic retaliation on England. Once implanted in the state—according to the uniform history of such evil growths—it struck its roots too deeply in popular feeling to be eradicated, so long as the close balance of parties, and the difficulty of conducting the government, might render it an object with statesmen to bid for the votes of a protected class, strong in united self-interest rather than numbers.

In 1785, Mr. Adams, then the United States minister at the Court of St. James', proposed to place the navigation and trade between the dominions of Great Britain and all the territories of the United States upon a basis of complete reciprocity. The proposal was not only rejected, but "he was given to understand that no other would be entertained." Mr. Adams, accordingly, advised his countrymen (in a letter to the foreign secretary, Mr. Jay):—"You may depend upon it, the commerce of America will have no relief at present; nor, in my opinion, ever, until the United States shall have generally passed navigation acts. If this measure is not adopted, we shall be derided; and, the more we suffer, the more will our calamities be laughed at. My most earnest exhortations to the states, then, are, and ought to be, to lose no time in passing such acts."

Advice to adopt a measure of retaliation, so justly provoked, however questionable its real policy might be, could hardly fail of being received with favor. The difficulties which the then constitution of the United States interposed in the way of unity of commercial legislation, prevented Mr. Adams' suggestion from being acted on for a few years. But, in 1789, on the adoption of the new federal constitution, congress passed a navigation law, which has since led to reciprocity treaties between us and them. Unfortunately, pursuing the same policy, they enacted in the same year their first tariff—innocent, indeed, in comparison with its successors, but the commencement of a series of legislation most mischievous to the people of both countries.

It is therefore but too true, as Mr. Macgregor shows, that "the American government, at the outset of its independent existence, would have agreed to commence and maintain an intercourse which would have enabled England to enjoy every possible advantage which could be derived from the United States, if they had remained colonies; and all those advantages, without either the perplexity or expense of governing them. The advances made with respect to such wise policy by the United States, were unhappily rejected." The first consequence of our selfish and sulky policy was a famine in the West Indies; of which Bryan Edwards gives the details with just indignation—the slaves, and poorer class of the free inhabitants, being deprived of their old supplies of food from the revolted colonies. The ultimate results were embargoes and restrictions; the almost civil war of 1812–15; the war of tariffs, which has continued ever since, though now happily one-sided only; and the crippling of our commerce with those who possess almost a monopoly of one article of the first necessity to us, and great advantages in the production of others.

Once commenced and set on foot, the "American system" of protecting domestic manufactures was far too tempting a delusion—flattering the prejudices of many, harmonizing with the honest but mistaken theories of some, and serving the interests of an acute few—not to enlist on its side

* *E. g.* Lima, at vol. i., p. 955, is made to contain 54,096 inhabitants, with an average of 2350 deaths annually. At p. 956 it is stated to have a population not exceeding 45,000, with 3500 interments in the year; a mortality at which even Mr. Chadwick would stand aghast. We are ashamed to notice such trifles in a work of this magnitude, but we might have multiplied instances; and the hint may direct attention in some future revision.

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a large party, and become a great political bond of union. Mr. Hamilton, a great name in America —though we could never exactly ascertain the basis on which his reputation is founded—presented to congress his elaborated "Report on Manufactures" in 1791: a species of essay, embodying the favorite principles of the protection theory. But the breaking up of old political parties which followed the French Revolution, and the subsequent war with England, adjourned the execution of his recommendations until the year 1816, when an avowedly protective tariff was for the first time established. It is a curious fact, that this bill and that of 1824 were carried *against* the will of the New England States. In 1816, "nearly two thirds of the New England members voted for a reduction on the proposed duties on cotton manufactures; while out of 43 members from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, who voted on the question, nine only were in favor of it." In 1820, a very able speech indeed, in favor of free-trade, was delivered at Faneuil Hall. Neither Say nor Ricardo could have uttered sentiments more to the purpose; and the doctrines of these abstruse philosophers were clothed in plain, home-thrusting, popular oratory, of the best order. "For his part," the orator declared, "he believed, that, however derided, the principle of leaving such things very much to their own course, in a country like ours, was the only true policy; and that we could no more improve the order, and habit, and composition of society, by an artificial balancing of trades and occupations, than we could improve the natural atmosphere, by means of the condensers and rarefiers of the chemists." The speaker was *Daniel Webster*. Since that time, unhappily, falsehood has made its converts as well as truth. But the orator was on the popular side; for principles of freedom as yet commanded a majority among those whom Webster then addressed. On the introduction of the tariff of 1824, the votes of the New England States were fifteen for, and twenty-three against it: while those of the states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Kentucky, and Ohio, stood seventy-eight for, and only nine against. And in the discussions on the tariff of 1828, the same proportion still continued. While, therefore, that portion of the American people which alone possessed much manufacturing industry, and which has always evinced the greatest aptitude for commercial pursuits, continued hostile to restrictions which could by no possibility do good to any but themselves—while they, the only parties who could derive a share of profit from monopoly, continued to repudiate it—it was literally carried through by the votes of the farmers and planters of the central states, whose predilection for the "American system" was simply suicidal!—a curious proof, among many others in the history of commercial legislation, how often mere ignorance, or mere party spirit, has done the mischief ordinarily attributed to self-interest.

Once started, however, in the cause of protection against their will, the New Englanders soon became converts to its doctrines; and no wonder. To them the benefit was immediate, at the expense of all their fellow-citizens; the loss contingent and ultimate only. We find, on analyzing the tables of Mr. Macgregor, that the six states of New England, containing one eighth of the population of the whole republic, produces two thirds of its cotton fabrics, three fifths of its woollens, nearly half its leathers, and other articles in almost the same proportion. The single state of Massachusetts owns one sixth of the manufacturing capital of the nation. As far, therefore, as protection can confer benefit on the producers of the monopolized articles, they, and they alone, have reaped it. The remaining eighteen millions of the proudest and most irritable nation upon earth—men to whom a dollar paid by way of a salary to a priest, or civil list to a king, appears an oppression to be resisted to the last drop of blood—are content to disburse for the benefit of their Yankee brethren, a tribute which, in all probability, would defray the civil expenditure of half a dozen small European monarchies—nay, they have pressed and compelled the modest and reluctant Yankees to accept it!

How much those worthy descendants of the pilgrim fathers have gained by the advantages thus forced upon them, we may by-and-by endeavor to estimate. In the mean time, the burden has been usually borne by the tributary states with that stolid patience, or rather that exulting and self-applauding self-denial, with which large bodies of mankind are in the habit of offering up their contributions to the cunning few. But this has not been uniformly the case. In the year 1828–32, the Union was in greater danger of disruption than at any period before or since, from the nullification movement of South Carolina, in which Georgia, and even Virginia, very nearly participated. It cannot be wondered at that the southern planters, amidst their exhausted fields and decaying ports,* and suffering severely under the competition of the newer soils of Louisiana and the Mississippi, felt aggrieved by the pressure of duties, which at once narrowed the market for their commodities, and increased their cost of production. The report of the Carolinian committee, to inquire into the power of the judicial government, declared "all legislation for the protection of domestic manufactures to be unconstitutional, as being in favor of a local interest, and that congress had no power to legislate, except upon subjects of general interest" —a difficult proposition to answer on political principles, whatever reply American jurists may be able to make to it. The movement failed, however, as it deserved to fail, because, with an unfortunate perversity, the people of South Carolina chose to include in the same proscription, as unconstitutional, "all legislation for the purpose of meliorating the condition of the free colored and

* The exports of South Carolina have remained stationary for the last thirty years. Charleston, its capital, is the only large American town of which the population diminished between 1830 and 1840.

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slave population of the United States:" mingling with one of the most righteous, the basest purpose for which men could band themselves together. Their opponents gave up the cause of the negroes, and preserved that of monopoly. The Carolinian demand was met by Mr. Clay's "compromise bill," which adroitly relieved from duty those articles only in which no American competing industry existed. But the "compromise" was again set aside by the prevailing party in 1842, when its minimum duties were about to come into operation, and a new and more stringent tariff enacted; carried rather by the spirit of party, says Mr. Macgregor, than by the influence of the manufacturers; in which we believe he is perfectly accurate. An attempt was made to reintroduce the "compromise" in 1844, but without success; the later modifications of 1846 hardly deserve notice; and America remains burdened with a system which would be ruinous to countries of less energy and resources, though in her case it may be rather inconvenient and absurd than seriously oppressive.

Taking a comprehensive view of the subject, we may say that the causes of American progress are so powerful and rapidly operative, that even the commercial measures of her government cannot materially retard it, as assuredly they have hitherto done nothing to promote it. With that perfect freedom of internal trade which prevails throughout the vast republic—with those admirable inventions for facilitating and accelerating inter-communication of people, traffic, and thought, of which no country in the world (England herself not excepted) has availed herself so largely or so wisely in proportion to her means—a few vexatious restrictions, more or less, on foreign commerce, can scarcely affect the development of her social wealth with any vital injury.*

But there is quite enough of immediate loss—more than enough, unhappily, of substantial political injury—to avenge the cause of free trade on its unreasoning enemies. The American citizen pays from 95 to 178 per cent. for his window glass, 75 to 150 per cent. on articles of manufactured iron; "embracing," says Mr. Macduffie, the senator, "most of the tools and implements necessarily used on every farm and plantation in the country;" 133 per cent. on salt, 75 to 150 per cent. (by the help of deceitful modes of valuation) on the prints and calicoes "of which every female of the middle and lower classes is a consumer." In order that he may enjoy these and similar benefits without fear of interruption by the smuggler, he pays for "steam revenue cutters" to cruise among the islands and sand-bars which fringe the free Atlantic along his coast; and far larger sums towards the hopeless experiment of closing a land frontier of 1200 miles against the Canadians. To maintain the same "American" cause, he has suffered the seeds of disunion, and of just but fatal antipathies, to grow up between those sections of his commonwealth, which, under the most favorable circumstances, and with the nicest endeavor to preserve the equipoise, it is most difficult to keep in harmony under the same government.

There is also another mode in which the tariff has given a secret but very serious blow to the stability of American institutions. The whig party are the true conservatives of America, and their influence in the long-run is the main check which exists on the tendency of its social system towards anarchy and dissolution. But the whigs, by their fatal alliance with monopoly, have at once made themselves the enemies of large and really injured classes in their own country, and lost great part of their claim to the sympathy and encouragement of those in foreign nations, who were of old their natural allies. What effective counterpoise can be expected to the influence of ultra-democratic opinion, from a party pledged to a course of policy which, in the Old World, has in every instance hitherto ended by weakening and ultimately ruining its supporters? The whigs may be assured, that their attachment to monopoly will break up their party at last, and with it, perhaps, the constitution of their country. So long as the American farmer chooses to feed himself and his cattle upon taxed salt, to work on his land with taxed iron, to dress his wife and daughters in taxed calicoes—not to preserve national honor, to plant the rapacious eagle on the towers of Cortes, or to humble the obstinate "Britisher"—

> "Non ut superbas invidæ Carthaginis
> Romanus arces ureret,
> Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
> Sacrâ catenatus Viâ"—

but simply that the world may admire the "factory girls" of Lowell, and that a few Yankee speculators may get rich in the towns of New England, and a few scattered capitalists in and near the great cities of the rest of the Union—so long these statesmen may enjoy a poorly-acquired popularity; but the dispelling of that delusion will place them at the feet of their enemies, unless they extricate themselves beforehand from the false position which they now occupy.

There has been, however, a different line of apology sometimes adopted for the American system of protection, which justly deserves to be considered and weighed by those who have not persuaded themselves into so completely one-sided a view of the subject, as to reject at once all protective regulations, without inquiry or discrimination. Admitting that all protection involves a sacrifice of national wealth, it has been argued, that some sacrifice may nevertheless be reasonably endured, in order to secure such a distribution of it as shall best suit national interests. It may be conceded,

* If the following details are to be depended upon, they are curious, as showing the effect of improved internal communications in renovating the trade and wealth of a city, which, had it not been for them, were in a course of partial deterioration. They are taken from the Comptroller of New York's Report, quoted by Mr. Macgregor at vol. ii., p. 217.

	Inhabitants.	Real & Personal Estate.	per head.
In 1816 New York city had	95,000	$82,000,000	862
In 1825 (Erie canal opened)	166,000	101,000,000	609
In 1835	270,000	218,000,000	807

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for the sake of argument—such is the language of those who employ the reasoning of which we speak—that the loss which the protection of American manufactures occasions to the scattered millions who raise the raw produce of the republic, is greater than the gain to the manufacturers and operatives. But the chief weakness of America lies in the dispersion of her population. The tendency of her agricultural classes to spread and scatter themselves over an enormous extent of territory, prevents the rise of cities, the growth of habits of order and respect for law—the progress, in short, of civilization. There may, therefore, be good policy in fostering at their expense the industry of the older, more populous, more conservative portions of the republic; the influence of the wide unsettled west being already far too great, both on the balance of political power, and on the moral character of American society.

These certainly are not the doctrines of Jefferson, who looked forward with alarm to the rise of American cities; but they may not the less deserve a fair investigation; and those who hold them will not be persuaded out of them by ordinary free trade arguments. It happens, however, that they will not stand the test of figures. Mr. Macgregor's tables are not compiled with any view to meet this particular line of argument, of which he does not indeed take any notice;—the evidence which they furnish against it is therefore the more satisfactory. If we examine, in the first place, the progress of population in the five old New England States, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, which alone deserve the character of manufacturing districts, and where, if anywhere, the protecting system should operate in drawing together and concentrating greater numbers of inhabitants—we find the following results:—

	1830.	1840.
Massachusetts,	610,408	737,699
The other four States,	944,930	985,368

It appears, therefore, that while Massachusetts has undoubtedly made a considerable, though by no means a remarkable advance, the other manufacturing states, during the ten years in which the tariff was most operative, actually increased in population at a lower rate than average English counties. If we examine the table of exports, the deductions to be drawn from them are precisely similar. Comparing the years 1822 and 1842 (which appear to be fair average years) we find the results, in round numbers, to be, that Massachusetts exported, in 1822, to the value of four millions of dollars; in 1842, 6,700,000. The other four states, in 1822, 1,500,000; in 1842, only 1,400,000; in other words, they have remained stationary during the period in which, if there were any truth in the doctrines of the American system, they ought to have made the most decided progress; possessing, as they do, every facility for manufacturing purposes in a higher degree than any other part of America. Massachusetts alone has gained; and, without denying that protection may have given some stimulus to the cotton manufactures of Massachusetts, it would be a libel on the people of that energetic state, to believe that the real source of their high prosperity lies in the tribute which their monopoly draws from their brethren.

We apprehend, therefore, that this argument, the most plausible which we have met with in favor of the tariff, entirely fails. Protection has not girt the New England States with Mr. Wakefield's belt of iron;—it has not checked, in the slightest degree, the westward movement and dispersion of their population;—it has had no effect whatever in determining the progress of society, or giving the much-desired principle of cohesion to the people or institutions of any part of America. It is, in short, as politically worthless as it is economically false; and Mr. Macgregor's is the only sound conclusion from the long and possibly tedious detail into which we have entered.

"If there be one course of policy more than another which we would advocate, to which we would devote our endeavors, in order to aid in obtaining the only certain guarantee of peace and of friendship between two great nations, who in language and race are one people—that course of policy is to establish the least possible restriction on the interchange of the commodities of the one country in the other—upon the arrival, remaining, and departure, of the ships and citizens of America, in every British port and place in the universe—of British ships and subjects in every port and place within the American regions. If ever the history of the world presented two states in a position and condition to do each other the utmost possible good, or the greatest possible evil, such are the actual positions, and actual conditions, of the United Kingdom and United States."

Would it, however, be desirable, supposing it were possible, to accelerate the progress of the United States towards fixity of population?—to counteract the tendency to dispersion, by promoting the growth of cities, the head-quarters of civilization, wealth, and order, the correctives, if such are to be found, of American ochlocracy? The truth is, that if this object be among the political requirements of America, canals and rail-ways are already achieving it, with a rapidity which confounds all the estimates of statesmen and statisticians alike. Mr. Macgregor has quoted largely from a series of articles on the internal trade of the United States, by Mr. Scott of Ohio; a speculator of the true American cast, indulging in views of future greatness sufficiently bold and comprehensive; but of whose prophecies some "per-centage" will no doubt be realized—enough perhaps to secure for their author the credit of second-sight among the swarm of nations which will one day be assembled in the valley of the Mississippi. The following are some of his calculations on this subject:—In Massachusetts, from 1830 to 1840, more than half the increase of the population of the whole state took place in the nine principal towns (66,000 out of 128,000.) In the same period, the increase in the whole State of New York was 27 per cent.; in the fourteen largest

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towns, 64½ per cent.; in the state, exclusive of these towns, only 19 per cent.; and yet in New York there are still whole counties of nearly unoccupied land. Pennsylvanian enterprise in the same period suffered materially from the "crash of her monetary system." But even in Pennsylvania the nine largest towns exhibited a gain of 39¼ per cent.; the whole state, of only 21¾ per cent. In Ohio, the great agricultural state, the eighteen largest towns increased 138 per cent.; the state only 62 per cent. The increase of the twenty largest towns of the United States, from New York to St. Louis, inclusive, was 55 per cent.; that of the whole country less than 34 per cent. If the slave-holding states were left out, the result of the calculation would be still more favorable to the towns.—(Vol. ii., p. 750.) The most ardent well-wisher for the concentration of American population could hardly desire more rapid results than these; and yet the impulse from which they proceed may be said to have scarcely begun its operation. America is fast becoming a country of great cities.

And, to pass from subjects of American interest to such as more nearly concern us in Europe; this last circumstance, the great and disproportionate growth of her town population, and the certainty that the ratio will continue to increase, is very important to be borne in mind, in considering the question of the future ability of the United States to supply our demand for articles of food. As to the idea, prevalent to a certain extent among ourselves, and trumpeted forth by the American press with its usual grandiloquence, that the existing surplus of the agricultural produce of the United States (on the breadth of cultivation existing in 1845 and 1846) was sufficient to fill up the deficit of an European famine, or even to make any great impression on our enormous need, had Providence continued the scarcity among us, or afflicted our grain harvest with blight in addition to our potatoes—never was anything more fallacious. Commercial exaggeration reached its height, in the recent anticipations of cereal imports from America. And since the adage, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, is in no instance more true than in the matter of markets, it may be worth while to give, as briefly as we can, the results of Mr. Macgregor's statistics on this important subject.—(Book ii., c. 5.) Mr. Macgregor, we must state, or rather his authorities, are answerable only for the figures; the calculations are our own.

Mr. Macgregor gives at vol. ii., p. 489, the following "estimate by Mr. Ellsworth," (he does not further describe his vouchee,) of the crops of the United States, in 1844:—

	BUSHELS.
Wheat, ...	95,607,000
Indian Corn, ...	421,953,000
Oats, ...	172,247,000
Rye, ...	26,450,000
Buck Wheat, . . .	9,071,000
Barley, ...	3,627,000
	728,955,000

But as it should seem from other calculations (see vol. ii., p. 961) that the export of wheat in the same year (including flour) amounted to nearly 8,000,000 of bushels, (and this was rather below the average,) the total amount for home consumption and seed must be taken at 87,000,000 bushels: that is, about four and a half bushels per head, the whole population being taken at nineteen millions and a half. In the United Kingdom, in the same year, it is probable that about 160,000,000 bushels were required for consumption and seed: that is, more than six bushels per head. The Americans, therefore, profuse and even wasteful as they are in their subsistence, consume considerably less *wheat* per head than the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. This is perfectly conclusive as to the impossibility of their supplying any great or sudden European demand for wheat, unless there should take place some large increase in its cultivation. But this is by no means the whole of the case. Of the 95,607,000 bushels of wheat produced in the United States, nearly one half is raised west of the Alleghanies: chiefly in the rich plains of Ohio and Indiana, and even in the far north-western clearings of Michigan. These supplies will no doubt become available in seasons like that through which we have just passed. But the western farmer, in estimating how much he can raise with a profit, does not rest his practical calculations on exceptional demands, such as that of 1847. And to how great a height must prices rise in this country, before supplies raised a thousand miles beyond the Atlantic can compete not only with our own produce, but with that of Poland and Prussia!

The same remark applies to the quantity of Indian corn which America has to send. Enormous as her production of this grain appears to be—about 20 bushels per head, according to Mr. Ellsworth's estimate—it is not, nor is likely to become, an article of regular consumption in Great Britain and the populous countries of Western Europe. Scarcity alone creates a demand for it. The cultivator, therefore, cannot take this demand into his estimate: and it must be supplied, not from the stores of merchants, but from savings out of ordinary consumption; and these are slowly collected and slowly forwarded. When the demand is at the strongest, the supply will be short and the price enormous, as was the case for some weeks last spring in Ireland. But, by the time that the farmer has learned to stint his pigs, and spare his waste, and the accumulated savings of some hundred thousand little households find their way to the Atlantic, prices have fallen, merchants are ruined, and farmers must be long-sighted indeed to keep themselves in readiness for a similar emergency, which may not recur for many years.

This is a subject at the present moment of so much interest, that we venture to subjoin a long extract from papers quoted by Mr. Macgregor (vol. ii., p. 493) from the *Philadelphia Commercial List* of 1842. It will be seen that the calculations vary

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in some slight degree from our own, but the conclusions are the same: of course they were compiled when no anticipation existed of European scarcity.

"It is very generally believed abroad, that wheat is of very general culture in our country; but such is not the fact. This table" (alluding to an elaborate one which we omit) "divides the states and territories into three districts. The first embraces the six New England states; the second, the states in what may be called the 'wheat district,' extending from latitude 35° to 45° north, and from longitude 5° east to 15° west of Washington; and the third, states south of latitude 35°. The cultivation of wheat was commenced in the New England states at quite an early date after their first settlement, and with sufficient success to supply the wants of the colonists; but it could not be continued with profit when Pennsylvania was settled, and its lands (more congenial to wheat) subjected to the plough. Then the hardy and venturous sons of the Puritans found it their interest to 'cultivate' the 'ocean,' and, by exchange of its productions, purchase flour and grain from the descendants of Penn. The efforts made since the revolution, and by aid of bounties, even to within three or four years, to revive the cultivation of wheat in the eastern sections, have proved alike unsuccessful; and the agricultural pursuits of New England will, doubtless, in future be confined to the more suitable products of Indian corn and potatoes, with pasturage of cattle, and increased growth of wool, in parts more remote from the sea-board.

"With the states south of the wheat section, we have included North Carolina; for, although a great part of this state lies north of 35°, and wheat is cultivated towards its northern parts, the soil in general is better adapted to Indian corn, and the quantity cultivated is large.

* * * * *

"To the north of 45° north on this continent, the length and severity of the winters will prevent the cultivation of wheat to any material extent. This opinion will appear remarkable in England, when it is considered that the most southerly point of Great Britain is near north latitude 49°, and that the culture of wheat is successfully extended to north latitude 55°. But that island has an open ocean to the north and west, and the north sea to the east; whereas the American continent towards the north-west is unbroken to the polar sea; and to the north, and towards north-west, is indented with immense bays, covered by ice for nine months in the year.

"To the west, longitude 15° west of Washington, commence those extensive prairies extending to the Rocky Mountains, on which it is not likely the cultivation of wheat will be extended, nor any permanent settlement made, except along some of the water-courses, for years to come. The want of wood and water on those plains will stop the advance of civilization in that direction, and leave them to the buffalo and the Indian. How far it will be practicable to cover them with sheep, horses, and cattle, controlled by man, as on the steppes of the Banda Oriental, remains to be ascertained by experiment.

"The wheat section within 10 deg. of latitude, and 20 deg. of longitude, embraces about one half the surface of the states, or one fourth that of the states and territories, but within this there is abundance of untouched land of the finest quality awaiting the invasion of the cultivator. Nor can that be delayed for the wants of a population constantly increasing both within and without this district, and not regarding foreign countries, demand a rapid increase in the growth of wheat. If our estimate is correct, that the United States and territories will number 22,000,000 inhabitants in 1850, the additional quantity to be raised in that year over 1840, to supply an increase of 5,000,000 consumers at home, and leave seed, &c., must be about 22,000,000 bushels, equal to the whole crop raised in 1800. To bring the cultivation up to this point, it becomes necessary that for ten years 130,000 acres of new land per annum should be put under wheat culture alone, and three times that quantity under culture, in corn, rye, oats, or in pasturage. To accomplish this will require that the labor of full one third of the whole increase in population be directed to agricultural pursuits in this district.

"On reference to Table No. 8, it will be observed that we have stated the consumption of wheat to be at the average of three bushels and a half per head in the eastern district, (New England States,) four bushels and one twelfth per head in the wheat district, and two bushels per head in the southern, or cotton and sugar district. Those very low estimates will appear remarkable to England, where the consumption of wheat is estimated at six to eight bushels per head. It is easy, however, to account for this difference, which arises from the more general consumption in this country of Indian corn, rye, and buckwheat, for culinary purposes. In the eastern states, Indian corn and rye are generally used; and in parts more remote from the sea-coast, wheat bread is almost unknown. In the middle and western states, with the agricultural population in particular, more than half the bread is made of corn and rye meal; and buckwheat is also extensively used. In the southern and south-western states, corn becomes the leading article, and in some, rice is an important auxiliary; but to the colored population (full one half in those states) wheat is unknown. This will account for the very low estimate of two bushels per head which we have given for the consumption of wheat in the southern district.

"Throughout every part of the United States Indian corn is raised. It is used both green and ripe, is easily prepared for food, and fully as nutritious as wheat. Its usual cost per bushel in the interior is about one third that of wheat; and for human nutriment, one bushel of Indian corn is perhaps equal to one bushel and three fourths of barley, or three bushels of oats. It is not, therefore, surprising that the use of this invaluable grain should be so general, and that of oats and barley unknown —but for animal's food and the brewery.

"The population of Pennsylvania has not increased so rapidly as that of New York, and although her surplus of wheat is not, perhaps, so great as twenty or even thirty years back, it is still very considerable; but as little good land now remains unbroken in eastern Pennsylvania, and labor is fast seeking mining and manufacturing employments, this surplus will gradually diminish, and the time is not very remote when our metropolis will have to rely on the country beyond the Ohio for wheat bread. In all the old wheat districts in the states of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, the land is so completely exhausted by continued cropping, that it must be abandoned for years, until restored to vigor by the reöperative powers of nature, or transferred to another population, better qualified to

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recover it by art and industry. In the upper section of those states, and towards the western parts of Maryland and Virginia, a different agricultural system prevails; and there the cultivation of wheat is still on the advance.

"If we make a natural line of the Mississippi to the confluence of the Ohio, and up this river to Pittsburg, and thence draw an imaginary line north to Lake Erie, and continue it round the northern and eastern frontiers of the United States, it will be found that at this time the wheat raised in all this section of the United States, is about equal to what is consumed in it, and that the whole surplus shipped from the United States to foreign countries, including Canada, is in fact produced in the states and territories north and west of the Ohio river. We have stated the whole export in 1840, to September 30, at 11,208,365 bushels, and the wheat and flour of the crop of 1839, which left those states, &c., for Canada, or came to the Atlantic cities by various outlets, the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the canals and railroads of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York, was about equal to this quantity. * * * Now, it is a striking fact, that this surplus, in fact the disposable surplus of the United States, is furnished by that section of our country the most remote from our Atlantic seaports, and with the aid of all the natural or artificial communications existing, it cannot reach those ports from the places of shipment, much less from the farmer's door, at a less charge per bushel than forty or fifty cents, freight, insurance, commission, and wastage included. * * What, then, does the farmer in those states get for his wheat when the price in our Atlantic cities is one dollar per bushel? *Is it not a matter of serious consideration, whether, with our rapidly increasing population, the consumption of wheat has not already approached too close to its production?* not leaving a sufficient margin to meet the contingency of a bad crop, which might make it necessary again to import from Europe; and under circumstances not so favorable to obtain supplies as those which existed in 1837 and 1838. It is evident, from the experience of the last fifty years, that the increase in the cultivation of wheat merely extends in proportion to the wants of the home population, not giving any increase in the surplus for export, unless in years of over-production, or when the home consumption is lessened by high prices arising from unusual demands for other countries."

But, secondly, although these observations apply only to the present, and although the possible amount of produce to be raised from such a breadth of fertile land as the Americans have only begun to furrow, must be left to imagination, yet those who anticipate a very rapid increase of exportable food would do well to bear in mind what has already been said of the disproportionate increase of their town population. The following speculations of Mr. Scott will appear extravagant only to those unaccustomed to American statistics. However large the figures may appear, they are suggested by the very reasonable assumption that the existing ratio of augmentation, in towns and rural districts respectively, will merely continue. According to English experience, the disproportion ought *to increase* in favor of the towns; and it must also be remembered, that towns-people are peculiarly a wheat and meat consuming class of the community.

"Of the 10,500,000 now inhabiting the Mississippi valley, little more than 500,000 live in towns; leaving about 10,000,000 employed in making farms out of the wilds, and producing human food and meterials for manufactures. Even since the late period when these remarks were written, many of the interior towns have greatly increased in population. When, in 1890, we number 53,000,000 according to our estimate, *there will be but one third of this number* (to wit, 18,000,000) employed in agriculture and rural trades. Of the increase up to that time, being 42,500,000, 8,000,000 will go into rural occupations, and 34,500,000 into towns.

"Should we, yielding to the opinion of those who may believe that more than one third of our people will be required for agriculture and rural trades, make the estimate on the supposition that one half the population of our valley, forty-seven years hereafter, will live on farms, and in villages below the rank of towns, the amount will stand thus: 26,500,000, being the one half of 53,000,000, will be the amount of the rural population: so that it must receive 16,000,000 in addition to the 10,000,000 it now has. The towns in the same time will have an increase of 26,000,000, in addition to the 500,000 now in them."—(Vol. ii., p. 751.)

In the next place, although this vast town population be as yet matter of anticipation only, yet the number of the people of America who must be set down as non-producers is very much greater than is usually imagined—so great as to make a most essential distinction between her and the grain-raising countries of the East of Europe, in which all the inhabitants, from noble to serf, with very few exceptions, are engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The emigrants form one division of this class. Every year sees a number of hungry mortals disembarked on the shores of the states, all, or nearly all, accustomed by the habits of the old country to the consumption of wheaten bread, of which, as we have seen, native Americans consume comparatively so little. All these additional mouths must be provided for out of the common stock; and they are amply and superabundantly provided for. During the first year in all cases, often during the second also, they can raise nothing for themselves.

There are few phenomena so striking to our eyes, or so suggestive of reflection among all the great social occurrences of this age, as the continuous emigration which takes place to the American continent. Few have fixed their eyes steadily upon it: few have estimated the depth, and width, and volume, of the vast and regularly increasing flood of population, which pours, not from England only, but from all Western Europe, into that huge reservoir. Professor Tucker, in a memoir cited by Mr. Macgregor (vol. ii., p. 84,) estimates the whole number of European emigrants to the states, from 1800 to 1840, at about a million persons. We suspect that the number is very greatly underrated; but whatever be the case as to the early part of the century, the increase since 1840 has been so prodigious as to render such calculations unimportant except for historical purposes. The report of our Colonial Land and Emigration Office gives 82,239 as the number of

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British emigrants to the United States in 1846; being about 20,000 higher than that of any previous year. In the same year, 42,439 went to our North American colonies; and it seems to be established that the interchange of emigrations between Canada and the states pretty nearly balances itself. The next great source of foreign population is Germany, which, if Dr. Wappæus is to be believed, (*Ueber Deutschen Auswanderung und Colonisation*,) now sends her laborious sons to America from the banks of the Maine and Neckar, to the number of 60,000 annually. Add to these the miscellaneous emigrants of other countries; and last year's swarm from the old hive to North America, colonial and independent, cannot be estimated at much less than 200,000 persons. In the present year of scarcity, the number will probably exceed 300,000. But to this influx must be added a still greater sum—that of the migratory population of America itself. We must remember how many thousands of her agricultural families are annually engaged, not as producers, but simply as pioneers: a number which no statistical returns will enable us to count, but of which some idea may be formed, from the circumstance that three or four thousand square miles are said to be reclaimed from the wilderness every year. And next must be taken into account the vast numbers whom America employs in her public works; the construction of railroads alone absorbing a quantity of labor which may be conjectured from the fact, that 1600 miles had already been completed before 1837. All these different classes, like some vast standing army, form a burden on the land, and put in their joint claim to support from its produce, before a single vessel can carry the surplus to the shores of Europe.

There seems to be a growing disposition on the part of some classes of Americans to undervalue the advantages which they derive from the constant accession to their population from Europe, and to fence themselves with a kind of national feeling against the emigrants whom they receive.* Mr. Macgregor is but repeating language familiar to the "native" party when he says that "the inundation of human beings consists, generally, of an accession which diminishes far more than it adds to the morals of America." That some political inconvenience attends the exercise of the electoral franchise by so large a body of strangers, admitted at once to the freedom of the great democracy, is beyond dispute. The Irish form a compact body, acting under influences peculiar to themselves, and scarcely conceivable by the rest of mankind. The Germans hang equally together, and vote doggedly for the democratic "ticket," with a decided leaning towards repudiation, and other anarchical principles: and the new-comers, generally, are apt to take a hot and violent part in political movements, of which they have not learned to understand the real bearing. But these are annoyances, not substantial evils. The root of the mischief lies in the constitution itself; and were emigration to cease, party spirit among native Americans would produce similar results. As to morals, there is something ludicrous in the notion of our farmers and artisans corrupting the innocent citizens of their adopted country. Nor can we treat much more seriously the supposition that the influx of emigrants is preventing the American people from fusing into an uniform body, actuated by one national spirit. The cohesion of the miscellaneous inhabitants of the states depends on that very looseness of organization, and want of uniform spirit and character, which such objectors deprecate. The bond holds fast, only because it is so slight and unoppressive. It would be difficult to point out where the American nation, properly so called, is to be found. The descendants of the Puritans form a people, and a great one; but they are not the nation. The English Puritans—the chief of men, whom it is the paltry fashion of this day to decry—divided their vast inheritance between them in the reign of Charles I. One body remained at home, and established the English constitution; one crossed the Atlantic, and founded the American republic—the two greatest achievements of modern times. According to the historian, Mr. Bancroft, about 22,000 landed in New England before the assembling of the Long Parliament, and they received few accessions afterwards. The same author computes that their descendants have now increased to about four millions, including nearly half the population of New York and Ohio; but omitting those who are scattered over the other parts of the republic, and may be said to have amalgamated with the remainder of its popu-

*It is most pleasing, however, to know, that these feelings have in no degree chilled the sympathy or arrested the active beneficence by which the Americans have so nobly distinguished themselves in relation to the recent sufferings of Ireland. In the city of New York, on the contrary, a government commission has been appointed, for the sole purpose of attending to the condition of the destitute emigrants, who are still landing by thousands on their shores—and which, we have reason to know, has proceeded in the exercise of its painful and onerous functions with the most exemplary humanity and unwearied diligence. We have now before us a letter from a leading member of this commission, (a native American,) dated in the middle of August, in which he says, "Out of the great number of sick and destitute which it has been the duty of our commission to take charge of, *not one*, I am happy to say, *has been neglected*. The most distressing feature in the case is the number of orphan children thrown upon our hands. The story of these helpless little creatures is simple and uniform enough. They left home with their parents, and *the fever* killed them on the passage—or they have since died in the hospital! We are now trying to find some better place than the alms-house and hospital for these poor little things, where they may be *more tenderly nurtured, and properly educated*." This is above all praise: and when we add, that most of these gentlemen are actually denying themselves the recreation of their usual summer retreats, and remaining, apart from their families, in the unhealthful heats of the city, rather than hazard the neglect of these duties, we do think that they are entitled to be rewarded, not only by the grateful admiration, but by the prompt imitation of all other countries; and that the concluding exhortation of the letter from which we are citing should, from such a quarter, have the authority of a command—"Do urge, whomever it may concern, on your side of the water, *to insist* upon these poor people being better provided on their passage. They are so crowded, and so poorly fed, that they very frequently reach our shores in an absolutely dying state!"

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lation. There is something also of the character of a distinct race, very different from the former, in the white inhabitants of the Southern Atlantic States. Another exists in the valleys of the Alleghanies, where the German blood prevails. All these, and many more loose and floating masses, if such they may be called, of population, are held together by the slightest possible political union. If the inhabitants of each canton or district grew up into a fixed compact body—if they were not cemented together, as it were, by immigration from without and intermigration among themselves—sectional interests would, in all probability soon prevail, and the Union would fall in pieces. Grievances would accumulate, and repealers would arise wherever the province was forced to give way to the community, were not the population itself, in most parts of the country, renewed too rapidly to admit of local sentiments growing to a head. And the succession of emigrants from Europe, while it keeps up that circulation which seems essential to the life of the American constitution, at the same time has some effect in keeping up a common feeling of kindred amidst these fluctuating multitudes. It appears, therefore, that the European strangers, besides fighting the battles of the Americans, manning their ships, and constructing their public works, perform an important part in the political mechanism of their commonwealth.

Meanwhile, the great movement of European emigration itself offers to the mind's vision a spectacle of the same silent and sustained grandeur with which the eye is impressed in watching the everlasting flow of some deep and powerful river. It brings forcibly home to our imagination, that which the continual bustle of superficial politics is apt to make us forget, the force of the great under-currents which move society—influences, so strong and uniform as to resemble the instincts of gregarious animals, and yet of which governments know little or nothing; which assemblies cannot control by their rhetoric, nor more powerful journalists arrest or quicken with their pens. The endless procession moves ever from east to west, without regard to the counsels, or prophecies, or speculations of statesmen—an exceeding great army, in which the masses, acting without concert or knowledge of each other, accomplish their purpose as effectually as if one will actuated the whole—

> "Ein lang' und breites Volksgewicht,
> Der erste wusste vom letzten nicht."

The last ten years have witnessed the putting in practice of very ingenious theories of colonization. We have, by dint of great efforts and extensive agitation, achieved the result of sending out as many as 30,000 emigrants by government aid in one year (1841;) and it was thought, with great reason, a wonderful exertion, with which it has been found impossible to keep up since. Meanwhile, the unassisted, unnoticed emigration of every year trebles or quadruples that amount—so little can the laborious efforts of government keep pace with the gigantic operations of masses of men acting on private motives. Colonial affairs have excited for some time past an unusual degree of interest and stir on the surface of society. Much has been done towards rendering our settlements attractive to emigrants. Not only government, but powerful combinations of capitalists have been unsparing in their inducements and promises. Repeatedly has it been shown by economical argument, that the United States, on the other hand, condemned the emigrant to poverty by selling their land too cheap. Yet, if we look at the tables of emigration, we find that these noisy blasts and counterblasts had absolutely no effect whatever upon it. They neither affected its numbers nor its direction. Indeed, emigration to the United States has increased greatly in the last ten years, while that to our American colonies has, on the whole, fallen off, and was much greater in 1831, before Mr. Wakefield was heard of, or systematic colonization began to be preached, than it has ever been since. As the progress, so the quality of emigration, so to speak, has been always so steady as to show the permanent nature of the causes which produce it. Notwithstanding the supposed attachment of Englishmen to their own habits and political institutions, these ties seem as inefficacious to keep them on this side of the republican border, as the doctrines of political economy. For many years past, English emigrants to the new world have gone almost wholly to the states; of Irish, a considerable majority to Canada; while the Highland Scots retain an odd predilection for the fogs and rocks of the lower colonies, so resembling their own. Connection, no doubt, is one main cause which perpetuates these hereditary tendencies of the great families of our fellow subjects; neighbor lends neighbor a helping hand to lift him across the Atlantic; families are transported piece by piece, like ready-made houses; the stone cries out of the wall, and the beam from the timber answers it; and the correspondence between districts at home and abroad, once formed, is continued through many generations. But there is more than this in the economy of the great movement—much, as we have said, of which governments and political reasoners know nothing. What do these multitudes care for theories of civil government? American politics have been as unpopular in this country for some years past as they were formerly popular; but emigration, as we have seen, has increased steadily all the while. What, indeed, are church and state, and ancestral institutions to them, more than the baronial honors of the nobleman to the deer who break out of his overstocked park? What are slavery and repudiation, and all the black spots which European observation traces on the disk of that western sun which lures them across the ocean? They seek the land of promise; and in nine cases out of ten, they find it a land of performance. America is at this day, more than ever, what it has been for centuries, a great prov-

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idential blessing to an overpeopled Old World; the greater, because not indiscriminate; because it offers nothing except to the industrious and energetic—it is to the brave man only that every soil is a native country.

Nor has it entered into the calculations of ordinary thinkers how essentially the peculiarities of American government and society are calculated to further this great design of Providence, by rendering the bounties of nature as open and as attractive as possible to the host of new-comers. We have had condemnation enough expended of late on American institutions; let us now look a little at the favorable side, not in respect of those democratic theories which for the moment have gone to sleep in this country, but as to actual every-day practice. The states might by this time have acquired a church and aristocracy of their own—or have fallen under a military monarchy—or have remained under English colonial dominion. And let it even be assumed that they would have enjoyed more of respectability and decency under either form of government—would they have been as attractive to the emigrant? If so, why is it that, notwithstanding all the obvious advantages of our colonies, almost the whole of the unassisted English and Lowland Scotch emigration across the Atlantic—that is, the emigration of the better provided and more thoughtful class—goes to the states instead of Canada? Again, the southern provinces of Russia offer, to the German emigrant, equally vast tracts of unpeopled and fertile land, more manageable for purposes of settlement, on account of the absence of forests, equally healthy, and nearer at hand; and every possible inducement is held out by the Russian government to German colonists; they are fostered and cared for, by nobles and authorities, like exotic plants purchased at great cost. And yet, after sixty or seventy years of experiments, the German colonists in Russia, and their descendants, are said by Mr. Kohl not to exceed a quarter of a million, and appear to receive very few recruits. The hardy Swabians and Franconians prefer to cross the ocean and take their chance in America, where they are just as much strangers as in Russia; with this difference, that their adopted countrymen care not one straw for their success or discomfiture, and they are left to sink or swim. For every German subject whom the czar acquires, Pennsylvania and Ohio gain nine or ten citizens.

It is idle to suppose that this marked preference on the part of the more substantial classes of emigrants, arises from exalted political theories, or exaggerated expectations of wealth. Were such the case, the bubble would have burst long ago. People go to America, because in the long-run those who went before them have found it answer. Nor is it superior fertility of soil, or advantages of climate, which have produced these results. They are owing, in the first place, to political institutions. Emigrants require neither patronage nor encouragement to flourish They are not needed by the industrious man, if tolerably fortunate in his position: they can do nothing for him when located on ungrateful soil; and to the idle man they are simply injurious everywhere. Justice and freedom alone are necessary. Not the nicely-balanced and well-considered justice, administered by careful lawyers under venerable codes, which men enjoy in countries of older civilization; but rough, practical justice, administered by men who may not be always sagacious, or always incorruptible, but who understand his case, and are guided by usages which have grown up along with the outward circumstances to which they are applied. Not freedom, as understood by a political theorist, or a philosophical poet, or a wandering Arab; but simply the license to do as nearly as possible what a man pleases, provided he do not interfere with the rights of neighbors in similar circumstances with himself, or oppose those passions of the multitude with which his own generally coincide. Of all this he is certain from the moment he touches American soil. What has continental Europe to compare with this? What has even England, with all the ancient liberality of her institutions, cramped, as she inevitably is, by the necessity of maintaining existing orders of society in a struggling and restless position, and by the complex rights of property, which as necessarily arise in a space so densely crowded? Let us not deceive ourselves. The ultra-democratic career of America may be a warning to our statesmen. Her social and political deformities may be, and we rejoice that they are, fully appreciated by the educated classes of our community, and justly animadverted on by the ordinary guides of popular feeling. But, notwithstanding all this, America is still to the bulk of our population the land of requital and redress—the distant country in which oppressions cease, and poverty grows full-fed and bold, in which fortune opens her arms to the courageous, and the least adventurous looks forward to the achievement of independence and contentment before he die.

The direction of the great current of emigration, both of new-comers from Europe, and wanderers from the eastern states, appears to undergo gradual changes, like everything else in that land of mutability. The desertion of the eastern sea-board, wherever the population has not acquired some degree of cohesion by the growth of trade and towns, is said to go on as rapidly as ever; and although attempts have been made of late to repeople some abandoned lands, more years than the period of their brief cultivation must probably elapse, before they recover their fertility, and become once more attractive to emigrants. The great valley of the Ohio, to the north of that river whose left bank is blighted by slavery, is still the main recipient of emigration, as it has been for about thirty years. But already there are symptoms of a change of direction; it seems that of late years the current has set more decidedly towards the southern shore of the Canadian lakes; a region less magnificent in its vegetation, but further removed from slavery, possessing a healthier

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climate, and enjoying means of transit and commerce, to the production of which nature has contributed a larger share. Cleveland,* or Maumere, or Sandusky, or some other spot on the banks of Lake Erie, say the speculators, will be the great growing American city of the latter end of this century. Next in order comes a similar, but less favorably situated region, the states of the far north-west, Iowa and Wisconsin, already receiving a considerable proportion of the annual immigration.

Within these limits, assuredly magnificent enough, the principal future expansion of the white population of America is probably to take place. For the "Far West," however attractive to the imagination of Americans, is not the destined seat of a community resembling that which they have at present constructed. Nature, so lavish in her bounties to them, has nevertheless set them her own definite limits, which they will not profitably overstep. From a line drawn parallel with, and one or two hundred miles west of, the Mississippi, the prairie region extends uninterruptedly to the Rocky Mountains; and this region, though embracing many fertile tracts, is not in general adapted for the settlement of a great agricultural people. As the dense population of China is hemmed in to the north and west by the almost unpeopled territory of the Tartar nomades, or as that of ancient Mesopotamia and Egypt was closely girt by the Desert, so that a mere line separated the land cultivated like a garden from the solitude of the Arab; so likewise, though with somewhat less marked contrast, the populous Mississippi valley will border westward on the land of pasturage. It is true that nature has been bountiful to the Anglo-Americans, even in the character of their deserts. These are only reached gradually. Nature dies by slow successive changes, as the traveller passes from the banks of the great river to the Rocky Mountains. First comes the tract of scattered wood; then the uniform and level prairie; then the sandy waste; and even this is interspersed with remarkable spots of fertility, the "parks" and "pens" of the western trappers and hunters. But, speaking generally, the character of extreme aridity prevails throughout the central belt of North America, from the region of snow to that of eternal sunshine. New Mexico, for example—just now the object of the fierce rapacity of a people possessing more fertile unoccupied land than any other upon earth—is but a narrow valley, in which rain rarely falls, kept in a productive state only by the greatest economy of water, under the Spanish system of irrigation. Its great Rio del Norte, which looks so imposing on the maps, is said to be seldom above knee-deep, in a course of fifteen hundred miles to the tide-water. After the Rocky Mountains have been passed, the country to the westward, making due allowance for fertile intervals, appearing far more luxuriant to the eyes of tired travellers than sober reality warrants, seems to preserve the general aspect of barrenness. The great Columbia rolls a volume of sand and gravel through shattered mountains of volcanic rock; its waters are said to "have no fertilizing qualities, but to deteriorate and exhaust the land which they overflow." South of this river, and far beyond what is, or was recently, the Mexican frontier, the face of the continent appears to exhibit a labyrinth of sierras and sandy or snowy deserts; including vast basins without an outlet for their waters; a configuration like that of the surface of the moon seen through a telescope. Captain Fremont's narrative of his desperate winter-march from the Columbia to the Bay of San Francisco, reads like that of a nightmare journey in a dream. But a very great part of this region is still unexplored. There are few things in recent travel more spirit-stirring than the same traveller's account of his arrival on the banks of the Great Salt Lake of the Eutaws, the Caspian of America, the subject of endless superstitious fables, both Spanish and English, but on which boat had never been launched before;—"*He* was the first that ever burst into that silent sea."*

But there is little reason to suppose that these mysterious recesses conceal anything more attractive than what is already known and visited by explorers. It is true that the shores of the Pacific, from the Columbia to the San Francisco, contain here and there magnificent tracts; regions which invite the wanderer from the East, over thousands of leagues, to bask under a softer climate, amidst a grander vegetation than even his own mother country can furnish. Nevertheless, we still retain the doubts expressed in a former number, upon the settlement of the Oregon question, whether emigration *en masse* will be directed to that quarter from the eastward for a very long period to come, even should the Americans acquire California, as by this time they possibly have done. We read much of the colonization of Oregon in their newspapers; nevertheless, it seems that most of the few settlers as yet established in that quarter, are not regular farmers, but hunters and trappers, who have tired for a while of their wandering life, and taken up the axe and the spade with the usual readiness of their countrymen; but who are pretty sure to quit them again, so soon as the fit of civilization passes off. The caravans of emigrants which have reached it, have in many instances gone through extremities of privation and suffering. Miseries, such as Indian tribes flying from starvation out of their dispeopled hunting-grounds, or African clans from the *razzias* of civilized con-

* In 1842, "of the articles of flour, pork, bacon, lard, beef, whiskey, corn, and wheat, New Orleans exported to the value of 4,446,989 dollars; Cleveland, 4,431,799." "If we suppose," adds Mr. Scott, "what cannot but be true, that all the other ports of the upper lakes sent eastward as much as Cleveland, we have the startling fact, that this lake country, but yesterday brought under our notice, already sends abroad more than twice the amount of human food that is shipped from the great exporting city of New Orleans, the once vaunted sole outlet of the Mississippi valley."

* *Captain Fremont, quoted by Mr. Macgregor*, vol. i., 577 and 624.

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querors, have rarely endured, are voluntarily borne by wandering colonies of Anglo-Americans in the mere spirit of adventure. It is not long since a party of five women and two men arrived at an outpost in California; they were the survivors of sixteen, and had lived for weeks on the bodies of their dead companions. The party had been sent forward for assistance by a band of emigrants who had been surprised, with their families and cattle, by the snow in the Sierra, under which, no doubt, they lie buried. Our astonishment at the extraordinary energy, and no less extraordinary restlessness of character, by which these obstacles are overcome, may be taken as a measure of the enormous impediments which they offer to the advantageous extension of American empire to the Pacific.

The wide region west of the Mississippi will therefore present, in the course of years, the aspect of an immense pastoral country, resembling Australia and the states of La Plata in modern times. Such, at least, must be its general character, though diversified by the cultivated valleys of its great rivers. Among the many varieties of industry to which the versatility of American genius has been applied, the rearing of stock has hitherto been the least favorite. It is not a national pursuit. It is now chiefly confined to the unfavorable climate of New England and New York; and is perhaps the least forward branch of agriculture throughout the states. Although population has begun to spread over the prairies for the last twenty years, scarcely a beginning appears to have been made in the art of turning them to that purpose which they are so peculiarly calculated to serve. But the time must arrive when these plains shall become the greatest sheep and cattle farms of the world—swarming with domesticated animals, as they once swarmed with wild, before the hunters of the east had made a solitude of them, and introduced that interregnum of desolation which now prevails. The Indians, indeed, must first have disappeared, or be in some way reclaimed from their predatory habits; but the former catastrophe seems fast approaching. The addition of this new component part to the existing members of the great republic may give rise to some curious political speculations. It should seem that this species of industry cannot be carried on—at least, it never nas been—except by large proprietors of flocks and herds; and the pastoral form of society has ever partaken of the patriarchal. Even in the wild republics of South America, the free Guacho lives in a sort of clanish dependence on the great proprietors. Nothing can be conceived more contrary to the habits and feelings of the Anglo-American race; and, should the present form of the republic last so long, it will be curious to see how a polity, whose extreme elasticity already enables it to comprehend the traders and manufacturers of the east, the farmers of the north-west, and the sugar and cotton planters of the south, within the same voluntary association, will be affected by the introduction of an element so new, and so unlike anything at present included in its dominion.

But the great federation has withstood trials quite as severe. While the combination of surrounding political circumstances seems to indicate that it is only on the threshold of its momentous destiny, there is a force and profusion of life in all its functions which bespeaks it equal to the occasion. Without apparent root in the soil, without any hold on traditional observance, such as ancient monarchies possess; without that strength in its executive, by which newer political bodies usually seek to supply their want of moral power; it has already withstood tempest after tempest, and outlived successive prophets of ruin. A mere handful of provinces, casually united in resistance to England, and on the point of falling to pieces when the necessity of resistance ceased, it acquired at that critical moment a new constitution, which knit the disjointed members firmly together. A second war, undertaken against the will of one third of its component states, appeared to threaten it afresh with dissolution; it ended in strengthening the Union, through a new infusion of national spirit, and by rousing a common sentiment, which absorbed sectional jealousies and passions. Next came the consummation of the victory obtained by the democratic party in their long struggle with the federalists—a victory which seemed to threaten with speedy destruction the bond which it had been the principle of the latter to vindicate and maintain. But Providence overruled this danger also to a contrary issue; for the state authorities, which could not long have endured the stricter yoke intended by the federalists, submitted easily to the modified control which the disciples of Jefferson vested in the central government. The nation overflowed across the bounding Alleghanies, and spread over the wide valley of the Mississippi, and it was pronounced by friends, as well as enemies, that the extension of empire would inevitably lead to disruption. Contrary to all anticipation, this very extension has preserved the unity of the republic. The growing separation of north and south, divided in interest, and hostile in feeling, was prevented from coming into direct collision by the introduction of the new western states. This third and powerful element kept the others together in compulsory harmony; and, in the same manner, every subsequent addition has tended to strengthen the fabric rather than to bring it down. The wider the dominion of the federation spreads, the greater the number of local interests and populations comprehended within its boundary, the less appears to be the probability that any particular local interest can threaten the general weal—that dissensions between particular sections are destined to endanger the security of the Union. It has withstood the shocks of commercial distress, and the extravagance of commercial prosperity; it has not been enfeebled by the impulse given to party spirit under a long and idle peace; it seems to encounter no material danger from the questionable successes of a war of inva-

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sion and of conquest; for wars waged, like those of the Carthaginians, by hired armies and jealously-controlled generals, are not very likely to produce a Cæsar or Napoleon. As far as human sagacity can foresee, the clouds, which enveloped the birth of the confederacy, have cleared away. There is no peculiar political danger now impending, which has not been incurred and surmounted already, and of which American statesmen cannot estimate the amount, and may not be expected to guard against the shock. Yet the changeful aspect of the times fills the mind of the calmest observer with misgivings; and, while he gazes with admiration and awe on the portentous fabric of American greatness, he shrinks from founding any confident speculations on its permanence. There is a secret enemy within, who noiselessly saps the strongest institutions. If the North American republic should fall to pieces in our day —and we believe that every friend to human happiness must now wish the catastrophe averted— it will probably be neither from conquest nor defeat, external prosperity nor adversity, but from moral weakness at home. The corruption of the administrative departments of a government is one of that class of evils which are submissively endured for many years, until they appear to have become a part of the very constitution of society; but against which, sooner or later, public indignation suddenly rises, shattering to pieces the whole edifice in its impatience of the rotten material. It is not for strangers to estimate the real amount and pressure of danger of this description on the institutions of a foreign country. They can but compare and balance the statements of native observers; and, in doing so, they are bound to make great allowances for the exaggerations both of honest patriots and disappointed partisans. Nor would we willingly give vent to the gloomy anticipations which must inevitably arise, were we to adopt too literally the descriptions given by Americans themselves, of the recent workings of some of the most important parts of their system. For the day which shall see that vast dominion parcelled out between independent and jarring states, imitating, with ampler means and fiercer resolution, the mutual hatred of the wretched republics of Spanish descent —however that day may be invoked by oppressed neighbors and by political enemies—will retard, for generations to follow, the progress of America, which is the progress of the human race in its widest and freest field of action.

From the Quarterly Review.

The Life of Mrs. Godolphin. By John Evelyn, of Wootton, Esq. Now first published; and edited by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford, Chancellor of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. London. 1817.

Among the many literary disinterments of our time, few excited more interest than that of John Evelyn's Autobiographical Memoirs in 1818; but the edition of 1827 was burthened with a bulky appendix of heavy correspondence; and its five 8vo. volumes overwhelmed, we presume, curiosity and the market. The monthly "libraries" of three or four of our principal booksellers are at present running a keen race—and to one or other of them that admits of reprints, we beg leave to suggest an Evelyn, the body here and there abridged, and the long tail wholly dispensed with. Perhaps, indeed, it might be well to strike out a very considerable part of the Diary kept during his travels—a few specimens illustrating the formation and development of his scientific, antiquarian, and artistical propensities, might, we think, be sufficient in a popular reprint; the grand and lasting charm is in the passages that bring out the moral and religious character of Mr. Evelyn, and place before us the state of opinion, feeling, and manners among the exiled cavaliers of the protectorate, and in various classes of English society, especially the very highest, from the Restoration in 1660 to the beginning of the reign of Anne.

It is to Evelyn that we owe a large proportion of our safest materials for a fair estimate of the personal character both of Charles II. and his unhappy brother. Without his evidence we should be comparatively in the dark as to the most curious and important (though by no means the most dignified) chapter in our history, the revolution of 1688—more especially the personal parts of King James' Goneril and Regan—for there was no Cordelia of his blood, though he found one in the innocent and devoted young wife of his elder days, Mary of Modena.* The ingratitude with which Clarendon had been treated, might be suspected of tinging his pictures of the court that outraged and at last expelled its guardian sage and genius. Pepys, though we would not for the world lose him, and though we are very far from classing him as in the main among the low moralities of his day, was certainly a man of an essentially vulgar and coarse stamp †—and the selection of his topics, and the tone very often of his remarks, could not but suggest great hesitation as to accepting him for the critic of kings and princes who, with all their melancholy defects, were eminently gentlemen in bearing. The other memoirs and private letters of the Restoration, as far as yet revealed to us, would have still left our notion of things very incomplete, but for the fortunate discovery of the MSS. at Wootton: and though the writer says comparatively little of William of Orange, even as to that dark character every future historian will confess the worth of sundry brief and picturesque entries in Evelyn's Journal.

* We may take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to Miss Agnes Strickland for the tenth volume of her "Lives of the Queens of England," and especially for her Memoir of Mary of Modena. In this instance Miss Strickland has made a very judicious use of many authentic MS. authorities not previously collected—and the result is a most interesting addition to our biographical library.

† It is said by those acquainted with the Cambridge Collections, that the noble editor of Pepys took care to expunge much that would have been unfit for the female eye. Lord Braybrooke's good sense and taste are well known—but enough is printed to countenance the reports current as to the original MS.

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As to the ladies his touch is invaluable. It is he that drew Lucy Waters in three words, "a bold, brown, beautiful woman." It is he that gives us the *installation* of Mademoiselle de Querouaille, at Euston—"in undress almost all the day, and much fondness and toying with that young wanton;" the party having been made at the country-seat of the lord chamberlain, Arlington—"several lords and ladies lodging in the house" for the noble occasion—and Evelyn himself apparently the only guest that was not invited to see "the stocking flung after the manner of a married bride." But not to dwell too long in the tents of sin, it is he who has preserved the express "form and image" of "good Queen Mary" in the first moment of her queenship—

"I saw the *new Queene* and *King* proclaim'd the very next day after her coming to Whitehall, Wednesday 13 Feb. [1689,] with greate acclamation and generall good reception. Bonfires, bells, guns, &c. It was believ'd that both, especially the Princesse, would have shew'd some seeming reluctance at least, of assuming her father's Crown, and made some apology, testifying her regret that he should by his mismanagement necessitate the Nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, w^ch^ would have shew'd very handsomely to the world, and according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, that there was no intention of deposing the King, but of succouring the Nation. But nothing of all this appear'd; she came into White-hall *laughing and jolly, as to a wedding*, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undresse, as it was reported, before her women were up, *went about from roome to roome to see the convenience of White-hall;* lay in the same bed and apartment where the late Queene lay, and within a night or two sate down to play at basset, as the Queene her predecessor used to do. She smil'd upon and talk'd to every body, so that no change seem'd to have taken place at Court since her last going away, save that infinite crouds of people throng'd to see her, and that she went to our prayers. This carriage was censur'd by many. *She seems to be of a good nature, and that she takes nothing to heart;* whilst the Prince her husband has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderfull serious and silent, and seems to treate all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affaires."—*Evelyn Memoirs*, iii., 271, 272.

As might be expected in a man of such pure tastes and habits, many of Evelyn's own most intimate friendships were with women. He was fortunate enough in an early visit at Paris to secure the affections of the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, ambassador of Charles I., and who continued to hold the same office after the death of his revered master. In due time Evelyn married the object of his attachment, and their union, prolonged over more than forty years, was as happy as lasting. His friends, especially his female friends, were also his wife's—and amidst the very peculiar circumstances of upper society under Charles II. it may easily be supposed that many a fair young creature, bereft of the efficient guardianship of relations, found advice and support at Says Court, where virtue and piety presided over all the arrangements of an elegant, but never ostentatious establishment. Of such guests as these numerous notices occur in the good gentleman's Diary—none, however, is recorded with such tenderness as Margaret Blagge, afterwards Mrs. Godolphin. Few readers of his diary but must have preserved some recollection of that name;—certainly when at its close *we* reached the catalogue of separate tracts *designed* by Evelyn, no line of the page excited more regret than "*Item—A Life of Mrs. Godolphin.*" No such MS. had been discovered among the papers of the Evelyns of Wootton. We, like them, concluded that the meditated tract had never been composed. It was, however, extant, and in safe hands—at least in a safe repository; for we infer that the noble descendants of Evelyn, through a female line, were not themselves aware, until lately, that the MS. of the Life of Margaret Godolphin had been their part of his succession, and was reposing in a quiet corner of the library at Nuneham. Upon the death of the last Earl Harcourt, that fair seat, the beauties of which are familiar to every Oxonian memory, fell into the possession of his cousin, the Honorable Edward Vernon, Archbishop of York—who then added the name of Harcourt to his own;—and his grace appears some few years ago to have made the welcome discovery of the Evelyn legacy. When Dr. Wilberforce, soon after his appointment to the see of Oxford, paid his first visit at Nuneham, the archbishop indulged him with the perusal of the MS., and, as we have heard, expressed regret that he could not himself, at his advanced age, undertake to superintend the publication of his *great-great-grandfather* John Evelyn's long missing tract. This the young bishop willingly offered to do for his venerable friend. He has now done so—and in such a manner as must entirely satisfy the owner of the precious MS. The narrative is printed as nearly according to the autograph as could be fairly desired—a few puzzling spellings have been corrected, but the style remains entirely undisturbed;—the arrangements of the page and even the form of the letter recall, though not with any elaborate nicety of imitation, the typography of a century and a half ago:—his lordship has supplied a very judicious preface—and such genealogical tables and notes as seemed requisite were added, at his request, by one whose varied stores of learning are ever at the command of friend or stranger—Mr. Holmes, of the British Museum; and all this care was well due. Mrs. Godolphin deserved to have an Evelyn for her biographer; and the graces of his own mind and temper have nowhere revealed themselves more delightfully than in this memorial of her.

Her father, Colonel Thomas Blagge, or Blague, of Horningsheath, in Suffolk, appears, from Mr. Holmes' table, to have represented a family of ancient gentility and considerable possessions. His great-great-grandfather was a baron of the exchequer in 1511; his great-grandfather, the Sir

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George Blagge whom Wyat records as the wittiest of his friends, and to whom Surrey inscribes his version of the 73d Psalm:—

"The sudden storms that heave me to and fro,
Had well nigh pierced Faith, my guiding sail.
This bred despair; whereof such doubts did grow,
That I gan faint and all my courage fail.
But now, my Blage, mine error well I see;
Such goodly light King David giveth me."

He distinguished himself, in company with Surrey, at the siege of Landreci, in 1543, under the immediate eye of Charles V. In 1546 he was cast into the tower as "a favorer of the gospel," was condemned to be burnt at Smithfield, and escaped that fate, according to Fox, solely through the personal interposition of Henry VIII., who took pleasure in his society, and used to call him in fondness his *pig*—from which we may infer that the witty and gallant Protestant had either a plump person or small eyes, or both. He was knighted by Somerset on the field of Musselburgh, 1547, and appears among the witnesses against the Lord Admiral Seymour in 1548. The only writing of his that has been preserved, is a bitter satire on the death of Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, under whose auspices, while chancellor, he had so nearly won the crown of martyrdom. It is probable that some connection with the court had been kept up during the two next generations. Thomas Blagge was groom of the bedchamber to Charles I., and governor of Wallingford when it surrendered to Fairfax in 1646. He was with Charles II. at Worcester, and escaped from that field in company with the Duke of Buckingham. On the Restoration he obtained the colonelcy of a regiment and the governorship of Yarmouth, but died soon after, November, 1660; leaving no son, but four daughters, two of them celebrated in their own time—though not on precisely similar grounds.

The eldest, Henrietta, who ultimately married Sir Thomas Yarborough, figures as maid of honor to the Duchess of York, (Anna Hyde,) and as heroine of sundry questionable adventures, in the Memoirs of the Chevalier de Grammont. We have no great faith in the evidence of Count Anthony Hamilton's book on any matter of scandal; but considering the frequent notices of Margaret Blagge in the Wootton Diary, and that both sisters were attached to the court of Whitehall at the same time, the total absence of allusion to the existence of Henrietta in Evelyn's writings must be considered as a suspicious circumstance. Hamilton derides her appearance, but we fear she was "fairer than honest." The earlier editions of Grammont have confounded the two sisters not to the advantage of the younger; but they are properly distinguished in the notes of Sir Walter Scott.*

*Scott's notes on Grammont are reprinted in one of the *extra* volumes of "Bohn's Library" (1846)—one of the very best of these monthly serials—the selection excellent, the books handsome, and the price wonderfully low. The collection includes already all the masterpieces of Schiller, Sismondi's Italian Republics, Roscoe's Leo X. and Lorenzo, Lanzi's History of Painting, Beckman's History of Inventions, and various other works of permanent value.

Margaret was born in 1652, so that she was but in her eighth year when she lost her father. Two or three years before the colonel's death she had been carried to Paris by Mary Villiers, Duchess of Richmond, sister to her father's old companion in arms, George, Duke of Buckingham, who there committed her to the care of her cousin, Elizabeth Fielding, Countess of Guilford, under whose roof she remained till the Restoration—when they returned together to England. Lady Guilford seems to have conceived a warm affection for the child; but, indeed, from Evelyn's diary and from this book we must form a most pleasing notion of the English nobility during their exile in one important particular, their tender and generous concern for those of their party that shared in the misfortunes of loyalty, and were not so well provided with pecuniary resources. Colonel Blagge had been fined and impoverished. This foreign home therefore was very acceptable—but it had not proved free from danger. Lady Guilford was one of those who yielded to the seductions of the exiled queen and her French friends, and adopted at Paris the religion of the country; and she soon exhibited the zeal of an apostate, and spared no pains to pervert also the child intrusted to her keeping. But little Margaret Blagge withstood all these efforts with unshaken firmness. "Being frequently tempted," says Evelyn, "by that bigott proselitesse, to go to mass and be a papist, our young saint would not only not be persuaded to it, but asserted her better faith with such readiness and constancy, as (according to the argument of that keen religion) caused her to be rudely treated and menaced by the countess: soe as she was become a Confessor and almost a Martyr before she was seven years old." (p. 8.) Whether there was any friendship subsequently between Lady Guilford and her refractory inmate, does not appear. We see that she lived during all her years of adolescence in great intimacy with many of the Villiers connection: and we need not add that their society implied other dangers besides that of Popish proselytism; but whatever the dangers were, Margaret escaped them all alike.

Her mother was a daughter of Sir Roger North, and seems to have possessed the strong sense which has usually been combined in that race with so many charms of wit and grace; she must also have been very handsome, for Evelyn, who never saw her, tells us, that according to all reports she greatly resembled his friend Margaret. Being left in slender circumstances, to educate four daughters in a way suitable to their birth cost her a hard struggle. She appears to have done her duty in that, as in all other respects, so as to acquire universal esteem and sympathy: and on her too early death, three of the girls were invited up from Suffolk to reside at court. Of Henrietta we shall say no more. Of Mary Blagge little but the name is preserved—she probably died early

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and unmarried. Margaret was the youngest, not only of the three maids of honor, but of all her father's family.

She was only twelve years of age when (1664) she joined the household of the Duchess of York at St. James' Palace, which from the Restoration to his brother's death was the town residence of the duke. It was not till some time after the death of the duchess that her intimacy with Evelyn began—so that of her earlier experiences in court life his narrative is brief. In examining her papers, however, by her husband's desire, after her untimely death, he found a few *memoranda* of that period, and we shall not separate them from his touching introduction:—

"This was indeed a surprizeing change of Aire, and a perilous Climate for one soe very young as she, and scarcely yett attained to the twelvth year of her age: butt by how much more the danger, soe much greater the virtue and discretion which not only preserved her steady in that giddy Station, but soe improv'd, that the example of this little Saint influenced not onely her honourable companions, butt some who were advanc'd in yeares before her, and of the most illustrious quality. What! shall I say, she like a young Apostless began to plant Religion in that barren Soyle? Arethusa pass'd thro' all those turbulent waters without soe much as the least staine or tincture in her Christall. With her piety grew vp her Witt, which was soe sparkling, accompanyed with a Judgment and Eloquence soe exterordnary, a Beauty and Ayre soe charmeing and lovely, in a word, an Address soe universally takeing, that after few years, the Court never saw or had seen such a Constellation of perfections amongst all their splendid Circles. Nor did this, nor the admiration it created, the Elogies she every day received, and application of the greatest persons, at all elate her; she was still the same, allwayes in perfect good humour, allwayes humble, allwayes Religious to exactness. Itt rendred her not a whitt moross, tho' sometymes more serious, casting still about how she might continue the houres of publique and private devotion and other exercises of piety, to comply with her duty and attendance on her Royall Mistress without singularity or Reproache.

"Thus pass'd she her tyme in that Court till the Dutchess dyed, dureing whose Sickness, accompanyed (as it was) with many vncomfortable circumstances, she waited and attended with an exterordnary sedulity, and as she has sometymes told me, when few of the rest were able to endure the fatigue: and therefore here, before I proceed, I cannot but take notice of those holy reflections she made vpon this occasion, as I find them amongst other loose papers vnder her owne faire hand, when compareing her dear Mother's sickness and other friends' departure with that of the Dutchess, thus she writes:—

"'Mrs. N. dead—was an example of patience vnder a burthen that was well nigh vnsupportable; often she received the blessed Sacrament, often she prayed and was very much resign'd, not surprized nor in confusion, but perceiveing her sight decay, calling vpon God after many holy and pious discourses and exhortations, she calmely bidd her friends farewell.—A poore woman dead—worne to skyn and bones with a consumption, she made noe Complaints, but trusted in God, and that what he thought fitt was best, and to him resign'd her soule.—A poore creature that had been a great sinner, died in misserable paines, in exceeding terror; God was gracious to her, she was patient, very devout:—she was released in prayer.—My mother dead—at first surprized, and very unwilling; she was afterwards resign'd, received often, prayed much, had holy things read to her, delighted in heavenly discourse, desired to be dissolv'd and be with Christ, ended her life chearfully and without paine;—left her family in order and was much lamented.—The D-- dead—a princess honoured in power—had much witt, much mony, much esteeme; she was full of vnspeakable tortur, and died (poore creature) in doubt of her Religion, without the Sacrament, or divine by her, like a poore wretch; none remembred her after one weeke, none sorry for her; she was tost and flung about, and every one did what they would with that stately carcase. What is this world, what is greatness, what to be esteemed, or thought a witt? Wee shall all be stript without sence or remembrance. But God, if wee serve him in our health, will give vs patience in our Sickness.'

"I repeate the instances as sett downe in her diarye, to shew how early she made these vsefull and pious Recollections, for she must needs be then very young, and att an age att least when very few of her sex, and in her circumstances, much concerne themselves with these mortifyeing reflections. Butt, as I have often heard her say, she loved to be att funeralls, and in the house of mourning, soe being of the most compassionate nature in the world, she was a constant visiter of the sick and of people in distress."—*Life of Mrs. Godolphin*, pp. 9—14.

Queen Catharine, on her sister-in-law's death, (1671,) took Mrs. Margaret Blagge into her own establishment; and Evelyn, being a great friend of Mrs. Howard, another of her majesty's maids of honor, had thenceforth frequent opportunities of seeing Margaret; but several years more were to elapse before their acquaintance ripened into friendship. He confesses that for a considerable time he regarded the innocent young creature with a prejudice and suspicion that puzzled Mrs. Howard. When that lady invited him to her apartments, "I would," he says, "object that there was a Witt with her whom I feared, and that I was the most unfitt person in the world for the entertainments of the Ante-Chamber and the little Spiritts that dwell in Fairy Land."

The narrative is addressed by Evelyn to a sister of the Mrs. Howard here alluded to, namely, the Lady Sylvius, wife of the Dutch minister, Sir Gabriel Sylvius, who, Charles II. said, had nothing Roman about him but his name; but who was a worthy man, extremely happy as the elderly husband of a young and handsome lady of the highest English blood. Sir Gabriel had a villa in Kent, near Evelyn's at Says Court. Lady Sylvius, after her marriage, lived in constant familiarity with Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn, and Margaret Blagge paying her a visit in the country, accompanied her to the parish church—where we need hardly say there was in those times daily service morning and evening—and then naturally when she dined with a neighbor. Evelyn now saw Margaret apart from

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the show and glitter of Whitehall—by degrees he began to converse with her, and found to his surprise, that though a wit, she was not to be feared, and that good little spirits may dwell in fairy land.

"Itt is not to be discribed with what Grace, ready and solid vnderstanding, she would discourse. Nothing that she conceived could be better expressed, and when she was sometymes provok'd to Railly, there was nothing in the world soe pleasant, and inoffensively diverting, (shall I say,) or instructive; for she ever mingl'd her freest entertainments with something which tended to serious.

"This Creature (would I say to my selfe) loves God; 't is a thousand pittyes butt she should persist; what a new thing is this, I think Paulina and Eustochius are come from Bethlehem to Whitehall; and from this moment I began to looke vpon her as sacred, and to bless God for the graces which shoone in her. I dayly prayed for her as she had enjoined me, and she began to open some of her holy thoughts to me; and I saw a flagrant devotion, and that she had totally resigned herselfe to God; and with these Incentiues, who, that had any sence of Religion, could forbeare to vallue her exceedingly?

"Itt was not long after this, that being one day to visitt her, she seem'd to me more thoughtfull than ordinary. I asked her, what made her looke soe solemnly. She told me, she had never a freind in the world. Noe, said I, thats impossible; I beleive no body has more; for all that know you must love you, and those that love you are continually your freinds. Butt I, who well knew where her heart att that tyme was, asked her what she esteemed a certaine Gentleman beyond the Seas. Alas, says she, he is very ill, and that makes me very much concerned; butt I doe not speake to you of him, whome God will I hope be gratious to, but I would have a FREIND. In that name is a great deale more than I can express—a faithfull freind, whome I might trust with all that I have, and God knows, that is butt little; for he whome you meane does not care to meddle with my concerns, nor would I give him the trouble. These, to my remembrance, were her very expressions to me. Madam, said I, doe you speake this to me, as if I were capable of serving you in any thing considerable? I beleive you the person in the world (replyed she) who would make such a freind as I wish for, if I had meritt enough to deserve it. Madam, said I, consider well what you say, and what you doe, for it is such a trust, and soe great an obligation that you lay vpon me, as I ought to embrace with all imaginable respect, and acknowledgment for the greatest honour you could doe me; Madam, to be called your freind were the most desireable in the world, and I am sure I should endeavor to acquitt me of the duty with great chearfullness and fidelity. Pray leave your complimenting, (said she smileing,) and be my freind then, and looke vpon me henceforth as your Child. To this purpose was her obligeing replye; and there standing pen and ink vpon the table, in which I had been drawing something vpon a paper like an Alter, she writt these words: Be this the Symboll of Inviolable Freindship,—Margaret Blagge, 16th October, 1672, and vnderneath, For my brother E---; and soe delivered it to me with a smile. Well, said I, Madam, this is an high obligation, and you have allready paid me for the greatest service that I can ever pretend to doe you; butt yett doe you know what you have done? Yes, sayes she, very well; butt pray what doe you meane? Why, said I, the title that has consecrated this Alter is the Marriage of Souls, and the Golden thread that tyes the hearts of all the world."

Mr. Evelyn from this time managed Margaret's pecuniary matters for her, and was as a father to her in every respect. He now, of course, received ample details of all her difficulties in her position at court; but we shall quote rather his copy of some rules which she had "prescribed for the government of her Actions when she was of duty to attend upon her Majestye in publique:"—

"*My life, by God's Grace, without which I can doe nothing.*

"I must, till Lent, rise att halfe an houre after eight a clock; whilst putting on morning cloathes, say the prayer for Death and the Te Deum: then presently to my prayers, and soe either dress myselfe or goe to Church prayers. In dressing, I must consider how little it signifyes to the saveing of my soule, and how foolish 't is to be angry about a thing so vnnecessary. Consider what our Saviour suffered.—O Lord, assist me.

"When I goe into the withdrawing roome, lett me consider what my calling is: to entertaine the Ladys, not to talke foolishly to Men, more especially the King; lett me consider, if a Traytor be hatefull, she that betrayes the soule of one is much worse;—the danger, the sin of it.—Lord, assist me.

"Att Church lett me mind in what place I am; what about to ask, even the salvation of my soule; to whome I speake—to the God that made me, redeemed and sanctifyed me, and can yett cutt me off when he pleases.—O Lord, assist me.

"When I goe to my Lady Falmouths, I ought to take paines with her about her Religion, or else I am not her freind; to shew example by calmness in dispute, in never speaking ill of anybody to her, butt excuseing them rather.*

"Goe to the Queene allwayes att nine, and then read that place concerning the drawing roome, and lett my man waite for me to bring me word before publique prayers begin. If I find she dynes late, come downe, pray and read; and think why I read—to benefitt my soule, pass my tyme well, and improve my vnderstanding. O Lord, assist me.

"Be sure still to read that for the drawing roome in the privy chamber, or presence, or other place before prayers, and soe againe into the drawing room for an hour or soe; and then slipp to my chamber and divert myselfe in reading some pretty booke, because the Queen does not require my waiteing; after this to supper, which must not be much if I have dyned well; and att neither meale to eate above two dishes, because temperance is best both for soule and body; then goe vpp to the Queen, haveing before read, and well thought of what you have written. Amen.

"Sett not vp above halfe an hour after eleaven att most; and as you vndress, repeate that prayer againe: butt before, consider that you are perhapps goeing to sleepe your last; being in bedd repeate your hymne softly, ere you turne to sleepe.

"On Festivall evens I resolve to dyne att home, and to repeat all the psalmes I know by heart," (of which she had almost the whole psalter,) "reserveing my reading or part of my prayers till night; and supp with bread and beere only.

* This Lady Falmouth, born Bagot, was by her marriage nearly connected with the Godolphins. We presume she had adopted the court religion.

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"On Frydayes and Wednesdaies I'le eat nothing till after evening prayer; and soe come downe as soone as ever the Queene has dyned, without goeing to visitt, till my owne prayers are finished.

"The same will I observe the day before I receive; vse to pray on those dayes by daylight; and early on Sundayes, and think of no diversion till after evening prayer; to dyne abroad as little as possible, but performe my constant duty to God and the Queene. Assist me, O Lord; Amen.

"Sing Psalmes now and then out of Sundayes. Endeavour to begg with teares what you aske, and O lett them be, O Lord, my onely pleasure. There are 3 Sundayes to come from this Saturday night; pray one day earnestly to God for love, and against takeing his name in vaine, pray against intemperance and sensuality; and the other day for meekeness, and and against envy; another for fear and alliance, and against detraction.

"I have vowed, if it be possible, not to sett vpp past ten a clock; therefore, before you engage in company, goe downe and read this, and be as much alone as you can; and when you are abroad talke to men as little as may be; carry your prayer booke in your pockett, or anything that may decently keepe you from converseing with men."

Evelyn's reluctance to believe, while he only saw Margaret at a distance, that she really deserved the report he heard of her from Mrs. Howard and Lady Sylvius, may, perhaps, be in part accounted for by the rumors afloat concerning her elder sister, Henrietta; but, however that may have been, the feeling was no doubt intimately connected with a particular accomplishment of her own, which we have not yet noticed. This pious creature was not merely one of the fairest and most graceful of the young beauties that figured in attendance on the queen upon all occasions of reception and ceremonial—she was also distinguished by her talents both as an actress and a singer. When a masque or a play was to be performed at Whitehall by the lords and ladies of the court, the first female part was usually hers. Her capacity for filling such parts had been shown at a very early period of her residence, and when, as her mind opened, she would fain have drawn back, it was no easy matter for her to do so. It is probable that her frank innocence and humility had saved her on the threshold, and therefore in the sequel, from the miseries (which all autobiographical actresses pronounce to be indescribable) of *stage fright*. She could not but acknowledge a pleasure in doing what she knew and felt that she did well. She was commended and applauded in private and in public. The *corps dramatique* was made up of her daily companions, and they appear to have acquiesced ungrudgingly in her superiority—some of them in part, peradventure, because it was evident that she did not appreciate certain opportunities which that superiority placed at her feet. The chaperons were kind—one great lady, we read, insisted on decorating Mrs. Margaret for a particular performance with her own jewels, to the value of 20,000*l.*—answering to perhaps double the sum now-a-days. Above all, there was the will of the king—a consideration among the royalists of the seventeenth century, such as many readers of this reformed and railwayed age may find some difficulty in estimating at its due weight.

On the other side, there can be no difficulty in imagining sundry very serious dissuasives—first and foremost, of course, the ever-deepening sense of religion—the ever-strengthening delight in pious meditations and exercises; but also, no doubt, that reluctance towards any appearance of courting general, however harmless, admiration, which is natural to one whose affections have been sought and won—for Margaret had been but two years at St. James' before she was in love—not much longer before she confessed her attachment to the gentleman who ultimately married her; and, finally, there is abundant evidence, a dread of the king's attention—a dread which, with all her safeguards, she felt it needful to keep alive by constant watchfulness over herself. This is another extract from her diary, penned, as Evelyn says, while some new play was in process of rehearsal:—

"Now as to pleasure, they are speaking of playes and laughing att devout people; well, I will laugh att myself for my impertinencyes, that by degrees I may come to wonder why any body does like me; and divert the discourse; and talke of God and moralitye: avoid those people when I come to the drawing roome, especially among great persons to divert them; because noe raillary allmost can be innocent: goe not to the Dutchess of Monmouth above once a weeke, except when wee dress to rehearse, and then carry a booke along with me to read when I don't act, and soe come away before supper.

"Talke little when you are there; if they speak of any body I can't commend, hold my peace, what jest soever they make; be sure never to talk to the King; when they speak filthyly, tho' I be laugh'd att, looke grave, remembring that of Micha, there will a tyme come when the Lord will bind vp his jewells."

Evelyn participated so fully in the feelings of his day and class with respect to the royal person, that we cannot expect him to enlarge on the reasons Mrs. Margaret had for shunning the king's conversation. But the first passage in which he alludes to her engagement with Sidney Godolphin sufficiently indicates what account he made of that salutary influence:—

"Every body was in love with, and some allmost dyeing for her, whilst with all the Modesty and Circumspection imaginable she strove to Eclipse the luster which she gave; and would often check the vivacity which was naturall, and perfectly became her, for feare of giveing occasion to those who lay in waite to deceive. Butt it was not possible here to make the least approach, butt such as was full of Honour; and the distance she observ'd, and Caution and Judgment she was mistress of, protected her from all impertinent addresses, till she had made a Choice without Reproach and worthy her Esteeme, namely, of that excellent Person who was afterwards her Husband, after a passion of no less than Nine long yeares that they both had been the most intire and faithfull lovers in the world. * * * It was not possible I could hear of soe long an Amour, soe honorable a love and constant pas-

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sion, and which I easily perceived concerned her, as lookeing vpon herselfe vnsettled, and one who had long since resolved nott to make the Court her rest, butt I must be touched with some Care for her. I would now and then kindly chide her, why she suffer'd those languishments when I knew not on whome to lay the blame. For tho' she would industriously conceale her disquiett, and divert it vnder the notion of the Spleene, she could not but acknowledge to me where the dart was fix'd; nor was any thing more ingenious then what she now writt me vpon this Subject, by which your Ladyshipp will perceive, as with what peculiar confidence she was pleased to honour me, soe, with what early prudence and great pietye she manag'd the passion which, of all other, young people are commonly the most precipitate in and vnadvis'd."

He then quotes a letter to himself, in which, after reminding him that "she came very young into the world," she says:—

"The first thing which tempts young weomen is vanity, and I made that my great designe. Butt Love soone taught me another Lesson, and I found the trouble of being tyed to the hearing of any save him; which made me resolve that either he or none should have the possession of your friend. Being thus soone sencible of Love my selfe, I was easily perswaded to keepe my selfe from giveing him any cause of Jealousye, and in soe long a tyme never has there been the least. This, vnder God's providence, has been the means of preserveing me from many of those missfortunes young Creatures meet with in the world, and in a Court espetially. * * * * I find in him none of that tormenting passion to which I need sacrefice my selfe; butt still, were wee dissengag'd from the world, wee should marry vnder such restraints as were fitt, and by the agreeableness of our humour make each other happy. Butt att present there are obstructions: he must be perpetually engaged in buissness, and follow the Court, and live allwayes in the world, and soe have less tyme for the service of God, which is a sensible affliction to him; wherefore, wee are not determined to precipitate that matter, butt to expect a while, and see how things will goe; haveing a great mind to be togeather, which cannot with decency be done without marrying, nor to either of our satisfactions without being free from the world. In short, serving of God is our end, and if wee cannott do that quietly togeather, wee will asunder. You know our Saviour sayes, that all could not receive that doctrine, but to those who could he gave noe contradiction; and if wee can butt pass our younger yeares, 't is not likely wee should be concern'd for marrying when old. If wee could marry now, I don't see butt those inconveniencys may happen by sickness, or absence, or death. In a word, if we marry, it will be to serve God and to encourage one another dayly; if wee doe not, 't is for that end too; and wee know God will direct those who sincerely desire his love above all other Considerations. Now, should wee both resolve to continue as we are, be assur'd, I should be as little Idle as if I were a wife. I should attend to prayer and all other Christian dutyes, and make these my pleasures, seeing I chuse not the condition out of restraint and singularity, but to serve God the better."

About the time when Evelyn's acquaintance with her was thus growing into intimacy Mr. Sidney Godolphin was sent to join the embassy at Paris, and the lovers had settled before he went abroad that she should remain in the queen's service till his return. That, however, was deferred longer than had been anticipated, and, in the course of 1673, Margaret resolved on deferring no longer her escape from that scene of dissipation and even to her perhaps of danger. Whether she had any immediate cause of alarm or disgust we are not told; but, at any rate, she had now been full seven years at court, and it was no wonder she thought this enough. She had by this time found a motherly friend in Mr. Godolphin's aunt—the Lady Berkeley of Stratton—and that excellent lady offered her a home at Berkeley House in Mayfair.*

It was on a Sunday evening that Margaret asked and obtained permission to retire from her court service—she had taken the opportunity of "less company than there used to be"—but Evelyn himself was of that company, and we doubt not his presence sustained her. He says:—

"Never shall I forgett the humble and becomeing address she made, nor the Joy that discover'd its selfe in this Angells countenance, above any thing I had ever observed of transport in her, when she had obtained her suite; for, I must tell you, Madam, she had made some attempts before without success, which gave her much anxietie. Their Majestyes were both vnwilling to part with such a Jewell: and I confess from that tyme I look'd vpon White Hall with pitty, not to say Contempt. What will become, said I, of Corinthus, the Citty of Luxury, when the graces have abandon'd it, whose piety and example is soe highly necessary? Astræa soe left the Lower world. And, for my part, I never sett my foote in it afterwards butt as ent'ring into a solitude, and was ready to cry out with the wife of Phineas, that its glory was departed. She tooke, I assure you, her leave of their Majestyes with soe much modesty and good a Grace, that tho' they look't as if they would have a little reproach't her for makeing soe much hast, they could not find in their hearts to say an vnkind word to her; butt there was for all that I am certaine something att the heart like griefe; and I leave you, Madam, to imagine how the rest of the Court mourn'd this Recess, and how dim the tapers burnt as she pass'd the anti-chamber. 'Is Mrs. Blagge goeing,' sayes a faire creature; 'why stay I here any longer?' others, 'that the Court had never such a Starr in all its hemispheere;' and veryly, I had not observed soe vniversall a damp vpon the spiritts of every one that knew her. Itt was, I remember, on a Sunday night, after most of the company were departed, that I waited on her downe to her Chamber, where she was noe sooner enter'd, butt falling

* The Stratton branch of the Berkeleys expired in 1773, when their estates went to swell those of the Earls of Berkeley. The residence of Mrs. Blagge's friend, with its gardens, occupied the space now covered by Devonshire House, Lansdowne House, Stratton street, and Berkeley Square. The grounds were bounded to the eastward by those of the Chancellor Clarendon's great and unfortunate mansion, which stood on the site of Albemarle and Old Bond streets; that palace, so often mentioned by Evelyn, was soon pulled down, but part of one wing is said to have escaped; and it is alleged that two or three stately rooms of *Clarendon House* are still extant within the *Clarendon Hotel*. It is, perhaps, more likely that the old fittings and decorations were made use of in a new erection; but at all events—*stat nominis umbra*.

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on her knees, she blessed God as for a Signall deliverance: she was come out of Egypt, and now in the way to the Land of Promise. You will easyly figure to your selfe how buissy the young Saint was the next morning in makeing vpp her little carriage to quitt her prison: and when you have fancied the Conflagration of a certaine Citty the Scripture speaks of, imagine this Lady trussing vpp her little fardle, like the two daughters whom the angell hastned and conducted; butt the similitude goes no further, for this holy Virgin went to Zoar, they to the cave of Folly and Intemperance; there was no danger of her lookeing back and becomeing a Statue for sorrow of what she left behind. All her household stuffe, besides a Bible and a bundle of Prayer bookes, was packed vpp in a very little Compass, for she lived soe far from superfluitye, that she carryed all that was valueable in her person; and tho' she had a Courtly wardrobe, she affected it not, because every thing became her that she putt on, and she became every thing that was putt vpon her. * * * I am the more particular as haveing had the honour to waite on her to Berkley House: I tell your Ladyshipp I never beheld her more orient than she appeared att this tyme, and the moment she sett foote in the Coach her eyes sparkled with Joy, and a marvelous lusture; the Roses of her Cheeks were soe fresh, and her countenance soe gay, as if with the rest of her perfections (had she not left your two Sisters there) she had caryed all the Beautyes as well as all the Virtue of the Court away with her too. Butt ah, had you seen with what effusion and open armes she entred Berkley House, and sprung into the Caresses of my Lady—in what a trice after she was led vp into her apartmentt she had putt all her Equipage in order, rang'd her Library, and disposed of her Compendious Inventory—you would have said there was nothing prettyer then that buissy moment. And now when she had consecrated her new Oratorye with a devout Aspiration and the Incense of an humble Soule, for the blessings of this sweete Retirement, she satt downe and admired her sweet felicitye."*—*Ib.*, pp. 56–62.

After this removal to Berkeley House she seems to have very rarely appeared at Whitehall. We see, however, that at least once she yielded to the royal anxiety on the occasion of a new play—and filled a principal part in it with as much grace as she had ever displayed, and amidst even an unusual enthusiasm of admiration:—

"This excellent Creature looked on this occasion as one of her greatest afflictions, and would have devolved the share she had in this Court Magnificence on any other Lady with a thousand acknowledgments, had their Majestyes butt excused her; butt there was no retreating; she had her part assigned her, which, as itt was the most illustrious, soe never was there any perform'd with more grace, and becomeing the solemnity. She had on her that day near twenty thousand pounds value of Jewells, which were more sett off with her native beauty and luster then any they contributed of their owne to hers. * * * * I need not enlarge vpon the argument of the Poem, which you may be sure, however defective in other particulars, was exactly modest, and suiteable to the Persons, who were all of the first rank and most illustrious of the Court: nor need I recount to your Ladyshipp with what a surprizeing and admirable aire she trode the Stage, and performed her Part, because she could doe nothing of this sort, or any thing else she vndertook, indifferently, butt in the highest perfection. Butt whilst the whole Theater were extolling her, she was then in her owne Eyes not only the humblest, butt the most diffident of herself, and least affecting praise."—*Ib.*, pp. 97–99.

The probability of such invitations being renewed sorely disturbed Mrs. Blagge; and Evelyn adds that, though her chambers had been assigned her in the most retired wing of Berkeley House, she found it impossible to command in so great an establishment the measure of retirement on which she had set her heart. It seems the natural inference from several expressions both of the narrative and of her letters, that about this time her religious meditations assumed a very perplexing shape—that she lay for some months under painful and harassing doubts, whether it would not be best for her to give up Mr. Godolphin and resolve on a life of solitary devotion. She had for years, it seems, been in the habit of consulting on all points of conscience an old friend, Dr. George Benson, Dean of Hereford—and it may perhaps be suspected that this reverend divine had given some encouragement to her views, for Evelyn tells us that her plan was to fix herself "near his cathedral," and live there "by herself under his direction." Evelyn, at any rate, did not approve of such schemes. His influence was used uniformly in the opposite direction. In very early youth he had himself entertained a strong predilection for the solitary life, and requested his elder brother to allow him to fit up a real hermitage among the woods of Wootton; nay, several years later, he

*This is a part of a letter which she addressed soon after leaving court to two of her companions among the maids of honor, who had, it seems, asked her opinion about a sermon in the Chapel Royal:—"Dear Children, as to your dressing, I can't believe the Doctor meant there should be any neglect of that beauty God has given you, soe it be done with this Caution, first, that you designe to captivate none for any satisfaction you take in the number of Lovers or in the Noise of a larger traine of Admirers than other young women have, butt purely for an honest designe of disingageing your selves as soone as you can from the place you are in, in an honorable way; and when ever you see any young Man, who in your hearts you cannot beleive will prove that person I speak of, or any marryed Man, who you know cannot, with such a one St. Paul sayes you ought not to converse in the least; I meane, if it is possible to be avoided—and in this age, you know, women are not soe wonderfully solicited that have the vertue and modesty of you two. That good service the Ladys of other principles have done you, that men sooner find their Error, and without much difficulty suspected conversations may be avoided. Indeed, it would be a most dreadfull sight att the last day, to see any man condemned upon your accounts; and yett such a thing may be, and yett you honest; for if you willingly consent men should looke upon you and follow you, you are accessary to that sin in St. Matthew, 'Who ever lookes on a woman to lust after her, hath committed Adultery with her allready in his heart.' Soe that my opinion is, that mankind, if they make any particular applications, tho' they don't make love, be, as much as you can, avoided. As to your conversation, there is nothing forbidden butt what is either profane, or unjust, or indevout; I meane, the encouragement of any of that in others, by seemeing well pleased with it. 'Tis true, wee should not preach in the withdrawing Roome, butt wee must, by our lookes, shew that wee fear God, and that wee dare not hear any thing to his prejudice, nor any thing filthy, or that tends to the prejudice of our Neighbour."—*Ib.*, pp. 202–204.

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drew the outlines of a plan for a Protestant Cœnobium, near Deptford, of which, it would seem, he had meant to be the founder and the first head. But the experience of mature life had not been lost, and when now called on to judge in the case of others, the active duties of society and the interests of Mr. Godolphin (though personally as yet almost a stranger) were kept steadily in view by the calm and rational, though tender and sympathizing, friend of Says Court.

From one of Margaret's letters to him at this time we must give a brief extract;—the style of their confidences will in some particulars perhaps surprise modern readers, even though they bear in mind the sort of filial and paternal relations which had been established between the lady of twenty and the gentleman of fifty:—

"The Lord help me, dear freind," sayes she, "I know not what to determine; sometymes I think one thing, sometymes another; one day I fancy noe life soe pure as the vnmarryed, another day I think it less exemplarye, and that the marryed life has more oppertunity of exerciseing Charity; and then againe, that 't is full of solicitude and worldlyness—soe as what I shall doe I know not. He can live without a wife willingly, butt without me he is vnwilling to live, soe as if I doe not marry he is not in danger of sinn; butt if I or he or both should repent—O Lord and Governor of my life, leave me not to my selfe, to the Counsell of my own heart, butt send me wisdome from thy throne, to direct, assist, and lead me soberly in my doeings."

Another letter was, from internal evidence, written when Godolphin was in London—on a short furlough, no doubt, from his diplomatic duty, of which he had availed himself to press her to accompany him back to Paris as his wife. Margaret says:—

"Much afflicted and in great agony was your poor friend this day, to think of the love of the holy Jesus, and yett be soe little able to make him any returne. For with what favour have I protested against all affection to the things of this world; resign'd them all without exception; when the first moment I am tryed, I shrink away, and am passionately fond of the Creature, and forgetfull of the Creator? This when I consider'd, I fell on my knees, and with many teares begg'd of God to assist me with his Grace, and banish from me all Concerne butt that of heavenly things, and wholly to possess my heart himselfe; and either releive me in this Conflict, now soe long sustain'd, or continue to me strength to resist it, still fearing if the combate cease not in tyme, I should repine for being putt vpon soe hard a dutye. * * * One whome I love is here; most bitterly have I wept to think how much of my heart he has, how little my blessed Saviour, who has loved and suffered for me soe much more; happy, ah happy, are you, my friend, that are past that mighty love to the Creature. Butt I make this my humble confession to God and you, bewayleing my loveing any thing butt himself; imploreing him to translate my affections, and place them on him alone. Thus to you doe I display my griefe: I can leave him whome here I love, to go to my Jesus for ever; butt I Confess, 't is hard for me to leave him now soe often as I doe, and this breaks my heart."—p. 73.

It is fair to extract also a specimen of Evelyn's reasoning with his fair young friend:—

"I consented to all her Elogies of the Virgin State, butt that there were no less due to the Conjugall; and that if there were some temptations in it, her meritts would be the greater, and the exercise of her virtue. Circled indeed it was with some tollerable thornes, butt rewarded with illustrious Coronetts for the good it produc'd; that as to the oppertunityes of serveing God, an active life was preferable to the Contemplative; and that I should not doubt to see as many Crown'd in heaven who had been marryed, as of Virgins: since from Marriage all the Virgins in the world had their originall, and all the Saints that ever were or ever shall be; that it was the Seminary of the Church and care of Angells; and that though our beloved Lord were borne of a Virgin, she was yett vail'd vnder the Cover of Marriage; and soe when St. Paul exalted the Celibate above it, for the advantages he enumerates, itt was nott to derogate from Marriage, butt because of the present distress and the Impediments of a family to an Itinerant and Persecuted Apostle, and those who in that Conjuncture had noe certaine aboade. * * * I remembered her of what sometymes she would say, that if she marryed and had noe Children, she should be displeased; and if she had, she might have either too many, or too wicked and vntoward; this, I told her, was to distrust God's providence, and she did not well to make those reflections, when in all events there was exercise of faith, and patience, Industry, and other graces; that if she who bare her had been of that mind, there would have been one less Saint to Glorifye God; that I should have wanted an excellent friend, and soe would many others, who now bless'd God for the Charityes she did them. Vpon all these Topyes I challeng'd her humility, her faith and her love. I laid before her how much more affected, morose, covetous, obnoxious to temptation and reproach an old Maid would be, who was knowne to have engaged her affection allready, than one who had never entertain'd an address. Then the trouble and sorrow of bringing forth and expence of a family, would att another tyme affreight her; little weomen I told her, had little paine; and that Queens had endured as much with patience and cheerfullness; that as to great fortunes and support, opulent couples were not exempted from Cares; and that, tho' I was assured God had great blessings of that kind alsoe in reserve, yett sowre provisions and less Ambition were as happy in the mutuall affection of each other, where there was a Competency for the present, and so faire a prospect for the future. * * * * I would tell her itt was not enough to be happy alone, when she might make another soe; nor ought she to resolve not to alter her Condition till she was out of reach of accidents; that it became a cruell and ill natur'd Laban to exact a double apprentyshipp for a Rachell; that it was Saul that putt David to adventure for a wife; that the Heroick tymes were now antiquated, and people proceeded by gentler and more compendious methods; and the decencyes of her sex, and custome of the nation, and the honor of the condition, and the want of Monasteryes and pyous Recesses obliged her to marry. Marry then in God's name, said I, since my advice you aske: itt is finally what I think you ought to resolve on; tho' if I studdied my owne satisfaction, I should rather promote this aversion, and seeke to fortifye your suspicion; for as I pro-

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fess it the greatest Contentment of my life that you have vowed me your friendshipp soe solemnly and that you will be constant, whilst I incite you to marry I endanger and putt it to the hazard; for perhapps your husband may be jealous, tho' without cause; or he may have particular dislike to me, or may not be noble, free, and ingenious, or may make you vnhappy otherwise, which would be the greatest affliction could happen to me; whereas, continuing as you are, mistress of your selfe and your conversation, your virtue and my yeares, and the conscience of my duty, and both our discretions, will preserve our friendshipp honorable, pious, and useful."—p. 82.

We have now reached the only mysterious feature in Margaret Blagge's history—it will appear such after the foregoing extracts, but much more so to those who have read the whole of Evelyn's narrative and the most confidential letters interwoven. Mr. Sidney Godolphin is at last released from his post at Paris—he returns to London, and bestirs himself about obtaining such an office in the King's service as may enable him to settle permanently at home. Just at this juncture Lord Berkeley of Stratton is appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the French Court—his lady is to accompany him—she considers Mrs. Blagge as a member of her family, and her going also to Paris is taken for granted. Margaret is to go there exactly when Godolphin has left it—it looks like one of the cunningly devised and wearisomely repeated devices of the novelist—but so it is. Mr. Godolphin does not choose, his own suit at Whitehall just opened, to quit London again on the instant: but he cannot, it seems, make up his mind to part with Mrs. Blagge unless she will put an end to his anxieties by marrying him. And "on the 16th of May (1675) they were both marryed together in the Temple Church, by the Reverend Doctor Lake, one of His Royal Highnesses Chaplains; my Lady Berkeley and a Servant of the Bride's only being present; both the blessed pair receiving the Holy Sacrament, and consecrating the solemnity with a double Mistery;"—but, strange to say, this step was taken without the privity of Mr. Evelyn, who remained for some months afterwards without the slightest suspicion of the fact.

In Evelyn's own diary the marriage is entered under the proper date, and no allusion is there made to this concealment: but in the little book before us he does not attempt to disguise his astonishment on learning that his friend had treated him with such reserve. He mentions, on the contrary, in immediate connection with the event, various circumstances which must have rendered her conduct still more incomprehensible to him. For in June she spent a whole fortnight at Says Court, during which time Evelyn agreed to regulate everything as to her pecuniary supplies while abroad; and when Lord and Lady Berkely and she took their departure from France, Evelyn at their joint request, accompanied them to Dover, and saw them all on board the royal yacht. Lastly, the night before they sailed, when at Canterbury, Margaret executed her will, which Evelyn signed as witness, and, as her chosen friend, retained sealed up in his own keeping. Nor does it seem that the mystery was ever wholly cleared up: "I ever," he says, "considered it an impertinence to be over-curious; and was assured that this nicety could never proceed from herself, but from some other prevalent obligation." Between the marriage and the voyage, as he says, some months elapsed; "and all this time," he adds, "I am persuaded she and her Husband lived with the same reserves that the Angells do in Heaven, not thinking fitt to cohabitt till they declared their Marriage, which, for reasons best known to themselves, they did not do till she came back from France againe."

The fame of her wit and beauty had preceded her to Paris, and as she spoke the language perfectly, she was beset with every possible attention and flattery. Louis XIV. himself invited her specially to St. Germains—but "considering herself now a married woman," she never visited abroad at all during her stay—never even once saw "the splendid Vanity of that French court.*

Thus passed the winter. In the spring Lord Berkeley repaired to Nimeguen on the business of the treaty thence named, and Margaret found some pretext (Lady Berkeley no doubt assisting) for returning to England. It appears that shortly before her arrival Evelyn had been informed (by whom we have no hint) of her marriage. She sent for him immediately to her temporary lodgings in Covent-garden—and there occurred a little scene, so delicately sketched that we cannot but copy it:—

"I will not repeate what pass'd betweene vs in freindly expostulations, for the vnkindness of her soe long concealing from me the circumstance of her marriage, because she express'd her Sorrow with such an asseveration as in my whole Life before I never heard her vtter, soe as I could not butt forgive her heartyly. Nor did this suffice, for she often acknowledg'd her fault, and beg'd of me that I would not diminish ought of my good Opinion of her, to the least wounding the intire Freindshipp which was betweene vs; protesting she had been soe afflicted in her selfe for it, that were it to doe againe, noe consideration or complyance in the World should have prevailed on her to break her Promise, as some had done to her regrett. In good earnest I was sorry to see her troubled for it, considering the Empire of a passionate Love, the singular and silent way of the Lover, whose gravitye and temper you know soe well, and with whome I

*The following passage in a different part of the book, has reference no doubt to this residence in Paris:—"T is hardly to be imagined, the talent she peculiarly had in repeating a comicall part or acting it, when in a chearfull humor and amongst some particular friends she would sometymes divert them; and I have heard her pronounce a Sermon in French which she had heard preached by a fryar in Paris vpon the profession of a nun, att which she was present, that really surprized me. Those who have observ'd the fantastick motion of those Zealotts in the pulpitt would have seen in this lady's action, invention, and preachment, the prettiest and most innocent Mimick in the World, and have really beleived it had been the Enthusiast himselfe, butt for his frock and face, that had inspired her; certainely she was the most harmless and diverting Creature in nature."—p. 186.

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had nothing of that intimacy and indear'd Friendshipp which might intitle me to the Confidence he has since not thought me vnworthy of. I therefore mention this passage, because she was a Person of soe exact and nice a Conscience that for all the World she would not have violated her Promise; nor did I ever find it in the least save this, which, when all is done, was of noe great importance. Save that I tooke it a little to heart she should soe industriously conceale a thing from one to whome she had all along communicated her most intimate thoughts; and when that affection of hers was placed, which she would often acknowledge was not possible for her to moderate as she desir'd, or bring to the least indifference, after all her innocent stratagems and endeavors, and even sometymes resolutions, to quitt all the World and think of him only in her Prayers.

"This scene being thus over, to my great satisfaction, and, as vpon all occasions I had advised, when those melancholy thoughts and fancyes vs'd to interrupt her quiett, wee will looke upon this Lady now as a setled Woman, and in the Armes of that excellent Person the most worthy to possess her."—p. 128.

The picture of her married life is in perfect harmony with all its antecedents; a most charming picture indeed—but we cannot afford to linger over it as we could wish to do. "It is usually said of marryed people, such a one has altered her condition; indeed, soe had shee. But in noe sort her course; knowing that she could never please her husband better then when she was pleasing God, she was (I may truely say) the same a wife and a virgin."—p. 192. Mr. Godolphin became master of the robes, on the resignation of Lord Rochester; an appointment which made worldly matters easy. Evelyn was in his element when called on to direct the alteration and decoration of a house purchased by the young couple in Scotland Yard; and there he in due time saw them "settled with that pretty and discreete œconomye soe naturall to her. Never was there such an household of faith; never Lady more worthy of the blessings she was entering into, or who was more thankfull to God for them."

"'Lord,' (says she, in a Letter to me,) 'when I this day considered my happyness, in haveing soe perfect health of body, cheerfullness of mind, noe disturbance from without, nor griefe within, my tyme my owne, my house quiett, sweete and pretty, all manner of Conveniencys for serveing God in publick and private, how happy in my Friends, Husband, Relations, Servants, Creditt, and none to waite or attend on but my dear and beloved God, from whome I receive all this, what a melting joy run through me att the thoughts of all these mercyes, and how did I think myselfe obliged to goe to the foote of my Redeemer, and acknowledge my owne vnworthiness of his favor; butt then what words was I to make vse of; truely att first of none att all, but a devout silence did speake for me: but after that I power'd out my prayers, and was in an amazement that there should be such a sin as ingratitude in the world, and that any should neglect this great duty. Butt why doe I say all this to you, my friend! truely that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and I am still soe full of it that I cannot forbeare expressing my thoughts to you.'

"And this was not a transient rapture vpon the sence of her present Enjoyment, butt a permanent and devout affection. Upon the 16th day of October following, which day she constantly vsed to give me an account of her concernes the year past, I find this passage in a Letter:—'God Allmighty has been Infinitely gratious to me this year, for he has brought me back into my owne native Country in safety, and honorably prospered me in my temporall affaires; above my expectation continued my health, and my friends deliver'd me from the torments of suspense; given me a husband that above all men living I vallue; in a word, I have little to wish butt a Child, and to contribute something to my friends happyness, which I most impatiently desire; and then I must think before I can remember what I would have more then I enjoy in this world, butt the continuance of a thankfull heart to my God.'"—p. 134.

The only additional blessing that she "pass onately desired" was not very soon granted; and after two years, to fill the void, she "tooke home to her a poore orphan girl, whom she cherished with the tenderness of a natural mother." We must not dwell on "her care in instructing her servants—how sedulously she kept her family to religious dutyes, how decently she received her friends, how profitably she imployed every minute of time." Her means were now ample—"her husband had settled on her the absolute disposal of her portion, 4000*l.*;" and this independent income enabled her "to distribute considerable charities by which were relieved many indigent people and poor house-keepers."

"How diligently she would inquire out the poore and miserable, even in Hospitalls, humble Cells, and Cottages, whither I have sometymes accompanied her as farr as the very skirts and obscure places of the Towne—among whom she not only gave liberall almes, but physitians and physick she would send to some, yea, and administer Remedyes herselfe, and the meanest offices. She would sit and read, instruct and pray, whole afternoones, and tooke care for their spirituall relief by procureing a Minister of Religion to prepare them for the holy Sacrament, for which purpose she not only carryed and gave them bookes of Salvation and Devotion, but had herselfe collected diverse Psalmes and Chapters proper to be read and used vpon such occasions. How many naked poore Creatures she covered! I have by me one List of no fewer than twenty three, whome she cladd at one time, and (your Ladyshipp may remember) for whome she wrought with her owne hands."—p. 210.

"What she herselfe distributed more privately I know not, but sure I am it was a great deale more then ever she would discover, takeing all the Cautions imaginable, that nothing she did of this nature should be knowne, no not to her left hand what her right hand did, and therefore often would she herselfe walk out alone and on foote, and fasting, and in midst of winter, (when it was hardly fitt to send a servant out,) to minister to some poore creatures she had found out, and perhaps whome no body knew of besides, soe far had her love to God and piety to others overcome nature and the delicate tenderness of her sex and constitution."—p. 214.

At last she perceived that she was to be a mother; but Evelyn sadly dwells on the presentimen

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which soon after haunted her, that "her dear man (for so she now called him) was to have his wish fulfilled" at the cost of her own life. Evelyn is willing enough to tell of dreams and signs that foreshadowed the sorrows of September, 1678; but upon these passages we are content to be silent.

"Itt was then on Tuesday the third of that vnfortunate Month, when comeing about 11 a clock in the forenoone as my custome was, to visitt her and ask of her health, that I found she was in Travell; and you may easyly imagine how extreamely I was concern'd, not to stirr from the house till I had some assureance that all succeeded well. And indeed to all appearance soe it did. For it pleas'd God that within an hour your Ladyshipp brought me the joyful tydeings of a Man Child born into the world, and a very little after admitted me to see and bless that lovely Babe by the Mothers side; when the very first word she spoke to me was, I hope you have given thanks to God for his infinite mercy to me! O with what satisfaction, with what joy and over rapture did I hear her pronounce it; with what satisfaction and pleasure did I see the Mother safe, and her desire accomplished, without any accident that could give the least vmbrage or suspicion of approaching danger, soe as me thought of nothing more than rejoyceing and praising God, augureing a thousand benedictions."

On the Thursday following, Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn were present at the christening of the child; and the recovery of the mother seemed to be proceeding so favorable, that after the service these friends left London for their villa at Deptford. While in church there on the afternoon of Sunday the 8th, Evelyn received a brief note from Mr. Godolphin, requesting the prayers of that congregation also for his wife, and intimating very dangerous symptoms. The puerperal fever had declared itself with great violence. Evelyn hastened back to town, and continued by her till "about one o'clock at noon on the Monday, the 9th September, 1678," when this loveable creature breathed her last, "in the twenty-fifth year and prime of her age." During the last day her mind was lost in wanderings; but "the deliriums," says Evelyn "were only such as proceeded from languor and tiredness; soe that tho' she still retained her memory of the persons about her, what she said was altogether inconsistent, and growing more impetuous and deplorable, gave presage of uttmost danger. This only was highly remarkable, that in all this disorder of fancy and almost distraction, she uttered not one syllable or expression that might in the least offend God, or any creature about her; a thing which during these alienations of mind does seldom happen; but which shewed how blessed a thing it was to live holily and carefully, as this Innocent did; persons that are delirious usually uttering extravagances that discover their worst inclinations."—p. 147.

It appeared that a day or two before her confinement she had received the Sacrament, as in preparation for the coming peril; and on opening her repositories they found letters addressed to her husband, her sister-in-law, and Evelyn, which had all been written on that same day, and contained very minute directions as to her affairs, especially her pensionaries and other charities, in case of death. To Mr. Godolphin she had thus expressed herself:—

"My deare, not knowing how God Allmighty may deale with me, I think it my best course to settle my affaires, soe as that, in case I be to leave this world, noe earthly thing may take vp my thoughts. In the first place, my dear, beleive me, that of all earthly things you were and are the most dear to me; and I am convinced that nobody ever had a better or halfe soe good a husband. I begg your pardon for all my Imperfections, which I am sencible were many; but such as I could help, I did endeavor to subdue, that they might not trouble you. * * * I know nothing more I have to desire of you, but that you will sometymes think of me with kindness, butt never with too much griefe. For my Funerall, I desire there may be noe cost bestowed vpon it att all; butt if I might, I would begg that my body might lye where I have had such a mind to goe myselfe, at Godolphyn, among your freinds. I beleive, if I were carried by Sea, the expence would not be very great; but I don't insist vpon that place, if you think it not reasonable; lay me where you please.

"Pray, my deare, be kind to that poore Child I leave behind, for my sake, who lov'd you soe well; butt I need not bidd you, I know you will be soe. If you should think fitt to marry againe, I humbly begg that little fortune I brought may be first settled vpon my Child, and that as long as any of your Sisters live, you will lett it (if they permitt) live with them, for it may be, tho' you will love itt, my successor will not be soe fond of it as they I am sure will be.

"Now, my deare Child, farewell; the peace of God which passeth all vnderstanding, keepe your heart and mind in the knowledge and love of God and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Allmighty, the Father, the Sonn, and the Holy Gost, be with thee, and remaine with thee ever and ever. Amen."

In compliance with her desire, her remains were conveyed to Cornwall—though mistaken feeling could not obey her as to the absence of all costly ceremonial—and she was laid in the vault of the Godolphins, below the church of the parish from which that family take their name, and of which they had been lords from a period long preceding the Conquest. Here, after the interval of thirty-four years, the dust of her husband was conjoined to hers. He had never married again—and who will wonder? On the political character and career of that eminent statesman we shall not be expected to enter in an article of this kind; a few dates will suffice. In the year after her death he became a lord of the treasury; and in 1684 first lord and a baron. In 1704 he was lord high treasurer, and in 1706 created Earl of Godolphin, Viscount Rialton. Dying in 1712, he was buried by the side of the wife of his youth, and succeeded in his honors by his and her only son, Francis, who married Henrietta Churchill, eldest daughter of the great Duke of Malborough, and ultimately

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in her own right Duchess of Marlborough. They had one son and one daughter. The son, William Godolphin, Viscount Rialton and Marquess of Blandford, died without offspring. The Marlborough estates and titles thus passed to the family of Spencer, in which they still remain; while the Godolphin property (though not the peerage) went to the grand-daughter of our and Evelyn's saint, Mary Godolphin, wife of Thomas, fourth Duke of Leeds. All the existing branches of the noble house of Leeds are thus descendants of Margaret Blagge, and the Barony of Godolphin was revived in favor of her great-great-grandson, Lord Francis Godolphin Osborne, in 1832.*

We are satisfied that there is one great practical lesson which this beautiful little biography will impress now and hereafter upon thousands of readers. They will learn to be cautious about judging from what they find recorded in the newspapers, if they do not happen to be themselves casual observers, of the scenes in which people of a certain class do and must participate, as to the real characters and prevalent thoughts and feelings of the individuals. What was *Margaret Blagge* in the eyes of the mob of Charles the Second's courtiers? What was the "little Fairy Spirit," the dreaded "Wit," the acting, mimicking maid of honor—the prima donna of Whitehall—in the opinion of the distant public, which then, as now, listened greedily to "sayings and doings" of fashionable life? We have seen how slow even the gentle Evelyn was to comprehend that she could be what he afterwards so loved and revered. We are most firmly persuaded that never among the higher classes of our countrywomen was there more than there now is of the very spirit and temper that sanctified Margaret Godolphin—

"And made a sunshine in the shady place."

Nor is it unworthy of notice (though we do not presume to expatiate on such matters) that the piety and pious observances of the English ladies of the present time bear a far closer resemblance, even in minute features, to the Godolphin type, than could have been pointed out as *characterizing*, at least, any one generation between hers and ours. For the rest, we may well be excused for giving few commentaries of our own, when we can transcribe these graceful paragraphs from the introduction of the Bishop of Oxford:—

"Her lot was cast in the darkest age of England's morals; she lived in a court where flourished in their rankest luxuriance all the vice and littleness, which the envy of detractors without has ever loved to impute—and at times, thank God, with such utter falsehood—to courts in general.

"In the reign of Charles the Second, that revulsion of feeling, which affects nations just as it does individuals, had plunged into dissipation all ranks on their escape from the narrow austerities and gloomy sourness of puritanism. The court, as was natural, shared to the full in these new excesses of an unrestrained indulgence; whilst many other influences led to its wider corruption. The foreign habits contracted in their banishment by the returning courtiers were ill suited to the natural gravity of English manners, and introduced at once a widespread licentiousness. The personal character, moreover, of the king helped on the general corruption. Gay, popular, and witty, with a temper nothing could cross, and an affability nothing could repress, he was thoroughly sensual, selfish, and depraved—vice in him was made so attractive by the wit and gayety with which it was tricked out, that its utmost grossness seemed for the time rather to win than to repulse beholders. Around the king clustered a band of congenial spirits, a galaxy of corruption, who spread the pollution upon every side. The names of Buckingham and Rochester, of Etheridge, Lyttelton, and Sedley, still maintain a bad preëminence in the annals of English vice. As far as the common eye could reach there was little to resist the evil. The Duke of York, the next heir to the throne, a cold-hearted libertine, shared the vices of the king, without the poor gloss of his social attractions."

We have nothing to complain of in Bishop Wilberforce's picture of the personal morals of the *Duke of York*—and as to his mere manners we shall only say that, though far enough from the too captivating grace of his brother's, still they were dignified and noble. We think, however, the bishop might in charity have made some allusion to the deep and ascetic piety of the old age of James II. But to return to our quotation—

"In the midst of such a general reign of wickedness, it is most refreshing to the wearied spirit to find by closer search some living witnesses for truth and holiness—some who, through God's grace, passed at His call their vexed days amongst the orgies of that crew, as untainted by its evils as is the clear sunbeam by the corruption of a loathsome atmosphere. Such an one was Margaret Godolphin, whom neither the license of those evil days, nor the scandal and detraction with which they abounded, ever touched in spirit or in reputation. Verily she walked in the flames of 'the fiery furnace and felt no hurt, neither did the smell of fire pass upon her.'

"In what strength she lived this life these pages will declare. They will show that ever by her side, conversing with her spirit through its living faith, there was a fourth form like unto the Son of God. *And one thing for our instruction and encouragement may here be specially noted: that in that day of reproach she was a true daughter of the Church of England. Puritanism did not contract her soul into moroseness; nor did she go to Rome to learn the habits of devotion.* In the training of our own church she found enough of God's teaching to instruct her soul; in its lessons she found a rule of holy self-denying obedience; in its prayers a practice of devotion; in its body a fellowship with saints; in its ordinances a true communion with her God and Saviour; which were able to maintain in simple unaffected purity her faith at court—in dutiful active love her married life; which sufficed to crown her hours of bitter anguish and untimely death with a joyful resignation and assured waiting for her crown.

* Is there no good portrait of Margaret Blagge in the possession of her own descendants? Either the picture given by her to Mr. Evelyn, and engraved for this book, must be a very unfair representation of a beauty so distinguished as she certainly was, or else the engraving does great injustice to the picture. We hope the Bishop of Oxford will inquire before he prints another edition.

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"Such is the sketch presented to the reader. May he in a better day learn in secret, for himself, those lessons of heavenly wisdom which adorned the life and glorified the death of Margaret Godolphin."

The publication of this volume has been happily timed; we are deeply grateful for it to the Archbishop of York and his accomplished literary coadjutor. The grand lessons are not for any particular persuasion or denomination, but for all Christians —they are in the true sense of the word *Catholic* —and we have no doubt they will be appreciated by very many without the pale of the Church of England. But others, though of secondary, are still of very serious importance, and well deserved the special notice of the bishop at the present time. Mrs. Godolphin's unswerving confidence in her own church is no trivial lesson. It seems to us the more valuable on account of the very circumstances which we have heard dilated on as detracting from its value. "Why should she," it is said, "have become a Romanist! She was always one in everything but the name." Not so. She attended the services of the church twice every day—she observed strictly the fasts of the church as well as its festivals—she received the sacrament almost every Lord's day;—but if to do these things be popery, then Charles I., and Archbishop Laud, and John Evelyn, were all papists as well —the popery consisted merely in doing what all members of the Anglican Church have always been commanded, and all ministers of that church have always been pledged to do. We have heard invidious comments on her habitual communications with the Dean of Hereford; and the use of the word *Direction* in Evelyn's mention of it has been especially dwelt on. But be it observed, the word *Direction* had not in that age acquired the technical sense it now bears within the Romanist body itself—and if she had recourse to "the counsel and advice of some learned and discreet divine," more regularly than was even then customary with females of her rank and station—(which, if we compare her only with others of deeply religious feeling, we much doubt to have been the case)— the peculiarity is to be accounted for by the peculiar difficulties of her position—an orphan girl in the midst of a most dangerous society. We might as justly detect Romanism in the nature of her confidential intercourse with Mr. Evelyn himself. As to her leanings in favor of a single and even a solitary life, we are happy that she had such a friend as Evelyn to counteract them—because, attached as she was to Mr. Godolphin, she could not have followed such a course without ultimately shattering the serenity of her own conscience— without injustice to one worthy of her tenderest affection—without the abnegation of many Christian duties, in the discharge of which she lived and died a profitable example to all around her. But it is the height of bigotry to see anything abstractedly wrong in a preference for a virgin life; and no candid person can look at the present state of society in this country without perceiving that the condition of very many of the best among us is perplexed and degraded, simply because we have no such institutions as nunneries might be, and ought to be—establishments where virtuous and pious ladies, of moderate fortune, might find a home and a refuge at once secure and honorable —in place of submitting to marriages of mere convenience, or else wearing out an aimless, comfortless existence—if not suffering the vulgar hardships of poverty, escaping them only by the worse pain of dependence. Irrefragable vows, and especially early ones, are snares and cunning corruptions; but we have no right to confound the salutary principle with perilous excrescences, in favor of which there is not the remotest shadow of a scriptural authority.

Not only was Mrs. Godolphin untinged with any of the errors of Romanism, but she remained so under circumstances of temptation which it would be difficult to exaggerate. Her lot was cast amidst the professors of that faith—she was the loyal and devoted servant of an innocent, amiable, and most unhappy Roman Catholic princess; and from her earliest youth converts to that creed were her kind friends and daily companions. Her close connection with Romanists, and her deep sympathy, we must add, with the *Catholic* principles common to Romanism and Anglicanism, are precisely the circumstances that give the highest interest and importance to the lesson of her fidelity to the church in which she was baptized and confirmed, to the utter rejection of all participation in any of the doctrinal perversions or unauthorized practices of the Roman system.

We have more than once lately expressed our regret at the prevalence of religious novels. The present season has produced several works of this class, and one or two written with ability. So much the worse—we are satisfied that it is a false and unlawful style of composition, and the more the talent the greater the mischief. Let us hope that the contemplation of the simple unvarnished realities of this saintly biography may illustrate to many, by the force of contrast, the real texture and tendency of these artificial, vamped up performances—and inspire modesty and self-distrust in the spinners of imaginary *experiences*.*

* We wish ladies, in particular, could be turned away from the fond conceit of working up religious controversies in their novels. Not to press more serious arguments, they always fail in concentrating the interest on the controversy; the love—the mere love—uniformly runs away with them and their story.

"Cleveland," we presume, was meant to illustrate the perils of compulsory confession and the modern system of *direction*; but the lesson it really teaches—if it teaches anything—is one of a less exalted order; simply, that the woman, whose imagination has been fairly smitten by a man not the lawful property of any other woman, exposes her heart and mind at least to extreme peril, by consenting to espouse another man in whom the imaginative part of her does not and never can take the same sort of interest. Love has many masks and many aliases. The heroine has, in fact, though unconsciously, been enamored, after a not rare fashion, with her handsome, accomplished, poetical and picturesque confessor. Being accidentally separated from him, she attracts the attention of a comely and worthy, but prosaic clergyman of the Church of England. She is in circumstances which render marriage

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THE CHOLERA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

19th October, 1847.

SIR—Public attention seems to be uneasily directed towards the progress of the cholera; and the alarm its second advent is calculated to excite will, I fear, receive no inconsiderable addition from the observations of Mr. W. Herapath of Bristol, published in your last number.

My experience leads me to differ from the conclusions laid down in paragraphs 1 and 4; and when I relate how that experience was gained, I will leave you to form your own conclusions as to its value.

I was parish-surgeon at the time the cholera made its appearance in Upton-upon-Severn; which town, situated on the bank of a large navigable river, and liable to a constantly changing population, (many of the lower orders depending on the river for support,) was peculiarly obnoxious to its attack. The severity of that attack may be judged from the fact that nearly three per cent. of the gross population fell victims to it within the short space of three weeks; but the ravages were entirely confined to the lower class, and *every case* fell under my notice.

The most diligent inquiries led me to believe that the disease was epidemic, caused by miasm, taking generally the course of navigable rivers; *but that it was not contagious*—no single case of infection being traced either to contact with the living or dead body, or with the clothing.

Its march was erratic; one case breaking out near the river, another more in the town; but in almost every one, in the house of persons who worked by the water. Some attacked in the town went into the surrounding parishes and died; their deaths were not followed by an attack of their attendants, while many of those in the town who had never entered a house infected with the disease fell victims to it. The alarm at last became so great, that whole families adjourned to the fields, taking up their abode in hovels and outhouses; parents abandoned their offspring, children their parents. It was impossible to procure attendants for the hospital to which the later sufferers were conveyed: yet in no case was it possible to trace the disease as having been caused by attending on those attacked by it; a certain class seemed peculiarly obnoxious to it—those it attacked and swept away.

The inhabitants of the surrounding parishes escaped the scourge; only one or two cases occurring in the neighborhood, and those could be easily accounted for. Worcester, Tewkesbury, Gloucester, suffered severely; the neighboring towns of Ledbury, Pershore, Cheltenham, and Malvern, escaped.

"Nevertheless," to use the words of Sir John Graham Dalyell, in speaking of his researches on another subject, "let not these remarks be held as an imputation on the accuracy or on the veracity of other naturalists, though I have no reason to believe their vision more acute or their instruments more perfect than mine." Mr. Herapath's experiments may be correct: they are not corroborated by my observations; and my opportunities were, alas, fearfully great.

I shall conclude with the relation of a case which occurred in Canada. When the cholera broke out in Toronto, Mr. H., who was a resident there, became dreadfully alarmed, and went to Hamilton, to the house of a relation of mine, who was practising there. The distance between the two towns is at least fifty miles. In a few days he was attacked by cholera, and died in the course of twenty-four hours. *No other case occurred in the town or neighborhood.*

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE SHEWARD, M.R.C.S.L.

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particularly desirable for her: she cannot marry this clergyman without giving up her Romanism; she at last does so, and is married. But after a few months she is again thrown into contact with the romantic confessor, and all is thenceforth confusion and misery. This, though the authoress did not mean it, is a story of common enough terrestrial passion—the controversy a thin disguise.

There is great elegance in much of the writing of this little novel; and one sketch, that of a pampered aristocratic beauty, suddenly cut off in the midst of her splendor and folly, reveals powers of a very high class indeed.

In Lady Georgianna Fullerton's "Grantley Manor," the attempt to make the interest turn on difference of religion is equally unfortunate. That Protestants may be very bigoted and very bad, and Romanists very amiable and pious, we did not need a novel to instruct us: and as to all the other *doctrinal* points she entirely breaks down. Indeed, she breaks down utterly in the whole matter of her *dēnouement* as far as anything like moral justice is concerned. For the virtues and wrongs of the lovely Italian are rewarded by her being acknowledged as the wife of as shuffling, shabby, and selfish an Irishman as ever disgraced the name of any church or sect under heaven; and this Protestant hero, after all, is left in possession not only of a beautiful Popish bride, but of immense affluence, all derived from Orangemen of the deepest purple, as his recompense for a course of fraud that richly entitled him to Norfolk Island.

The skill in description which Lady G. Fullerton had shown in a former work is at least as brilliantly exemplified in this. Many of her passages of disquisition on moral and social questions are not less remarkable for vigor and boldness of thought than for terseness of language. The book in short bears the stamp of such ability, that we earnestly hope her ladyship will henceforth confine herself to the legitimate field which she might cultivate to the unmixed satisfaction of both Protestant and Popish admirers.

THE Archbishop of Dublin, who knows as well as any one how "desipere in loco," teased by some pedantic grammarian, challenged his tormentor to decline the commonest noun—"cat," for example. The pedant contemptuously proceeded—

"Nominative—a cat, or the cat.
Genitive—of a cat, or, &c.
Dative—to or for a cat, or, &c.
Accusative—a cat, or, &c.
Vocative—O cat!"

"Wrong," interrupted the archbishop; "*puss* is the *vocative* of cat all through the United Kingdom, and wherever else the Teutonic dialects are spoken."
—*Standard.*

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From the Portland Advertiser.

"WHITE JIM."

SEVERAL notices have recently appeared in the papers concerning a Mr. Wilbur's having recovered a son (from the Indians) who had been lost to him more than twenty years, but we believe the full particulars in regard to the matter have not yet appeared in print, and have taken some pains to get at them. Our authority for the statements which follow is Mr. S. W. Swett, the intelligent tollman of the Cape Elizabeth bridge, who has been chiefly instrumental in restoring the long lost child to his parents.

In the year 1827 the parents of "White Jim," as he is called, resided in township letter B, then almost in a wilderness state, and but sparsely peopled. Mr. W. had cleared up a patch of ground for his house, and, about a quarter of a mile distant, a field for grain. He had two daughters, old enough to be of service in assisting their parent, and a child named, after himself, James, (the chief subject of this narrative,) then two years and ten months old. One day, early in September, the two girls returned home after having been at work with their father in the corn-field, and inquired of their mother what had made James cry so—they heard him scream, "The booger man has got me," but thought nothing of it, supposing him with her. The mother at once became deadly pale; she had supposed the child was safe with them all the while, and now flashed upon her the painful conviction, that he was lost in the woods, if a worse fate had not befallen him.

The nearest neighbors were immediately aroused, and search was made through the woods, but without success; and for twelve days did the agonized parents and sympathizing neighbors continue their inquiries and researches, but all to no purpose.

It was finally concluded by some that a desperado, half Indian, half white, named Robbins, who spent his time in the surrounding region, hunting, had killed the child for the purpose of baiting his traps with the body; and as the same Robbins was afterwards confined in prison for killing two persons, (from which he escaped and was never afterwards heard of,) there appeared to be some foundation for this supposition. Still hope remained with the parents, and the mother often stated her conviction that she should again see her boy before she died—and strangely at last has that conviction been realized. But we will not get ahead of our narrative.

In the spring of 1816, the father (who had meanwhile removed to Bethel) heard that there was a white boy residing with the Indians in Nova Scotia, who might possibly be his child.

A request, as will be recollected by some of our readers, was made through the newspapers for information concerning him, but to no purpose, and the hearts of the parents were again made sick with "hope deferred." However, a clue to the mystery was at length obtained.

Some four or five months since the two girls mentioned in the beginning of these statements, then engaged in one of the factories in Saco, saw a young man among a party of Indians, then tarrying in the neighborhood, who was so strongly enstamped with the lineaments of their family, as to lead them to suspect he might be their lost brother. By conversation the suspicion grew into certainty, and they at length made bold to claim him.

He distrusted them, and got away as soon as possible, and directly after, the party of Indians among whom he resided removed from Saco, and took up their residence in our vicinity, just the other side of the Cape Elizabeth bridge.

The girls wrote a statement of these facts to their parents, and the father at once started off for Saco; but learning, before he arrived there, that the Indians had removed to this neighborhood, he changed his course, and came hither.

The first person he called upon here was Mr. Swett, toll-keeper of the new bridge, and to him he related the particulars of his business. Mr. S. was well informed as to the habits and peculiarities of the Indians—and told the old man that if White James was his son, it would probably frustrate all his hopes of recovering him if he went directly there and claimed him.. Mr. S. knew James well; had purchased baskets of him, during a former season, when the Indians were residing at their present location, and he proposed that he should send for him. The old gentleman assented, and a message was sent to the young man ostensibly concerning the purchase of some baskets. James came, and Mr. Swett, after bargaining for a lot of baskets, began questioning him as to his history. He readily asserted that he was stolen from his white parents by the Indians; not that he could recollect the fact, but he had heard "the Indians talk it." His first recollections went back no further than circumstances relating to his Indian life.

Mr. Swett then related to him his convictions as to his parentage, (narrating the circumstances of his disappearance,) and pointing to the old man, who meanwhile had sat deeply affected near by, said, "That man is your father!"

The old man, as well as he could for his tears, took up the thread of the conversation, and after ascertaining that James was the same young man the girls had seen at Saco, related anew the history we have above given, and declared that he knew him to be his son—if he had seen him anywhere in the street, he would have recognized him as such.

James, however, who had evidently been imposed upon by the Indians with some story of sinister motive on the part of the proposed father, disclaimed all relationship, and all wish to have anything to do with him, and getting out of the door on some trivial pretext, took to his heels as for life, and before the old man was well aware of his absence, was half way over the bridge. The old gentleman could only exclaim, "O dear! I

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have again lost my child"—and sank down in a chair.

Mr. S. spoke encouragingly, and finally got a person residing on the other side of the bridge to go over with him to the Indian camp. There the old man had conversation several times with White James, who gradually became more tractable, and finally was prevailed upon to acknowledge the relationship, and to promise to go to the house of his parents in a fortnight, when the old man left him, first having provided him with the means of paying his stage fare.

Mr. Swett, the toll-keeper, who had shown a highly commendable interest in the matter, was adjured to see "the boy" occasionally, and keep him fixed to his promise, which he readily agreed to do; and Mr. Wilbur returned home. Before the fortnight elapsed, however, impatient of the delay, he returned to the city, and contrary to the advice of Mr. Swett, went over to the encampment of the Indians, accompanied by several other individuals, when, to use the words of Mr. Swett, "everything was again knocked in the head." James peremptorily denied all relationship with the old gentleman, and would have nothing to do with him; and again the old man returned home with a heavy heart.

Mr. Swett, however, was determined the lost child should be righted—he saw him several times, and asked him if he was not going home. James' reply was that the Indians had told him the old man wanted to get him away and kill him. Mr. S. quieted his fears on that score.

White James had a squaw, or wife, residing with the Indians, to whom he had been united some five or six months ago, and Mr. S. saw the two together, and finally he agreed to accompany them to Bethel, if they would go—to which they agreed.

Last Saturday week Mr. S. started in a two horse carriage for Bethel, with them. They stopped at the tavern of Mr. Amasa H. Merrill, about a mile from the residence of the Wilburs—there being no carriage road thence to their residence. The father was sent for. Absence from the Indians, it appeared, had produced a change in the sentiments of James toward Mr. W. He seemed much pleased when they met, and shook the old man's hand cordially.

The travellers, after taking some refreshment, started on foot for Mr. W.'s house, accompanied by a throng of people, among whom were three or four persons entirely strangers to the mother. On arriving at the house these strangers went in first, James in their midst. The old lady, pale with anxiety, looked at each one carefully, but when she came to James, she rushed forward and clasped him in her arms, exclaiming, "This is my boy—this is my child."

And with him all doubt of his parentage (if doubt he had) at once gave way—an absorbing love, love toward a mother, long sought for but unknown, seemed to be awakened in his heart, and he wept like a child; nor were theirs the only moist eyes in the group—every one was affected.

The two sat down, and for nearly half an hour the mother retained her hand in his, occasionally uttering through her sobs such sentences as—"Where have you been this long, long time?"—"They stole you from me"—"Have they abused my boy?"—and then she spoke of the sleepless nights and anxious days she had had on his account—of the sorrow unceasing that had made her old prematurely—and again, in an ecstasy of passionate weeping, she clasped him in her arms.

There is no doubt the young man had been much abused by the Indians; he makes no complaints, however, but on being interrogated by his mother, subsequently to this meeting, on the matter, burst into tears.

He seems to be perfectly contented and happy at his new residence, as our informant tells us. His Indian wife is with him, but *she* prefers her Indian habits—wants him to build a camp and reside in the woods—to all which he turns a deaf ear. He says he left the Indian camp to reside with his father and mother, and he will not leave them.

A FEW IRISH FACTS.

THE "normal" state of Ireland is an enormity; it is that of a fertile country, with abundant labor, which does not grow food enough to support the people, and which makes no real effort to supply the deficiency. Nor is the lack of effort for lack of knowledge; every want of Ireland has been the subject of reiterated complaint and reëchoed exposition, year after year.

Almost every estate in the country is overburdened with people. The land has been subdivided until there is scarcely a plot left big enough to be called a farm. To that source of bad farming has been added the most reckless and habitual improvidence, handed down from father to son; everybody tries to rake the last shred out of the land, and nobody thinks of returning anything to it—neither capital nor labor. All is carried off, and nothing is carried on. The results are these—insolvent landlords, the whole class mortgaged to the extent of ten thirteenths of their incomes; pauper laborers all living on potatoes, with two millions and a half quite destitute for a third of each year; and *no* class of tenant-farmers, the farms being as it were parcelled out among the paupers of the parish instead of real tenant-farmers.

This state of things is bad enough, but it is worse when regarded as a state of progressive deterioration, which it is; for some years it has, with exceptional cases of reaction, been visibly growing worse; the landlords becoming more and more deeply involved, the mass of destitution becoming vaster.

Improvement seems to be forbidden by the extremity to which the social state of the country is depraved. To introduce a decently intelligent and profitable style of agriculture, it is necessary to thin the redundant population on the estates; but that sort of "clearance" has always excited a howl of execration, because, while Ireland was without a poor-law, it doomed the ejected tenant-laborers to destruction; and the laboring classes sought to protect themselves against the landlord and his agents by shooting them. If, to encourage intelligence and industry, land is transferred from a bad tenant

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to a good one, the "intruder" or the landlord is shot—perhaps both are. If the landlord, desirous of improving his land by investing more capital, makes the actual payment of rent a condition of holding the land, he or his rent-collector is shot—perhaps both are. If people are brought from England or Scotland to teach better modes of culture, the "strangers" or "foreigners" receive threatening notices to quit; and if they stay, they are shot. "Capital" is demanded, especially of England; but if the English capitalist invests in Irish land, he is denounced as "absentee" if he stays away, or shot if he goes to Ireland; and in either case he finds his money sunk in property made worthless by the want of that which imparts all stable value to property—social order.

Perhaps it is an effect as well as a cause of this desperate condition of the country, that the most extensive social corruption prevails. Many moral obligations needful to the social polity are set at nought; the landowner wastes the hereditary patrimony; the tenant repudiates his rent; nobody is safe but the murderer, who alone walks unharmed in broad daylight and finds an asylum in every cabin; among the richer classes, faction contends in a corrupt scramble for patronage; the poor laborer abandons his work to spend his time in the national recreation—bloodshed; and if, in default of private works of improvement, any works of a public kind are introduced, public speakers and writers throw out hints how they may be destroyed; establish railways, and you shall see newspapers teaching how they may be pulled up to make pikes!

The progressive deterioration came to a crisis in the famine of 1845–6; the potato crop, long denounced as a precarious reliance, failed; and all Ireland was destitute.

The only measures of relief and counteraction emanated from England; ten millions sterling were devoted to Ireland, half given and half lent; and food was sent to the country by fleets of ships. During the intensity of the famine, the people were more tranquil, being utterly apathetic. To deprive the relief of its demoralizing character as alms, public works were devised; the employing classes in Ireland denounced the public works as useless, but devised none that were more useful; the starving people made a sham of their work; the relief wages were made the subject of corrupt jobbing, at which all classes seemed to connive; as the extreme dearth mitigated, the energy of the people revived, and was shown in reviving abuse of England, accompanied by repudiation of the loan, renewed violences, and ever-insatiable demands for more help.

The drain upon England seeming endless, a new poor-law was passed, to make the poverty of Ireland a charge upon its property, according to natural justice and common sense; the rateable classes refuse to pay rates.

Irish property *will* not pay for Irish pauperism—the landowners say they can't afford it; and so England is called upon to maintain the destitute of Ireland. The season of begging for Ireland reöpens to-morrow, the 17th instant, with a collection in the churches under the queen's letter. Indignation is felt by many humane persons in England, because they cannot forget the claims of our own hard-working poor, so long postponed in favor of the semi-voluntary destitution of the Irish poor, who won't work even when they may. But Sir John Burgoyne, backed by Mr. Trevelyan, says that if we don't pay this sort of poor-rate for Ireland, the Irish on the west coast will starve.

So let it be, says Mr. Campbell Foster, quondam commissioner of the *Times* newspaper—leave the Irishman to the poor-law of his land. The English laborer submits to intense toil, because he labors under the dread of starvation; that which is to the English laborer a penalty *in terrorem* has been actually incurred by the apathetic indolence of the Irish laborer, who is content to run the risk of starvation in order to avoid hard and incessant work; and it is not just to exempt the Irishman from a penalty which the Englishman avoids by his own exertion. During the summer, the apathetic creatures, counting on future aid from England if extorted by "necessity," have neglected even to store peat for their winter fuel.

True; yet England cannot deliberately suffer the people to starve unhelped, even from their own fault; besides, the poor cannot get effective employment sufficient to maintain them, because there is no employment; there cannot be more employment without improvement; there cannot be improvement, because each class denies the coöperation necessary for the other; there cannot be a better feeling while misconduct and despair continue to destroy mutual faith; and faith cannot be gained until the state of society is improved.

This hopeless circle of despairs is not essentially inherent in the Irishman; it does seem the innate doom of the Irish race in Ireland; but when that race escapes to the colonies, as it shows such an unfailing disposition to do, the case is altered; the Irishman then, whether as landowner, tenant, or laborer, becomes settled, orderly, industrious, and thriving.

The parts of Ireland which are an exception to the rule of despair are those in which the native Irish race has undergone a large commixture with races from Great Britain, as in Ulster. There also the people exhibit some degree of mutual faith, order, self-reliance, industry, and prosperity.

In those respects, Ulster and the colonies are similarly circumstanced—that is, in the commixture of races, the good order, and the prosperity.—*Spectator*, 16 *Oct.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Degli ultimi Casi di Romagna; di Massimo d'Azeglio.* Lugano: 1846.
2. *The present Movement in Italy.* By the Marquis Massimo D'Azeglio. London: 1847.

There is once more a chance for Italy; and it comes from an unexpected quarter—from Rome itself. On crossing from the Roman territory into Tuscany, every tourist, struck by the contrast, has long exclaimed—"See the abominable misgovernment of the patrimony of the church." Political philosophers have long quoted its condition as proof positive and irresistible, of the effects of putting temporal power into spiritual hands; and as being the crowning example of Clarendon's celebrated maxim—that the clergy took worse measures of affairs than any other class that could read and write. Italian patriots have long mourned over the unfortunate geographical position of the Papal States, stretching from sea to sea, and thus offering an insurmountable barrier to any prospect of a sound Italian nationality. The doctrine of the holy alliance, (and latterly of the monarch of the barricades,) that political reforms must come from above, and that whenever it was otherwise, foreign sovereigns should interfere, for the protection of their order—appeared to shut the gates of hope on Italy.

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For, under these circumstances, (as in our protected states in India,) who could have anticipated that "the right divine to govern wrong" would be ever voluntarily resigned by the possessor of it? Certainly not the Italian people; nor the historians of the successors of St. Peter—from Hildebrand to Gregory the Sixteenth. Truly Pius IX. has taken kings, and Christendom, and Austria, by surprise.

It is no slight evil to an English diocese, when its bishop is more bent on aggrandizing a family than on looking after his clergy and his poor—on saving money than on saving souls. What a terrible thought, therefore, that *nepotism* (both word and thing) should have come out of the treasures of the Vatican, to corrupt the world by fatal examples of a perpetual breach of trust—in what ought to have been the purest of all earthly places! and that the worst governed state in Europe should have been that, which was under the immediate authority of the holy see! Yet there is another thought almost as painful. Contrary to all reasonable expectation, and beyond our most sanguine hopes, Providence has at length raised up a reforming pope; for the removal of such fearful contradictions, and for the deliverance of these unhappy provinces from the misery and scandal of many ages. Pius IX. is a ruler, resolute as Luther, yet gentler than Melancthon. His own people fall on their knees, at his amnesties and ordinances, with a deeper reverence than under his most solemn benedictions before the steps of St. Peter's. The arms, which were turned against his predecessors, in periodical insurrections from 1820 to 1845, are now all united enthusiastically in his defence. Wherever he appears, *gratior it dies, et soles melius nitent;* and the political horizon is clearing day by day from Civita Vecchia to Ancona. Yet, in the face of virtues so unexampled, and of the festive happiness of a whole people, what at this moment do we see arrayed against him?—Austrian bayonets glittering across the Po, and the treacherous combinations of the wily spider of the *Palais Royal!* Pius IX. might have made his people miserable with impunity. His predecessors had done so. But let him try to make them happy, and it is at the peril of his crown—perhaps of his life. This is the reverence of Roman Catholic princes for the head of their church—this his reward for daring to introduce the virtues of the gospel among the principles of his civil government! Father Ventura, the celebrated Theatine preacher, declared, not long ago, that his holiness had not a friend among European sovereigns—except England and the Turk. *Vi assicuro, che il Papa non ha, fra i Sovrani, nessuno amico, eccetuati sempre però l' Inglese e il Turco.* We still hope, however, notwithstanding what passed not long ago at Cologne, that Prussia might also have been added.

It is a wretched thing to have an interest that anybody should be made unhappy through the misconduct of another. Yet this was long the relation of Russia to Poland. It is now the relation of Austria to Italy. Russia prevented Poland from improving her constitution, that she might be so much the more easily dismembered and absorbed. From her Lombardo-Venetian provinces, Austria watches every movement in the rest of Italy, with the same object. She has, unfortunately, a direct interest, that the several members of the great Italian family should continue jealous of each other; that the Italian part of Italy should be more uneasy and worse governed* than the Austrian; and that there should never arise an Italian nationality or an Italian nation. The instant, therefore, that a spark of life appears in Italy, the hoof of the Croat is set in motion to tread it out. It is true, after the disturbances of 1830 in the papal states had been put down, that Austria went through the form of joining the other four great powers (May, 1831) in a memorandum to Gregory XVI., then newly elected pope, recommending certain reforms, as essentially necessary. This was, however, a pure formality; for, on Cardinal Bernetti's attempting to give effect in part to the recommendation, Austria interfered. Her interests are so diametrically opposed to those of Italy, that Azeglio assumes it as a fact, of which there can be no question; and he assumes, accordingly, that no justice is to be expected from her.

But what are we to say to France? That great country can have no manner of interest in the degradation of Italy. Quite the contrary. But, if her government had frankly played into the hands of Austria from the first, its policy would not have been more fatal to Italy than it actually has been; while it would have saved that unhappy country from no end of hopes and struggles—encouraged only to be betrayed. The French occupation of Ancona, as explained by Cassimir Perrier to the Chamber in 1832, had two objects; in the first instance, the protection of the papal states against Austria; but, in the next place, the introduction of those administrative reforms, which are a better security to governments than the repression of periodical rebellions. Ancona, however, was afterwards evacuated; with no further security for this last object than may be supposed to be contained in the brilliant speeches which M. Guizot and M. Duchatel, (the present ministers,) as well as the Due de Broglie and M. Thiers, made on the occasion. And now that the pope himself has turned reformer, what mist is again poisoning the policy of the Tuileries? Instead of coöperating to raise up two noble nations in the two peninsulas, the French people—so proud (and justly) of their nationality—are made to look like conniving parties to some secret compact, by which France is to give up Italy to Austria, on condition that Spain is delivered over to the matrimonial designs of the house of Orleans!—a turn of affairs this, surely, in which France has no more interest than glory. It will be a difficult task for any future historian of "modern European civilization" to reconcile any conscientious sympathy in its progress, with these transactions. Whoever wishes to study severe morality on paper, will do well to read M. Guizot's writings; whoever wishes to study loose morality, illustrated by examples, cannot do better than track him in his late ministerial career.

If ever a nation assumed a moral attitude which entitled it to the confidence of neighboring powers, it is the moderate and progressive party, now happily a great majority throughout Italy, and represented by the pope himself. The moderate party is become so numerous as to be the national party. Their great rule of conduct has been, to substitute appeals to reason, in the place of appeals to force;

* "Austria knows this well; and knows, too, how to profit by it. If the subjects of the papal government do not seek to be joined to Austria (as many believe and say, and propagate the thought, *colla infame società Ferdinandea*.) we have to thank the generous nature of the Romagnuoli, and their national and truly Italian spirit (Byron called them 'two-legged leopards.') They prefer any evil before submission to the common enemy. But the papal government, we must admit, has left nothing undone, on its side, to reduce them to accept this hard alternative."—*Azeglio*, 1845.

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to urge forward the governments, in order that revolution may be anticipated by reform; and to keep back the people, in order that no pretext may be given for Austrian intervention. The first year of the pontificate of Pius IX., so regarded, would make an *annus mirabilis* in any history.

A few months before the late pope was passing to his last account, Azeglio laid at the old man's feet a glowing picture of the terrible effects of his misrule, and of what was his awful responsibility. Gregory must have trembled even in St. Peter's chair, as he read of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.

"Either my accusations," said Azeglio, "are calumnies—if so, prove it—or it is true that one who preaches justice, and sits in its highest charge, is himself committing injustice. And then, it is reasonable to ask of him—if there are two gospels, and two morals, or only one—if he is convinced or no, of that which he is preaching and teaching to the world? It is then reasonable to ask of him, to deny one of two things—either his teaching or his actions; to demand of him, if in our age it be lawful, or, among things possible, to maintain any authority whatever, upon the flagrant and perpetual denial of its own proper principles; if there be a man in the world who can have a right to set at defiance the reason of all mankind; and if it be not too great an absurdity to suppose that mankind will quietly resign themselves to the multitude of evils which must ensue? On the contrary, it is reasonable to tell him:—Of the risings of Romagna, of those slaughters, those exiles, of the tears of so many unhappy persons, you will have to render an account to God—you, their governor, and not your wretched subjects, trodden under your feet. Their blood will be rained down upon your head; their sorrows, their tears, will be judged of by that tribunal before which there come neither crowns, nor sceptres, nor tiaras—things which have mouldered in the grave—but where only is presented the naked human soul, with no safeguard against the sword of eternal justice, but the shield of its own innocence; where your deeds will be weighed in those incorruptible scales, in which the least of injuries done to the least of men, weighs heavier than all the thrones and all the sceptres of the universe.

"Either all that you are teaching of the justice of God, and of his tremendous judgments in another life, is false; and, then my words are folly, and you will do ill to heed them; or, what you are teaching is true, and you are persuaded of it, and you believe that God will one day require of you a reason for your works; *I gave you a people, what have you done with them?* And then, tell me, tell me by what name your actions must be then described! Tell me, what possible explanation can be rendered of the course you are pursuing; tell me; for of myself I can neither find one nor divine one. The powerful of the earth—the others, may laugh me to scorn as a declaimer. But though they may do so, you dare not, you cannot, without making yourself and your words, a lie."—(*Degli ultimi Casi di Romagna*, 1845.)

Pius IX. was born at Sinigaglia, May, 1792, of the family of Mastai. He was sent on a mission, many years ago, to Chili. From what we have heard of his musings with one of his colleagues, as they sate on deck, during the silent watches of the night, he can have wanted no other warning than his own enlightened conscience, now that the awful responsibility has been brought home to his own person. *Vedremo grandi cose*, prophesied his colleague on his election. It may be a cruel alternative, which Metternich, and Metternich's abettors, set before him. But he must not quail. There are those who can only kill "the body, and after that, have no more that they can do." Be not afraid of them! While, upon all who are wicked enough to seek to swamp in blood the fruitful seeds of this great political (and, sooner or later, religious) reformation, we could almost call down the curse of Byron:—"The Huns are on the Po. The dogs! the wolves! may they perish like the host of Sennacherib! Let it be still a hope to see their bones piled like those of the human dogs at Morat in Switzerland, which I have seen."—(*Ravenna*: 1821.)

The boldness with which, in treating of the *last movement in Romagna*, Azeglio rebuked one pope, will relieve him of all suspicion of flattering another. For all that Pius IX. has accomplished during the first year of his pontificate, we can therefore safely refer our readers to Azeglio's recent appeal to Europe, *on the present movement in Italy*. "That throne," he declares, "which tottered under his feet, when he ascended it, is now the firmest in Europe. The religious regeneration in the populace is most remarkable. We see them influenced by the great example of virtue and self-denial, presented to them by the pontiff. Outbreaks of hatred are more and more rare. The thought of Pius IX. suffices to restore them to good feeling. Pius IX., who is ever to be found where there is a question of an evil to be banished, and a good to be obtained, represents the moral principle in its most heavenly form, on the pontifical throne; and by his means we look for its entire restoration."

When we hear that the Jews have started the inquiry (not very unlike their question in Oliver Cromwell's time) whether the reforming pope might not be the Messiah?—since his own Christian population have applied to their new sovereign the words of the gospel, "Fuit homo missus à Deo, cui nomen erat Johannes"—we may pardon Azeglio for welcoming in him, not only the political regenerator of his country, but "the real apostle of religious truth."

GOD IS LOVE.

I CANNOT always trace the way
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

When Fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above
As to her sanctuary springs,
For God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

Yes! God is love—a thought like this
Can every gloomier thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss—
For God is love.

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THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

——— "I know that all men hate my father;
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love—
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love—
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
The forfeited affections of his kind."—MILMAN.

THE following narrative is borrowed from the interesting work of M. Maurice Alhoy, on the convict prisons of France :—

"It is now some years," says this writer, "since I passed several months in the town of Rochefort. It became my daily habit to walk in the gloomy avenues of the public garden, and there I used to watch the convicts as they worked in pairs, carrying heavy burdens, and gladly purchasing, by the performance of the most laborious tasks, the favor of being allowed to escape for a few hours from the pestilential atmosphere of the prison. I had remarked a young girl who passed before me several times, casting an anxious and longing look towards the building in which the ropeworks were carried on. The young girl wore the Vendean costume. She seated herself upon a bench under the trees, and remained apparently lost in thought. I approached and recognized her. I had seen her the preceding evening at the house of the gatekeeper, and had then been informed of the object of her journey. The young girl was engaged to be married, and her father was in the convict prison. Eutrope, the peasant to whom she was betrothed, was acquainted with the guilt of his future father-in-law, for the same village had been their home. He was conscious how much he might lose in the esteem of others by marrying the daughter of a convict; but Tiennette was beloved, and Eutrope's affection for her made him shut his eyes to the possibility that any painful result might arise from their union.

"He wished to marry the companion of his childhood; but he desired that this father, who in the eyes of the law was dead, who had no longer any right over his daughter, and whose remembrance it was well to banish, should no more be spoken of. Tiennette loved her father, and the contempt with which others regarded the author of her days, only redoubled the fond affection of his daughter. She was desirous that he should sign her marriage-contract, and bestow upon her a father's blessing. Eutrope had long resisted this wish of Tiennette; he still objected to the step she proposed to take; and it was with an unwilling heart he undertook with her the journey to Rochefort. Eutrope was a well-looking youth, with frank and open manners, and of a prepossessing appearance. It was not long before he joined us, after making some purchases which had detained him for a time from his betrothed.

"I took upon myself to interpret to him the wishes of Tiennette. I told Eutrope that a father is never guilty in the eyes of his daughter; that no laws, judges, or juries can unloose the ties of nature; and that the filial piety of Tiennette ought to be considered by him as a precious pledge of the virtues of his future wife. The girl did not speak, but her eyes were fastened on the countenance of Eutrope. She watched its every movement, as if to gather from them his acquiescence in her desire. Eutrope listened to me with his eyes fixed upon the ground. When I had done speaking, he made me no reply, offered no objection, but took the arm of Tiennette within his own, and together the young couple turned their steps towards the prison. I followed them, and the poor girl, who seemed to consider my presence as useful in confirming the vacillating resolutions of her lover, encouraged me by her looks to remain with them. We found on our arrival that the aged convict had been ill for some days; he was no longer in the prison, but had been conveyed to the hospital. We silently traversed the long court and mounted the staircase. When we reached the entrance of the wards, the young girl trembled violently, her cheeks became deadly pale, and her heart seemed to sink within her. Eutrope and Tiennette were permitted to approach the prisoner's bed; but I was refused admittance by the turnkey, and I could only see from a distance the remainder of this touching scene. At the foot of the convict's bed stood Eutrope, whilst Tiennette approached her father with an expression of fearfulness which she vainly strove to conceal. He raised his languid head, turned his dimmed eye upon his child, and a faint smile passed over his sunburnt countenance. The turnkey, who had introduced the two young people into the ward, remained gazing upon the scene; a good sister of charity supported the sick man; he took the pen which was handed him, and glanced over the marriage-contract, which had been prepared beforehand, and wrote beneath it his dishonored name. Then stretching towards Tiennette his wasted arms, he clasped her to his bosom. The movement he made in doing so shook his chain, one link of which rested in the hand of Eutrope, who looked at it with a bewildered stare; whilst another rustled against the dress of Tiennette, whose tears fell upon the rusty iron. The head of the dying man soon sunk once more upon his pillow. Tiennette took advantage of this moment to glide her trembling hand furtively under the coverlid. The turnkey had that instant turned to lead the way out of the room, and the anxious glance she fixed upon him betrayed to me alone the poor girl's secret offering to her father. Eutrope, who seemed ill at ease, made a sign to Tiennette, and they both went slowly out, with downcast looks. When they had reached the foot of the staircase which led to the wards, the young girl said to Eutrope, "The step which we have now taken will bring us a blessing." They then entered together the chapel of the civil hospital, offered up a short prayer, bade me farewell, and mounted a little cart, which bore them back to their native village.

"Yes, God will bless thee, poor maiden, who didst not forsake the author of thy days, nor think that his guilt had broken every tie which subsisted between thee and him. Thy children will pay to thy virtue the dutiful homage with which thou hast not feared to honor a guilty father."—*Chambers' Jour.*

THE FIEND'S FISHPOND.

ABOUT the middle of the month of June, 1835, the city of Bilboa, in northern Spain, then held by a strong garrison of the Christino troops, was invested by the Carlist force, under the immediate command of the celebrated Tomas Zumalacarregui. The queen's troops were well supplied with provisions, arms, and all the munitions of war, and enjoyed, besides, an uninterrupted communication with the sea, which was little more than four miles distant, by the river Nervion, on the banks of which Bilboa is situated; whilst the appointments of the besieging army were so utterly wretched in every particular, that nothing but the strongly-urged personal request of Don Carlos himself induced Zumalacarregui, much against the dictates

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of his own better judgment, to enter on the task at all.

The feeble operations of the besieging force had proceeded for about ten days—Zumalacarregui having been removed to a distance, in consequence of a wound received on the second day of the siege, which ultimately caused his death—when, an hour after nightfall, a young man, enveloped in a large cloak, underneath which he wore the uniform of a Carlist officer, entered the grounds adjoining an elegant mansion situated close to the sea-shore on the opposite bank of the river to that occupied by the forces of Don Carlos. The officer was the only son, indeed the only child, of Don Ricardo Silva, the proprietor of the house and grounds. At the breaking out of the civil war, he had taken up arms as a volunteer of the Carlist cause, and at an early period had been rewarded for his gallantry and zeal with a commission. From that time circumstances had not permitted him to revisit his parental home until now, when the regiment to which he was attached forming a part of the force investing Bilboa, he gladly availed himself of what he deemed a favorable opportunity for that purpose. Before leaving the Carlist camp, he made inquiry of a soldier named Murito, serving in the ranks of his own battalion—who had deserted from the Christino garrison at the commencement of the siege, and who might be supposed to be tolerably well acquainted with the habits of the queen's troops in the locality—as to the danger he was likely to incur of falling in with any of them on that side of the river, which was occupied by them exclusively. The man assured him that, even previous to the investment of the place, the troops were not allowed to remain without the gates after sunset on any pretext; and that he might proceed after that hour to his father's residence, and return in perfect safety, provided his stay was not prolonged beyond sunrise on the following morning. Relying on his assurances, therefore, Lieutenant Silva had proceeded on foot along the river on that side occupied by the Carlists, until he had arrived opposite his father's mansion, when, hailing a fisherman, he was ferried across, and in a few minutes more was sheltered beneath the parental roof.

On the warmth of the greeting which welcomed him, after an absence of years, during which he had been exposed to all the vicissitudes of a cruel and exterminating warfare, we need not dwell. Under such circumstances, it will be readily conceived that by the little party, composed of the young man and his parents, the lapse of time was unheeded; minutes and hours flew swiftly by. Midnight had long been past; but as the lieutenant proposed starting on his return by daybreak, beyond which time it would be imprudent for him to remain on the Christino side of the river, none thought of retiring to rest. It wanted still some hours of dawn, when, during a momentary pause in the conversation, a distant tinkling sound, borne on the night wind, caused the youth to start from his seat and throw open the casement, which looked upon the lawn in front of the mansion. A moment of breathless suspense followed, then a freshening of the breeze, and with it a renewal of the sound, which his practised ear now readily distinguished as the ringing of hoofs and the clank of cavalry equipments. Such sounds heard on *this* side of the river plainly told him that the enemy was at hand, and needed not the additional evidence to that effect which was furnished in another minute by the sight of the lance-flags and shakos, the shape of which, sharply defined and relieved against the bright moonlit sky, bespoke the appearance of a Christino squadron. At the same time they left the high road, and entering the grounds of Don Ricardo, advanced at a rapid pace towards the house; thus rendering their intention, however mysterious the source of their information, but too obvious—the arrest of the Carlist officer.

Lieutenant Silva and his parents were too well acquainted with the atrocious and unrelenting system of extermination which characterized the proceedings of the belligerent parties in the Carlist war, not to know that arrest under such circumstances was synonymous with death; that should a Christino prison once close upon him, it would open only to conduct him to a bloody grave. Paralyzed by the unexpected appearance of the foe, the alarmed group stood for a few seconds in a state of indecision. The young soldier was the first to recover presence of mind. Extinguishing the lights which stood on the table, he announced his intention of descending into the Fiend's Fishpond, whence, after the withdrawal of the Christinos, he could be easily extricated, and ferried across the river. The Fiend's Fishpond was a frightful pit in the garden immediately behind the mansion, similar in form to a draw-well, and about twenty feet in diameter, produced apparently by some convulsion of nature, and deriving its singular appellation from some wild legend having its origin in the superstition of the neighboring peasantry. Being situated within a few yards of the shore, a subterraneous communication existed between it and the sea, which had never indeed been explored, but the existence of which was evident from the fact that the water in the Fishpond rose and fell with the tide. To a distance of several fathoms below the surface of the earth, the sides of the pit were straight and smooth as a wall; but it had been ascertained that, at a considerable depth, a projecting ledge of rock, a couple of feet in breadth, ran round its entire circumference, which, at low water, was left completely bare, and on which, at such times, one might sit or stand in safety for some hours—it being again submerged by the rising of the water to the depth of three or four fathoms, according to the state of the tide, whether spring or neap. When crossing the river from the Carlist side, the young man had observed that the tide was rapidly falling; and knowing, from the interval that had elapsed, that it must be now about low water, he prepared at once for the descent. This was an achievement which, however frightful to look upon, was, in reality, not attended with any excessive danger to one of steady nerves, when properly assisted from above; his ultimate safety, of course, depending on his being withdrawn before the rising of the tide. In fact, young Silva had more than once performed the feat in his boyish days, and now felt no hesitation in resorting to it again as the only means of escape from a remorseless and unsparing enemy. In a much shorter time, therefore, from the first alarm, than we have taken to describe the spot, he stood with his agitated father at the mouth of the black and gaping chasm, from which distinctly ascended the hoarse bellowing of the vexed torrent far below, as it rushed through the concealed outlet to the sea. A stout rope secured round his middle, the young man let himself cautiously over the edge; the remainder of the cord being wound round the trunk of a fruit tree, whilst Don Ricardo firmly grasped the extremity, 'paying it out' by degrees. After

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the lapse of a few anxious minutes, the don felt the strain relax, a proof that the young man had reached his resting-place; then the vibration of the cord announced that he had cast it off; and then a shout from below conveyed the signal to withdraw it. The only approach for horsemen through the grounds being very circuitous, Don Ricardo was enabled to reach the house and take his seat in the drawing-room before the dragoons pulled up at the door.

A dozen of their number instantly dismounted, and surrounded the house, whilst their officer knocked loudly for admittance. The door having been opened by Don Ricardo in person—the domestics having long before retired to rest, as it was not deemed prudent to inform them of the presence of the young man—the Christino leader recognized him at once as evidently the proprietor of the mansion.

"You keep late hours, Don Ricardo Silva," he commenced. "May I take the liberty of inquiring whether you have had any visitors this evening?"

"My family is a small one, captain," replied Don Ricardo, endeavoring to disguise his anxiety under a faint smile; "and in the present disturbed state of affairs, we never have any visitors beyond our own circle."

"If I mistake not," said the other, "you have a son among the rebels in the pay of Don Carlos. May I ask, without giving offence, when you heard from him last?"

"The last letter I received from him," replied the father, "is dated several months back."

"Strange," observed the Christino, "that I should happen to be so much better informed about him than yourself! Now, were I to venture a guess as to his whereabouts, I should say he was at this moment beneath this very roof."

Don Ricardo vehemently, and indeed truly, denied the fact of his presence *beneath the roof;* but, as may be supposed, his protestations met with little credit. A guard was placed over him and his lady in the apartment in which they had been sitting: the domestics were summoned, and put under similar restraint in another; and the remainder of the dragoons were ordered to dismount and search the house.

An hour subsequently, when every nook and cranny of the building, with the out-offices and garden, had been ransacked—of course fruitlessly—the commander of the Christino party again entered the apartment in which the don and his lady were detained, and informed them, that as it was evident the young man had made his escape before the queen's troops had reached the house, it became his duty to convey them both to Bilboa, to render an account for having harbored and connived at the escape of a rebel. This was a blow which they had never anticipated, and for which they were wholly unprepared. None but themselves being privy to the fact of the young man's concealment in the Fiend's Fishpond, to convey them to Bilboa, and leave him to await the rising of the tide, would be to doom him to certain death. Even as it was, the latest period at which he could be withdrawn with life was approaching with fearful rapidity. Horrified at the prospect, the anguished mother shrieked and fainted; whilst the stout-hearted don himself could not so control his emotions as to prevent the officer from discovering that some deeper influence was at work than the mere dread of the inconvenience to which they would themselves be exposed, trifling as it must prove in the absence of all positive evidence that young Silva had really been there at all. This of course but confirmed him in his previous intention of taking them to Bilboa; for which place, accordingly, the entire party, including the almost broken-hearted parents, started in a short time afterwards.

As our object is not to describe feelings, but to record facts, we shall not dwell upon the sufferings of Don Ricardo and his lady throughout that dreadful night. The reader can readily imagine how at one moment they would almost resolve to risk all, and reveal the fact, and, rescuing their child from the horrors of the frightful grave into which he had been lowered by his father's hand, procure for him, at all events, the respite of an hour, and the privilege to look once more, before he died, on the light of the sun; and how, at the next, they would determine to confide him to the bounty of that Providence who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand, and bow in submission to his will, rather than become themselves the instruments in revealing the place of his concealment, and betraying him into the hands of men whose "tender mercies were cruel." Let it suffice to say, that when, towards the close of the following day, they were led forth from the prison in Bilboa, in which they had been immured, and informed they were at liberty to return to their mansion, the locks of the gentleman, which, though he had passed the middle age, on the previous evening had been black and glossy as the raven's wing, were white as if the snows of seventy years had descended on his head—the lady was an idiot.

Neither need we expatiate on the feelings of young Silva, as he beheld—if indeed such an expression be correct as applied to his sensations amid the thick darkness which reigned eternally within the frightful recesses of that horrid cavern—the gradual approaches of apparently inevitable death; the rising waters gradually ascending to the level of the ledge on which he stood—to his knees; his hips; his middle; his arm-pits. Conscious, by this time, that something extraordinary had occurred to prevent his parents from effecting his release, all hope of life had faded, and what he deemed a last prayer to Heaven was quivering on his lips, when a loud shout from the mouth of the pit drove the blood, which had began to stagnate round his heart, again like lightning through his veins. Prompt as the echo was his reply; and the next moment the cord from above struck the water within reach of his arm. With all the despatch which his numbed fingers would permit, he fastened it around him, and announcing his readiness by another shrill cry, was drawn in safety to the top.

He learned, on inquiry, that a neighboring peasant, tempted by the luscious fruits with which the trees in Don Ricardo's garden were loaded, had, on the very night in question, ventured on a predatory excursion against them, and was actually employed in filling a bag with his spoils, when he was alarmed by the entrance of the young man and his father, as related, on the appearance of the Christino cavalry. Taking refuge in a clump of flowering shrubs, he had been an unseen observer of the young man's descent into the Fishpond, and of all the subsequent occurrences. Readily comprehending the entire affair, the honest fellow watched the dragoons clear of the grounds, and knowing that not a moment more was to be lost, procured a rope and hastened again to the spot, when the result was as we have already described.

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He now related to young Silva the substance of a singular conversation which, as he lay concealed, he had overheard between the Christino commander and his subordinate officer. In reply to some inquiry of the latter concerning the authority of his information, with reference to the visit of the Carlist officer, "Oh," said the superior, in a significant tone, "my intelligence must be authentic, since I have had it from on high."

"What!" exclaimed the subaltern, laughingly; "have you got a correspondent in heaven?"

"Why, not exactly," was the reply; "my correspondent is yet a resident on earth, and yet I receive his communications literally from the clouds. At another time, however, I may give you further information concerning my celestial informant. At present, I am not at liberty."

The peasant who related this strange conversation discovered nothing in it beyond an unmeaning jocularity bordering on profanity; but Silva, who, during his seclusion, had naturally been speculating on the probable channel through which the Christinos had obtained information of his presence, conceived it to convey much more than met the ear, and to want but a certain key to explain the import of its mysterious allusions. A few minutes afterwards, he found lying on the floor of the hall what a little reflection led him to regard as furnishing the key which he required. This was nothing more than a scrap of paper, less than the palm of a man's hand, greatly crumpled, as if it had been rolled up and thrust into a small space, much soiled, and slightly burned, on which was written, in characters almost illegible, from the treatment it had undergone—"Silva, lieutenant, —— battalion Carlist infantry, will spend to-night at his father's house, on the river's side, close to the shore. Sergeant —— knows the spot, and can guide a party thither." Having read this important document, which had been accidentally dropped by the Christino officer, and examined its appearance attentively, noting the burn, he raised it to his nose, when it decidedly smelled of gunpowder. He immediately crossed the river, and in another hour was safe within the Carlist lines, when his first act was to wait on the colonel of his battalion, recount the events of the night, and acquaint him with the suspicions he had formed.

It is necessary to state here that Silva's battalion was posted on a steep height immediately overlooking, indeed overhanging, Bilboa, and that so closely that it terminated on the side next the city in a perpendicular cliff, which actually formed part of the wall bounding the military ground appropriated to the use of the queen's garrison in the city; so that any object thrown from the top would necessarily, after a descent of between three and four hundred feet, fall within the limits of the beleagured town. On the table land at the top of this dizzy height a Carlist sentry was regularly stationed, whose chief business was to observe the movements of the Christino troops below, and report accordingly to his superiors. It had been remarked, that so inveterate was the hostility of the man Murito—of whom mention has been already made as having, at an early period of the siege, deserted from the garrison—towards his former comrades, that invariably, on being relieved from his guard, he proceeded to the edge of the cliff and discharged his musket at the Christinos beneath, the great height of the precipice precluding all danger from a return of the fire. Lieutenant Silva remembered having made inquiry of this man concerning the safety of the road adjoining his father's residence, and felt convinced that no other individual in the Carlist camp was acquainted with his intention of proceeding thither at all.

Nothing further of importance transpired that day. Towards the close of the next, it happened to be Murito's turn again to mount guard at the top of the cliff. As the hour which would terminate his guard approached, Lieutenant Silva and his colonel appeared sauntering along the platform, and shortly after the relief arrived. The customary form having been gone through, the fresh sentry took his post, and Murito was about to advance, as usual, to have a shot at his friends below. To his surprise the non-commissioned officer of the guard seized his musket, and at the same moment he found himself in the iron grasp of the men. The charge of his musket was drawn upon the spot, when it was discovered that, instead of the blank end of the cartridge, the ball had been bitten off in loading; whilst, rammed down over the wadding, was found a slip of paper, containing the words, in the handwriting of Murito—"Zumalacarregui is dead; the siege must soon be raised if the garrison hold out." This discovery fully vindicated the justice of the suspicions which Silva had formed concerning the mysterious allusions of the Christino officer to his intelligence received "from on high," and the information communicated to him "from the clouds." Silva inquired whether he should order the man to the guard-house to undergo his trial by court-martial; but the sergeant bluntly suggested to his commander the propriety of ordering out a firing party on the spot, and bringing the matter to a summary conclusion.

"Your suggestion is the better of the two, sergeant," replied the colonel, smiling grimly. "I shall adopt neither, however, but make the fellow the bearer of his own correspondence. Death by the bullet is the fate of brave men and true soldiers, and ammunition is not so plenty that I can afford to waste a cartridge on a traitor. Pin the paper to the scoundrel's breast," he shouted, "and pitch him over to convey it to his friends below."

The blood of Silva ran cold at this terrible doom, and he attempted a remonstrance on behalf of the miserable culprit; but the colonel was inflexible. The men to whom the order was given were seldom troubled with scruples; and if they had been, the treachery of a comrade would have effectually silenced them. The paper was actually pinned to the breast of the terror-palsied wretch; he was lifted from the ground, and carried to the edge of the cliff by half-a-dozen pairs of sinewy arms. The Christino sentry at the foot of the precipice was startled by a piercing shriek, as of one in mortal agony, in the upper air—then followed a swift rushing sound, and then a mass of lifeless humanity lay at his feet.

Years elapsed ere the restoration of tranquillity permitted the young Carlist officer again to visit his parental home. In the interval, all that medical skill could effect had been resorted to for the restoration of Donna Silva to her proper mind; but the occurrences of one fearful night appeared to have driven reason from its throne forever. On the arrival of her son, however, it was resolved by the medical advisers, with Don Ricardo's consent, to try the effect of his abrupt appearance in her presence, all other resources having failed. On his introduction to the room in which she sat, her countenance was bent towards the ground, and she seemed utterly regardless of the presence of a stran-

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ger. He addressed her; she started to her feet at the first accents of the voice which she had deemed choked forever amid the rushing waters of the Fiend's Fishpond. She gazed upon him—the pallid cheek glowed again—the vacant, lack-lustre eye flashed with the light of intellect—with a wild scream of delight she bounded toward him, clasped him in her arms, and sunk upon his bosom. Her embrace was long. The medical attendant at length raised her head. "She has fainted," whispered her son. "She is dead!" solemnly replied her husband. And so it was. The struggle had been too great; and her gentle spirit had passed away to the place where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

From the Journal of Commerce.

PUBLIC WORSHIP IN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN NEW ENGLAND.

Messrs. Editors:—Another thing I have remarked in the public worship in this goodly land, which I don't like at all. I find no warrant in the Scriptures for people's sitting during prayer in the house of God. I believe that it will be conceded that there are only two attitudes of prayer spoken of in the word of God. One is *kneeling*; the other is *standing*. For myself I prefer the former, but it is not always convenient. Standing, however, is practicable anywhere, for persons whose health and strength will permit them to do it. As for feeble and aged persons, they ought to sit. And if prayers were always what they should be—short, animated, spiritual, and to the purpose—there are few persons in good health who could not endure the fatigue of standing five or ten minutes; and a public prayer ought seldom to exceed ten minutes.

I should have no objection to the use, at least for a portion of the service, of a short and appropriate liturgy, such as exists in the French and Swiss Protestant churches. But I think that of the Episcopal church, though in many respects very beautiful, is intolerably long, repetitious, and withal has a little too much of Rome in it to suit me. I like the abundant reading of the Scriptures which takes place in the Episcopal church, but that has no essential connection with a liturgy. The practice might exist, and ought to exist, in all churches, of copious, and to some extent systematic, reading of the word of God. The absence of it is a great defect in many of the non-Episcopal churches of this country. But I cannot endure the long routine, and the many and abrupt changes in the service of the Episcopal church, whatever claims she may make to preëminence. I am quite sure that all this is *not* apostolical, whatever else of that high origin she may arrogate. But enough of all this, lest I might offend some among your readers who belong to a branch of Zion for which I have considerable respect, although I thus write.

There is another practice in the churches in New England, and almost everywhere else in these United States, which I deem very reprehensible. It is the unseemly haste with which people quit the house of God, as soon as the benediction has been pronounced by the minister. How shocking is it to see gentlemen adjusting their cloaks or overcoats, or searching for their hats or canes, and opening the doors of their pews, etc., during the pronunciation of the blessing. All this is perfectly outrageous. In contrast with this, how very appropriate is the way in which the public worship is brought to a close in the Protestant churches on the continent, where the whole congregation remain standing in perfect silence a minute or so after the voice of the minister has ceased; and then they retire quietly. In England the difference is still greater. The congregation sit down—in cases where they stand during the benediction—and remain seated often two or three minutes, many with bowed heads, *apparently*, and in many cases *really*, without doubt, lifting up the heart to God for his blessing at the very moment of leaving. No one who has been accustomed to the irreverent and unbecoming manner in which people rush out of our places of worship, can possibly attend divine service in England, or on the Continent, without being struck with the contrast in this respect.

I am often scandalized, also, at the practice which the people have in many places, of rising during singing, and turning their backs to the pulpit, for the purpose of staring up into the faces of the choir. All this is vulgar, and unbecoming the house of God. Why do not the ministers of this land train their congregations into better manners in relation to these points? I think that it would really be worth the while to preach occasionally on these subjects. If "holiness" becomes the house of the Lord, most certainly all irreverence and impropriety do not.

One Nathaniel Nemo.

The Jews.—No feature in the Christian world is more extraordinary than the disposition which is beginning to appear, after eighteen centuries of oppression and hatred, to extend to the Jews the privilege of free citizens. This has not only been done in our own country, in Great Britain and France, but in Norway orders have been issued from the throne to place them on the same footing of equality with their kindred in France.

Letters from Tunis also announce that M. Albert Cohen, who lately visited Algeria for the purpose of devising means of improving the condition of the Israelites, had arrived in Tunis, and had an interview with the bey. The facility with which M. Cohen speaks Arabic enabled him to converse a long time with the bey relative to his mission. The bey replied:—"With the assistance of God, I promise you to do everything in my power for the Israelites of my kingdom. It is my sincere wish that they may be placed on the same footing as their co-religionists of France. In the mean time, I give you full power to act as you think proper." The Israelites form about one twentieth part of the population of Tunis, and their condition is wretched in the extreme.

Jews at Odessa.—The Russian government has just created at Odessa a school for Karaite Jews, a sect which admits only the written law, and which dissents from the rest of the Jews, called by them Rabbinites, who acknowledge the Talmud and the oral law. In the southern provinces of Russia there are a great many Karaites. The school was opened the 15th of September. Religion, the Hebrew language, the Russian and French languages, arithmetic, book-keeping, the knowledge of commercial law and penmanship, are taught in this school.

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From Chambers' Journal.

EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.

The account we were able to present some months ago of the methods pursued for educating juvenile idiots at the Bicêtre, Paris, has led to numerous inquiries on the subject. From various parts of the country, we have received letters from parents, whose hapless fate it is to have a child weak in intellect. The writers of these letters have our warmest sympathy: we would, if we could, gladly alleviate their misfortune. Nor are we without hopes that some of them at least, by pursuing certain plans, may have the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing their mentally-defective offspring endowed with an increased measure of intelligence. As every little piece of information on the methods of training children of this unfortunate class seems to be eagerly received, we shall endeavor to present a brief and explicit analysis of the various means employed to produce, in these forlorn creatures, results at once surprising and gratifying. As the simplicity, practicability, and success of the system becomes better known, it is fondly hoped that the benevolent portion of the community may be moved with a desire to establish in this country similar institutions to those which are now effecting so much benefit in France, Germany, and Switzerland.*

Although somewhat derogatory to the office of tuition, yet for practical purposes, and for the sake of clearness, it may be as well to treat of the school-room in the light of a manufactory, in which certain moral agencies are brought into successive operation, so as to work out, refine, and render serviceable these rude specimens of human nature. And first, as respects the raw material. It may be said to be presented to our notice in various degrees of inferiority; marked, however, by general characteristics, consisting chiefly in the absence of certain properties which are considered indicative of a natural and fully-formed mental organization. Taken in the most inferior degree, sensibility appears to be at such a low ebb, that the ordinary appetites necessary to the preservation of life are not felt, and no traces whatever of the higher endowments are at all discoverable. Fortunately, the aggregate amount of cases belonging to this, the lowest order of idiots is very small. Tracing development upwards from this lowest degree, we arrive at a point somewhat in advance, but still very greatly below the natural standard. It is now ascertained, that among the general population of the country there are a very considerable number belonging to this body of idiots. With them the instinctive propensities are in active operation, the organs of sense are tolerably perfect, but there exists little or no appreciation of objects presented to them; the guiding powers, intellectual and moral, are entirely absent, and consequently the instinctive appetites are uncontrolled and irregular. Proceeding still higher, we arrive at a class who have the capacity to acquire some imperfect idea of whatever comes within the range of their observation, and have some faint notions of duty. They are able to imitate, in the performance of the simplest occupations, those who are placed in authority over them; but, from want of due tuition, they are suffered to pass through life without experiencing the enjoyments and benefits derivable from that systematic cultivation of the intellectual and moral faculties of which they are capable.

Thus the sensations and perceptions of idiots may be said to be confined within certain limits more or less narrow and circumscribed; some having an organization so low and imperfect, that to all outward appearances they do not stand in the moral scale much higher than the more sagacious of the lower animals; whereas others are endowed with that amount of faculty which raises them to the confines of a well-known class of persons denominated in ordinary conversation silly, or feeble-minded.

Some idea of the proportionate number of persons born with these various degrees of deficiency may be formed, when we state that in England and Wales it is computed that in the workhouses alone there are no fewer than four thousand. These being, generally speaking, the idiots belonging only to one grade in society, the total number must necessarily be very great. In the mere consideration of numbers, we should also take notice of individuals not congenitally defective, but who, soon after birth, have been attacked with some affection or other disturbing the functions of the cerebral organ. Many of these present similar phenomena to those observed in the naturally idiotic, and require similar treatment, subject, however, to certain regulations, which we hope to be able to touch on in the sequel. For the present, we desire to confine the attention of the reader to the consideration of the steps calculated to elevate and improve the creature imperfectly developed at birth.

We refrain from the contemplation, in all its bearings, of the evil tendency arising out of the present condition of such parties both to themselves and society at large. As we wish our remarks to be confined to the training of the truly idiotic, we also pass by the consideration of the state of that large class of feeble-minded persons—the inmates of workhouses and prisons.

It has, until within a very few years, been deemed useless to devote any attention to the idiot beyond providing him with animal comforts or necessaries, and taking such care of him as to insure his safety and health. It never was imagined that aught else could be done for him with any chance of benefit. Most persons would have

* A few days after the above was committed to paper, intelligence reached us that an institution had already been opened by a few ladies at Bath. An opportunity of, paying a visit to this admirable establishment presenting itself about the same time, we had the gratification of finding, that, although so lately set on foot, very great progress had been made with the pupils, among some of whom peculiar difficulties had been successfully surmounted by the discretion and sincere earnestness of those who have, by devoting their time and energies to the task, set a laudable example to the benevolent in other parts of the country.

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laughed at the idea of attempting the education of any one destitute of ordinary faculties. It is only now beginning to be seen that much may be accomplished by developing and quickening, by various means, the imperfect faculties possessed by these unfortunate beings. The idiot, created with senses perfectly formed, and capable of transmitting impressions, but with a brain incapable of receiving and recording them, sees, feels, and hears, but does not understand. The main object of the kind of education referred to is to overcome this (to speak in familiar language) numbness of the brain. It is accomplished by judicious exercise of the bodily powers, by the application of appropriate stimuli to each organ of sense; and it is the systematic and graduated arrangement of these, as well as the application of them in different degrees of intensity, which constitutes the basis of the system.

Most idiotic children are wayward, inattentive to habits of decency, and addicted to various vicious propensities. In conducting a system of training, therefore, the first efforts should be so directed as to encounter and overcome these disgusting peculiarities by appropriate means, which will be readily suggested to the mind of the devoted tutor. When this first step in the task of reformation is accomplished, the attention of the pupil is to a certain extent brought into operation, and some degree of obedience is obtained. At the same time that means are directed to this desirable end, attempts should be made to overcome the incessant restlessness and automatic movements observable in most cases of idiocy. The child should be placed on a low chair, while the tutor, taking one directly opposite, brings his knees in contact with those of his pupil. The hands should then be gently grasped, placed on the knees, and kept in this position a longer or shorter time, according to the condition and temper of the patient. By following this plan day after day, a degree of control over the irregular action of the muscles is created, and an amount of repose is produced favorable to future impressions. As soon as this capability of quiescence is, by frequent practice, fully confirmed, attempts should be made to regulate muscular action. This is accomplished by causing the pupil to assume various attitudes; as, for instance, to stand, to sit, to place the feet in different positions, walk to time, hold up first one hand, then the other, use dumb-bells, lift and handle objects. In performing these exercises, the tutor should stand before the pupil, and should assume the various positions, so as to produce not only a voluntary and regular muscular action, but also excite and cultivate the faculty of imitation in the pupil.

The above course of practice is applicable to restless cases; but there are some idiots in whom an opposite condition is observable. Little or no tendency to muscular action is manifested, and they would, if permitted, remain their whole lives listless, inactive, the joints ultimately becoming rigid, and the once improvable creature ending his days in a state of helpless decrepitude. Judicious regimen, gentle frictions, and passive motion of the limbs, followed by suitable gymnastic and entertaining exercises, will in general be productive of increased power and disposition to motion.

Several expedients may be adopted with a view of attempting to generate in these subjects a capacity of moving the limbs in subjection to, as well as independently of, the will. Such, for instance, as causing the pupil to grasp a fixed object with the hands, so as to aid in the support of the body. This exercise can be practised with most advantage when a small and suitable ladder is employed. It should be placed against the wall, and the hands brought so as to grasp one of the bars situated at such a distance that the feet just rest on the floor. By causing the pupil to support himself in this manner, first on that side of the ladder usually ascended, then on the opposite side, the tendency to crouch and sink down is diminished, and he ultimately acquires a capability of standing in the erect posture. As soon as this is accomplished, he should, by the assistance of the tutor, be made to stand with one leg on the margin of a step, so that the other remains free and without obstruction. A heavy shoe being placed on this foot, the limb should be gently swung backward and forward, until, by the repetition of the exercise, he has become capable of accomplishing this motion through his own efforts. In a similar manner the arms may be brought into action by means of dumb-bells; and lastly, by causing alternate motions of the legs, and placing various objects in the fingers, the faculties of walking and using the hands are acquired.

We may here remark, that whilst exciting and regulating muscular action, as well as cultivating the faculty of imitation, it will be desirable to repress any tendency to grimace or uncouth sounds, by placing a finger on the lips whenever such unmeaning actions emanate from the pupil.

The utmost patience in performing these exercises is absolutely necessary on the part of the instructor, and probably, after many wearying days, he may begin to dread a failure; but the recollection of the small share of capacity in the object under tuition, will assure him that the cultivation of it is an undertaking which must necessarily require much time and untiring efforts to arrive at satisfactory results.

As soon as the pupil has acquired a degree of control over the voluntary muscles, the various organs of sense should be suitably stimulated and exercised, so that they may ultimately become capable of conveying to the mind some idea of the properties and relations of external objects. The means by which this end is effected are simple and easily applied; but in order that they may be effective, the impressions should, in the first instance, be made as distinct as possible, so as to excite, in the strongest degree, the particular sense under cultivation. A systematic application of objects having opposite properties should accordingly be made to each organ of sense. Thus, for instance, in order to exercise the sense of touch, the hand should be alternately applied to surfaces

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very rough and very smooth, as well as placed in water heated to a bearable degree in one vessel, and then in another containing very cold water. As respects the sense of taste, the opposites—bitter, sweet; hot, cold; savory and insipid—will serve the purpose of bringing into activity the gustatory nerves.

During the application of these different stimulants of sense, the appropriate word should be repeated by the tutor—thus, rough, smooth; hot, cold, &c.—so as to impress the mind of the pupil with the name given to the various properties of matter, as well as stimulate the individual sense brought into action.

In a future number, we hope to communicate further information respecting the combined influence of agents on the senses, as well as the cultivation of the moral powers, and the means employed to impart instruction in various handicrafts.

From the Spectator.

NEWS OF THE WEEK ENDING 23 OCTOBER.

THE extent of the pressure on the mercantile world is shown in many untoward signs this week. There are more failures; and among them, an important bank at Liverpool has stopped, while another has suspended payments. From the cotton factory districts come the gloomiest accounts of general stagnation. The occasion has brought forth a swarm of demands and projects of remedy, not only in the shape of the usual currency schemes, which now bask in the sunshine of notice, but complaints and cries for help from practical men; not only does the Anti-Gold-law League continue its select meetings, but a deputation of substantial merchants comes to government with a variety of suggestions.

Of the legion of counsellors, one set, imputing the pressure to excess of railway undertakings, would expunge that excess by forbidding the continuance of all railway works that can be postponed; a sweeping operation, of considerable risk, which is likely to be superseded by the voluntary retrenchment of the speculators. Some, ascribing the pressure to the act of 1844, expect a complete reaction from a repeal of that act, so as to make the store of bullion in the issue department of the Bank of England available to the banking department for distribution among mercantile customers in the shape of "accommodation;" a measure that would leave the convertibility of bank-notes to shift for itself, would probably pave the way to a new bank restriction act, and would at all events be likely to add a panic on the score of monetary depreciation to that which exists on the score of mercantile discredit. Others advise a modification of the bank charter act so as to release a portion of the reserve in the issue department—say two millions. The advocates of a mere paper currency keep their schemes before the public. The deputation of practical men from Liverpool affords a remarkable example of the extent to which public opinion on the subject is unsettled: the members of the deputation had not agreed among themselves, before coming out, what they should ask the government to do: three of them were for an issue of exchequer bills on security of consols and produce; another was for issuing £5,000,000 of notes at 6 per cent. on government securities, East India stock, and bonds; a fifth suggested "the promise of *some* relief within a week." Lord John Russell, with his financial and commercial colleagues, promised "consideration," but no measure. Ministers, it is understood, will stand firm on the act of 1844.

The sections of the general public that are moved to offer practical suggestions appear to be quite at sea: their remedies are proposed with the earnest faith and vague reasoning of those who urge nostrums—with more hope than knowledge. No facts are adduced to show that there is really a deficiency of circulating medium, or that the act of 1844 really comes into question. The facts that are stated concur in proving that the deficiency is not one of money or circulating medium, but of credit. Hosts of speculators, notably in railways and corn, have gone too far in anticipating probable returns and probable resources; there is therefore a redundancy of debt to be paid; many are bankrupt, no one knows who will go next, and the moneyed classes withhold "accommodation"—decline to lend or advance on discount; while there is a very general disposition to hoard money, in order to meet impending demands on the hoarders, or to make a profit of the hoard when the pressure shall have become still greater. All this difficulty was foreseen. It had repeatedly been shown that the reckless speculations must lead precisely to such troubles as those that now press upon the mercantile world: but the warnings were unheeded by those who were in the fever of commercial gambling; and now that the day of reckoning comes, there is a painful outcry for help. The relaxation of the act of 1844 might have postponed the pressure for a time, by giving an apparent and temporary extension to credit; but it could not have prevented the day of reckoning, and would only have increased the difficulty which it deferred.

For although the want of credit is, as it were, a sentiment, it is not unfounded; there is, as compared with the gigantic scale of commercial undertakings, an actual deficiency of ready capital—of available materials or produce. Not only was capital wasted in the most multifarious and lavish expenditure—in speculation and luxurious living—but the probable resources of the future were anticipated, and were over-estimated; credit was discounted, and has for the time been used up. The merchant class has on the whole been the one to furnish the most distinguished victims—a class which conducts its affairs, private as well as commercial, upon a system of credit. The merchants of our day, abandoning the homely trading exactness of their forefathers, with vast and complicated operations, seldom know, out of any specific receipts, what is gross income and what net profit: their incomings are reinvested; they pay their way, both in business and in their household affairs, by "drawing;" and an ascertained surplus is perhaps a phenomenon which they only know about retrospectively, if at all. This has helped to make great establishments and "princely" merchants plunge into princely amounts of debt without knowing it.

But if the pressure was not unforeseen, it is not without signs of reaction. Bad as it is, it is not yet so bad as the money crisis of 1825 was, although the immense scale of mercantile operations magnifies the present aspect of disaster: there has been no universal panic among the banks, because the act of 1844 has kept them generally out of speculation; and, in spite of the railway calls, insol-

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vency has not made an irruption into every section of the community, as it did in 1825. The failures have probably weeded the commercial world of its weaker and more unsound growths. The "depreciation" of property and stock which is observed is only the tangible evidence of that retrenchment which necessarily follows upon lavish expenditure: the bankrupt, or the man who foresees bankruptcy, to be averted only by retrenchment, is obliged to sell off; he sells, and gluts the market; prices fall; the inevitable sacrifice restores a more healthful condition of finance; the public begins to purchase again, and prices rise. Such is the circle, of which we have reached the depreciation stage; and from that stage we are likely to advance ere long.

Ireland goes on much as usual. To the anti-rent movement is now added a potato-pillaging movement; the peasantry assembling in tumultuous numbers, and forcibly taking from the middle classes their stores of potato. Several reverend gentlemen are sufferers in that way; and among them the parish-priests have not been spared. This is a very ugly feature of the new agitation.

We have to report progress in the affairs of several foreign countries; the incidents being new and important, though not demanding extended comment.

Narvaez has signalized his return to power by a reconciliation of Queen Isabella and her husband. The journals of his party magnify the imposing effect of the ceremony, and describe the royal couple as "radiant with satisfaction;" which would seem to falsify much of what has passed current before, only that it is impossible to tell on which side lies the balance of falsehood.

In Switzerland, civil war approaches with rapid strides and inflamed countenance. The federal government and its adherents proceed without delay in preparing to enforce the decree of the diet for the dissolution of the Separate League; the cantons of the league are no less diligent; and the Catholic citizens of the mixed cantons avow their allegiance to the cause which they identify with their faith, in formidable numbers.

Meanwhile, foreign intervention has not been, even already, quite withheld. Austria is moving large bodies of troops towards the Swiss frontier. The conduct of France towards Switzerland has been the subject of animated discussion in both those countries, and in our own capital. Last week it was known that a supply of arms and ammunition, sent by the French government to the government of the canton of Friburg, had been intercepted by the citizens of Neufchatel: subsequent convoys have succeeded in making good their passage. The government at Paris having taken a decided position, it follows as a matter of course that they are attacked by the opposition papers; for hostility to ministers, rather than sympathy with the Swiss federalists, may be regarded as the most stirring motive with the French opposition. The defence offered by the ministerial journals is, that France has been in the habit of selling arms to the governments of foreign countries with which she is at peace, and that therefore there was no reason to refuse an application from the government of Friburg. The opposition reply, that France is at peace with the government of Switzerland, and yet she has been abetting subjects in resisting that government.

Although immediately concerning a small state, a transfer of sovereignty has taken place in Italy which is likely to have important consequences. At the last settlement of the Italian states, it was arranged that the Bourbon prince to whom Lucca was given should only hold that duchy during the life of the ex-empress Maria Louisa: on her death or abdication he was to succeed to the duchy comprising the states of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla; and the duchy of Lucca was then to revert to Tuscany, to be incorporated with that state. The duke, worried by the embarrassments of his position between Austria his protector and his beloved subjects calling for reform, has anticipated the period of his translation so far as to yield up Lucca to Tuscany, with which it is henceforward incorporated. This transfer will have an important influence on the progress of opinion in Italy, in more ways than one. In the first place, while the late duke kept the sovereignty, his timidity and real sympathy with absolutism made him a retainer of Austria, and his state was virtually reserved as a friendly inlet for Austria, to whom it secured a position in central Italy; now that Lucca is incorporated with Tuscany, that position is no longer available to Austria. Next, the advancement of the Lucchese towards liberal institutions is thus far confirmed; which is in itself, merely *pro tanto*, a gain. But further, in being transferred from the rule of an absolutist to that of a liberal government, the Lucchese will realize, at a stroke, many of the advantages derivable from political advancement: they will find a considerable change for the better in respect of personal ease and freedom from galling restrictions on the conduct and the tongue; thus their convictions in favor of liberal institutions will be strengthened by experience, and their settled attachment will act as an instructive example to the rest of Italy—even unto Milan and Naples.

In a foregoing page we have said that the calamitous consequences of the speculative mania were not unforeseen: here is a specimen of the far-off warnings, extracted from our own file. The article of which this formed the concluding paragraph was written during the access of the railway fever in 1845, and applied more immediately to it: "the famine," and its attendant train of aggravations, were still in the unrevealed future.

"Supposing this confidence should prove fallacious, and things should take the fatal turn which has been hinted at, there is one consolation which will be open to all involved in the common ruin. Heretofore, when we have been visited by the consequences of over-speculation, the issuing-banks have contrived, as fast as the foreign exchanges went down, to counteract the contraction of the currency which would otherwise have taken place, by a proportionate increase in their issues, and thus to defer the inevitable crash, with the certainty of causing it to be more extensive and protracted when it came. The bank charter act of last session will now effectually preclude this palliative: when once the exchanges turn and the banking-reserve of the Bank of England is reduced to its lowest point, nothing can then take place but the inflexible working of the law, under which the paper-circulation of the country will contract day by day in proportion to the gold withdrawn; and from the dull unvarying pressure of this remorseless screw there will be no escape until it has done its work. If under its operation the railway schemes of the past year should fall from their present premiums, not to a discount but merely to par, about ten millions of wealth of which the public now fancy themselves possessed will have wholly evaporated; while, if the shares

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of the old companies fall only to the point at which they stood this time last year, and from which they have risen not so much on account of increased dividends as from anticipations of wonderful effects from amalgamation, &c., an evaporation of about twelve millions more will be found to have taken place. When these events occur, with their long train of bankruptcies, embezzlements, and suicides, *the public will not be disposed to permit self-reproach* to be added to their other afflictions: *the new bank charter act will receive their anathemas*, as the cause of all the evil; and by hugging this consolation, many will contrive to pass through the misery that awaits them, without even deriving the advantage of the lesson which that misery is calculated to teach, namely a consciousness of their own immorality and folly."—*Spectator*, 26*th July*, 1845.

The present dilemma of gambling Liverpool was curiously foreshadowed by the commercial writer in the *Times;* who spoke as follows in July last, apropos to a speculative reaction in the price of "shares," after the depression in April—

"In shares the reaction has been remarkable; but according to the Liverpool price-lists, its extent in that town has been far greater than in London. During the ardor of the past week, the jump in some of the smaller shares has been equal to not less than 30 per cent.; while in heavy descriptions the rise is so enormous as to show that purchases must have been made of the boldest description; a fact which it may be worth while to notice, in case *events now looming (although perhaps at some months' distance) should render necessary another deputation to London* to solicit government aid, or a repeal of the bank charter act."—*Times*, 1*st July*, 1847; City Article.

In the year 1737 three per cent. consols obtained the price of 107 per cent., which was the highest ever known; and on the 20th of September, 1797, when the failure of the attempt to negotiate with the French republic became known, they fell to 47⅞, the lowest point they ever reached.

"AIDE-TOI."

The mercantile world is in trouble; it sees no immediate resource, no easy way of escape; and flies to the usual resort for help—to the "government." People have been over-speculating; they have wasted their money, been disappointed of returns, feel the pinch of poverty, look around in vain for assistance; and, gathering courage from their own numbers, they cry out for aid to "the government." Merchants, with business of literally unknown amount, have been living like princes; they find out, too late, that they have over-estimated their profits; their creditors are prompt, but not their receipts; they are deplorably in want of money; and, being many, they send up a deputation to "government." In other words, members of the mercantile world have run too far into debt; being short of cash or credit, they are put to serious inconvenience; and as the extravagance has been very general, the body of insolvent gentlemen assumes a multitudinous aspect; which is supposed to constitute a proper case for the interference of the state. The same plea might be set up in favor of Irish Ribandmen, or Lancashire Turn-outs, or any other set of persons who violate their social duties in large numbers.

But mere multitudinousness is not a sufficient plea for state interference. Most of the essential functions of life are necessary to great multitudes, yet it is expected that they should be performed without official intervention. The true ground of state interference is not obscure or equivocal. Those things upon which the majority of a community is agreed, and which are good for all, but which cannot be consummated unless all act simultaneously, are legitimate subjects for the intervention of the central authority. Such is the valid plea for sanatory regulations: it is very necessary for the health of all, that every man's dust-heap should be removed; but if all his neighbors neglect to carry away their dust-heaps, it is of very little use for one to begin; and as he cannot enforce the observance of the rule by mere example, nobody begins: it is desirable, therefore, that the state should enforce a consentaneous movement of dust-heaps.

Apply this test to the demands for a state intervention to "restore confidence" or "sustain credit." Credit is the belief entertained in a man's resources; confidence is the general feeling produced by that belief. It is the business of the state to keep up the standards of credit, so that they be steady and not liable to deterioration; but it is not the business of the state to sustain credit, or to keep it fixed. That depends upon the diligence, probity, exactitude, and discretion of the individual merchants; and it is their business to sustain credit individually, as it is collectively their business to impart "confidence." Credit is the result of conduct, not a matter of convention: confidence is a feeling, and cannot be decreed. The failure of credit, now, is the consequence of no official laches, but of the indiscretion of merchants: they are the more aware of it precisely because they have not been allowed to tamper with the standards of credit, and thus the whole of the backsliding is measured off to the view: they want the standards of credit to be a little lowered—credit to be stretched, so as to disguise their case; the real remedy is to supply that which has been deficient—discretion. They must pinch; a disagreeable process, but salutary. It would beget a still more alarming panic, if our merchants were very numerously to fail in another essential element towards mercantile prosperity—in probity; but they would do little in such case to "restore confidence" by calling on the state to make merchants honest, still less if they were to obtain a subsidy for supplying the defalcations in the estates of fraudulent bankrupts. There would be no economical distinction between that case and the present. The duty of the state is to remain firm in keeping steady the standards of credit; it is the part of the merchants to maintain the credit itself—their part to sustain their own "confidence" in their own body.—*Spectator*, 23 *Oct.*

From the Spectator.

CURRENCY AND CREDIT.

The true principles of a sound currency are seldom controverted; but they are apt to be lost sight of in the eager search for relief from difficulties of a different origin, or in the maze of discussion when counsel is darkened by words without knowledge. The currency of any country having pecuniary transactions with other countries can only be based on the precious metals. Its standard of weight and purity is fixed and applied by law; but the amount of the currency is not matter of authoritative regulation, but regulates itself according to the wants and resources of the country, which sometimes make it scarce, and sometimes allow it to be plenty. In most countries the expedient of substituting a paper currency in part for a currency of the precious

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metals has been resorted to, as being more convenient and more economical. It is essential to the safety and success of this expedient, that the paper money, which possesses no intrinsic value, should at all times be convertible, at the option of the holder, into the precious metals which it represents. To insure the fulfilment of this salutary condition, it was provided by the bank charter act of 1844, that the issue department of the Bank of England should not be allowed to issue more than fourteen millions of bank notes without an equivalent deposit of gold for any surplus above that amount. It was computed from the result of past experience that the circulation of Bank of England notes (usually amounting to about twenty millions) would under no circumstances fall so low as fourteen millions; which might therefore be safely issued without a corresponding deposit of gold. This provision of the bank charter act has not any effect in restricting the currency, and was not framed with such a view. Had the authorized amount been taken at sixteen millions instead of fourteen millions, the circulation would not thereby have been increased by two millions; but the only difference would have been, that of the twenty millions of bank-notes usually in circulation two millions more than at present would have been issued on the guarantee of the legislature and without a corresponding deposit of gold. The notes issued on a deposit of gold would, however, have been reduced to exactly the same extent. This last position is not generally attended to; although, when examined, it will not admit of dispute. But an opinion is very prevalent, that when the circulation of the country becomes contracted within its usual limits, and a general scarcity of money exists, the amount of bank-notes which the issue department is authorized to issue on the guarantee of the legislature and without a corresponding deposit of gold, should be increased so as to supply the deficiency. Such an attempt to contravene the natural laws by which the amount of the currency is governed, besides failing in its immediate object, would aggravate the evils it was meant to remedy. A contraction of the circulation within its usual limits may proceed from a turn of foreign exchanges against the country, leading to an exportation of gold, as was the case in the early part of this year. It seems obvious, that if at that time the issue of bank-notes had been increased, it must have led to an increased exportation of gold, (still keeping down the amount of the currency,) until the coffers of the bank were emptied and a suspension of cash payments took place: whereas the exportation of gold having been left to produce its natural effect on the currency and on prices, the drain was checked by the increased value of money, while no apprehension arose that the bank would be unable to meet its engagements. The present heavy pressure on the money-market proceeds from a different cause. It is mainly owing to an universal feeling of mutual distrust among the mercantile community. If the numerous failures which have occurred had served to show that the feeling was groundless, it would gradually have been dispelled. Unhappily, they have, on the contrary, tended to confirm it. Scarcely one failure has happened which (whatever had been the state of the money-market) was not inevitable, if the truth of the case had been known. The state of the money-market has only brought the truth to light. Under such circumstances the immediate pressure of the money-market might, no doubt, be relieved for the moment by an increased issue of bank-notes; but the relief would be but temporary, and would prove both fallacious and ruinous, unless the causes in which the pressure had its origin, should cease to operate. If the want of confidence should not be removed, or if the drain on the resources of the country should not be stopped, then the increased issue of bank-notes beyond the point of safety would first be frustrated in its immediate object of affording relief, and afterwards be followed by a panic lest the bank should be unable to meet its engagements, whereby a suspension of cash payments must ensue, or by the actual occurrence of that disastrous result.

The demand for an increased issue of bank-notes is precisely analogous to what, with a metallic currency only, the demand would be for a debasement of the coin to meet a similar emergency. Each measure would operate in the same manner and lead to the same consequences. The fallacy of the demand consists in expecting paper-money to be something more than a faithful substitute for the precious metal which it represents. The office of a well-ordered currency, whether of the precious metals or of representative paper, is not to replace capital which has been dissipated, or to restore confidence when it has been shaken, or inspire it when it is not due: its office is to do no more than furnish that which, at all times and under all circumstances, may prove a trustworthy and convenient medium of exchange for mercantile transactions, both foreign and domestic. This office, under the operation of the bank charter act, our system of currency has faithfully and effectively executed. Throughout the present alarming crisis, bank-notes have been as good as gold. They never were so on any similar occasion. The ordeal through which we are now passing has been brought on by schemes of internal improvement, here, as in America, carried far beyond our available resources; by reckless trading with fictitious capital; by heavy losses in trade treated like losses at the gaming-table and repaired by fresh borrowing; by an enhanced price for cotton, and an enormous drain of bullion for food; by prodigal relief to Ireland; by a government loan at an adverse period; by the alarm and distrust which all those concomitant circumstances conspired to produce. To attribute effects of such magnitude to the want of any additional amount of bank-notes which would have been issued without an entire disregard of consequences, is a palpable absurdity. It is no less absurd to suppose that the present distress could be removed by the legerdemain trick of setting afloat some two or three millions of "promises to pay," without the wherewithal to keep the promise. Such a project would only turn the insolvency of counting-houses into a general confiscation of the money which every member of the community has in his pocket.

A. B.

THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF DR. CHALMERS.—It will be agreeable intelligence to many that an American republication of the posthumous writings of Dr. Chalmers is about to appear, from the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, simultaneously with the original edition, from duplicate stereotype plates. These productions will comprise the matured fruit of the academic and theological labors of this distinguished scholar and divine, during the greater part of his arduous and valuable life. The desire on the part of the reading public of the United States, to possess these treasures of the learning and piety of one of the greatest and best men of any age, will doubtless be very general.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

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RECOVERY OF A DAUGHTER.

MANY years ago, several German families left their country and settled in North America. Amongst them was a man from Wirtemberg, who, with his wife and a large family, established himself in Pennsylvania. There were no churches or schools then in that neighborhood, and he was compelled to keep the Sabbath at home with his family, instructing them himself to read the Bible and pray to God. He used very often to read the Scriptures to them, and always used first to say "Now, my children, be still, and listen to what I am going to read; for it is God who speaks to us in this book."

In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada, between the French and the English. The Indians took part with the French, and made excursions as far as Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burned all the houses they came to, and murdered the people. In 1755, they reached the dwelling of the poor family from Wirtemberg, while the wife and one of the sons had gone to the mill, four miles distant, to get some corn ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and his son were instantly killed by the savages, but they carried the two little girls away into captivity, with a great many other children who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through woods and thorny bushes that nobody might follow them. In this condition they were brought to the habitations of the Indians, who divided among themselves all the children whom they had taken captive.

Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara; but Regina, and a little girl two years old, whom she had never seen before, were given to an old widow, who was a very cruel woman. Her only son lived with her and maintained her; but he was sometimes from home for weeks together, and then these poor children were forced to go into the forests to gather roots and other provisions for the old woman, and when they did not bring her enough to eat, she would beat them in so cruel a manner that they were nearly killed. The little girl always kept close to Regina, and when she knelt down under a tree, and repeated the prayers to the Lord Jesus, and the hymns which her father and mother had taught her, the little girl prayed with her and learned the hymns and prayers by heart. In this melancholy state of slavery these children remained nine long years, till Regina had reached the age of nineteen, and her little companion was eleven years old. While captives, their hearts seemed to have been drawn towards what was good. Regina continually repeated the verses from the Bible, and the hymns which she had learnt when at home, and she taught them to the little girl. They often used to cheer each other with one from the hymn-book used at Halle, in Germany:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear."

They constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus would, some time, bring them back to their Christian friends.

In 1764, the hopes of these children were realized. The merciful providence of God brought the English Colonel Boquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered the Indians and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition that he made was, that they should restore all the prisoners they had taken. Thus the two poor girls were released. More than 400 captives were brought to Colonel Boquet. It was an affecting sight to see so many young people wretched and distressed. The colonel and his soldiers gave them food and clothes, brought them to a town called Carlisle, and published in the Pennsylvania newspapers that all parents who had lost their children might come to this place, and in case of their finding them, they should be restored. Poor Regina's sorrowing mother came, among many other bereaved parents, to Carlisle; but alas! her child had become a stranger to her. Regina had acquired the appearance and manner, as well as the language, of the natives. The poor mother went up and down amongst the young persons assembled, but by no efforts could she discover her daughters. She wept in bitter grief and disappointment. Colonel Boquet said, "Do you recollect nothing by which your children might be discovered?"

She answered that she recollected nothing but a hymn which she used to sing with them, and which was as follows:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes the weary hours to cheer.
I am with him, and he with me,
Even here alone I cannot be."

The colonel desired her to sing this hymn. Scarcely had the mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the colonel restored the daughter to her mother. There was no one to own the other little girl; and as she clung to Regina, and would not let her go, the mother took her also to her home.

As soon as Regina came home, she inquired for "the book in which God speaks to us." Her mother unfortunately was destitute of that treasure, having lost everything when the natives burnt the house. A Bible, however, was presented to her, when application was made at Philadelphia; and it is remarkable that Regina had so retained her early instructions that she was enabled to read immediately when the precious book was handed to her.—*Related by the Rev. Mr. Rone, of Elsinore, in Denmark.*

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BEWARE OF FRANCE.

[We copy from the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser an article on the affairs of the Rio de la Plata. Many things make it evident to us that France, or the king of the French, wishes to meddle in American affairs—perhaps to keep matters the more quiet at home. It seems likely that full employment may be found for diplomatic managers nearer home—but this is the best foundation for hope that this people will not get up a war in America.]

Affairs on the Rio de la Plata.—It may not be uninteresting, even to such of our readers as have not a direct interest in the trade there, but who yet may desire to understand the general outlines of the question, to be informed regarding a controversy which may shortly assume an importance of no ordinary character. Steam power is every day bringing us nearer and nearer to localities which, a few years ago, measurably lost their importance to us by distance; hence it becomes more and more important that we should at least keep ourselves "posted up" in reference to what other nations are doing, even if we are unwilling or unable to follow their example.

We happen to possess some information in regard to matters connected with the present and future condition of things on the Rio de la Plata, and with the governments on and near that river, which we regard as of deep importance, and the truth of which may probably be confirmed at no distant day; and when so confirmed we may naturally look for some excitement. The United States at any rate cannot fail to become deeply interested, nor can their government remain a silent spectator, when the matters to which we allude become more developed.

Our readers will recollect that England and France have jointly sustained a long blockade of the port of Buenos Ayres, with the view of bringing Rosas, president of the Argentine republic, to sundry terms and conditions; but this indomitable chief sternly and gallantly resisted. To understand this matter more clearly, it would be well to turn to a map and see the position of governments whose interests were involved. First, in regard to Montevideo, which commands a very important position, not only geographically but politically. This city, with its Banda Oriental, occupies the northern side and entrance of the Rio de la Plata, and, with anything like a respectable government and power, could control the entire trade and intercourse of that river with the vast country above and interior on either side.

It has always, therefore, been jealously watched by the government of Buenos Ayres, or the Argentine republic, which holds the opposite side of the river, and extends a vast distance up; the seat of government being Buenos Ayres. The empire of Brazil extends down till it reaches the Banda Oriental, the latter alone separating it from the Rio de la Plata. It will be seen therefore at a glance how important to Brazil must be the action and destiny of Montevideo and the Banda Oriental; for with that strip of country in possession or under political control, Buenos Ayres and all the vast interest on and tributary to the Rio de la Plata would be at the mercy of the empire of Brazil.

As the French government is now closely allied to the government of Brazil, a French prince being married to a Brazilian princess, and other family ties also existing, it may readily be understood why France should desire to strike down the only barrier that remains against the control by Brazil of the Rio de la Plata and its vast interests. That barrier is Rosas at Buenos Ayres. To put his power aside it became an easy matter on the part of the French to "pick a quarrel" with Rosas, and take sides with the government of Montevideo. To cloak the design, France succeeded in inducing England to join in a blockade and quasi war against Rosas, on the ground that he was too restrictive and interfered too much with what they called "neutral trade."

Circumstances however, have convinced England that every blow struck against the power of Rosas only added power to France, through her connection with Brazil, and that in fact France only desired to advance the power and influence of Brazil; that the whole self-called government of Montevideo or the Banda Oriental was composed of French adventurers, and that the city of Montevideo itself was, as regards the proportion of inhabitants, as completely a French town as Havre or Bordeaux.

When a change occurred in the English ministry, last year, measures were immediately adopted to look into this matter and, if found as suspected, break off this joint interference, which, under the pretence of improving the condition of neutral trade, was only making things worse. To perform this duty an intelligent, honorable and liberal nobleman, Lord Howden, was selected by the English government to visit that quarter, and Count Walewski was sent out by the French to look after the French side of the question. Lord Howden, it seems, lost no time in having an interview with the real government of Montevideo, at the head of which is General Oribe; and next pushed up to Buenos Ayres and had an interview with Rosas, who seems to be a sort of "Old Hickory" in that quarter; he soon saw enough to convince himself that England stood in a very false, or at least anomalous position, and directed the English admiral to withdraw from the blockade, and thus English intervention ceased. There remain then only the French to keep up the blockade, for it appears that Count Walewski was not charged with the same powers or inclinations possessed by Lord Howden.

A curious incident occurred at this time, which may here be alluded to. Our chargé d'affaires at Buenos Ayres, Mr. Harris, took occasion, while these representatives of France and England were on the spot, to address them a note setting forth the avowed rule of our government, not to acquiesce in any measure which encouraged the establishment on any part of this continent of a European government, or to countenance any interference with established American governments. To this note Lord Howden instantly responded in a spirit of frankness and amity, disavowing any such intention on the part of his government. So far as England is concerned, then, there is no appeal—no after clap—the government of England is as completely bound by this explicit avowal as it could be under a signed and sealed treaty to that end.

We are yet to learn how far it may suit the policy of France to confirm what Count Walewski said, on the same occasion, in reply to Mr. Harris; it may require "a vote in the chambers," as was claimed in the matter of our indemnification treaty. Suffice it to say, the profitless blockade of the Rio de la Plata, by French intervention between the nominal government of Montevideo and that of Buenos Ayres, is still kept up, and we have reason to believe that an additional French force of some six thousand troops will be sent out to Montevideo, to carry into full effect the original design of the French government. Lord Howden's course will be con-

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demned by the French cabinet, for reasons too obvious to require further explanation.

In this state of things what course does it become the duty of our government to adopt?

We do not say that it has yet become necessary for us to act in the matter. The frank and liberal regard for our interest, as the great neutral power on this side the Atlantic, manifested by Lord Howden, not only in his reply to the note of Mr. Harris, but by his prompt action in raising the English portion of the blockade, may yet induce corresponding action on the part of the French government; or other matters may intervene which will show the French government that it would be wisest and best to abandon its presumed design. But it will be difficult for us to note, without opposition, the progress of a measure which may place in the power of France, or, by her aid and under her direction, in the power of Brazil, the entire control of the trade of the Rio de la Plata, and with it of course that of the Parana and Uruguay. A glance at the map will show that the power, having the means to act, which possesses Montevideo, has as complete control over all the trade of those rivers above, as New York city would have over the trade of the Hudson, or New Orleans over that of the Mississippi and its vast tributaries.

Ever since that alliance by marriage between France and Brazil, has been noticed an increasing querulousness on the part of the latter government, (the only imperial fragment left on this side the Atlantic,) and the day probably is not far distant when the "imperial government" will be found assuming some position or setting up some demand which will make it necessary on our part to caution the emperor in regard to such instigations as he may receive from his French relations.

We neither counsel nor desire alliance with any European power, in this or any other matter, yet it may be well for us not to allow any old prejudices, for or against either of the two named in this connection, to blind us to our duty in fairly discriminating between them, or to withhold our approbation and approval of the conduct of either which has for its object the advancement of civil and religious liberty from one end of this continent to the other. The course pursued by Lord Howden in his mission thus far seems to us entirely correct and laudable. He is now at the imperial court of Brazil, as minister from his own government, and circumstances may occur which may call further upon the exercise of those qualities he so eminently possesses.

THE MEXICAN BATTLES.

Much as has been published in this and other American papers, descriptive of the first battles in the environs of the city of Mexico, there are some points of novelty in the following brief account, by an English observer, which the New York Commercial Advertiser copies from the London Times:

"The United States army, under General Scott, began leaving Puebla on the 17th of August. They arrived at Azatla on the 14th, but finding the Penon too strong to take without considerable loss, they retreated to Chalco, and went round by Icochirnielo to San Augustin. This road was considered so impracticable by the Mexicans, that they entirely neglected to defend it, but the American pioneers seem to be admirable, and the army rather unexpectedly made their appearance at San Augustin on the 17th. Still finding strong fortifications at San Antonio and Churubusco, which they thought better to attack on the flank, they made an artillery road over the Pedregal towards San Angel, where they met General Valencia with 5000 men and 20 guns, who endeavored to prevent their passage by that point.

"Deeming it more advisable not to leave him behind them, they drove him, upon the evening of the 19th, toward the Magdelana, where he took up an excellent position. In the night, however, they completely surrounded him with only 3,000 men, and at the break of day attacked and dispersed his division at the point of the bayonet, without the assistance of a single gun, taking all his pieces. General Valencia escaped to Toluca, where he is now trying to get up a revolution against Santa Anna, upon whom he throws the blame of his defeat, a proceeding which may somewhat impede negotiations. The same American division, with reinforcements, then proceeded to attack Churubusco and San Antonio in the flank. Here they met a more obstinate resistance, principally from a body of one hundred American deserters, who had been enrolled by the Mexicans, who pointed the guns beautifully and fought like devils.

"After three hours' hard fighting, the Americans gained a complete victory, took 3000 prisoners, among whom were seven general officers, and twenty pieces of cannon. Their way was now open to Mexico, with the exception of some slight works at the Garitas. However, the same evening Santa Anna sent a messenger to Scott, saying that if he would agree not to come into the city, he would listen to propositions of peace. General Scott, with a prudence and moderation for which he deserves the greatest credit, and by which he almost created a mutiny in his army, agreed to this, saying that he should take up his quarters nearer the city, which he did next day at Tacubaya. An armistice has since been signed, and commissioners have been appointed to meet Mr. Trist at a small village, Itzcapusalco, about a league from Mexico; they are Jose J. Herrera, Mora y Villamil, Bernardo Orieto and Atristain, all men inclined for peace; but there are too many of them. Several deputies declare that they will not meet here, but at Queretaro. Santa Anna's influence seems to be on the wane.

"General Paredes landed from the Teviot on the 14th of August; and in consequence of the American authorities having done away all the former Mexican customs of visiting ships on their arrival, he passed through the city and escaped into the country with perfect ease. While the Teviot was absent at Tampico, the governor of Vera Cruz finding that he was likely to get into a serious scrape through his negligence, endeavored to lay the blame upon the captain of the steamer, and forbade his landing on his return from Tampico, although no other obstacle was put to the communication with the shore. It was somewhat laughable that the captain was the only person in the ship who was unable to land, having broken his leg some time previously."

Singing Mouse.—The last number of the Journal of the Franklin Institute describes in the following manner, a natural curiosity which had been exhibited at the September meeting of the Institute.

"A natural curiosity was next exhibited, which excited considerable interest. This was a *Singing Mouse*, which, though declining on this occasion to perform in its best style, yet gave sufficient proof that its musical powers are wonderful, for an animal

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of its kind. It is a common domestic mouse, (*Mus Musculus*,) and in appearance differs, in no remarkable particular, from other individuals of its species.

"It was the musical talent of this little creature which led to its capture. A lady, who kept some canary birds in her room through the day, but who was in the habit of having the cages removed to another apartment for the night, happened to hear, after retiring, a musical chirping in the room, apparently proceeding from beneath a bureau. Supposing that one of her birds had escaped from its cage, and remained in the room, she attempted to dislodge it from its supposed concealment. No bird, however, made its appearance; but a mouse was startled from beneath the bureau, and ran to another part of the room, where it recommenced its song. It was caught and confined in a cage, which it has now inhabited about six weeks; having become quite tame, and evidently recognizing individuals, by showing more familiar regard to its keeper than to strangers.

"It is seldom entirely silent, except when sleeping; almost constantly emitting a low chirping series of notes, resembling, somewhat the twittering produced by a nest of young birds. As the evening advances, its musical disposition is more fully developed, until, usually, towards midnight, its notes increase in power, compass and variety—it then frequently pours forth a gush of melody, resembling the song of a canary bird; but softer and less shrill than the notes of the feathered songster."

RUSSIAN MANUFACTURES.—Mr. Cobden's late visit to the great annual Russian fair, at Nishnei Novogorod, has revealed some striking facts with respect to Russian manufactures. The great variety of articles which were exposed for sale, and the admirable order which was maintained at the exchange of goods, very much exceeded his expectation. Mr. Cobden visited several of the manufacturing districts in Russia, where he was much surprised and gratified with the industry and skill of the workmen, principally native peasants. At Wochna he found silk goods manufactured in a very good style to an extent of several hundred thousand roubles annually. At Moscow several manufactures excited his astonishment and admiration. Mr. C. is said to have pronounced the calico printing mill of M. Gutschkow one of the most perfect which he had ever seen in its organization. In another establishment, that of M. Procherow, the care bestowed upon the health, morals, and instruction of the children employed was very gratifying. The mills in Moscow appear to be conducted with great skill and order, and with a very admirable combination of the various divisions of the manufactory. Cloth weaving appears to be in a very favorable, in fact in a very advanced, state in Russia, and many circumstances combine to bring this branch of industry to the highest perfection. It has long been known that the manufacturers of England had many powerful and skilful rivals on the continent, but she has not hitherto expected to find them in Russia.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

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From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Memorabilien.* By KARL IMMERMANN. 3 vols. Hamburg: 1840–1843.
2. *Personalien.* By FRIED. JACOBS. Leipzig: 1840.
3. *Memoiren des Freiherrn von S——a.* Berlin.
4. *Was ich erlebte.* By HEINRICH STEFFENS. Vols. V. & VI.
5. *Erinnerungen aus dem äusseren Leben.* By ERNST MORITZ ARNDT. 3d edition. Leipzig: 1842.
6. *Adalbert von Chamisso; Leben und Briefe.* (Chamisso's Life and Letters.) Edited by J. E. HITZIG. 2 vols. Berlin: 1839.
7. *Scenes from the War of Liberation in Germany.* Translated from the German of Varnhagen von Ense. By SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON, Bart. London: 1847.
8. *Vorlesungen über die Freiheitskriege.* By JOH. GUST. DROYSEN. Kiel: 1846.
9. *Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben.* By W. L. V. GRAFEN HENKEL von DONNERSMARK, K. P. General-Lieutenant. Zerbst: 1846.

IT is so long since we proposed to our readers to accompany us a step further in our attempt to trace the progress of society and manners in Germany,* that they have doubtless lost all memory of our invitation. But there are things which can never become obsolete or uninteresting; and if there be a spectacle in the world calculated forever to awaken the curiosity, and engage the sympathies of mankind, it is that of the moral decline of a great nation, followed by its political overthrow; and finally of its resurrection, purified and strengthened by adversity.

Such is the spectacle which we would now fain present to our readers; and we have been induced to enter on the task, less by any confidence in our own power to do it justice, than by the doubt whether the many affecting descriptions of these scenes, contained in the works of men acting or suffering in them, will ever meet the eye of the English public in any other way. From one of these works, the Autobiography of M. Varnhagen von Ense, a very judicious and happy selection has lately been made by Sir Alexander Duff Gordon. But we question whether many of these memoirs will be translated, or even extensively read, in England. Perhaps, therefore, we shall be doing a not unacceptable service to our readers, in bringing some of the more striking passages contained in them before their notice; connecting these by such a slight historical thread as our space will permit.

We formerly expressed a wish to confine ourselves chiefly to the province of domestic and social life; and may still avow the same predilection. But, what *is* domestic life, in a country ruined, insulted, trodden under foot and despoiled by foreign armies and foreign rulers? Those only who have heard it described by sufferers and eye-witnesses, can understand how entirely all the objects, plans, pursuits, and affections of social existence take their color from such overwhelming political events.

We shall use our historical thread, however, no further than to make our extracts intelligible and coherent to those who may not be familiar with the story of the War of Liberation. In recurring to scenes so afflicting to humanity, and so little honorable to the people of France, we have not the least intention of reawakening slumbering resentments against them, or marking them out as peculiarly deserving of the condemnation of mankind. They were but the legitimate successors of the Prussians in the all-corrupting school of conquest; and, if we must acknowledge that the vices and enormities they learned in it were more glaring, we must also recollect that they were the result of more deadly provocation, were committed in more heated blood, and were exhibited on a wider and loftier stage. If the study of the causes on which depends the character of an individual be deeply interesting, the investigation of those which go to form the character of a nation are far more so; and we believe it will be found that, in both cases, great, rapid, and brilliant success is alike fatal. In this dizzy career, every tutelary genius appointed to guard our way through life—conscience, humanity, moderation, prudence—one after another, take their flight; till at length the nation, or the man, drunk with triumphs and abandoned to the madness of power, defies the opinions and outrages the feelings of mankind, wearies the patience of Heaven, and rushes on inevitable ruin. The two nations, which will appear as the chief actors in the tragedy before us, paid in turn the penalty of their "glory." The overthrow of Prussia is not more clearly traceable to the habits and sentiments engendered by the victorious career she had run, than are the reverses of France, and the moral maladies by which she is still afflicted, to the character she acquired and exhibited during the portentous period of her military triumphs.

Such, then, even to the winning party, are the results of aggressive war: to the losing, who does not know that they are wounds and death, hunger and cold; ruined houses, burned cities, and desolate fields; orphan children and childless parents? We need not insist on these grosser and more obvious effects of war. We would rather call the attention of our readers to the complete disturbance of domestic life; the interruption of all useful and beneficent pursuits; the destruction of social confidence; the entire dislocation of the plans and employments, the hopes and the fortunes, of every

* See Memoirs of Ritter von Lang: *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxviii., p. 327.

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class of men not directly employed or interested in the trade of war. It has often been said, with the selfishness of security, that we, in our sea-girt isle, have no idea of what war is. But the obligation which we are under is only so much the more imperative to show what it is, and for that purpose, to look steadily at the fearful details of the hideous whole—comprehended in a word which glides so trippingly over many a thoughtless tongue. And as England's voice is most potent in that great council of nations where this supreme question must generally be decided, it is right that every human being within her realm should learn what an abyss of misery lies hidden under the romance and the splendor of war. We particularly recommend the study to those who can never share its dangers. They are often—shall we say therefore?—the greatest admirers of its splendor and romance; and the least scrupulous as to the sentiments or the measures that render it inevitable.

Before we proceed further, we must inquire, what were the dispositions of the German people towards France at the commencement of the French Revolution? It might have been imagined that the wars of Louis XIV. would have left their minds full of bitter resentment and antipathy; but this was not so. The unequalled *prestige* enjoyed by that monarch, and by his country in his day, overcame every other feeling. France not only occupied the largest place in the eyes of Europe, but was the object of general imitation. French was the language of good society throughout Germany; no one was welcome at the table of Kaunitz who did not speak it. Prince Henry of Prussia affected to be hardly able to speak German; and we all know what were the tastes of his illustrious brother. Even the men of letters who hung about the small courts, like Zimmerman, addressed their *fade* and sentimental flattery to the women, in stiff and cumbrous French. In science, letters, and art, Germany was the willing pupil and tributary of France. Nor were the ideas which led to the Revolution unwelcome there.

"The great events in France," says the venerable Jacobs of Gotha, "had from the first seized upon all minds. Most men rejoiced in the revolution which had taken place in that ill-governed country; opinions hitherto confined to books, like an occult science, and now proclaimed from the tribune, found general sympathy; and the number of those in favor of the old absolutism was very small. Gradually, however, people of sense and humanity were alienated from the cause: and the fate of men of science and letters made, naturally enough, a profound impression in Germany."

There is a letter of Goethe's, written in 1793, lately published, in which, with the good sense that always distinguished him, he says—"Mr. Sieveking may be a rich man and a clever man; but he has not got far enough to perceive that the song '*Allons, enfans*,' &c., is not suited to *well-to-do* people in any language; but was written and composed for the comfort and encouragement of poor devils. That song, at a well-furnished table, seems to me like '*Pain bis, et liberté*,' as the motto of a rich man; or '*Wenig, aber mit Recht*,' (Little but justly,) as that of an arch-Jew." So that it appears that the Marseillaise was then in favor with those opulent and honorable citizens of Hamburg, of whom the family of Sieveking may be taken to have been, as it still is, the type and the ornament. They had opportunities enough afterwards, for estimating the practical value of the sentiments it inspired.

The feelings of hostility and fear with which the French have been, and indeed still are (though in a mitigated degree) regarded throughout Germany, are to be attributed, we think, entirely to Napoleon's domination. They arose out of the unfavorable view of the French character which the conquered people were certain to receive from conquering armies, and from the herd of overbearing and unprincipled adventurers whom those armies planted among them. The fierce resentment which burst forth in 1812–13, was the result of recent injury; and not at all of any older or fanciful antipathy.

"Five years had now elapsed," says Droysen, "since Europe rose up to put down that Revolution which, whatever were its deformities and excesses, gave utterance and effect to ideas for which the traditionary power of the old states was no match. Where were now the haughty threats of the princes and their courts? Where the arrogant pedantry of the old art of war, or the high-sounding commonplaces of the far-famed wisdom of cabinets? Old Europe had lost all consistence.

"Nor was this all. The 'terror' was over. Though the internal affairs of France were still without form or order, it was evident that a new basis of civil and political life had been secured, in harmony with ideas universally diffused, and wants universally felt, in the eighteenth century. The principles of religious toleration, freedom of thought and conscience, and equality before the law, which had been accepted by all enlightened men, were now reduced from theory to practice. The enthusiasm of youth, the hopes of philanthropists, and the instincts of the people, were in favor of the state which now began to extricate itself out of the chaos of the revolution.

"'You have only the nobles against you,' said a Prussian minister to the French ambassador:* 'the king and the people are openly for France. The revolution which you have made from below upwards, will be slowly accomplished in Prussia from above downwards: the king is a democrat, after his fashion; he is incessantly endeavoring to curtail the privileges of the nobles, but by slow means. In a few years feudal rights will cease to exist in Prussia.'"

Meanwhile, what was the political state of Germany, and in what manner did her princes prepare to resist or counteract the progress of opinions so menacing to their power?

Our readers may, perhaps, recollect the cynical description of the proceedings of the Congress of Rastadt, contained in Lang's Memoirs; "a work," says Droysen, "on this as on other points

* Otto's *Report*, August, 1799.

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more deserving of credit than our national pride is willing to admit." The baseness and degradation, the treachery and dishonesty, which had been reduced to a sort of system at that assembly, were now put into infamous practice. The emperor had signed the peace of Luneville without consulting the members of the empire; and, strange to say, had been rewarded with their thanks. By this treaty, the left bank of the Rhine was ceded to France, and compensation, according to the principles laid down at Rastadt, was to be granted to the lesser princes thus dispossessed of their hereditary demains. The sovereigns saw the tempting spoil within reach, and thought only by whose aid they could grasp it. They turned with shameless solicitations to Paris—each against his neighbor. "At Paris," says Herr von Gagern, "in the garret of a certain Matthieu, from Strasburg, a tool of Talleyrand's, were our provinces cut up and parcelled out."

On the 25th February, 1803, the resolution of the deputation of the empire was presented to the diet; accepted on the 24th March; and ratified by the emperor on the 27th April:—

"And thus was concluded," says Droysen, "the most unjust and the most disastrous work recorded in German history.

"The empire lost about 1200 square miles of territory, containing four millions of souls. The so-called indemnities awarded to the princes, consisted of the plunder of the church property within their newly acquired dominions, of the free cities, and even the Hanse towns, which were handed over to the arbitrary rule of their new masters. The electoral college, too, was totally altered; in short, the political dismemberment of the empire was accomplished, and the semblance of union among its members only served to facilitate the further enfeeblement and ruin of the several states. Germany, like France, had thus her revolution. But in the latter it was effected by the people; in the former by the princes. Rights and privileges, property and tradition, were equally trampled under foot. In Germany, as in France, the ancient aristocracy of the land was sacrificed; but without the smallest advantage to the people, and wholly without their coöperation.

"To complete the miserable picture of the times—the secularized churches and convents were plundered and sold to Jews; their altar-pieces, and reliquaries, and painted windows, transferred to the collections of 'distinguished amateurs,' and their ancient archives and manuscripts sold for waste paper."

It cannot be denied that the dissolution of that old feudal corporation, called "the empire," was not only inevitable, but desirable. It had survived all the conditions of its existence. But the change was accomplished in a manner equally disgraceful to the honor, and destructive of the energies, of the nation. Though existing rights were wholly disregarded, no attempt was made to reform old abuses, or to introduce new and improved institutions; dynastic interests were the only ones consulted.

The sovereigns of Germany had indeed cut away the only ground, on which any consistent defence of legitimacy could be made, from under their feet. They had adopted the destructive principles, and had shared the spoil, of the French revolution. They had recognized no right but the right of the strongest; and it now remained to be seen in whose hands that right would ultimately be vested. With the rapacity which grows rank on the soil of unjust gain, all were striving for more. Austria had not abandoned her designs on Bavaria; Prussia longed to round her territory with Hanover; the small princes were greedy to swallow up the still smaller, as they had already done the free cities and the dominions of the church. And in the midst of all this they claimed not only the allegiance but the attachment of subjects to whom they were strangers, and whom they had forcibly wrested from their legitimate masters.

So great was the want of all union and sympathy between the several states, that when, in 1803, Bonaparte seized upon Hanover, the empire looked on in silence. No attempt was made by the neighboring states (who might have beheld in this the fate reserved for themselves) to succor the brave Hanoverians; there followed nothing but words from insulted Prussia. In 1804, misunderstandings arose between France and Austria; yet, even then, no complaints of this act of violence were heard from the latter. On the contrary, a general satisfaction prevailed, that the ambition of Prussia, whose designs on Hanover were well known, had received such a check!

Meanwhile, a tendency to combination among the lesser powers of Germany (Kleindeutschland) was already perceptible. It soon produced the protectorate of France, and the confederation of the Rhine.

It had been confidently expected that the cabinet of Vienna would unite with England and Russia. But the state of that cabinet, as described by those most deeply versed in its secrets, was such, that no reliance whatever could be placed on it. War, conquest, and the exclusively military spirit engendered by them—a spirit compounded of blind mechanical routine, and a sort of deification of brute force—were the chief causes of the degradation of Prussia. The causes of the corruption of Austria were more remote and complicated. Among them, however, we may venture to assign the reaction, following on the humane, but rash and premature, attempts of the Emperor Joseph to force upon a backward people reforms which they were wholly unable to appreciate. The tragical history of that illustrious martyr to a passionate, but most autocratic philanthropy, and an over-estimate of the power of men to understand their own interests, has yet to be written; for the instruction of those who think that good government can coexist with popular ignorance and stupidity. The violent prejudice thus excited against everything like improvement, threw the power into the hands of its most inveterate enemies. The result was not difficult to foresee. It was one among the many "felicities" which marked the early career

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of Napoleon. He trusted, not without reason, to the torpor, inefficiency, and corruption of the Austrian ministry.

At length Russia and Austria did declare war upon France. But it was still doubtful to which side Prussia, Bavaria, Würtenberg, and Baden would incline. While the dispositions of these powers, whom it was so important to conciliate, were yet in suspense, the Austrian general, Prince Schwartzenberg, nevertheless, entered Munich, and peremptorily demanded that the Bavarian troops should immediately join those under his command; offering in return the protection and guaranty of Austria;—Austria, which for centuries had never for an instant renounced its projects on Bavaria! The unfortunate elector, unable either to trust these invaders or to resist them, wrote with his own hand, to "entreat on his knees" (kniefällig) to be allowed to maintain his neutrality, for that his son was travelling in France. "A father, overwhelmed with terror and despair, implores mercy for his son!" He hastened, however, to Würzburg to call out his Franconian troops; and on the same day the Austrian army crossed the Inn, in grand divisions, "to take up the fine position of Ulm!" levying contributions on their way, and paying Bavarian peasants with Austrian paper money, which in Austria itself was not worth thirty per cent. After this, who can wonder at the alienation of Bavaria from the common cause of Germany, or the alacrity with which she joined the banner of France?

It cannot be supposed that the keen eye of Napoleon overlooked the advantages which the conduct of German to German thus threw into his hands. "The invasion of Bavaria," said his ambassabor, "sufficiently demonstrates what are the designs of Austria." And Napoleon declared, "that he would *defend the independence and security of Germany, against Austria.*" To Würtenberg and Baden, Austria merely announced her regret that she could afford them no protection; they must decide for themselves what to do in this extremity. Ney was before Stuttgart, and demanded contributions. The elector replied, that he could not comply with the terms proposed. "But your country can," replied Napoleon, "and *I will protect you against your estates.*" Würtenberg and Baden soon followed the example of Bavaria, and joined Napoleon.

The first great blow fell upon Austria. The 30th of October witnessed Mack's capitulation at Ulm. On the 2d December, the battle of Austerlitz was fought: and with that disastrous battle, Francis gave up all for lost. The emperor of Germany resolved to go in person to the enemy's head-quarters, to sue for peace. He went, accompanied by one aide-de-camp. His air—never remarkable for dignity or grace—was now such as to inspire pity. In this abject state the head of the holy Roman empire was received by Napoleon, surrounded by all his generals, and invested with all the pomp of supreme power. The conqueror, however, was gracious; and not only forgave him, but promised him peace "on reasonable terms." The first of these was, the immediate removal of the Russian troops from Austria. It is affirmed by an eye-witness of the scene, that the emperor, on his return from this humiliating conference, expressed his satisfaction at being relieved from one fear; namely, *that Bonaparte should ask the hand of the Archduchess Maria Louisa for Eugene, Viceroy of Italy.* "No," exclaimed he; "sooner should he have stripped me of everything —I would rather have become a private gentleman!"

Throughout the whole of this time, Prussia had been vacillating. Had she been able to throw into the scale the moral weight of disinterestedness and justice, she might perhaps, even then, have imposed peace on Europe. But her conduct, especially with regard to Hanover, had deprived her of this preponderance. Her anxiety for neutrality was ascribed to weakness; and her efforts to preserve peace were turned against her by both parties.

Her prime-minister, Haugwitz, was dispatched to congratulate Napoleon on his victory over Austria; and the reception he met with was as insulting as his errand was despicable. "You want to be the allies of all the world!" said the haughty conqueror—adding, that he would forgive what was past on one condition: Prussia must immediately form an indissoluble union with France, and, as a pledge of her sincerity, occupy Hanover. On the 15th December, Haugwitz accordingly signed a treaty, containing the following clause:—"Prussia takes Hanover; giving Ansbach to Bavaria, Cleves and Neuchatel to France." On returning to Berlin from this sorry mission, the minister was insulted in the king's antechamber, and his house nearly pulled down by the exasperated populace; the court, with the exception of the king, showed so marked an aversion to him, that he actually entreated the king not to ratify the treaty, and to allow him to retire from his service. But what availed all this? The cabinet, after long deliberation, decided "to occupy Hanover for the present!" Every step taken plunged the country into deeper embarrassment; friends were alienated, and foes embittered.

On the 26th December, the Emperor Francis concluded the peace of Presburg, bought with enormous sacrifices. Immediately after the fall of Ulm, the elector arch-chancellor had issued an address, appealing to the patriotism of all good Germans "to endeavor to maintain the unity of the empire, and obedience to its ancient laws." But already, as we have seen, Baden, Würtenberg, and Bavaria, had allied themselves with Napoleon; the two latter had received from him the title of king, the former that of grand-duke, with the condition of "absolute sovereignty, the same as that of Austria and Prussia," attached to the new crowns. And all this had been done without any reference to the diet of the empire. The empire was indeed defunct.

Then followed the intermarriages of the sover-

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eign houses with the Corsican family, in which Bavaria led the way. The princes of Germany became the courtiers of the Tuileries: where the hard hands of soldiers of fortune were never tired of grasping the bribes, which, wrung from the wretched people of Germany, were to be spent in riveting their chains. On the 12th July, 1806, sixteen German princes signed the act of the confederation of the Rhine, which Napoleon ratified on the 19th. A few days afterwards, the emperor Francis abdicated the throne of Germany. Once more—once, and no more—did "the elected Roman emperor, in all times the augmentor of the empire," (*Mehrer des Reichs,*) speak to Germany. He said, "We hold it due to our principles and our honor to renounce a throne which could have value in our eyes only so long as we were able to respond to the confidence reposed in us by the electors, princes, and estates, and to fulfil our obligations towards them," &c. &c.

The sixteen princes above mentioned now formed a league of independent sovereigns. Frankfurt was to be the seat of the confederation and its discussions. The fundamental statutes, or constitution, of this body never appeared; but Napoleon became its protector, "solely from pacific motives," &c. &c.; and a treaty of alliance was concluded between the confederate princes and "the French empire." They were rewarded with additional territory, and with other marks of favor. The dominions of sixty-seven princes and counts, immediate feudatories of the empire, the lands of the two great religious orders, the cities of Frankfurt and Nürnberg, were partitioned out among the sixteen. The other German sovereigns were told that they were free to join the confederation.

Having thus secured his tools, Napoleon took care that they should be efficient ones; and that they should never be able to allege want of power to extort from their subjects whatever it might suit him to demand. He declared that he did not acknowledge the constitution of the empire; but acknowledged the "*souveraineté entière et absolue*" of each prince. The emperor Francis had already absolved all the estates of the empire, the members of the imperial chamber, (Reichskammergericht,) and the other servants of the empire, from their oath and allegiance; so that Germany was now broken up into as many separate states as remained unincorporated in the confederation of the Rhine.

Such was the end—such the unhonored obsequies of the most ancient and august empire of the German nation; once the pride of Christendom, and the shield of a brave and loyal people! So long as the name even of a supreme head of the empire remained, the people, however divided by dynastic interests, had a point of political unity, and a claim on the protection of his imperial majesty the chief of the empire.

"Now were felt," says Arndt, "the sins of the last five or ten years. The corruption, the ruin, was complete and overwhelming. The princes withdrew from the struggle for the common cause of Germany. Cowardly and rapacious, they saw not what they lost. The people were dishonored and insulted; the ancient fortresses pulled down; Germany lay defenceless, divided and bleeding;—great in nothing but recollections. On the other side, the enemy built forts and castles, bridges and custom-houses; lorded it over the Rhine and its princes; tore citizens from their homes in the midst of peace to lawless executions, and ordered German sovereigns to Paris and Maintz like valets. The last feeling of honor and nationality was dead."

"It seemed to be understood," adds Droysen in the same spirit, "that the fall of the empire involved the abolition of all territorial rights and institutions; that the declaration of absolute sovereignty which Napoleon had launched against Germany, was of force to free her princes from all the checks and obligations, in virtue of which they held the inheritance of their forefathers. They had now, indeed, absolute sovereignty in name, but which of them was strong enough to assert it against external aggression! They had been eager to shake off the legitimate supremacy of their emperor; now the iron yoke of a foreign 'protector' was on their necks, and they were fain to seek compensation for the perpetual humiliations to which they were exposed, in arbitrary acts towards the subjects whom he had delivered over to their caprice, or to the still worse oppressions which he might choose to enjoin upon them.

"We shall see hereafter the good that sprang out of all this evil; but that was furthest from the intentions of the despot. All that he desired was, to extort supplies from these princes and their lands; to break them in to obedience, to hold them in complete subjection. Shortly after the peace of Presburg, when new misunderstandings with Austria arose, and Napoleon required that the whole French army should be fed by Germany, the king of Würtemberg resisted the demands of the French general; on which he was told that 'he owed so much to the emperor, that he ought to esteem himself fortunate in an opportunity of showing his gratitude.'

"Yet even now Germany had not reached the lowest depth of degradation; she had to be trodden out and winnowed before she could be regenerated. Not that the *people* were morally degraded; they had will, force, and indignation, but their habitual sense of duty to their rulers kept them quiet; they had no other way of displaying their moral strength than by endurance."

We give this on the authority not only of M. Droysen, but of numerous other writers. We must confess, however, that highly as we value the "habitual sense of duty to rulers," as well as the faculty of "endurance" when calamity is inevitable, it does seem to us that these virtues were pushed to a very remarkable extent, considering the intolerable provocation, and the great length of time during which it was borne. A people trained in greater freedom of thought and independence of action would have sooner seen that the moment for duty to rulers who had forgotten all duty to them, was over; and that the time for spontaneous action had arrived. Without, therefore, in the least degree undervaluing the heroic patriotism displayed by Germany in 1812 and 1813, we should be glad to see a little less tendency in modern German writers, especially Prussians, to the old

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vice of self-laudation. They did, at last, what all men *must* do, whose country labors under an insufferable yoke; and they did it with steady devotedness: but it must be remembered that the conqueror's star was then no longer in the ascendant; and that he had begun to give proof of that heaven-sent madness which is the harbinger of perdition. We have spoken of the corruption and backwardness of Austria; but Austria alone, under her great captain, the illustrious Archduke Charles, dared to stand up against Napoleon single-handed, while in the very height of his yet unbroken power. The truth is, that the whole country was feeble and languid, and, for a time, paralyzed. Goethe says, in a letter dated 1804, "The whole of Germany is divided among the mischievous, the timorous, and the indifferent." Droysen's expression would appear to countenance the writers who assume a totally different moral condition in the people, and in the higher classes; always (need we say?) to the disadvantage of the latter. But Stein and W. von Humboldt, Scharnhorst and Gneisenau—the men who never despaired of their country, and at length saved it—were not men of the people; nor, admirably as the people obeyed their call, do we find any trace of an attempt at spontaneous movement among them. It is time that these class antipathies should be consigned to the same contempt as national antipathies—whenever they rest upon no better basis.

The only instructive inquiry is, what were the means, by which a nation, once conspicuous for hardihood and energy, had been brought into this state of feebleness and lethargy. Among the causes usually assigned, we find, long and fierce religious wars; frequent struggles between the nobles and the people; an exclusive municipal spirit, leading to the isolation of interests and sympathies; in short, the long and general distraction, by which the country had been physically and morally wearied, bewildered, and exhausted.

"For a long time," says a German writer, "the opulent and pacific inhabitants of the imperial cities had been well content to purchase immunity from all warlike toils, by hiring bands of mercenaries, led by noble, often princely, *condottieri*. Such a soldiery was, of course, eminently unnational, and consequently wholly without political ideas or attachments. Indeed, the character of the century extending from the thirty years' war to that of the French revolution, was one of feebleness and indifference. Even the wars partook of this character. No great principle—not even an earnest popular feeling—was engaged in them. The French revolutionary war once more showed the world how unconquerable is an army inspired by an idea."

But it is impossible to form any just opinion of a country so extensively and profoundly subject to intellectual influences as Germany, without taking into account the state and tendencies of its literature. If it be true that the literature of a nation must always be the exponent of its character and sentiments, it is no less true that it powerfully reacts on them; and of this, we think, proof enough is not wanting at this day. It is important, therefore, to learn what literary tastes had been formed, and what literary influences exercised, at the period immediately preceding the French revolution.

Towards the end of the last century, the higher classes of Germany "had sunk their own nationality in that of France." While the noble language which Luther had built up, was almost ignored by "good society" and regarded as a plebeian dialect, Frederic the Great had done all he could to give currency and authority to the literature of France, then at the pinnacle of its brilliancy, and also of its profligacy. The result could not be doubtful: for Germany had little to oppose to the foreign torrent, nor could that little obtain a hearing among the more authoritative classes of society. So deeply seated, however, was the unchangeable dissimilarity of the two nations, that the views of life and society which were thus introduced, assumed a totally different color in passing through their new medium. Licentiousness took a form in Germany suited to the speculative, poetical, and affectionate character of the people.

In all the Teutonic races, however otherwise modified, the paramount importance attached to domestic life and the domestic relations, is that perhaps by which they are most distinguished from the nations of Roman descent. Thus in France marriage had come to be regarded without hesitation, as a matter of external convenience and utility. Making no appeal to the sentiments, and possessing no inward force or sanctity, it furnished the romance writer or the dramatist with a groundwork for the gay and amusing intricacies of his plot, or with an interminable theme for wit and satire, bright and hard as tempered steel. This ticklish question, once put upon the anvil for discussion, was very differently handled in Germany. The relation between the sexes there became the subject of refined analysis and intrepid logic. Writers and readers shrank from no novelty and no paradox. The imagination, feelings, and passions were systematically withdrawn from the control of reason, whose jurisdiction in "affairs of the heart" was denied altogether; and from traditionary morality, which was regarded as blind and narrow prejudice. Almost every relation and condition of social life was called in question, and grave practical problems were propounded, more frequently (need we add?) than solved.

An institution or estate preëminently requiring the perpetual presence of good sense, self-control, moderate expectations, and a firm and humble preparation for evil and weary hours, was not likely to fare better in the hands of the speculative sentimentalists of Germany, than in those of the scoffing wits of France. Every form of tedium and unhappiness which marriage can bring, has accordingly been exhibited by them, and every conceivable mode of escape or mitigation, direct or indirect, suggested. They did not wait till personal suffering had misled the most eloquent of living French writers into that *impasse*, or till the feebler herd of her admirers and imitators had invited the public to the spectacle of their sorrows and disappoint-

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ments. A tone of whining sentimentality was thus given to books and men—the worst, because the most insiduous form that selfishness can assume. "The history of the human heart," says an ingenious critic,* "as it manifests itself in the individual, was held to be more important than the history of mankind. Vanity and affectation were called into play to enhance the effect of these new creations. The poison of sentimentality, (*Empfindelei*,) generated by peculiar circumstances in a body originally robust, spread, and caused an epidemy which is still not entirely eradicated from Germany, so prone to catch this disease, and to exhibit it under the most singular forms." At the time of the publication of Goethe's *Werther*, the national mind was in a peculiarly morbid and susceptible state. What reader of German is not familiar with the strange appearances of the "*Sturm und Drang Periode?*" The discussion of public questions, the participation in public business, (at once the fruitful source, and the safe employment, of a nation's energy,) were forbibden to the people of Germany; yet it was impossible that they should not feel the vibration of that earthquake which shook the foundations of every received opinion and every established institution. The result was a sort of feeble fermentation; a morbid enthusiasm, (*Schwärmerei*,) of which the small world of self was the object;—an eternal "subjective" study;—and, at the same time, an uneasy consciousness of weakness, and a dread of every assault of truth and reason, whence alone healing could come. Men seemed designedly to lay aside all virility of character, and to outdo the weakest woman in flaccid self-abandonment. Fortitude, energy, self-control, were treated as proofs of a hard, cold, prosaic nature, and were looked on with scorn. "The influence of *Werther*," says Professor Wolff, "was incomparably greater on the life, than on the literature, of that period."

The good sense which was preëminent among the many gifts showered on Goethe, soon led him to perceive all that was false and pernicious in his own work. With his usual "subjective" way of looking at things, (not to use a harsher word,) Goethe always treated the production of *Werther* as a sort of morbid crisis—a means of throwing off certain peccant moral humors, of which he was well pleased to be rid. But he was implacable towards those who set themselves to ape and caricature what had burst from him as a real, and, as he declared, painful confession. The contempt with which he always spoke of the "*Literatur der Empfindsamkeit*," is well known; but, unfortunately, poisons operate more rapidly and more potently than antidotes; nor did all his scorn of the sentimental school correct the mischief done by his own beautiful creation.

The grace and power with which it is written are so incomparable, that it would prove little against a people to have been carried away by it; but what can explain or justify the success of such a book as *Woldemar?* This success would be the most astonishing thing in the world, were not the production of it by a serene and virtuous philosopher—Jacobi—more astonishing still. Such a symptom shows the height to which the disease had gone. The intense weariness and disgust with which we toiled through it, lead us to believe that very few of our readers have submitted to a similar labor. We may, therefore, be excused for dwelling a few moments on a work about which volumes were in its day written, and over which, no doubt, rivers of tears were shed. Its prime characteristic is falsehood. There is not a person who is natural or true, nor an action that is probable. The men, especially the hero, have no vestige of the manly character—not even manly vices; their "normal state" is that of a nervous, fantastic woman; their emotions are paroxysms of hysterical and impotent violence; they weep, sob, kneel, fall on the sofa, on each other's necks, on the necks of all their pure and sublime heroines, sometimes for joy, sometimes for sorrow—sometimes, as it seems to us, without any assignable reason; for there are no tragical incidents, nor even any natural passions to account for these demonstrations. All the distresses in the book are the offspring of selfishness and vanity, nursed into a sort of madness; and concurring with weak nerves, weak intellects, a thorough prostration of character, and a thorough perversion of views. We beg not to be understood to share the odious and cynical notion of the impossibility of friendship between persons of different sexes. Such friendships are, we know, not only not impossible—they are not rare; but they must be established on reasonable grounds, and conceived by reasonable persons. The assumption that a passion called friendship, which absorbs the whole being, and renders life intolerable out of the sight of its object, can be entertained without prejudice to conjugal fidelity, or to maiden freedom and purity, is the thing which renders this book peculiarly absurd, mischievous, and, at the same time, characteristic. Licentious books, written by vicious men, are unfortunately confined to no nation; they are of the nature of open warfare, and he who reads them knows to what he exposes himself; but this complete misstatement of every-day facts, these radically false and impracticable views of the nature, duties, and position of either sex, inculcated by a man of unblemished life, and not only acquiesced in, but admired by numbers of worthy people, is a national *Erscheinung* worthy of remark. The taste for such pernicious distortion is gone by; and so is the state of morals of which it was at once the offspring and the nurse. We are sorry we have not room for some admirable remarks upon *Woldemar* by Frederic Schlegel. And yet, who that reads them would believe that they are written by the author of a work so notoriously immoral, that we have seen its title used to qualify the lax and vicious period preceding the French invasion? The expression, *die Lucinde Zeit*—"the Lucinda time"—sufficiently marks the sensation it created,

* Wolff. Allgemeine Geschichte des Romans. Jena.

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and the reprobation it called forth. In this case, however, the author's domestic relations, as well as those of several of his friends, were of the most irregular and experimental kind; and of these his novel may be taken to be a sort of defence. It enjoyed a degree of popularity, and excited a degree of controversy, which are totally inexplicable from any beauty or merit it possesses. Nothing, indeed, but the necessity of appreciating the state of the public mind indicated by its whilom reputation, would enable any one now to go through the task of reading, or trying to read it. It is now fallen into deserved neglect. We observe with satisfaction, that sensible people who lived through those times, do not affect to separate public men from private virtues, by the broad line sometimes attempted to be drawn between them. They perceived that the whole nation was enfeebled; and the self-indulging character of private life went far to prepare sober and far-sighted men for the public ruin.

Were we disposed at present to exhibit German sentimentalism on its ludicrous side, matter enough is at hand; but this is not the time or place for it. We cannot, however, refuse our readers one little trait recorded by Hoffmann, whose satirical spirit revelled in what was passing around him.

When he was in Bamberg in 1808, the Princess of Neufchatel, daughter of the Duke of Bavaria, who was residing there, came to visit her father. The director of the theatre wanted to celebrate her birth-day, and requested Hoffman to write a prologue. He says:—

"I threw together a heap of vulgar sentimentality, composed music to suit, and it was represented;—lights, horns, echoes, mountains, rivers, trees with names carved on them, flowers, garlands—nothing was spared. It took amazingly, and I received thirty carolines from the princess' mother, for the emotion I had procured her, (*für die verschaffte Rührung*,) accompanied with very gracious expressions. At a certain passage in the prologue —'I went—I flew—I rushed into her arms!' (an enormously fine climax)—the mother and daughter embraced weeping, in the ducal box! The prologue had also pleased the public, and was demanded for another day. The ducal personages again appeared in their box, and, at the same passage, wept and embraced with the greatest punctuality! whereupon the public testified their satisfaction by loud clapping of hands. My heart laughed within me."

We cannot leave this subject without remarking, that these deplorable weaknesses were connected with some of the most admirable and engaging peculiarities of the German character. The days are coming, nay, are already come, when literature and philosophy will cease to play the great part in Germany which have long distinguished that country from all others—in how many respects to its infinite advantage! The days, however, we fear, are coming, when the free natural expression of the affections will be "unmanly," and when the embraces and tears of a parting mother will be avoided, as "a scene." It is, we fear, true, that a great and widely diffused political activity, an exciting public life, are almost incompatible with the high station occupied in Germany by literature and art. They have been her queens; they must now sink into her playthings. The nation, like a jealous parent, will claim the thoughts of all her stronger sons, and will leave the culture of letters and arts to the less energetic. It is also, we fear, true, that virility and firmness of character are apt to degenerate into hardness, and that the feelings are not habitually suppressed without prejudice to their tenderness and force;—at any rate, to that child-like reliance on sympathy which has so great a charm. Germany—the Germany of our early love and our imagination—will cease to be: her ingenuous weaknesses, and her towering superiority, will equally disappear. We could weep like the heroes of her novels, when we think that the singularities we have sometimes laughed at, and always loved, (springing as they do from sweet and noble sources,) will be swept away by the tide of "public business." But this is one of the dilemmas which present themselves at every turn in human life; calling forth the fruitless lamentations of those who want to combine impossible conditions, which reasonable men weigh, when choice is within their power, accepting the inevitable alternative with resignation when it is not.

We anticipate a little in giving the following description of the influences of literature in Immermann's student-days, which fell within the period of the French domination, when higher and more earnest thoughts had begun to occupy men's minds:—

"Lessing was somewhat out of fashion. His adorers were to be found among men of a maturer age. But Klopstock was by no means so neglected. It was esteemed a sacred duty to have the Messiah by one, and, if possible, to master the first ten books. His odes gave us no trouble; they filled us with a sort of rapture. Wieland's elegant raillery passed with us for the flower of wisdom. Voss' *Louisa* was in high honor; above all, Schiller and Goethe, the former dead a year before the national downfall, and still beaming in the full glow of the sunset; the latter, living, and sowing the richest treasures in the furrows of the miserable times."

He makes some very true and ingenious remarks on the origin and nature of German poetry; on its peculiar subjectivity, and the political causes which gave it that character.

"It was peculiarly adapted," he continues, "to be the consolation of an oppressed people. Goethe and Schiller were the two apostles whose preaching elevated the German people to courage and to hope. The relation in which the youth of Germany stood to their great writers, was one of passionate affection. They appeared to us saints, whose footsteps it was the highest happiness to behold. Criticism was not thought of by the young men of that day; nor were our eyes distracted. Literature formed our only intellectual food. The arts of design, which now occupy so many minds, were never even mentioned among us."

Literature, at that dismal period, nurtured the progeny by which it is doomed to be dethroned. The youthful minds, which it exalted to heroism and strung for action, devoted their newly awa-

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kened energies to the deliverance of their country on the field of battle. The stimulus then given to the national spirit (unlike the vicious excitements of aggression and conquest) strengthened, instead of exhausting it; and from henceforth it will demand, and will obtain, the employment of its energies in the duties of public life.

The causes we have thus briefly glanced at, were in operation throughout Germany. We must now examine rather more closely those which were peculiar to Prussia; as that power must necessarily occupy the most prominent part in any history of the times. Her faults contributed the most largely to the common ruin of Germany; and her energy, and unconquerable perseverance, to its emancipation. Her disgrace was the deepest, her resentment the most ardent, her triumphs the most brilliant. There is, we may add, another reason why Austria and Prussia, if equal in merit, will never be so in renown. Prussia has a hundred tongues where Austria has one; and a taste for celebrity—her enemies say, for self-celebration—to which her stately elder sister is an utter stranger. The difference, the antagonism, between these two hations will probably never be effaced; nor is it to be desired that either should lose so much of its individuality as to resemble the other. At the time we are looking back to, however, it was not difference, but hostility, that prevailed between them.

"Germany," says Arndt, "had become a field on which the pretensions of the two great powers—the old and the new—the time-hallowed traditions of the empire which hung about Austria, and the vigor, enterprise, and ambition of the youthful kingdom of Prussia were to be decided. They were decided in favor of the latter; but at what a cost of common national feeling! How many seeds of hatred and jealousy were then sown, the bitter harvest of which was abundantly reaped by the victor! South and Middle Germany, the fruitful mother of arts, poetry, and letters, saw with dislike and resentment the attempt to throw her into the shade. The forced fruits of the cold and sandy soil of the north, chiefly transplanted from France, were distasteful to them. Frederic the Great had established academies, and hired poets and philosophers; but most of them were foreigners, and the better and nobler among my countrymen could learn nothing from men they hated."

Prussia had lost in popularity as much as she had gained in power. The part she took in the peace of Basel, the partition of Poland, and the acquisitions called indemnities, but generally regarded as spoliations, had alienated from her the hearts of Germany. Nor were the manners of her people, and especially of her soldiery, calculated to cast a veil over her offensive superiority, or to conciliate those whom she had injured and overborne. It is impossible to deny that even now Prussia is regarded with more respect than cordiality by Southern Germany. This feeling, we are convinced, really has its source in that "incompatibility of temper" for which there is notoriously no cure; yet, at the time in question, the overbearing spirit, the manners at once unbending and coarse of the Prussian army, and the pretensions of the Prussian government, had heightened this incompatibility into fear and hatred.

"In 1792," says the venerable Jacobs of Gotha, "the first body of Prussian troops marched through Gotha to the Rhine—the first scene of what a tragedy! While in the common men the feeling of honor was extinguished by servile treatment, and only habit and fear bound them to their banners, their officers, the majority of whom had never looked an enemy in the face, spoke with sneering contempt of Napoleon's army. 'They havn't seen Prussians yet!' said they; 'if this forced inactivity were now at an end, the victory would soon be ours—a victory probably only too easy to be honorable.' To doubt of this was not permitted; any mention of the series of victories won by the French, was treated with scorn, and, if persisted in, punished with blows. I remember hearing that an old general in some company asked the ladies, with French *fatuité*, whether they would not favor him with some commissions for Paris?—and that a major, before the battle of Jena, boasted 'that he would make that scoundrel Bonaparte his groom.' Nor was this all. The officers behaved as if in a conquered country, without the least regard to decency or propriety, even towards the Duke of Saxe Gotha himself, or his capital. They lived in contemptible indolence and boundless debauchery; followed maid-servants in an evening into the very houses of their masters, and forced themselves by violence into private societies, where they created disturbances—all with the connivance of their superiors, who did not venture to listen to any complaint. On the 16th of October, the same boasters reäppeared in Gotha as prisoners, weary and disarmed, escorted by a small party of voltigeurs."

One of the best and clearest accounts of the state of the Prussian court, army, and people, just before the breaking out of the war with France, is to be found in the Memoirs of Freiherr von S——a. It is to be regretted that the important matter contained in this very clever and interesting book is hung together by a sort of story, which diminishes its value, and gives to the most authentic statements and just opinions an air of fiction.

"It was," says the author, "extremely important at that time to ascertain accurately the dispositions of the Prussian court and people; for, even where the people have no constitutional character, their voice becomes of the greatest weight, as soon as their culture is so far advanced that they can hardly tolerate a government which does not share their own social and political character and ideas. This was now unquestionably the case in Berlin—among the people, upon whom the government of Frederic the Great had produced effects very different from those which he intended.

"I ask myself," he continues, "what the state of public opinion in Prussia at that time really was; and I find the answer very difficult.

"It has often been said that the French army had caught a sort of intoxication, together with ideas of true liberty, from fighting in America. The Prussian was in a wild ferment in consequence of having returned from the field without fighting. It was manifest that Frederic's times had given

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them an impulse, the motive force of which lay partly in the personal character of the great monarch, partly in the consciousness of the exertions by which success had been obtained. As this influence was no more, and the spirit which prompted those exertions had gradually subsided, whence should a people without public life, without that daily excitement which is kept alive by a constitutional government, derive any permanent and genuine public spirit? A pride built on mere ancestry became the necessary substitute for it; and especially in the army, since Frederic II. had chiefly appealed to the feeling of honor peculiar to the officers, as men of birth. To this they clung; and an inert posterity regarded the glorious deeds of their ancestors in the Seven Years' War as a family inheritance. But this view of the matter, and the pretensions which they founded upon it, were wholly at variance with the spirit which had arisen towards the close of the century. Both as officers of the heroic age of Frederic, (which they assumed, though without any ground, to be,) and as nobles, they were exasperated at the rising military glory of the French. They took credit for whatever was brilliant in the short contest of Prussia with the French people, at the beginning of the revolution; and the little tendency the result of this contest had to raise the reputation of the Prussian arms, was thrown on the incapacity of their leaders; but still more on the misconduct of foreign powers. 'Let Prussia,' said they, 'but once enter the lists with France, and the superiority of her high-born officers, of the school of Frederic the Great, over the French bourgeois troops, would soon appear.' Nobody even asked the question whether there was any spirit among the common soldiers. It is certain that the only enthusiasm felt by the troops had been for the person and the deeds of the great king. I am aware that such recollections long retain their influence over the common people—an influence which governments ought sedulously to perpetuate and strengthen by education. But mere recollections, however glorious, are not sufficient to excite popular enthusiasm; they are not even comparable, in this respect, to the feeling of ancestry, which is more concentred, and acts upon minds of greater refinement. The only means of working on the Prussian soldier, was through his hatred and contempt of the French; and even these had greatly subsided, since many seductive accounts of the new civil institutions, the constitution of the army, &c., in France, had reached the ears of the Prussian soldiers. The general spirit of the troops was, therefore, directly opposed to that of their officers—an opposition leading inevitably to fatal results in case of a war with France.

"But the disposition of the common soldier formed no element of public opinion in Prussia. How, indeed, could it find an utterance, where it had no constitutional organ, and where silent obedience was still exacted from the whole people? In this absence of all popular voice, the officers assumed, with the greater arrogance, to have their opinions regarded as constituting public opinion; and they succeeded the more easily, since the most aristocratic corps were quartered in Potsdam and Berlin. Such a mixture of bravery and insolence, of honor and debauchery, of attempts at elegant manners, and turbulent offensive behavior, as was exhibited in the persons of these officers, must be witnessed to be believed—it cannot be described. The one thing which chiefly distinguished them all was, contempt of the middle classes; a fine horse they prized above the most estimable man; and they thought they should have easy work with the French, because they were officered by *roturiers*.

"Strong as were the king's military tastes, he had nothing in common with this spirit. Everything showy, noisy, and boastful, was utterly distasteful to him. He had no vanity, and least of all was he disposed to plume himself on the deeds and fame of his ancestors. He was, therefore, wholly unfit to be the hero of such officers; and though this certainly did him no dishonor, yet it had its disadvantages. He was too quiet and amiable to put down their inflated arrogance with a strong hand.

"There was, however, a prince of the royal blood who might be regarded as the impersonation of the officer spirit of that time. Brave to fool-hardiness—equally endowed with brilliant qualities, and prone to admire them in others—prouder of his personal advantages than of his rank, and yet very proud of being a prince of Prussia—celebrated for his grace and address in all bodily exercises—highly gifted with the talent most fitted to charm society, music—a passionate admirer of women, and estimating voluptuousness above purity of morals—liberal often to munificence, but never restrained by a strict sense of justice—burning with military glory, rather than assiduous in acquiring military science, and regarding the new order of things in France with equal contempt and hatred—Prince Louis Ferdinand was most justly regarded by the officers of the guards, and those like them, as the ideal of a youthful hero and a Prussian officer. He was the loudest organ of what was then called public opinion in Prussia; and around him congregated all the various elements of society in Berlin, to whom hatred of the French served as a common point of attraction. Among them were the celebrated historian, Johannes von Müller,* and another historian, more known as a statesman and philosopher, Ancillon. Müller seems never to have possessed the smallest personal dignity. He submitted to be the butt of Prince Louis and his companions. This renders his subsequent career intelligible, and his fall less shocking than it would otherwise be. Ancillon, who, in virtue of his descent and his profession, affected a sort of polish, half clerical, half French, combined with German '*Humanität*,' disliked Napoleon as he disliked Luther. He thought him vulgar, tasteless, and proud.

"It may easily be imagined, that a tone given by such a prince of the blood as Louis Ferdinand to a swarm of brilliant officers of the highest rank, and by two such writers as Müller and Ancillon—the organs of learning among the higher classes—was ardently caught by them, especially since it flattered all their interests and prejudices.

"No means were left untried to induce the queen to declare loudly her aversion to the French, and her views and habits of thinking naturally inclined her that way; but her disposition was too kindly and gentle for hatred, and the king's entire reserve on the subject imposed a restraint on her. It was not till Napoleon, who supposed her to be the leader of the party he detested, attacked her with bitterness and brutality, that she really became what he believed her. Till that time, the Princess Louisa

* We shall quote hereafter a melancholy picture of this eminent writer, but feeble and unprincipled man, bowed to the earth under the shame of French favors and French decorations. M. Ancillon was descended from a French refugee family, and himself a Protestant minister. He was, as is well known, tutor to the present King of Prussia.

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Radzivil, sister of Prince Louis, might with greater justice be regarded as the soul of the female opposition to Napoleon in Prussia. Princess William,* incapable of taking any part in intrigue, might be considered the personification of the German nature, as opposed to the French. It was easy, from the manner in which a woman expressed herself concerning the court of St. Cloud, to distinguish whether she belonged to the circle of Princess Louisa or Princess William. The former spoke with scorn and derision of the *parvenu* court; the latter, with the sort of shudder which an evil and impure spirit excites; and this difference, more or less, pervaded the whole female society of Berlin, which was almost without an exception eager for the war.

"Among the men, on the other hand, and especially the most respected and eminent statesmen, many were opposed to it. They weighed with prudent deliberation the civil and military condition of France against that of Prussia; they well knew that the spirit of Frederic the Great was extinct, and that all which he had kept in vigor and efficiency now subsisted in form alone, and they dreaded any kind of shock to so unsound a fabric. Men of this kind are never loud, and their voices were accordingly hardly heard in the storm of public excitement."

Such representations of the moral state of the Prussian army extracted from the works of civilians might easily be corroborated by a hundred others. But we had rather give one from the pen of a thorough soldier. Trained in the preposterous discipline of Frederic William II., he had full proof what men reduced to the condition of machines are worth in the hour of peril. He not only witnessed, but shared, their inglorious overthrow; and he also lived to see coxcombs and puppets converted by misfortune into earnest and intrepid soldiers. At the age of seventy-one, Count Henkel of Donnersmark has lately published a simple and soldier-like statement of the facts which came under his own observation in the course of his long military career; relating nothing, as he expressly says, but what he himself saw and heard He is, fortunately, entirely without literary pretension; and tells his story with a homely air of truth, and a genial mixture of earnestness and humor. His observations show good sense, and his sentiments are those of a brave, loyal, and humane man.

Count Henkel was born at Potsdam in 1775, "in the house next to the Garde-du-corps barracks, which belonged to my father." His father was a lieutenant-general;—the young man was born, as well as bred, to arms. His memoirs begin with an exact account of the life of a young Prussian officer of his day. No discipline was ever better adapted to substitute the kind of intelligence which the horse-breaker or dog-trainer calls into action, in the place of human discrimination and reason. "Politics were never so much as spoken of among the young officers; a newspaper seldom or never seen; remarks upon an order, let it come from what source it might, were not even thought of." But if the mind was left completely waste and inert, the body and its covering were objects of the most elaborate care. "The stock of three fingers'-breadth, the four curls on each side the head, (frizzed and powdered of course,) the pigtail with a large cockade, were indispensable." How envied was that Captain von Schallenfels, of old Count Henkel's regiment, whose pigtail required seventy or eighty ells of ribbon to tie it, and trailed on the ground, so that he was obliged to tuck it into his coat-pocket on parade!

"We were always wishing for war," says Count Henkel; "with whom, was a matter of perfect indifference. It never occurred to anybody to reflect what the government was, or ought to be. We stood far more in awe of the inspector than of the king; and the annual visit of the former furnished the subject of all the thoughts, conversations, hopes and fears, of our little world for the whole year. We hardly knew where Berlin was; Königsberg was the 'residency;' and if any of us went thither on leave, he brought back all the news, and was regarded as a travelled man. There was a dragoon regiment quartered at Tilsit, a few miles from us; we never met; but that did not prevent our entertaining a mortal aversion to each other."

This, then, was the training of the military youth of Prussia, at the time that France was tempering the spirits of her sons in the furnace of the revolution!

But an enemy far inferior to the French would have proved an over-match for troops commanded by such officers as Count Henkel describes. In the year 1795, he says, he was present at a manœuvre where he became acquainted with all the staff-officers and *chefs d'escadron*. "It is worth while," he adds, "to describe them according to their rank in the army, to give an idea what the state of it was." His army-list begins thus:—"Lieutenant-General von Marwitz had the gout very badly, loved his ease, and abhorred exercise. He was seventy." Another had gout in both hands; another was obliged to be lifted on his horse; another was a corpulent *bon vivant*, "sorely incommoded by a brisk pace." As a set-off against the effeminacy of their habits, they never spoke without the fiercest oaths. The gouty General von Marwitz, in his easy chair and yellow satin slippers, received Henkel for the first time, with his customary preface, "*Mord Schwerenoth Donnerwetter, mon ami*," &c., &c.

"When King Frederic William II. died," says Count Henkel, "and Frederic William III. ascended the throne, the troops were assembled, as usual, to take the oath of allegiance to their new sovereign. Our colonel's speech on this occasion was remarkable. Here it is, word for word. 'His majesty Frederic William II. has been pleased to die. We have therefore to swear allegiance to a new king. What his name will be, whether Frederic William or Frederic, we can't exactly tell; but that does not signify. *Herr Gerichtschreiber*, read the oath aloud.'"

*Died 1846. A princess of Hessen Homburg—mother of Prince Waldemar. Thirty-five years after the period here referred to, she was still the perfect type of a German princess. It would have been equally impossible to mistake her country or her station.

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When we read these things, and think that within the lifetime of one man, these coarse, inane, and (as it proved) cowardly caricatures of soldiers, have been succeeded by the brave and accomplished men by whom the Prussian army is now officered, we see not only that the whole presiding spirit of the monarchy has undergone a vast and salutary change, but also, in how short a time such a change spreads through the whole body of a nation. Indeed, rapid as the progress has been in most of the countries of Europe within the last half century, in none is it so striking as in Prussia. A retrospect of fifty years seems to carry us back centuries.

The vague restlessness which precedes great political tempests was already in the air.

"It was a very unquiet time," says Count Henkel; "people were all greatly excited, and did not really know about what. The army with its mass of invalid staff officers, and its very few efficient generals, was calculated to inspire any sober man with alarm. The younger officers, however, did not think of this; they only wanted war; and some of those who composed the society of Prince Louis Ferdinand, were certainly guilty of excesses, though by no means such as Napoleon was pleased to impute to them. Prince Louis, full of unemployed talent, and thoroughly debauched, was constantly offending the king, who treated him with the utmost indulgence and kindness, spite of disorders which often merited severe punishment."

We have already given one portrait of this brilliant and highly gifted young man, of whom so much has been said and written by friend and foe. Whatever was the personal ascendancy he exercised, his historical importance is derived solely from his appearing as the representative of certain popular sentiments, which had a powerful and pernicious influence on the fortunes of Prussia. It is clear that the two cardinal points of man's character, good sense and principle, were wanting in his. His life would have been less useful to his country than was his death: that gave the first salutary shock to the empty dreams of the army, which beheld in him the type of its own fancied invincibility. But far different qualities were required in the man who was to endure, together with the people, the long and dreary winter of calamity that was at hand; and these, notwithstanding some shortcomings, were found in their less brilliant, but far more estimable king.

"The lax and profligate reign of Frederic William II." says a writer little inclined to king-worship, "had left the finances in a state which it would have required all the order and frugality of his successor to retrieve, even in times of peace. Trade was trammelled by guilds and privileges; the peasantry in a state of serfage; the middle classes constantly irritated and humiliated by the wanton insolence of the army. Nobody was so sensible of these abuses as the king; but his integrity and good sense wanted the vigorous self-reliance of sovereign spirits: he was restrained by tenderness towards old servants, and by fear of the effects of change on the tranquillity of the country. Temperate, simple, and virtuous himself, he had not sufficient energy to stem the torrent of licentiousness which had invaded court and city, and which the dangerous example of his cousin, and the still more dangerous tone of the reigning literature, rendered irresistible."

Even in the presumptuous season of youth, at the moment when everything was doing to blind and intoxicate him, the late king showed the same cautious and anxious temper; the same distrust of, and distaste for, loud and showy demonstrations. He had a clear perception of the danger impending over his country.

"In 1806," says Count Henkel, "before the battle of Jena, the king had a foresight of what was to come. While the wildest presumption reigned on every side, he said to me and another young officer, 'This cannot end well; the confusion is indescribable: the gentlemen (*die Herren*) will not believe this, and maintain that I am too young, and don't understand these matters. I wish I may be wrong.' He was right. It was impossible we should not be beaten."

But we must return to see what was passing at Berlin, and what were the diplomatic relations of Prussia with France.

"On the 25th August, 1806," says the Freiherr von S——a, "the French ambassador gave a dinner to the diplomatic corps and the highest Prussian officers of state, in celebration of Napoleon's birthday. Already might be heard the indistinct mutterings of that storm which broke over Prussia and the whole north of Germany in the autumn, and brought down upon the French government the curses of all German patriots. But, at this feast, Prussians and Germans drank to the Emperor Napoleon; though here and there the champagne passed untasted from the lips.

"The diplomatic corps at Berlin had at that time peculiar elements of coldness and dissension. At the beginning of the French revolution, the French embassy was regarded at all European courts as an inevitable evil, from which all shrank, and which all regarded as temporary; ridiculed with high-bred contempt, and looked at with curiosity to see how it was to end. Hence arose an unusual unity and cordiality among the other members of the diplomatic corps. But this was now entirely altered. Napoleon's ambassadors were no longer viewed as a passing evil, and many an envoy of the smaller courts already sheltered himself under their wings; while the ministers of the great powers behaved to them with such an overstrained politeness and suspicious friendliness, as I never saw at any other time. This ought, one might think, to have been peculiarly the case with the ambassador of Austria, whose position was the most threatening; but never did I see such an example of a brilliant address covering the profoundest policy, as in Count Metternich.

"The ambassador who was the object of all this suspicion, and the source of new divisions and coldness in the diplomatic corps, was, curiously enough, a man by nature inclined to peace, and delighting in frankness and honesty. M. Laforest was a Frenchman in heart and soul; but had not the slightest sympathy with Napoleon, and was irritated beyond measure at any attempt to ascribe the whole success of the French army to him. At bottom he felt much like his predecessor Bournonville, who, with

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military frankness or imprudence, repeatedly told the Queen of Prussia that he carefully preserved his cross of St. Louis! But in spite of Laforest's frankness and sincerity, he was still regarded as the spy of a hated government, the organ of hated demands; every little advantage which he gave was eagerly seized; and of course this reacted upon him, and his reports, both of the court of Berlin and the diplomatic body, certainly did not contribute to put Napoleon in good humor. The conferences between him and Haugwitz, the then minister of foreign affairs, must have been curious. Each sought to circumvent and mystify the other; and as the Prussian was as great a master of the art of spinning out smooth phrases, as the Frenchman was of solemn diplomatic declamation, and as France and Prussia were then trying *not* to understand each other, it is probable that these two statesmen often parted without being able to give their sovereigns any intelligible account of what had passed between them.

"Haugwitz might be taken as a sort of representative of the distractions of the time in which he lived, and of the struggle between the world which had been, and that which was to be. Alternately assuming the wildest debaucheries of the regency, and the most homely domestic life of Germany; driving into Italy with a coach load of mistresses, and then sitting for months by the side of his knitting-wife; he might be regarded as combining, in his own person, the social state which was in its last convulsive throes, and that which was to be born of ruin and suffering. Indued with talents which had had no proper training; too impatient or too indolent for science, he plunged into religious enthusiasm, magic, secret societies, intrigue, ambition, and sensuality, with all the desperate energy of ennui. Haugwitz had no political system; he had only one decided project, which was to keep the French out of Northern Germany:—as if there was any corner of Germany secure against French invasion, if all parts did not unite in repelling it! But he acted in contempt of his own principles, when he disregarded the pressing entreaties of Hanover for protection, and allowed that country to be occupied by the republican armies. This blunder was only less fatal or less disgraceful than the one by which it was succeeded—the yielding to the bribe offered by Napoleon, and making Prussia herself take possession of the Hanoverian territory. From that moment, Haugwitz's administration plunged the country into difficulties, from which nothing but a war with France, and all its train of disasters, could extricate it.

"The queen, who was from the first eager for war,* never could endure Haugwitz, and always believed him to be a traitor. Probably, had Hardenberg then had the direction of affairs, the Prussian army would have taken the field earlier, and the battle of Austerlitz might perhaps have been prevented."

We refer our readers to our last number, and also to Lang's description, for the character of the able and accomplished Hardenberg. He was at this time the idol of the people of Berlin, who serenaded him, expressly "because he had been for war." He had just been accused by the *Moniteur* of being "not insensible to English gold," and had retired from office.

We have already seen that Napoleon, determined to put an end to the king's vacillations, had compelled Prussia to take possession of Hanover, as the only means of effectually embroiling her with England, and binding her to himself. The king, indeed, still irresolute, had changed the word "possession" into "temporary occupation and administration;" so that while, on the one hand, Count Münster quitted the country with a bitter protest, on the other, Napoleon was incensed at the change, made Haugwitz wait five days at Paris for an audience, and then dismissed him—saying harshly, "The treaty is good for nothing now; we must begin all over again." He threatened war in case of disobedience, and the king had no alternative but to comply. England was incensed, as was expected, at the seizure of Hanover. George III. published a declaration of war, in which he expressed his regret that "Prussia's ancient spirit of honor and bravery was utterly extinct," and he declared, that "never, on no terms, would he cede a single village of his German dominions." The animosity against Prussia, long intense in the south of Germany, was now become equally so in the north. We find traces of this in all the memoirs of the time. Chamisso, who was with the Prussian army of occupation in Hanover, relates the following incident, in a letter to Varnhagen:—"I have not told you yet the story of my host, the miller of Wicherhausen. He had been forced to put his horses before ours, and drive us into the Westphalian territory; the sturdy fellow flogged them with all his might, calling out —'Pull then! pull! pull as hard as you can!—you are dragging the Prussians out of the country!'"

Yet, while Prussia had thus alienated her natural allies, she had by no means succeeded in inspiring Napoleon with confidence. He began to see that he might lose his prey after all; he saw the reluctance of the king, and he knew the bitter hatred of the people. He threw out a new lure—a confederation of the powers of Northern Germany, with the King of Prussia at their head, and with the title of Emperor of Northern Germany. "We too shall have our confederation," writes Haugwitz from Paris. But the end of all these tempting promises was, that Napoleon, without even consulting the king, offered to restore Hanover to England. Indignity could go no further. It was impossible that anybody in Prussia could now deceive himself as to the real position of the country. But she had no right to complain; there was in reality enough to justify Napoleon's distrust.

At length, on the 6th October, the war so clamorously demanded from the hesitating and foreboding king was declared; on the 8th, the first engagement took place; on the 10th, the hero of the war party, Prince Louis Ferdinand, fell at the battle of Saalfeld; on the 14th, the king received Napoleon's celebrated letter, reproaching

* We must defer to another occasion what we have to say respecting this remarkable woman. With respect to her inclinations, there is, we imagine, no doubt; though the testimony is very conflicting as to the degree to which she influenced, or sought to influence, the king.

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him with making "an impolitic war without the shadow of a pretext." This was on the battle-field of Jena.

Gladly leaving the contemplation of that and every other scene of carnage to those who delight in them, we will present our readers with one of the most faithful and instructive pictures we have ever met with, of the effects of war on the calm and sacred regions of domestic and social life. We shall see how they fare, trampled under the brutal feet of an invading army.

The amiable and excellent Professor Steffens, to whose autobiography we are indebted for these details, had been recently appointed to a chair in the University of Halle. He was living there with his young wife, in the peaceful cultivation of science, and in the enjoyment of the society of a small circle of friends and fellow laborers, the most distinguished of whom was the learned and eloquent Schleiermacher and his sister, afterwards the wife of the patriot poet, Arndt. In 1805, Steffens had become acquainted with several officers of high rank; and their character and conduct had already awakened his distrust.

"They were among those," he says, "who afterwards, panic-stricken by the war, betrayed the most disgraceful and disastrous spirit; but even then I must confess that their language alarmed me. It was not prompted by that healthy enthusiasm which springs from the fresh and copious fountain of the heart; it was narrow arrogance, and a kind of superstition which attached miraculous powers to obsolete and rusty military forms. A courage like that of the English before the battle of Agincourt, as described by Shakspeare, would not have been blind to the impending dangers. But not one of these men seemed to have a suspicion of the tremendous strength of the brave army, which, having overturned all the existing theory and practice of war, flushed with victory, and sharing in the vehement excitement of a whole people, now threatened us with annihilation. The ghost of the Seven Years' War, they fancied, would strike terror into the enemy. The Prussian soldier, a slavish hireling, enjoyed no consideration among the people, had no national interest, and was only kept to his duty by the fear of punishment.

"The army," he adds, "was regarded rather as the enemy than the defender of the citizens. It was impossible for them to see without irritation the constant assumption, that honor was the exclusive property of the military class."*

The moment of trial now arrived:—

"The troops assembled in the neighborhood marched out; the rumors of the approach of the enemy grew stronger, and it became certain that the field of battle would be in our neighborhood. An anxious silence reigned through the city; the Duke of Würtenberg marched into Halle, and from that moment the inhabitants felt that they were involved in the fearful struggle. It is a singular and awful feeling to be obliged to surrender one's self, passive and without an effort, into the hands of a foreign power. We were still protected, indeed, by our own army; but we ourselves, inactive, had only to await the destiny in which that might involve us. Tranquillity and order were destroyed. Men and women wandered about the streets in a state of anxious excitement; for it was evident, from the position of the hostile troops, that a great battle was at hand. At length, a vague rumor, and then the certainty, of the unfortunate battle of Saalfeld, and the death of Prince Louis, arrived. His rashness seemed like the effect of despair, and this despair infected us all. The unfortunate 14th October drew near. An unquiet crowd filled the streets. The news of a great defeat came, heralded by the report of a great victory. The people exulted; the general joy even infected my friends. This lasted a whole day, during which one French prisoner was brought into the city. He was the first enemy we had seen, and his appearance excited an immense ferment among the people, who were with difficulty restrained from falling upon him. It seemed as if we had gained a great advantage.

"On the evening of the 15th, I ascertained that the battle of Auerstadt was lost, and concluded that the Halle reserve would be attacked."

On the morning of the 16th, Steffens heard firing, and looking from his garden, which commanded a view in that direction, saw that the troops were engaged.

"Very early in the morning," says he, "came Schleiermacher and his sister to be witnesses of the fearful sight. They were joined by several professors and others. To unskilled eyes, all appeared undecided; and so wonderfully blinded by the good news, so firmly trusting in the invincible character of a Prussian army, were most of them, that they saw in this attack of the French a victory. 'The poor French!' said one of my colleagues; 'I could find in my heart to pity them; they will soon be cut to pieces before our eyes.'"

But this illusion did not last. The enemy was soon seen to advance; and scattered Prussians fled into the town.

"My dwelling," says Steffens, "in a distant and unfrequented part of the town, was exposed to danger. We determined to take our infant, and seek refuge in Schleiermacher's house. Schleiermacher and his sister, and my wife, went first; I followed, by the side of the maid who carried the child, but the danger pressed. We had to hurry down the long Ulrich Strasse. Shots were fired in the streets, otherwise utterly deserted. The houses were all closed; only here and there was seen a workman hastily tearing down some tempting sign. The nurse was herself a mother; she wished to go to her child, but trembled and could hardly walk. I threw her cloak over my shoulders, took the child from her, and hurried on. On arriving at the market-place, we saw our danger—the retreat of the reserve corps lay through the city, and we had to cross the whole tumultuous body at right angles. How we got through I know not. In such moments, consciousness is changed into a blind but powerful instinct of self-preservation. The enemy was pouring into the streets; a volley was fired in the direction of my flight; the bullets whistled about my ears. We were but a

* There is a domestic tragedy of great merit called "Die Macht der Verhältnisse," by Ludwig Robert, brother of the celebrated Rahel, which powerfully illustrates the consequences of this intolerable usurpation. It turns on the refusal of an officer (of course a nobleman) to fight a *roturier* man of letters, whose sister he had wronged and insulted.

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few steps from the place of shelter, but our retreat might every moment be cut off. At length we reached the house; the street was silent and empty; the closed door was hastily opened, and locked again;—for the moment we were saved."

The tranquillity of the little party was not, however, of long duration. Three French soldiers soon broke in and plundered the house.

"It even now became evident that the Prussian power was annihilated, that the city and university were absolutely in the power of the enemy, and the whole existence and prosperity of those connected with the latter were overthrown."

On the 19th, Bernadotte published his proclamation, promising that the funds of the university should remain untouched, and the students unmolested; that it was the intention of his sovereign to protect the university of Halle. How these promises were fulfilled, we shall see anon. The minds of the inhabitants were, as may be imagined, far from tranquillized by them.

"At length Napoleon came. We knew that he was peculiarly embittered against Prussia. Halle was the first Prussian city he had entered, and he remained here some days. I was still with my family in Schleiermacher's house. An *employé* of the French commissariat was quartered in it, and of course took the best rooms; so that Schleiermacher and his sister, and his friend Gass, as well as I, with my wife and child, were put to great shifts. None of us undressed for some time, none had a regular bed; we seized a few hours' sleep when we were exhausted and over-wearied. Bonaparte remained three days in Halle."

The result of his stay was as follows:—

"German students were never celebrated for polished manners. It seems that some of them had thronged, like boys, to see the conqueror and his showy suite ride through the streets, and had made no obeisance. A student to whom Napoleon had spoken, when called on to answer in a foreign language, in the embarrassment of the moment had called him 'Monsieur.' Such were the causes which led to the dissolution of the university of Halle. Napoleon chose to believe the students in a dangerous plot against him; but the spirit which afterwards exhibited itself in so formidable and heroic a manner among the students in Germany, had as yet no existence. With the ignorance he so constantly betrayed of other countries, he imagined that the students lived in colleges, under supervision; and scolded because they were not shut up. He dissolved the university, and ordered the students instantly to quit the town, and go home to their parents.*

"The next day, towards morning, during an unquiet sleep, we heard a stir in the house, a running up and down stairs, a loud talking in the court, the stamping of horses in the stables. When we rose, the town was empty; the troops had marched out, the students having been driven out in the course of the former day. We, their teachers, remained behind in the deserted, forlorn city; our occupation was gone, our destiny all uncertain. The council of the professors met, and we now found that the funds of the university had been seized. A letter from Berthier had arrived from Dessau, in which he informed me of the emperor's displeasure. Men of letters, he said, should not trouble themselves about politics: their only business was to cultivate and diffuse science, (the old song!) The professors of Halle had mistaken their vocation, and therefore the emperor had closed the university. The whole corps of teachers was thus left without an occupation, and the greater part of them condemned to poverty and want. The whole assembly sat in helpless consternation."

The feeble and craven spirit which had been engendered in all classes, by the causes we have endeavored to trace, now showed itself—to the disappointment and disgust of Steffens. It was proposed by some of the professors that they should endeavor to clear themselves in the eyes of the conqueror from any charge of disloyalty to him. The most abject apologies were accordingly made; and made, as might have been foreseen, in vain. What follows is more to the credit of the academics.

"The newly-built church of the university, in which Schleiermacher preached, was converted by the French into a Magazine for forage. Our salaries were due on the 1st of November, and that of the past months was all spent. The fees for my lectures were, however, due to me. On collecting these, I had about eighty louis-d'or in my hands. After paying all claims on me, I had just ten dollars left, and Schleiermacher not more. It was impossible to get immediate help from our distant friends; we were cut off from them by the enemy's troops.

"We determined to throw the little sum at our disposal into a common fund, and to form one household. Schleiermacher removed into my small, confined dwelling. My wife, with her child and Schleiermacher's sister, slept in one very small room, which opened into a larger, while I and my friend slept in a similar room, and each pursued his studies in a common room. In a corner of this room Schleiermacher wrote his essay on the First Epistle of Paul to Timothy. We lived in great indigence, saw few people, scarcely ever left the house, and when money fell short, I sold my little plate.

"But though we lived so poorly, our minds were not subdued. It was our fixed persuasion that from this time the fate of our country lay in the firm and constant spirit of every one of her sons. *That* strengthened and elevated us; and, spite of our poverty, we assembled the friends and the young men who had the courage not to leave the town, around our humble tea-table. Luckily we had just laid in a stock of tea and sugar when the storm broke upon us.

"These evenings we shall certainly never forget. At first our minds were occupied with the fearful and wretched events of the day, especially the prompt and unintelligible surrender of Magdeburg."*

To that new scene of defeat and dishonor, as described by the brilliant and graphic pen of Immermann, we must now transport our readers.

* The reëstablishment of the university at Halle, in 1808, was due to the intercessions of that accomplished scholar and critic, Baron von Rumohr.

* Shortly after, three opulent and eminent inhabitants of the town were carried off to France as hostages. One of them, Professor Niemeyer, has left memoirs containing an account of his residence there.

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Immerman was a native of Magdeburg. His grandfather had served under Frederic the Great, whom, to the day of his death, he called "the king;" and the little boy had been nurtured in the belief of the unconquerable arms of Prussia. His description of the state of the public mind in his boyhood would be, as he says, incredible, were it not supported by ample testimony. But at length the day of preparation came—and what a preparation!—

"The city was soon the scene of a continued passage of troops. Regiments of horse and foot, ammunition, baggage wagons, and pontoons, which particularly struck us boys, marched for weeks in at the Brück and out at the Sudenburger Thor. An army in movement had then very different appendages from what it has now. These imprinted themselves on our childish imaginations. The packhorses carrying the tents, with their intricate mass of linen and cordage, above which balanced the long poles, were obliged to go in single and interminable file. Then, still more strange, the red-striped kitchen-wagons of the generals and colonels, with great hen-coops hanging on both sides, from which were heard the cackling, and screaming, and gobbling of all sorts of live poultry, destined to secure to these heroes the accustomed pleasure of the table. This precaution astonished us children; and one of us naïvely asked, whether there were no chickens in the villages on the way? The light and gay Bosniacks and Towarskys formed a splendid contrast to this ponderous camp equipage."

The fearful 18th of October at length came, to wake the Magdeburgers from their dreams of security. The dreadful truth was preceded, as at Halle, by the report of a brilliant victory. At length it came, bit by bit; and the wildest joy was succeeded by doubt, then by anxiety, fear, and, lastly, by the mortal certainty of despair. An expression of Immermann's father, during the period of suspense, is characteristic. "My God!" exclaimed he, with a deep sigh, "Frederic's soldiers will surely do their duty!" And now came the spectacle of the shameful and disorderly retreat of these very soldiers!

"As the confused rout came in by the same gate through which they had marched forth, the people gathered in knots, looking on with alarmed but still incredulous wonder. 'These are the first fugitives,' I heard people say; 'they are never in order; have patience, the regular regiments will soon come.' But noon came—afternoon came—evening drew on, and the pell-mell had not ceased; the disorderly mob which *had been an army* still filled the streets. At length came some troops in marching order, as exceptions to the miserable rule;—covered were now the banners which had floated so proudly in the breeze. Most of them marched on in silence—once only the music sounded, loud and clear, like the laughter of despair. It was the trumpeters of a cuirassier regiment;—their regiment was not behind them—they were quite alone, and blew the Dessauer march, just as if all was in the best possible order. They looked well, too, and were mounted on high-fed horses. Indeed, generally speaking, the men did not look jaded, nor hungry, nor worn; and the contrast between their personal good condition with the general destruction, exhibited in the strongest light the depth of the calamity. In the evening everybody knew that a Prussian army no longer existed. A helpless grief sat on men's faces. But even then the indescribable spirit which characterized that period was not extinguished. I heard a man say to his neighbor, 'That may be as it will; things have gone badly, no doubt, but we have lost with honor, for I heard just now that the Prussians did n't once lose the step through the whole battle.'"

If the German character does not appear under very favorable colors in the foregoing description, the following incident shows it under one of its most noble and touching aspects. The great conservative principle of Germany—their attachment to their princely houses—never shone forth more bright. In the midst of the wreck of his army and his fortunes, the king—the half-dethroned king—arrived, accompanied by one aide-de-camp.

"At the sight of him, the crowd broke out into a loud cheer. This sound was so unexpected by him, and in his present circumstances so affecting, that he lost all self-command. He put his handkerchief to his eyes, and walked on for some way with his face covered. He then withdrew it, and went to his lodging, bowing gravely to his people, who, moved by the tears of their leader, received his greetings in the deepest and most respectful silence."

We have been told (for such things are oftener related than printed in Austria) that the *pendant* to this affecting picture was exhibited at Vienna after the battle of Austerlitz. The Emperor Francis, a fugitive, mounted on a sorry jade, attended by one aide-de-camp, defeated and almost dethroned, was about to make his inglorious entry into his capital; he was met by the citizens, who had of their own accord dragged out the state-carriage, and now seated him in it, and drew him, as if in triumph, to his palace. "Why, what would you have done if your emperor had been victorious?" asked a stranger. "Oh! then we should not have needed to do anything," was the answer. It may be said, and justly, that Francis was not worthy of such sublime and delicate generosity; we reply, hardly any man can be worthy of it, and that this is not the question. The question is, whether nations will fare better under similar circumstances, who have no attachment to an ideal—which is permanent precisely because it has no actual existence. Such an ideal is (to the old German sentiment) the "Landesherr," or "Landesvater;" the hereditary sovereign, invested with that ancient patriarchal sanctity which, though capable of being heightened or diminished by the qualities of the possessor for the time being, is inalienable from the office. An attachment to institutions, formed after calm deliberation and on a full estimate of their value, is, no doubt, a far higher, manlier, and safer thing, than this attachment to a sovereign individual or house. We prefer the creed of Pym and Hampden, to the devotion of Ormonde and the Cavaliers. But until the reason of the masses can be appealed to with some chance of success, the tutelary force of habit

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and sentiment can ill be dispensed with. Of this the world has had proof enough.

The panic and rout were now complete and universal. We have a tragical picture of it from the hand of a poet—a man who, from the peculiar circumstances of his birth and education, tastes and character, saw the war (if we may be allowed to say so) from both sides. Chamisso was born a Frenchman, but had early adopted Germany, and more especially Prussia, as his country, with more than the passion of a native. It is as a German poet that he is best known, and his romance of "Peter Schlemil" is characterized by a thoroughly German spirit. At the beginning of the war he served in the Prussian army, but after the peace between France and Prussia, he thought himself bound to return to his native country, and to enter the French army. The following is extracted from a letter written by him to M. de Varnhagen, dated 23d November, 1806, describing the disastrous and disgraceful capitulation of Hameln :—

"Oh! my friend," exclaims he, "not for the salvation of my soul would I be one of those sinners. Anxious and embarrassed they stood before us, and gave us the shameful answer—that the enemy was already in Berlin—the king's power annihilated—that Magdeburg and Custrin, and Spandau and Stettin, and God knows what towns, had opened their gates. Why should they not do the same?—it must come to that; and—in a word—it was already done."

The indignation of the troops, their burning desire to wipe off the stain, was not to be contained. Rhaden, a boy fresh from the academy of engineers, swore that he would stab the men who had signed the capitulation. "Had we found a leader," continues Chamisso, "we should have kissed his feet." He proposed to draw lots who should command them; to swear obedience to the new commander; to cry, Long live the king! and to rush on the enemy. Those who chose might remain behind. While he was speaking, the drums beat the alarm.

"The soldiers had learned that they were betrayed, and, in rage and desperation, broke out into the wildest excesses. They forced open the magazines, staved brandy-casks, got drunk, and plundered shops. In the midst of these scenes of disgrace and horror, one of Roman honor occurred. In Haak's regiment there were two brothers of the name of Warnava, sons of a soldier, and themselves soldiers. They had vainly protested against the surrender of the fortress. Finding that there remained no other way of avoiding dishonor, each placed his musket on the other's breast, fired, and fell into each other's arms; in this strict embrace, they died."

Chamisso describes the dismal morning after this fearful night—the German arms thrown into the mud by their despairing possessors—the old Brandenburgers weeping as they took leave of their officers, who stood stupefied, wishing that some stray bullet would hit them—other soldiers stupidly drunk. In the midst of this desolation, the Dutch troops marched in, jeering at the Prussians for not resisting their small numbers. "Even with the sacrifice of all he was worth," says he, "would many a German citizen have wiped out this dishonor to Germany."

He concludes :—"I shall serve no more now. Perhaps, my friend, other times may arise when I may gladly grasp my sword again. *It may be good that things have taken the turn we see. I reckon not with the gods. Where a new building is to be erected, the ground must first be cleared and levelled.* But, my beloved friend, may you rather lie on the battle-field, where one sleeps well, than witness what I have witnessed! Farewell."

The effect of these tremendous reverses on the inhabitants of Berlin, is thus described by the Freiherr von S———a :—

"The battle of Jena was first announced to the capital by shouts of 'Soult is beaten!' The fearful truth soon followed. Among the various emotions which this overthrow of the glory and the pride of Prussia excited, I observed numerous proofs of joy among the citizens and civil classes, that the arrogance of the soldiery had received so signal and ignominious a chastisement! Even then, the persuasion forced itself upon my mind, that there was no salvation for Prussia till its army should be completely merged in the mass of the people; and should rise out of it to a new life, and in an altered form."

The disaster was officially announced to the capital by that ever-memorable proclamation, put forth by the governor, beginning, "Tranquillity is now the first duty of every citizen." We have heard eye-witnesses describe the effect it produced on all who had any feeling for the honor of their country. Some hid their faces, and appeared overwhelmed with shame; some shed tears of rage; some seemed stupefied with despair. Yet the mass of the people had at that time so little idea of what awaited them under the French domination, that when, on the 27th October, Napoleon entered Berlin, "he seemed," says Droysen, "to be regarded rather with curiosity than with sorrow."

"The Berliners," says the Freiherr von S——a, "had reckoned on help from Russia with such confidence, that when the first French chasseurs rode through the Potsdam gate, the people, seeing the green uniforms, exclaimed, 'The Russians are come! the Russians are come!'

"The easy, careless air of the French troops formed a singular contrast with the stiff pedantry of the Prussian. The French were fuller than usual of vanity and insolence. They ascribed their victory at Jena solely to their own valor, and the high reputation of their enemy made them regard this victory as something gigantic. Very few of the officers had the candor and good sense to see that the main cause of their success was to be found in the antiquated organization of the Prussian army.

"Napoleon made his entry into Berlin on a lovely day of October, to the sound of those same bells which had so often announced the wonderful and saving victories of Frederic the Great, so often awakened the national pride of Prussia. He entered with unequalled military pomp. But this did not make the impression on the Berliners he expected; there was something ostentatious and tawdry in it, which is not to the taste of Germans. They felt as if they were looking at a troop of equestrian performers. Bonaparte was evidently

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much impressed by the memory of Frederic. It was clear that he thought the people of Berlin would compare him to their hero. In this he was completely mistaken. The Berliners are little given to admiration: and if it is extorted from them, they pay it to the dead, or to those whom they regard as their own property. They had exhausted it on Frederic; and many now turned their whole practised talent for ridicule against Napoleon. Most of them, however, hated him with gloomy earnestness."

Here we must pause. We are arrived at the crisis at which the work of regeneration is about to commence. A long and dreary night is before us; but in that night the German nation will recruit itself, and arise like a strong man refreshed. We have still to witness great sufferings; tragical destinies of the high and the lovely; we have still to see in some of its multiform details what it is to be a conquered people. Six years of such sights as these are before us; painted by those who lived, suffered, and acted in the midst of them.

"The truth," says Arndt, "is beyond all power of description. We look back as upon a black dream, and are amazed at what we have seen and suffered, and can hardly believe it. Years must elapse before it can be described, nor will our grandchildren then believe what was the state of Germany in the years 1808, 9, 10, and 11. The base and the bad openly triumphed and domineered; the indolent and the cowardly served with hopeless and thoughtless obsequiousness; many of the good despaired; only a few noble spirits still hoped."

But the hope of those few noble spirits, far different from the presumptuous and inane confidence which is the forerunner of destruction, contained within it the germ of deliverance. It rested not only on their own conscious energy and determination, but on experience of human things, and observation of the ways of Providence. They saw that their oppressor was sowing the dragon's teeth, and they knew that the harvest of armed men would not long be wanting. They saw that the chastisements of Heaven were doing their work in the hearts of the German people, and they placed a just reliance on the result. This is admirably expressed by Steffens.

"The more all prospect of external help vanished, the more threatening the aspect of things around us, the stronger became our internal confidence, our firm conviction that the holy and the good, the germs of which were springing up in Germany, could not be annihilated by the rude trampling of a conquering soldiery. In this view, I often ventured to express what was the guiding principle of all my thoughts so long as the French occupied the land, even in those days of despair. I maintained that the battle of Jena was the first victory over Napoleon,* for that it had destroyed the weaknesses which were his best allies, and had awakened a spirit which must in the end arise and conquer. The certainty that I should witness his fall never left me."

* The converse of Börne's equally true paradox, that the battle of Jena was lost by Frederic the Great.

From the Quarterly Review.

Paddiana; or, Scraps and Sketches of Irish Life, Present and Past. By the author of *A Hot-Water Cure.* 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1847.

People seem, at this time, rather weary of Irish questions—great and small—and of books about Ireland—whether blue folios "presented to both houses of parliament," or duodecimos artistically arranged on Mr. Ebers' counter, or pamphlets hawked by unmixed Caucasians at every pork-pie station on the railway. We must, therefore beg to inform our readers that, if they suffer a natural prejudice to stand between them and "Paddiana," they will be doing themselves an unkindness. This book is a rarity. It overflows with humor, yet is unstained by vulgarity; and though we strongly suspect the author to have a heart, there is neither rant nor whine in his composition. Sterling humor implies sagacity, and therefore every really humorous book must be suggestive of serious thought and reflection;—no matter what the subject or the form, the masculine element will pervade what it underlies and sustains. It is so here; but we have no particular turn for the critical chemistry that tortures a crumb of medicine from a pail of spring-water. We shall endeavor to give some notion of the writer's quality, and trust whoever will read the book through to draw economical and political conclusions of his own. Our humble object and agreeable duty is to pay our homage to a pen of genuine ability. A former production mentioned in the title-page never happened to fall in our way,* and we have no knowledge whatever of the author except what we gather from internal evidence—to wit, that he is a military man of some standing—an old soldier of the duke's—that he is not an Irishman—that he frolicked and flirted away some of his youth in Ireland—and that he has also spent several years there in the more sobered temper of middle age. There are few among our regimental officers who have not seen a good deal of Irish life, and we have been obliged to several of them before now for amusing sketches of it—but this is not an observer of the common file, and the light cunning of his hand equals the keenness of his eye. He is (as he says of one of his heroes) "a man of the world and a gentleman"—and of course there is no finery about him. We doubt if his two volumes contain a single allusion to "the aristocracy"—certainly neither lord nor lady figures among his *dramatis personæ.* No lofty quizzing of "the middle classes"—none of that sublime merriment over the domestic arrangements of "cits" or "squireens," which sits so gracefully on scribes admitted to contemplate occasionally a marchioness' "dancing tea"—perhaps even a duke's omnigatherum Saturday din-

* Since this was written we have seen the "Hot-Water Cure;" and in case any of our readers are not acquainted with that performance, we can promise them good entertainment from it also. It is a lively account of certain travels in and near the Rhine-land—in a totally different style from the "Bubbles of the Brunnen," but hardly less diverting.

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ner—because they may have penned a sonnet for her ladyship's picture in the "Book of Beauty," or his grace has been told that they chatter and pun, entertain drowsy dowagers, break the dead silences, and "help a thing off." Nothing of that minute laborious dissection of the details of ordinary people's absurd attempts at hospitality, sociality, carpet-hops and pic-nics, which must, it is supposed, be so very gratifying to those who are clothed in purple and fare sumptuously every day—affording such a dignified pause of comfort amid their melancholy habitual reflections on the progress of "the democratic principle," the improvement of third-class carriages, and the opening of Hampton Court. Nothing, on the other hand, of that fawning on "the masses," which, long confined to radical newspapers and the melodrama of the suburbs, has of late been the chief characteristic of half the "light literature" in vogue—the endless number-novels especially, in which all the lower features of Dickens and Thackeray are caricatured—without the least relief of sense or of fun—the swarming literature of our "gents." If it were only that here is a book of social sketches, unpolluted by adulation of high life or of low, painting people in their natural colors and attitudes—the good, the bad, and the indifferent distributed as they are in the world—we should be well justified in calling attention to "Paddiana." But such a book about Ireland is doubly rare and doubly welcome. We are not aware that we have had any such since Miss Edgeworth laid by her pen—and, unfortunately for men, women, and children, that was not yesterday. There has been abundance of bold grouping, and a superabundance of clever drawing—but the whole seldom, if ever, toned and harmonized by the independence and candor of good sense and good breeding, which are as essential to the permanent success of a novelist as *atmosphere* is to that of a landscape painter. There has been vigorous romance, striking fragments of it at least, and a most bewildering prodigality of buffoonery—but the serious generally smeared over with a black varnish of fierce angry passion, and the grotesque unpenetrated by the underplay of evergenial Pantagruelism.

We wish to recommend a book of amusement, and therefore our extracts shall be liberal; but we do not mean to interfere with the interest of the author's stories. It will satisfy us to take specimens of description that may be produced without damage to the enjoyment of his skill in constructing and working out a plot. To begin at the beginning—here are some fragments of the chapter in which he depicts his first voyage from Liverpool to the bay of Dublin. This was before the era of steamboats, so the Waterloo medal could have lost little of its original brightness; but, excepting the new power and the cabin accommodations, the whole chapter, we believe, would apply as well to 1847:—

"On the pier above stood some hundreds of Irish reapers, uniformly dressed in gray frieze coats, corduroy breeches unbuttoned at the knee, and without neckerchiefs; carrying their sickles wrapped in straw slung over the shoulder—and every one with a large, long blackthorn stick in his hand, the knob of the stick being on the ground, contrary to the usage of all other people, and the small end held in the hand. As the vessel was preparing to cast off, a stream of these people began to pour down the ladder to the deck of our little craft, till the whole forepart and subsequently the waist were completely choked up with them. Still they kept descending, till the cabin passengers were driven to the extreme after-part, alongside the tiller: but yet the stream flowed on, till not only the fore-cabin but every available portion of the deck was crammed with a dense mass of human beings—we of the state cabin forming the small tail of the crowd.

"How the vessel was to be worked in this state it was difficult to conjecture, and I heartily wished myself out of it. Indeed, I mentioned something of an intention of forfeiting my passage-money and taking the next packet, but was dissuaded by the captain, who assured me I should have to wait perhaps a month before all the reapers returned. 'Sure, we 'll shake in our places by and by,' said he; 'they 'll be quiet enough when they 're out of the river; it 's then we 'll pack 'em like herrings, and pickle 'em too. But I believe we won't take any more. Hold hard there, boys; we 've no room for ye. Stop that fellow with the hole in his breeches;—no, not him, th' other with the big hole—sure we can't take ye. Starboard your helm; aisy, don't jam the passengers—haul aft the jib-sheet.' And in another minute we were bowling down the river with a powerful ebb tide, and the wind dead against us.

"If the reader has ever passed over London bridge on an Easter Monday or Tuesday, and happened to notice the Greenwich steamers going down the river, he will be able to form some idea of the state of our decks as to number of passengers, substituting in his mind's eye for the black and blue coats, the glaring satin waistcoats, the awful stocks, the pink and blue ribands, and gay silks of the holiday cockneys, the unvaried grey of the Irish cargo; and imagining the majority of mouths on board to be ornamented with the 'doodeen,' instead of the cheroot, or clay, or full-flavored Cuba, or labelled Lopez.

"The captain was right as regarded our passengers settling down into their places; before the first tack was made a great proportion of them were reposing in heaps under the bulwarks and the boat, and a little moving room afforded to the crew. Most of the reapers had been walking all day, and were happy enough in composing themselves to sleep.

"About eight o'clock our jolly skipper invited the cabin passengers to supper and a glass of grog, and we stowed ourselves as we best could in the little cabin, though not half the number could get a seat at the table, the remainder bestowing themselves upon carpet bags and portmanteaus about the floor, each with his plate on his knees and his tumbler beside him. The supper was composed of bread and butter and hot potatoes, and followed by whiskey punch, which I tasted then for the first time, and glorious liquor I thought it. As it was my introduction to that beverage, the honest skipper undertook to mix it himself for me, adding, however, a trifle of water to the just proportions, in consideration of my youth and inexperience.

"Notwithstanding the seduction of the beverage, I was soon fain to quit the insufferably close cabin, and return to the deck. The wind had nearly died

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away; it was a cloudy sultry night, and a low growl of thunder came occasionally out of the dark masses to the westward. About ten o'clock we were standing well out to sea, with a freshening wind coming round fair, and I began to think of turning in for the night. What, however, was my surprise on going below to find nearly all the dozen passengers stowed away in the six berths, my own peculiar property not excepted, in which were two huge black-whiskered fellows snoring with up-turned noses, while a third was standing in shirt and drawers by the bedside, meditating how he might best insinuate his own person between them! On appealing to the captain I got little consolation; he looked placidly at the sleepers, and shook his head. 'Faith, ye 're better out o' this,' said he; 'sure there 's no keeping a berth from such fellows as them. That 's O'Byrne; it 's from th' O'Byrnes of the mountains he comes, and they 're a hard set to deal with. It will blow fresh presently, and a fine state they 'll be in. Get your big coat, and I 've a pea-jacket for you. You 're better on deck. Faugh! I 'd hardly stand this cabin myself, much as I 'm used to it.' By this time, I began to partake largely in the skipper's disgust, and was glad to make my escape.

"I have never seen anything equal to those thirty-six hours. Let the traveller of the present day bless his stars that he is living in the age of steam by land and water, and mahogany panels, and mirrors, and easy sofas, and attentive stewards, and plenty of basins, and certain passages of a few hours' duration.—Towards the afternoon of the second day all hands began to feel hungry—the more so as the wind had lulled a little: and accordingly the greater part of the evening was spent in cooking potatoes, with a sea-stock of which every deck passenger had come provided. It was not a very easy thing for about two hundred people to cook each his separate mess at one time and at one fireplace; but they tried to do it, and great was the wrangling in consequence. Sundry small fights occurred, but they were too hungry to think of gratifying their propensities that way, and the quarrels were disposed of summarily; but towards the close of the day, when they were more at leisure, and had time to look about them, a cause of quarrel was discovered between two rival factions, whether Connaught and Munster, or Connaught and Leinster, I forget, but it was quite enough of a quarrel to produce a fight. It commenced with talk, then came a hustling in the centre, then the sticks began to rise above the mass, and finally, such a whacking upon heads and shoulders, such a screeching, and tearing, and jumping, and hallooing ensued, as till that time I had never witnessed. The row commenced forward among some twenty or thirty in the bows, and gradually extended aft as others got up from the deck to join in it, or came pouring up from the fore-cabin. In a few minutes the whole deck from head to stern was covered by a wild mob, fighting without aim or object, as it appeared, except that every individual seemed to be trying his utmost to get down every other individual, and when down to stamp him to death.

"At the first appearance of the 'shindy' the captain went amongst them to try and stop it; but finding his pacific efforts of no avail, he quietly walked up the rigging, and from a safe elevation on the shrouds he was calmly looking down upon the scene below. With great difficulty, and not without an awkward thump or two, I contrived to follow his example, and took up a position alongside of him. The crew were already either in the top or out upon the bowsprit; and even the man at the helm at last abandoned the tiller, and, getting over the side, contrived to crawl by the chains till he reached the shrouds, and so escaped aloft. At the time the row broke out the vessel was lying her course with the wind a point or two free. When the man left the helm she came of course head to wind, and the mainsail jibbing swept the boom across the deck, flooring everybody abaft the mast. Hardly were they on their legs again before the boom came back with still greater force, and swept them down in the opposite direction. If it had not been for the imminent risk of many being carried overboard, it would have been highly amusing to witness the traversing of the boom backwards and forwards, and the consequent prostration of forty or fifty people every minute. Notwithstanding the interruption, they still continued fighting, and stamping, and screeching on; and even some who were actually forced over the side still kept hitting and roaring as they hung by the boom, till the next lurch brought them on deck again. I really believe that, in their confusion, they were not aware by what agency they were so frequently brought down, but attributed it, somehow or other, to their neighbors right and left, and therefore did all in their power to hit them down in return.

"Meanwhile the jolly skipper looked down from his safe eminence, with about as much indifference as Quasimodo showed to the efforts of the deacon while he hung by the spout. He rather enjoyed it, and trusted to time and the boom—as the head pacificator—to set things to rights. He was not wrong: a lull came at last, and there was more talking than hitting. Taking advantage of a favorable moment, he called out, 'Well, boys, I wonder how we 'll get to Dublin this way. Will ye plaze to tell me how I 'll make the Hill o' Howth before night? Perhaps ye think we 'll get on the faster for bating, like Barney's jackass? I hope the praties will hold out; but, at any rate, we 'll have no water to boil them in after to-morrow. Better for me to hang out a turf, and say, Dry lodging for dacent people.' "—Vol. i., p. 15.

What with the eloquence of this "vir pietate gravis," and a gallon or two of whiskey from the Saxon passenger, who, by taking refuge on the rigging, had become legally liable to a claim for *footing*, this formidable *shindy* was at last got under; and during the rest of the passage all was brotherly kindness, and pasting and buttering of the cracks and contusions about each other's intellectual and moral developments. Shakspeare never invented an opening scene that set the chief *dramatis personæ* before the pit in a more satisfactory fashion. The reader, like our young soldier, (now, we hope, a major at the least,) is ready for landing at *Dunleary*—since, in honor of that "good Brunswicker," George IV., denominated by Paddy acclamation, at the late Mr. O'Connell's prompting, *Kingstown*.

There are some excellent little sketches of private life and garrison larking in Dublin; but the subaltern on Irish duty spends but a small proportion of his time in either that or any other well-built city. On first landing, be it at the capital, at Cork, or at Belfast, the corps are all together; and the troubles of the day or the night, whatever they may be, are compensated by the hearty hos

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pitality of the natives, or at any rate by the easy jollity of the well-peopled mess-room. But soon the head-quarters are transferred to some petty town in the interior, and three fourths of the regiment perhaps billeted throughout the villages of a large disturbed county or barony; seldom more than two officers together—and always several of the juniors dominating over very small detachments—each gentleman condemned to utter solitude at every meal, unless when by chance there is some considerable squire or clergyman of the established church in his immediate neighborhood. No one who has travelled through Ireland but must have often been moved to pity at the apparition of the poor stripling in his foraging-cap and tight surtout, lounging desolately on the bridge, cigar in mouth of course, or disturbed in the laborious flute practice of his little dim companionless parlor by the arrival of the coach at the inn-door. Of late we all know, or may pretty well guess, what very serious and harassing business has occupied sufficiently the quondam leisure of these forlorn epaulettes. In the earlier days of our author's experience, nightly still-hunting came occasionally—nightly Whiteboy-hunting not rarely combined with it; but unless for such interludes in the way of duty, with now and then a bachelor landlord's festivity in some ruinous tower among the bogs, or the grand scene of a fair or a race, with its inevitable row and necessary attendance of "the army," a more wearisome, objectless, diversionless, humdrum dreariness of existence could hardly have been pictured by a fanciful deviser of secondary punishments. No wonder that the rare interruptions of the dulness should find an eager welcome, and after the lapse even of many years, as in this case, be chronicled with the life-like accuracy of memorial gusto.

We have been well entered as to the great business of head-breaking—let us indulge ourselves in a little more on that subject from one of the later chapters:—

"An Irishman may be called *par excellence* the bone-breaker amongst men, the *homo ossifragus* of the human family; and in the indulgence of this their natural propensity there is a total and systematic disregard of fair play: there is no such thing known, whether at a race or a fight. Let an unfortunate stranger—a man not known in the town or village—get into a scrape, and the whole population are ready to fall upon him, right or wrong, and beat him to the ground; when his life depends upon the strength of his skull or the interference of the police. There is no ring, no scratch, no bottle-holder. To set a man upon his legs after a fall is a weakness never thought of—'Faith, we were hard set to get him down, and why should we let him up again?'—'Sure, it 's a Moynehan!' was repeated by fifty voices in a row at Killarney, where all who could come near enough were employed in hitting, with their long blackthorn sticks, at an unfortunate wretch lying prostrate and disabled amongst them. Fortunately, the eagerness of his enemies proved the salvation of the man, for they crowded so furiously together that their blows scarcely ever reached their intended victim. It was ridiculous to see the wild way in which they hit one another; but so infuriated were they, that no heed was taken of the blows, or probably in their confusion the hurts were ascribed to the agency of the man on the ground. It was no uncommon thing to see columns, of many hundreds strong, march into Killarney from opposite points, for the sole purpose of fighting, on a market-day. Why they fought nobody could tell—they did not know themselves; but the quarrel was a very pretty quarrel, and no people in the best of causes could go to work more heartily. The screams, and yells, and savage fury would have done credit to an onslaught of Blackfeet or New Zealanders, whilst the dancing madness was peculiarly their own. But in spite of the vocal efforts of the combatants, and the constant accompaniment of the sticks, you could hear the dull *thud* which told when a blackthorn fell upon an undefended skull."—Vol. i., p. 223.

Even wilder were the scenes at the races near *Clonakilty*—the very name is redolent of row—where there were no rival factions whatever, unless those originating in the grand old principle of living across the book, or in national politics, as mixed up (*mirabile dictu*) with horseflesh:—

"Painfully ludicrous to see a man rush from a tent, flourishing his stick, dancing about, and screaming 'High for Cloney!' He is speedily accommodated with a man who objects to the exaltation of Cloney, and pronounces a 'High' for some other place. A scuffle ensues, and many hard blows given and taken by those who know nothing of the cause of the row. But in this case the fight is soon over. The women rush in, in spite of the blackthorns—tender Irish epithets are lavished—every man finds himself encircled with at least one pair of fair but powerful arms; dishevelled hair is flying, pretty faces in tears, caps awry, handkerchiefs disarranged. Pat is a soft-hearted fellow—he can't stand it at all—they still squeeze him close; so he lowers his stick, and is led away captive to some distant booth, where in a few minutes more he is 'on the floore' in a jig, as if nothing had happened.

"The jockey who rides against a popular horse undertakes a service of some danger, for there are no means, however unfair, which they will not adopt to cause him to lose the race. They will hustle him—throw sticks and hats in his way, in the hope of throwing over horse and rider. I had once an opportunity of seeing a little summary justice done. The rider of a steeple-chase was struck heavily by some of the mob as he rode over a fence, and the circumstance reported to the priest, who properly required that the offender should be pointed out to him. His reverence was a hearty, powerful fellow, mounted on a strong horse, who, report said, was much given to run away with his master on hunting-days, and could seldom be pulled up till the fox was killed. Riding calmly up to the offender, he inquired if the report were true, and, taking the sulky shuffling of his parishioner as an affirmative, he proceeded to lash him heartily over the head and shoulders with a heavy hunting-whip. The culprit writhed and roared in vain; his reverence, warming with the exercise, laid on thicker and faster, now whacking him heavily with handle and lash together, then double-thonging him upon the salient points as he wriggled and twisted; and when the man bounded for a moment as he thought out of reach, he was caught with such an accurate and stinging cast of the whip-cord under the ear, as

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argued in the worthy pastor a keen eye for throwing a line. At last he fairly bolted, trying to dodge the priest amongst the crowd; but his reverence had a fine hand on his well-broken horse, besides a pair of sharp hunting-spurs over the black boots. and was up with him in a moment. Accustomed as one is to the delays and evasions of courts in this our artificial state, it was positively delicious to witness such a piece of hearty, prompt, unquibbling justice.

"But when the popular horse wins, then indeed the scene is fine. No sooner did a certain chestnut get ahead of the rest, than there arose a cry from ten thousand people, of 'The doctor's harse! the foxey harse! the doctor's harse!' accompanied by such a rush as fairly swept the winner off the course towards the weighing stand; and when, after the weighing, the favorite was walked to a distant part of the ground, he was accompanied by the same thousands, shouting 'The doctor's harse! the foxey harse!' Never, except on this occasion, have I seen five hundred persons trying to rub down one horse at one time, with ten times that number anxious to assist, and only prevented by the evident impossibility of getting near enough. Hats, handkerchiefs, coats, handfuls of grass—all were in requisition, while the vast mass of excited people roared, screeched, vociferated the endless virtues of the horse and master, though probably not one in a hundred knew anything of either, only that the horse opposed to him was owned by an anti-repealer."—Vol. i., p. 228.

This is good—but there is a love of head-breaking in the abstract—in the total absence of even a pretence of parish or party feud.

He is again on a race-course :—

"I was walking among the long drinking-tents or booths, which occupied a considerable portion of the central part of the ground, round which the course was marked out. In one of the large tents filled with people, the floor being occupied by jig-dancers, and the rest of the company disposed of on benches all round, these, being close to the canvass walls, showed to the spectators outside the bulging indications of heads, shoulders, elbows, &c. One leaned more backward than the rest, and his head protruded beyond the others. A man who happened to be passing eyed the tempting occiput, and paused. He was provided with a tremendous 'alpeen.' He looked again at the head—a destructive feeling was evidently rising within him. He raised the stick a bit; surely he is not going to hit the man! No; he puts the stick under his left arm, and rubs his hands. He smiles; some happy thought has crossed him. Suddenly he looks upwards to the sky, with an expression of wild joy—wheels quietly round—makes a short prance of three steps—utters a screech—whips the stick from under his arm, and giving it a flourish in the air, brings down the heavy knob with all his force upon the skull protruding from the canvass—whack! The heavy sound was awful; surely no human bones could stand this?—the man must be killed! Meantime the skull-breaker dances about, screaming and flourishing the stick. A hubbub of noises arose from the interior of the booth, and men and women poured out tumultuously together. As the crowd thickened, so did the confusion as to the identity of the offender; and in a few minutes it became a wild hubbub, fighting together without aim or object.

"Now, this might have been his father, brother—nay, his mother or sister. What cared he?—there was a head to break, and the opportunity was not to be neglected. On entering the tent to see after the dead man, I found only the piper and the proprietors of the booth, calmly awaiting the return of their customers."—Vol. i., p. 230.

The *alpeen*, we understand, is less in fashion now than it used to be. The rage has been of late years for the heavy stone in the foot of a long worsted stocking. This is portable, and puzzles the police; and in reference to a monster meeting, the priest can safely attest that his parishioners attended unarmed; "he did not see one blackthorn"—not he.

One very good chapter sets before us something of the life of our literary subaltern, when at an outpost of the better order—that is where there was an elder officer as well. The younger spark has gone for a day's grouse-shooting in the bog of Allen—the senior meanwhile was to keep all right at head-quarters. It was a glorious September day, and the sporting lieutenant encountered an adventure which he narrates capitally; and as part thereof listened to a love-story—for which he must not be held responsible more than Herodotus is when he diversifies his evidence in chief by a report of what some Egyptian verger or Thracian slave-dealer told him about the funds available for the Rhodopean pyramid, or the flirtations between Scythian and Amazonian videttes :—

"Choosing a dry spot, carpeted with young heather, interspersed with huge bosses of fine gray moss, while the air was scented with the delicious odor of the bog myrtle, he threw his gun and game-bag on the ground, and stretched himself along to enjoy the tranquil beauty of the scene. There are times when the spirits boil over, and our sense of happiness can only find relief in some overt act. We would give the world for a gallop, or a game at leapfrog, or the power to throw a summerset, or the license to shout aloud; and happy are they who can train the outbreak into the semblance of music. In his ecstasy the sportsman mangled several Italian melodies of the day, ruthlessly tortured a gay little *chanson à boire*, murdered Alice Grey outright, and still finding that the safety-valve required easing, leant his head against a tussuck, and gave with that hearty good-will—that unmistakable *con amore* only seen in those who sing without an audience—the well-known *morceau* of Justice Woodcock :—

When I courted a lass that was froward and shy,
I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply.
I took her so lovingly round the waist,
And I smack'd her lips and I held her fast.
Oh! these were the joys of our dancing days.

'Bedad, ye may say that!' said a voice within ten yards of him; 'that 's the way I coorted Kitty. If ye 'd been consaled on the premises ye could n't have tould it better!' If a thunderbolt, or a meteoric stone, or a man of the moon, had fallen into the bog beside the grouse-shooter, he could not have been more astonished than at this greeting; and the object from whence the voice proceeded was not of a kind to diminish his wonder. Between two large bunches, or tussucks, of the gray moss, there peered forth the good-humored face of a man about thirty,

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lying flat upon the bog, while the moss nearly meeting above his head, and coming down in a flowing, pear-like shape on either side of his face, gave him much the appearance of wearing a judge's wig, though the countenance showed nothing of the judge's gravity. The first impulse of the shooter was to start up and seize his gun, the second to burst out into loud laughter—

"'Faith, it 's true for you!' said the man, getting up and taking a seat near him; 'but how the divle ye came to know it, sorrow know I know. It 's shy enough she was at first, but it 's meself that stuck to her. I 'll tell yer honor all about it while we sit aisy here. Divle a much I cared for Lanty (that 's her father.) "Let her be," says he; "wait awhile, sure the heifer's young. Any how, ye'r rough in yer ways," says he. "Faith, Mr. Hickey," says I, "it 's becase I 'm in airnest." "Divle a doubt of it," says he; "but that 's no rason why ye 'd be crushing my choild wid yer hugs. Any how," says Lanty, "I 'll not consint to it yet; sure I can't spare her till we 've got in the praties. So hands aff 's fair play," says he. "Besides," says Lanty, (sure he 's a cute ould chap, that one,) "where would ye take her if ye were married itself? Ye'd bury her underground," says he, "in the quare place ye have down along the canal. Faith it 's no place to take me daughter to, and she bred up in a slate house, and every convanience in Killbeggan. If she did consint, it 's not for want of better offers at home, never fear. There 's Burke of Athy says he 's proud to discoorse wid her when he comes this way; and it 's not a week ago," says he, "that Oolahan the grocer sent me the half-gallon of Parliament; it 's long since ye did the like o' that, or even poteen itself. Faith," says he, "the laste ye could do would be to fill the keg in th' other room, and build me up a stack o' turf for the winter," says he. "Och, murther!" says I; "Mr. Hickey, ye'r hard upon me," says I, "wid yer Burkes and yer Oolahans. Is it Oolahan? Sure ye would n't marry yer daughter to an ould man like him? The divel a taste of a grandfather ever ye 'd be, barrin what I 'd be shamed to mention. Come," says I, "Mr. Hickey, ye 'll give me ye'r daughter—she 's fond o' me. Clap hands upon that," says I, "and I 'll fill the keg with the first runnings—the raal stuff," says I; "oncet ye taste it ye 'll put Oolahans Parliament in a jar, and throw stones at it. And I 'll build ye the stack if ye 'll wait till the turf's dhry; I 've a rare lot o' the deep cutting," says I, "as hard as stones."

"'Well, faith, I tuck him the sperrits and the turf, but the divle a Kitty I got; and I heerd it 's aften they went to tay wid ould Oolahan, and made game o' me sperrits and me. Faith, thinks I, the next thing 'll be I 'll have the gauger (sure he 's Oolahan's brother-in-law) and th' army destroying me still, and meself in Phillipstown jail. But, any how, says I, I 'll be up to ould Lanty, as cute as ye are. So when the next dark night come, I tuck some of the boys wid me, and their harses, and went to Lanty's, and soon I brought the sweet crathur outside wid a small whistle I have. "Now," says I, "Kitty, sure I want to talk to ye; maybe I won't discoorse so fine as Mr. Oolahan," says I, "but, any how, bring out the key o' the doore, and we 'll turn it upon Mr. Hickey the whilst we're talking. Sure he might be angry if he found me wid ye unknownst, and I 'd like to keep him safe," says I. "What 's that?" says Kitty; "sure I thought I heerd voices beyant," says she. "Oh, nothin, me darlint!" says I, "but a couple o' boys goan home from the fair o' Mullingar, wid their harses, and they 'll stop for me till I go 'long wid em."

"'Well, with that Kitty goes in and slips on her cloak; and, says she, "I 'll jist step across to Biddy Fay's for the haarbes." "Well," says Lanty, "do so; and while ye'r gone I 'll jist take a sup o' Oolahan's sperrits. Faith, it 's great stuff," says he, "and agrees wid me better than Mike Cronin's. It 's raw stuff, his," says Lanty. (Th' ould villain, and better never came out of a still!) "Well," says he, "Kitty, I 'm poorly to-night, and I 'll take it warm; make me a tumbler o' punch," says he, "Kitty. Musha, bad luck to me," says he, "but I 'd rather see ye married to a steady man, that 's got a license to sell good sperrits, like Oolahan, than any one, barrin a distiller itself, and that would be looking rather high," says he, "for they 're mostly of the quality, them sort. Anyhow," says Lanty, stirring the punch, while Kitty was holding the doore ready to come—"Anyhow, Kitty," says he, "ye must think no more o' Mike (that 's me;) what 'll he do for ye," says he, "down in the bog? Sure his spirrits is but quare stuff; and what 's the thrifle o' turf he sent? —its most the top cutting, and mighty light." (The lying ould rap!) "Well, go 'long wid ye, Kitty," says he, taking a dhrink; "go 'long to Biddy Fay's, and mind yerself," says he; "sure th' officers do be smoking their cigars upon the bridge, says he, and they're mighty blackguards afther dark. And make haste back, for it 's toired I 'm getting."

"'Well, faith, at last I heerd her shut the doore; so I just stepped up, and turned the kay mighty quite, and put my arm round Kitty, and tuck her away towards the harses, and says she, "where ye goan? Can't ye coort me here?" says she; "sure the people do be passing in the lane." Well, with that I catched her up, and away wid me, hot fut, and the crathur squealed. "Ah, can't ye stop?" says she, "I 'd die before I 'd go wid ye! Sure I thought ye an honest boy, Mike. Be aisy wid me, for the honor o' God; sure I 'm young as yit!" But, faith, we put her on the harse, and I held her on before me, and cut out o' that full tare; but divle such a pillalooing as Lanty made out o' the windy ye never heerd! Sure we had him safe, for the windy was too small for him; but anyhow he tried it, and stuck fast, half in, half out, and Pat Sheahy stopped wid him a minute to see if he 'd aise himself out, but divle a taste. "Let me out o' this!" says Lanty, most choked. "Be quite, Mr. Hickey," says Pat; "don't alarm the town. What would folks say, and see ye stuck in yer own windy? Faith, ye must be swelled with the bad spirrits ye tuck; sure Cronin's sperrits never did that for ye. Betther for ye," says he, "to marry your daughter to an honest boy that does ye no harm," says he, "than an ould spalpeen that blows ye out like a cow in clover. But it 's getting late," says Pat, "and I 've far to travel; so I wish ye good night, Mr. Hickey. Well, well," says Pat, "sure th' airly boat do be passing up soon after daylight, and they 'll think it curious to see ye stuck that way in the wall!"

"'Well, faith, he left him, half out and half in, and away wid us to the bog; and I married Kitty with the first convanience, and it 's mighty happy we are, barrin the guager, (that 's Oolahan's brother-in-law,) that do be hunting me out for the still. Sure I expect him to-night, and th' army wid him; and faith I lay quite, watching yer honor, for I

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thought ye might spake to me unknownst about their coming, for ye talked a dale to yerself.' "—Vol. i., p. 93.

The lieutenant is by-and-by invited to the *home* of Mr. Cronin :—

"To the sportsman's astonishment, the canal was within a hundred yards, cut deep through the bog, some forty feet below the surface, and so completely out of sight that he had not the most distant notion of its proximity : but where the residence of his new friend was remained a mystery. The bog had been cut down in several levels, like steps, to the canal, but, looking up and down along its straight course, no house, or any sign of one, could be discovered. 'Sure, it is n't every one I 'd bring to my place,' said my companion, 'let alone the army ; for I know yer honor right well ; and sure, if ye do come in ye 'll see nothing.' On the deep steps or levels of the cutting were a great many heaps of turf piled up, apparently with a view to their convenient shipment in the large turf-boats which carry this admirable fuel even as far as Dublin. Mr. Cronin, after pausing a minute to enjoy the wondering looks his companion cast about in search of the 'place,' commenced removing one of the heaps upon the level about midway between the surface of the bog and the canal. The stack was about five feet high, and as the upper portion was removed there appeared a hole, or door-way, in the perpendicular face of the cutting against which the heap was raised.

"When the passage became practicable, the master beckoned to his guest, and ushered him into a room of fair dimensions, in the centre of which was left standing a column of turf to support the roof, on one side of which was a hole, or window, cut down from the level above, and slightly covered with dry bushes. The walls and floor were perfectly dry and comfortable. There were sundry articles of furniture about the place, several low stools, a small table, and a rude old chest, from which last the owner produced some excellent bread and butter, a bottle of poteen whiskey, and two small glasses * * * *

"Suddenly the host started, then listened attentively, and, finally, applying his ear close to the turf-wall, commenced making gestures to remain still. After a time there could be distinctly felt a vibration of the springy ground, and it was evident, from its increase, that a party of many persons was approaching. Suddenly a word or two were spoken in a low voice, and immediately followed by the loud word of command, 'Halt, front : order arms : stand at ease.' The sportsman knew the voice well : it was that of his brother officer, and the party was the detachment to which he himself belonged. Here was a predicament ! To issue forth would have been to betray his hospitable entertainer, confiscate his property, and consign him to a prison : to remain hidden in a poteen manufactory, hearing his own men outside, searching, with the revenue officer, for the very place of his concealment, and to be there discovered, would have had an awkward appearance, and, with a fidgety commanding officer, might have subjected him to a court-martial. He knew not what to do ; and, as is usual in such cases, did nothing.

"Sometimes the party was moved further on ; then back again, past the door ; then they halted close in front : but the dry turf left no traces of footmarks, and all their attempts were baffled. Several of the large stacks of turf they removed, but our particular one escaped from its insignificance ; and to have removed all would have been the work of a week. The old officer, a dry, matter-of-fact Englishman, was becoming heartily sick of the adventure. He said something about being made a fool of, which Mr. Cronin doubted, muttering something to the effect that nature had been beforehand with the gauger. 'I shall not allow my men to slave here all night, pulling down and building up stacks of peat after a ten-mile march, and ten miles to return ; so fall in, men, and unpile arms. Show us the place, sir, and we 'll make the seizure.' (*Inside.*)—'Well done, old boy, stick to that!' As the night advanced, the difficulty of finding the still increased, and at last the gauger was fain to give up the pursuit in despair, and the party was moved off.

"The intruder lost no time in slipping out of his hiding-place, and reached home before the party. Till a late hour that night he was edified with a full and particular account of the adventure ; how they had been hoaxed, and dragged over twenty Irish miles to a place where there never was an illicit still—where there never could have been the smallest reason for suspecting the existence of one. 'I looked pretty sharp,' said the old officer, 'and I can see as far into a mill-stone as most people.'

"There was one thing the junior had to complain of, which was, that on several market-days a jar of whiskey was mysteriously left at his quarters ; but he laid a trap for the bringer, and at last caught Mike Cronin in the fact, and the harmony of their acquaintance was a little disturbed by his being made to take it away, under a threat of certain pains and penalties. Confound the fellow ! he then sent his wife, even Kitty, so that the sportsman was obliged to compromise by accepting a bottle or two, or else shut the gates against all the gray cloaks on a market-day."—Vol i., p. 111.

We regret to say this book does not afford many clerical portraits, and still more that it affords no very agreeable ones. None at all, we think, belong to the period of the maturer officer ; and we are very willing to suppose that in his youthful days he listened to exaggerated tales of the priests among his jovial acquaintance of the Orange persuasion. One Episcopal sketch, however, is from his own observation :—

"A Protestant will find it difficult to believe the degree of slavish reverence which is paid by the inferior Irish Catholic clergy to those of high rank in their church. Whether such is the case in other countries I am not in a condition to say, but I was a witness of it in Ireland.

"At the house of a gentleman with whom I was intimate, and who, though a Protestant, was equally respected by all sects and classes, there was staying a Roman Catholic bishop. This gentleman, whom I met more than once, was one of the most agreeable persons I ever encountered ; indeed, it is enough to say that he was a well-educated Irish gentleman of the old school, who had resided much abroad. Many of my readers must have had the good fortune to meet such a person, and will at once understand the kind of man he was : his Irish assurance making him a perfect master of all the polite observances of life, his native humor sharpened by collision with the world, his buoyant animal spirits chastened into the happiest tone by a long admixture with the best society, and his thorough good-nature breaking out, as it were, in spite of the

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restraints of modern conventionalities. There was no ascetic nonsense about him; indeed, a pleasanter companion, even on a fast-day, I never met, no downcast looks, half sly, half sheepish, which characterize the Irish priest of these days. Neither had he the blue and congested look which marks their complexions, and which I never see without feeling my benevolence moved to recommend them a prescription, if I thought there would be a chance of their taking it at my hands. My *gaillard* of a bishop had nothing of all this, though I believe him to have been at least as good a man as those who have.

"To wait upon his lordship of course came the whole neighboring clergy, and at their first presentation it was their 'hint' to fall upon their knees and ask his blessing. Young and old, fat and slender, threw themselves on their marrow-bones before their spiritual superior, and humbled themselves in the dust before a man. Is this seemly? and what greater personal homage can they pay to the Deity? We certainly bow the knee to kings, but we don't, even to them, prostrate ourselves, in grovelling abasement, as these men did.

"Whether the bishop, a gentleman and a man of the world, did not feel a little ashamed of all this before Protestants, is not for me to say; but he was uncommonly active in picking them up before they fell, and after a while received them in a separate room."—*Ibid.*, p. 283.

For this death-bed scene of a parish priest the author does not give any authority but that of a Paddy in livery, evidently a relation of Miss Edgeworth's famous letter-writer; but take it, *valeat quantum*. Mr. Kisbey is a doctor of all-work, for whom this Paddy has no respect:—

"'Father Shea was confined to the house, and the master tould me to run down to the town and inquire for him, and take him a hare, "for," says he, "he 's fand of hare soup," says he, "and perhaps a drop will do him good." And with that I went, and the door was open, and divle any one in it that I seen; so I walks into the kitchen, and there was Kit Flynn hating water. So I axed for Miss Biddy, (that 's t' housekeeper,) and says Kit, says she, "Sure she 's up with the master, and Mr. Kisbey 's attinding him, and the codjûtor 's in it, (coadjutor or curate;) so," says she, "go up, Pat, for he 's mighty fand of hare and the sight of it maybe 'll revive him," says she. So with that I goes gently up stairs, and the door was open, and I walks in with a "God save all here!" says I. "You 're kindly welcome—come in," says Mr. Ryan, (that 's the codjûtor;) "come in," says he, "Mr. Finn; that 's a fine hare you 've got," says he, feeling it; "that will make a great soup," says he, "for our poor friend: but I 'm thinking he 's most past it," says he. And with that poor Biddy began to cry again, for I seen that her eyes were red, and it 's full of trouble she was, the cratur. And I looked to the bed, and his rivirence was lying, taking no notice at all, but looking mighty flushed, and brathing hard, and Kisbey was mixing some stuff at the table in a tay-cup, and a quare face he made, sure enough. And Biddy could n't stop crying and sobbing fit to break her heart, poor cratur! and she lifted her apron to her eyes, and faith I seen it 's very stout she was. And Kisbey was moving an to the bed, stirring the stuff, and looking hard at the patient.—"Whisht, Biddy," says Kisbey, "you 'll disturb his rivirence, and maybe it 's not long he 'll be spared to you; sure it 's a smart favor he 's got; but anyhow," says Kisbey, "I think this will do him, for it 's a febbrifewdge," says he, "and will rouse him in the bowels," says Kisbey; "and besides, there 's a touch of the saline in it," says he, stirring the cup again, and making a face; "it 's my favorite medicine," says he, "in a crisis." "Ochhone!" says poor Biddy, crying out, "what would I do if I lost his rivirence? Ah, Mr. Kisbey, you see the state I 'm in," says she; "it 's a poor case that you can't relave him," says she, "wid your crisis, and he hearty o' Thursday." "Ah, be aisy, Miss Biddy," says the codjûtor, stipping up behind her mighty quite, (sure it 's him that got the parish after Shea;) "be aisy, Miss Biddy," says he, laying the heel of his hand upon her shoulther, "be aisy, Miss Biddy," says he, "for, by the blessing o' God, it will all be right wid him. Sure, if human manes can do it," says he, "Mr. Kisbey can do it; he 's a man of skill," says he, "and his practice extensive. So keep up your heart, Biddy," says the codjûtor; "but it 's well to be prepared for the worst. We 're frail creatures, and life 's but a span," says he, drawing her towards him, mighty kind; "sure I feel for him," says he, "greatly." And while the codjûtor was offering the consolation to Miss Biddy, I seen Kisbey houlding his rivirence by the nose, and trying to put the febbrifewdge into him; but divle a taste he 'd have of it at all, but kicked and struggled like mad. "Ah! hould still, Mr. Shea, and take it," says Kisbey; "it 's the cooling draught," says he, "that will aise you. Sure it 's mighty pleasant when you get it down," says Kisbey, forcing it an him. Faith, I did not like to see his rivirence treated so rough. "Well, Mr. Finn," says the codjûtor, "you 'd better go down wid your hare, and give it to Kitty," says he, "for the soup. Maybe my poor friend will like it," says he, "when the draught has aised him." But the divle any aising did Father Shea get, barrin death, for he died that night.'"—Vol. i., p. 61.

We should be very sorry to indorse Father Shea's exit; but the gallant author is directly responsible for one death-scene in his book, and we must quote it, for no page therein throws stronger light on life in Ireland:—

"I have seen many executions, civil and military, in various countries, including the beheading of Fieschi and his associates, and I never saw a man come forth to be put to death who did not appear already more dead than alive, excepting one criminal at Naas. He had murdered his wife, and the fact was proved undeniably. He came out with a placid smile and a healthy complexion, and, I fancied, familiarly acknowledged some acquaintances in the crowd. Perhaps he was nerved with the hope of reprieve—an expectation certainly indulged in by the priest who attended him, and whose cold, and as it appeared irreverent praying, extended to full twenty minutes. It was dreadful to see a man stand smiling and nodding on the very brink of the grave, and the more so as again and again he calmly asserted his inncence of the crime for which he was about to suffer, though he admitted that he had been a murderer before. That such examples, I fear, are of little use, may be inferred from the fact of how readily the spectators are moved to joke and laugh at any ludicrous occurrence, even at the most solemn moment. In this case the priest had inadvertently placed himself beside the man upon the drop itself, just previous to the bolt being drawn,

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and was there loudly praying. Recalled by some circumstance to a sense of his situation, he jumped nimbly back to the standing grating without pausing in the prayer, and then, holding firmly by the railing, extended his other hand to prevent the prisoner following his example. There was an audible laugh at the priest's agility, in which I have no doubt the man about to be turned off would have joined, if he had not been blindfolded with the nightcap."—Vol. ii., p. 8.

We are now well aware that a Paddy will allow himself to die of sheer starvation, although all the while he has half a dozen gold sovereigns sewed up in his neckerchief. The following detail of some of his idiosyncracies as to the choice and selection of viands, the constancy of his affection for the potato, and his irreclaimable prejudice against articles both more familiar to him and more acceptable to people in general than maize, will no longer therefore excite so much wonder in our readers as the original discovery of the facts did in the enlightened author of "Paddiana." The chapter is entitled "Of the Potato:"—

"Sailing in a little yacht on the south-eastern coast of Ireland, and having with me a young fisherman from Youghal, a sudden north-west gale arose and blew us off the coast. For some hours it was impossible to carry sail at all, so violent were the squalls that came off that iron-bound coast; and there seemed every probability of our bringing up somewhere on the Welsh coast should the gale continue, and our boat weather the short, heavy seas, which rose higher and more dangerous as we left the land. Fortunately towards evening the wind lulled, and we were able, under a close-reefed mainsail, to stagger back towards the coast, shaping our course with many weary tacks for Ardmore Bay, at the rocky, southern side of which we arrived in thick darkness, the black outline of the cliffs being only recognized against the equally black sky by their immovable position amongst the driving clouds. Relying upon the conning of the trusty Mike, we stood into the bay, and finally dropped anchor abreast of the village and under shelter of the cliffs. Of food we had a lump of hard mouldy bread, left forgotten from some former trip; but there was a keg of fresh water, a cooking apparatus, and good store of sea-birds killed before the gale came on.

"To make a fire, skin and prepare the birds for stewing, we busily addressed ourselves. And let not the fastidious reader imagine that such a mess is a mere unpalatable make-shift: sea-birds produce a rich and savory soup, little, if at all, inferior to hare-soup, especially if after skinning they are allowed to soak for some hours in cold water.

"Each time that the lid of our kettle was removed arose a more grateful fragrance from the simmering fluid, till about midnight a supper was ready that an alderman might not have disdained, let alone two hungry men fasting since an early breakfast, and who had been working hard in the wet for nine or ten hours. As president of the mess, I made an equitable division of the fare, and, handing Michael his portion, fell furiously upon the Guillemot soup. Anything more exquisite to my taste on that occasion I never encountered; but, behold! the trusty Mike stirred not, neither did he lift up his spoon. He would not touch it! 'Faith, I never see any one ate them things at all!' But you have nothing else, man, except that mouldy crust! 'Faith, I would n't ate it at all!' Is it fast-day? 'No!' Come, nonsense! try a puffin—or this cormorant you 'll find exceedingly juicy and tender. No? Perhaps you are not hungry? 'Faith, it 's meself that is, then. Sorrow bid I had to-day!' Would you like a kettlefull of Connaught lumpers well boiled? 'Be my sowl I would!!' (With much energy.) Suffering from the heat with their coats unbuttoned? 'Just so!' But as you have n't got the praties, try a bit of wilock? 'Ogh! I would n't taste it at all! I 'd be sick!'—So he munched in preference the mouldy bread. But I have to record another peculiarity in the trusty Michael's taste.

"The next morning a boat came off and took us ashore, and we steered at once for the best cabin in the place—bad enough it was, but bearing on the white-washed wall the encouraging hieroglyphic of a bottle and glass, and above the doorway this inscription, contrived ingeniously to fit the space, and reading somewhat like a rude rhyme:—

BEAMISH and CRAWFORD'S PO
RTER Licensed for SPIRITS and to
BACCO.

Here the Saxon called for eggs and bacon—it is unnecessary to mention the order of the Celt. But the bacon was not to be procured in the village, and a boy despatched to a house 'convanient' did not return till the Celtic breakfast was heaped upon the board. In vain did the Saxon call upon him to stop—to pause—not to throw away so glorious an appetite upon a peck of tubers—at least to keep a corner for the bacon. But Mike was mounted on an irresistible hobby, and, like the Lady Baussière, he 'rode on.'—Well, hold hard before you go into your second peck—see, here 's a rasher ready! 'No!' What! you don't like bacon? 'Faith, I dunnow!' Not know if you like bacon? 'Sure, I never tasted the like!' He had never tasted bacon! He, an Irishman, of the age of twenty—who had been brought up with pigs from earliest infancy whose ears, probably, received a grunt before all other sounds—whose infant head had been pillowed upon living chitterlings, and whose earliest plaything was souse—who had bestridden chines and griskins before he could walk, and toddled through boyhood with pettitoes—nay, who could not at the present hour, when at home, put forth hand or foot without touching ham or flitch;—and yet he had never tasted bacon! nor wished to taste it!!

"Poor creatures! no wonder we can do nothing for them. What hope is there for a man who, half starved, will yet dine upon a boiled potato—nay, go without even that—rather than try a new dish!—who will sell a young pig weighing ten pounds for ten pence to lay out in potatoes, in preference to eating the pig!"—Vol. ii., p. 124.

If the following fact be new to our author, he will not be sorry to have it. We give it on the most unquestionable authority. When the late "Famine" was at the worst in Connemara, the sea off the coast there teemed with turbot to such an extent that the laziest of fishermen could not help catching them in thousands; but the common people would not touch them, because, we suppose, there were no potatoes to eat with them—for we can hardly imagine that the objection was the more civilized one of lack of lobsters for sauce.

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From the potato of the peasant the *major* takes the liberty of passing to a little discourse of what is called among the orators of regimental messes the general question"—and we are not unwilling to be among his listeners:—

"The universal example of the higher ranks throughout Ireland has gone to diffuse a love of sporting and a hatred of work. The younger brother will drag on his shabby life at the family domain, rather than make an effort to be independent by means of a profession; and as for a trade, he would call out the man who suggested such a degradation. The shopkeeper, as much as he can, shuffles out of the business and leaves it to his wife, while he is either indulging his half-tipsy grandeur in the back parlor, or out with the hounds. The farmer, even in harvest-time, will leave the loaded car—throw aside the business of the day—to follow the 'hoont,' if the hounds come in the neighborhood. Even a shooting sportsman is sufficient to attract them: they follow the example set them by their betters, and have had no other.

"Of course they will attend monster meetings, and listen with delight to an orator, who offers to procure them, on the easiest conditions, JUSTICE FOR IRELAND—a phrase which, in the minds of the audience, means what each most desires—a good farm, easy rents, dear selling, and cheap buying—and all to be had by repeal! How can they refuse to go heart and hand with a gentleman who promises all this—cracks his joke with a jolly, good-humored face—praises Irish beauty and boasts of the power of Irish limbs—irresistible in cajolery and matchless in abuse—never confuted, or even questioned, except by some 'Gutter Commissioner,' who, if he was not kicked out of the country, deserved to be!

"I am far from presuming to suggest a remedy for Irish disorders; but I am convinced that a stronger power than that afforded by our present laws is required in so desperate a case. To wait till the age of reason dawns upon a people whose besotted ignorance is such that you cannot make them understand what is best for them, or that you are trying to benefit them, is hopeless; who have a native cunning and aptitude to defeat your schemes; who have no sense of independence or shame of beggary; and (which is the worst feature in the case) who are upheld in their opposition to all improvement by those in whom all their confidence is placed, who teach them that England is their great and grinding oppressor, from whom spring all their wrongs and all their misery. This is rung in their ears by all whom they are taught to look up to: their journalists, their poets, their patriots, their priests, have all the same cry—

> On our side is virtue and Erin—
> On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.

This is the never-ending burden of all the speeches and all the writings addressed to the Irish people. It is in vain you feed and clothe them—pay them to make their own roads—drain their own bogs—nay, sow their own land. It is quite sufficient to render the boon distrusted when it is associated with 'the Saxon and guilt!' But still the lesson is, Get all you can—take every advantage—still cry for more—hate the giver, but take the gift—'cram and blaspheme your feeder!'

"Education may do something; but when you have taught them to read, *will they be allowed to read?* Did anybody ever see an Irish peasant reading in his cabin? and yet education is very general. The great difficulty is to teach them to think. This once attained, they will gradually shake off their 'old men of the *sea*.' In the mean time, our lawtinkers may meddle with their system of tenure, their poor, and their relation of landlord and tenant—for it will be hard to put them into any position more deplorable than that in which they are now."—Vol. ii., p. 132.

We offer these extracts, and earnestly recommend almost all the rest of this gentleman's *Scraps and Sketches*, as fair materials for the dispassionate public—if any such public there be as respects Ireland. Part of his second volume is occupied with a composition of a different class. It is, in fact, a *Review* of some late "Histories of Ireland,"—among others, of Mr. Moore's; and we think Mr. Moore himself must be startled and amused to see the quiet dexterity with which facts in his book have been set in array against its drift. A man of true genius like him, tasting with such exquisite relish the picturesque of manners as well as of scenery, could not possibly do a history of Ireland so as to meet the wishes of those Milesians who give their fellow-subjects and readers credit for any discourse of reason. He could not, we believe, go over chronicles, and annals, and letters, and despatches, and merely pick out what would serve the purposes of any one party, or faction, or sect whatever:—he must rest on the really salient points, with whatever inferences pregnant—it was not in his nature to tell the story and omit the cream. We do not give him credit for being very much in earnest in his own flourishing commentaries, and, in short, have no doubt he will smile with tolerable complacency over this gentle castigation from one in whose society, peradventure, he will feel that he would be considerably more at home than in any congregation either of old or young Erin. But we shall not meddle with the brother-reviewer—too happy should we have been to adopt (and abridge) the production if he had sent it to us in MS.—as it is, we can only repeat our fraternal recommendation of what all the candid will admit to be, or at least to contain the stuff of, a first-rate *article*.

Already, it may be thought, we have extracted quite enough of politics from "Paddiana"—let us honestly tell the reason. We do not question that this book will have a run in Great Britain—but we do not believe it will be allowed to get into any circulation at all among the masses of the Irish—whereas, somehow or other, *reviews* defy, to a certain extent, the sternest and strictest ban whether of the lurking Jesuit—or the brawling priest—or the professional agitator in Dublin. But even this was a secondary motive. We see certain continental journals crammed continually with articles on Irish matters made up of extracts either from whig and radical journals of English birth, or from the tomes of such superficial, dogmatical pedants as M. Beaumont, or such sentimental ninnies as the Vicomte d'Arlincourt. Now the editors of these *Bibliothèques Européennes*, *Bibliothèques Universelles*, &c. &c. &c., French, Swiss,

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Belgian or German, are, we suspect, in no slight degree directed as to their choice of plunder from the English periodical press by the mere consideration of what will amuse their readers; and therefore we have compounded this paper chiefly in the hope of its attracting their notice, and becoming by their industrious machinery diffused among students who do not materially swell our own or any other English list of subscribers. If we be not disappointed in our anticipations on this score, let us present one humble parting petition to our foreign free-traders. Will they do us the favor not to omit one small specimen more of an elderly and experienced English officer's serious reflections on the affairs of Ireland? *Extremum hunc concede laborem!*—

"To the great majority of us unimaginative Saxons the Irish character is a profound mystery. There is, from high to low, a want of principle amongst them. They spend without thought, and accept without shame: the old spirit of 'coshering' is still strong amongst them, and they are ready to bestow their burdens or their company upon any one who will, under any circumstances, accept the charge. Their sense of right and wrong is different from ours. A man occupying the high post of a legislator will, for factious and selfish purposes, falsify all history to make out a case; and, no doubt, will readily enough abuse any writer who may expose his nefarious practices. The gentleman who fraudulently possessed himself of his noble relative's diamonds, and pawned them, from the moment of detection loudly proclaimed himself an ill-used man—a victim to the narrow prejudices of society—and railled against its laws. The gallant officer who pocketed a valuable article of *bijouterie* belonging to a noble lord, and sold it to a jeweller, is perpetually writing for testimonials of his trustworthiness to people whom he knows to be acquainted with all the circumstances of the case; and there is not a farmer in Ireland who would blush to withhold his seed-wheat and let his land lie fallow, if he thought there was a probability that the government would find him seed and till his land for him. His long-tongued orators know this, and clamor for him; and even English gentlemen will, for factious purposes, join in the cry.

"It may seem harsh to say that kindness and conciliation are thrown away upon the Irish in their present state, unless, indeed, it be accompanied by a pretty strong demonstration of power. Savages, or even half-savages, must feel the strong hand to inspire them with respect. Try the conciliatory system in the East, and not even ready money will get you on. Are the Irish civilized? Are they in a condition to be placed on the same footing as the English? Can a people be called civilized where farm-laborers work under an escort of police? where murderers are fostered, and improving landlords shot? where they harrow by the horses' tails? where ball-proof waistcoats are lucrative articles of manufacture? where they believe in O'Higgins? and up to the present moment have paid an impostor a princely income to disunite them from their only friend? In truth, when we reflect upon the scrapes which this brave, good-humored, generous, and nose-led people have been brought into in all ages by their kings, their chiefs, their priests, and their patriots, we are astonished to read in Holinshed that 'There is no Irish terme for a knave.'"
—Vol. ii., p. 266.

We suppose after what we said at the beginning it is entirely needless for us to explain that in this very clever man's diatribes he has not the slightest intention of casting any disparagement on the virtues which, no less than powerful understanding and captivating manners, characterize in our time the great majority of the Irish gentry. He is as far above pandering to the narrow prejudices of the English bigot as of the Irish fanatic. He regards the questions at issue from an imperial, which is the same thing as to say from a philanthropic, point of view.

We ought to mention that we had not read until our paper was done a small volume just published with the title of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago." If we had, we should have excepted it from our general criticism on works lately produced about Irish manners. The author has collected with diligence, and put together in a very agreeable style, a world of most striking and picturesque incidents and characters of the period immediately preceding the Union. Eminently amusing as he is, we see not the least trace of Barringtonian romance about his chapters. As to his *preface*, he is an Irishman, though a highly cultivated one—therefore we may be pardoned for doubting whether he has not rather over-estimated the progress actually made by his countrymen, within these sixty years, towards habits of order and industry. But that they have made great progress, notwithstanding all the, as we believe, just and true pictures in "Paddiana," there can be no doubt; and most earnestly do we concur in his hope and prayer that the progress may advance henceforth with ever increasing rapidity.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.—TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

MOTHER, I 'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek:
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
Here it is cold; the tempest raveth madly;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright;
I see the angel-children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and, listen.
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely those wings were given him by our Lord!
Green, gold and red are floating all around me;
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing:
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not sigh thus—it marreth my reposing;
And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!
Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing;
—Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

Howitt's Journal.

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A MORMON CONVENTICLE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

PASSING up Merrimack-street, the other day, my attention was arrested by a loud earnest voice, apparently engaged in preaching, or rather "holding forth," in the second story of the building opposite. I was in the mood to welcome anything of a novel character, and following the sound, I passed up a flight of steps leading to a long, narrow and somewhat shabby room, dignified by the appellation of Classic hall.

Seating myself, I looked about me. There were from fifty to one hundred persons in the audience, in which nearly all classes of this heterogeneous community seemed pretty fairly represented, all listening with more or less attention to the speaker.

He was a young man with dark enthusiastic complexion, black eyes and hair; with his collar thrown back, and his coat cuffs turned over, revealing a somewhat undue quantity of "fine linen," bending over his coarse board pulpit, and gesticulating with the vehemence of Hamlet's player, "tearing his passion to rags." A band of mourning crape, fluttering with the spasmodic action of his left arm, and an allusion to "our late beloved brother JOSEPH SMITH," sufficiently indicated the sect of the speaker. He was a *Mormon*—a saint of the latter days.

His theme was the power of faith. Although evidently unlearned and innocent enough of dealing in such "abominable matters as a verb or a noun, which no Christian ear can endure," to have satisfied Jack Cade himself, there was a straight-forward vehemence and intense earnestness in his manner, which at once disarmed my criticism. He spoke of Adam, in Paradise, as the lord of this lower world—"For," said he, "water could n't drown him, fire could n't burn him, cold could n't freeze him—nothing could harm him, for he had all the elements under his feet. And what, my hearers, was the secret of this power? His faith in God: that was it. Well, the devil wanted this power. He behaved in a mean, *ungentlemanly* way, and deceived Eve, and lied to her, he did. And so Adam lost his faith. And all this power over the elements that Adam had, the devil got, and has it now. He is the prince and power of the air, *consequently*, he is master of the elements and lord of this world. He has filled it with unbelief, and robbed man of his birthright, and will do so until the hour of the power of darkness is ended, and the mighty angel comes down with the chain in his hand to bind the old serpent and dragon."

Another speaker, a stout black-browed "son of thunder," gave an interesting account of his experience. He had been one of the apostles of the Mormon Evangel, and had visited Europe. He went in faith. He had "but three cents in his pocket" when he reached England. He went to the high professors of all sects, and they would not receive him; they pronounced him "damned already." He was reduced to great poverty and hunger: alone in a strange land; with no one to bid him welcome. He was on the very verge of starvation. "Then," said he, "I knelt down and I prayed in earnest faith, 'Lord, give me this day my daily bread.' O, I tell ye, I *prayed with a good appetite;* and I rose up, and was moved to go to a house at hand. I knocked at the door, and when the owner came, I said to him, 'I am a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, from America. I am starving—will you give me some food?' 'Why, bless you, yes,' said the man, 'sit down and eat as much as you please.' And I did sit down at his table, blessed be God: but my hearers, he was not a professor; he was not a Christian, but one of Robert Owen's infidels. The Lord reward him for his kindness."

In listening to these modern prophets, I discovered, as I think, the great secret of their success in making converts. They speak to a common feeling; they minister to a universal want. They contrast strongly the miraculous power of the gospel in the apostolic time with the present state of our nominal Christianity. They ask for the signs of divine power; the faith, overcoming all things, which opened the prison doors of the apostles, gave them power over the elements, which rebuked disease and death itself, and made visible to all the presence of the living God. They ask for any declaration in the Scriptures that this miraculous power of faith was to be confined to the first confessors of Christianity. They speak a language of hope and promise to weak, weary hearts, tossed and troubled, who have wandered from sect to sect, seeking in vain for the primal manifestations of the divine power.

In speaking of Mormonism as a delusion, I refer more particularly to the apocryphal book of Mormon. That the great majority of the "Latter Day Saints" are honest and sincere fanatics, I have no reason to doubt. They have made great sacrifices and endured severe and protracted persecution for their faith. The reports circulated against them by their unprincipled enemies in the west are in the main destitute of foundation. I place no dependence upon charges made against them by the ruffian mob of the Mississippi valley, and the reckless slave-drivers, who, at the point of the bayonet and bowie-knife, expelled them from Missouri, and signalized their Christian crusade against unbelievers by murdering old men, and violating their innocent wives and daughters. It is natural that the wrong-doers should hate those whom they have so foully injured.

The Prophet himself, the master-spirit of this extraordinary religious movement is no more. He died by the hands of wicked and barbarous men, a martyr—unwilling doubtless, but still a martyr—of his faith. For after all, Joe Smith could not have been wholly insincere. Or, if so in the outset, it is more than probable that his extraordinary success, his wonderful power over the minds of men, caused him to seem a miracle and a marvel to himself; and, like Mohammed and Napoleon, to consider himself a chosen instrument of the eternal power.

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In the "Narrative of an Eye-witness of the Mormon Massacre," published in a Western paper, I was a good deal impressed by the writer's account of the departure of the prophet from "the holy city" to deliver himself up to the state authorities at Warsaw. It was well understood, that in so doing, he was about to subject himself to extreme hazard. The whole country round about was swarming with armed men, eager to imbrue their hands in his blood. The city was in a fearful state of alarm and excitement. The great Nauvoo legion, with its two thousand strong of armed fanatics, was drawn up in the principal square. A word from the prophet would have converted that dark silent mass into desperate and unsparing defenders of their leader, and the holy places of their faith. Mounted on his favorite black horse, he rode through the glittering files, and with words of cheer and encouragement, exhorted them to obey the laws of the state, and give their enemies no excuse for persecution and outrage. "Well," said he, as he left them, "they are good boys, if I never see them again." Taking leave of his family, and his more intimate friends, he turned his horse, and rode up in front of the great temple, as if to take a final look at the proudest trophy of his power. After contemplating it for a while in silence, he put spurs to his horse, in company with his brother, who, it will be recollected, shared his fate in the prison, dashed away towards Warsaw, and the prairie horizon shut down between him and the city of the saints for the last time.

Once in the world's history we were to have a Yankee prophet, and we have had him in Joe Smith. For good or for evil, he has left his track on the great pathway of life; or, to use the words of Horne, "knocked out for himself a window in the wall of the nineteenth century," whence his rude, bold, good-humored face will peer out upon the generations to come. But the prophet has not trusted his fame merely to the keeping of the spiritual. He has incorporated himself with the enduring stone of the great Nauvoo temple, which, when completed, will be the most splendid and imposing architectural monument in the new world. With its huge walls of hewn stone—its thirty gigantic pillars, loftier than those of Baalbec—their massive caps carved into the likeness of enormous human faces, themselves resting upon crescent moons, with a giant profile of a face within the curve—it stands upon the highest elevation of the most beautiful city site of the west, overlooking the "Father of Waters;"—a temple unique and wonderful as the faith of its builder, embodying in its singular and mysterious architecture, the Titan idea of the Pyramids, and the solemn and awe-inspiring thought which speaks from the Gothic piles of the middle ages.—*Howitt's Journal.*

TRUST him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.—*Lavater.*

From Howitt's Journal.

OLD-FASHIONED IRISH COURTING.

IN the south of Ireland an "Abduction Club" was established, the members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist in carrying off such young women as were fixed upon by any members. They had emissaries and confederates in every house, who communicated information of particulars—the extent of the girl's fortune, the state and circumstances of the family, with details of their intentions, and domestic arrangements and movements. When a girl was thus pointed out, the members drew lots, but more generally tossed-up for her, and immediate measures were taken to secure her for the fortunate man by all the rest. No class of society was exempt from their visits, and opulent farmers as well as the gentry were subject to these engagements of the clubs, according to their rank in life.

The persons who were most usually concerned in such clubs were a class of men abounding in Ireland, called "squireens." They were the younger sons or connections of respectable families, having little or no patrimony of their own, but who scorned to *demean* themselves by any *useful* or profitable pursuit. They are described by Arthur Young and other writers of the day, as distinguished in fairs and markets, races and assizes, by appearing in red waistcoats, lined with narrow lace or fur, tight leather breeches and top boots, riding "a bit of blood," lent or given them from the stables of their opulent connections.

The glory of carrying off an heiress in triumph from his competitors seems at first to have been the ruling motive, until opposition or failure excited worse passions. The author gives the following instance of atrocious outrage:—

"Catherine and Ann Kennedy were the daughters of Richard Kennedy, of Rathmeadau, in the county of Waterford: their father was dead, and they lived with their mother in much respectability; and they were each entitled to a fortune, under their father's will, of £2000, a large sum, at that time, as a girl's portion, in Ireland; but even that was exaggerated, and they were looked upon as coheiresses of immense wealth, and as such were objects of great cupidity to the abduction clubs. The fortunate persons to whose lot they fell were Garrett Byrne, of Ballyann, in the county of Galway, and James Strange, (pronounced Strang,) of Ullard, in the county of Kilkenny. They were young men of great popularity in the country, dissipated, dashing, careless, spirited fellows, but of different dispositions. Strange was irritable, impetuous, and tyrannical, sacrificing everything to accomplish his ends, and little regarding the means or feelings of others. Byrne, on the contrary, was amiable, and, as far as his pursuits and propensities permitted, of kind and gentle temper, particularly to women, with whom he was a universal favorite. He had attached himself to Catherine Kennedy, whose disposition was somewhat like and congenial to his own. Strange had fixed his regards upon Anne, who, in like manner, resembled him in determination and haughtiness of temper.

"In the intercourse of the country, they had

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occasionally met at race-balls and other convivial meetings, and the men had endeavored to render themselves agreeable to the girls; with such success, that it was reported, on the authority of their confidential maids, that they were actually invited by them to avail themselves of the first opportunity to carry them off, as there were no hopes that their mother and friends would consent to their marrying men of such desperate fortunes.

"While this intercourse was going on, Catherine was but fifteen, and her sister but fourteen. They were both very lovely girls, but Anne was most distinguished, and her form and face gave promise of something eminently beautiful.

"On the 14th of April, 1779, the girls accompanied their mother, aunt, and some friends, to a play enacted at Graigunamana, a small town in the county of Kilkenny; and before the representation was concluded, a notice was conveyed to them that Byrne and Strange had formed a plan to carry them off that night from the play, and had assembled a number of adherents around the house for the purpose. In great alarm, the girls, with their mother and aunt, left the theatre, and retired to another room in the same house, accompanied by several gentlemen, their friends, who resolved to protect them. They bolted and barricadoed the door, and remained for two hours without any attempt being made on the room. At length a violent rush was felt at it, the door gave way, and the party outside entered. There was a bed in the room, and the girls hastily retired behind the curtains, and endeavoring to conceal themselves, and impress on the minds of the rioters that they had escaped from the apartment, and were no longer in the house. For an hour or more the men seemed irresolute, and used no violence; but at the end of that time they rushed to the bed, and drew the girls from their concealment. They now displayed arms of all kinds, swords and pistols, with which they were provided, and in spite of all the opposition of the girls' friends, whom they fiercely attacked and threatened with instant death, they dragged them into the street, where they were surrounded by about an hundred armed men, with shirts covering their clothes, by way of disguise, the then common costume, in which originated the name of 'Whiteboys.'

"Two horses were ready saddled. Catherine was first to mount one, and placed before Byrne, and Anne was placed upon the other before Strange; in this way, surrounded by a desperate body of men, sufficient to intimidate and overawe the country, they were carried off from their friends. To allay the terrors of the girls, it was proposed to send for other females who would be their companions. They received the proposal with joy: and they were speedily joined by some women, who proved, however, to be sisters and near relatives of the abductors, and prepared and in readiness to promote their criminal views. They rode all night, surrounded by a strong, armed guard of Whiteboys, to a place called Kilmashane, fifteen Irish miles from Graigunamana. During the journey they were repeatedly solicited to consent to marry the men, and threatened that if they did not, they should be carried to a distant country, where they never should see either mother or friends again. The women who had joined the party urged the same thing, and threatened, if they persisted in their refusal, to abandon them, and leave them to whatever treatment the men chose to give them. In this place they obtained some refreshment, and continued for a considerable time, subject to the constant importunity of the party. At length a man was introduced, who was reported to be a priest, before whom Byrne and Strange took a solemn oath that they would harass them night and day by riding through the country with them, till they should be exhausted with fatigue and suffering; but if they consented then to be married by the priest, they should be immediately restored to their friends. At length, terrified and subdued, they became passive, and a short form of ceremony was read, and an extorted assent was given.

"They then claimed the promise to be immediately restored to their friends, but it was evaded till night came on. The girls refused to retire to rest till solemnly assured by the females that one should sleep with each of them; they, however, abandoned them at midnight, and the men took their places. From this house, which appeared to be a waste place, and belonging to no master, they again were set on horseback as before, and, accompanied by their lawless patrol, they rode on to Borris, where they passed the next night. The exhausted girls entreated to be allowed to sleep with the females, but this was refused.

"After various wanderings, by riding night and day with a whole cavalcade of armed ruffians, they were brought to the house of another priest, who undertook to persuade them to submit to their fate, and be reconciled and obedient to their husbands. They still persisted in their remonstrances against the violence offered to them, when it was threatened to carry them to Castlecomer, and bury them there forever in the coal-mines; and Strange, in a paroxysm of anger, struck Anne in the face with a pewter pot. This brutal violence sunk deep into her mind, and rankled with an inextinguishable resentment never to be forgotten.

"It will hardly be believed that for *five weeks* they were paraded, night and day, accompanied by their lawless cavalcade, and resting at miserable houses, through the counties of Waterford, Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare, and so on to the north of Dublin, where they stopped at Rush, a small fishing town, within a few miles of the metropolis. In this place they were put on board a vessel, accompanied by the whole party, and sailed to the town of Wicklow; here, with a perfect feeling of indifference and security, some of the party went on shore; but while they were absent, the vessel was boarded by a Mr. Power, accompanied by an armed party, who rescued the harassed girls, and restored them to their friends. In the mean time, Byrne and Strange made their escape to Wales; but they were instantly pursued, and were apprehended at Milford, on the 6th of July, and lodged in the jail at Carnarvon. It was long doubtful whether they would not claim the girls as their wives; and a belief was entertained that no prosecution would ensue. Catherine was said to be strongly attached to Byrne, who had always treated her with gentleness and affection, except in the manner of her abduction; but Anne's animosity to Strange was irreconcilable, and the brutal indignity of the blow was only to be effaced by his death. Though so young—a mere child—her energetic resentment overcame the reluctance of her elder, but more yielding sister; her resolution was confirmed by a near relation of her own, distinguished by the number of duels he had fought—a Mr. Hayes. It was by his unshaken determination that the men were brought to trial. The joint depositions of the girls were taken before the Lord Chief Justice Annaly, and Byrne

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and Strange were tried at the Kilkenny Lent assizes, on the 24th of March, 1780. Letters were produced from the young ladies, containing the most tender expressions of affection, and inviting their respective lovers to carry them off, in the way usual in the country, to which they were ready and willing to consent. These letters, however, were clearly proved to be forgeries by the sister of Byrne, who was heard to boast she could perfectly copy Miss Anne Kennedy's hand-writing. Others were read, really written by the girls, speaking of the men in an affectionate manner, and calling them their dear husbands; but these were proved to have been dictated under the strong impression of threats and terror. The men were found guilty and sentenced to death.

"It was supposed the sentence would never be executed. Their respectable rank in society—connected with all the gentry of the country—their actual marriage with the girls, and the frequency of the act of abduction, that caused such a marriage to be considered a thing divested of all criminality, created a strong feeling in their favor. The intercession of powerful friends, including amongst others the minister from the court of Vienna, was earnestly urged in their behalf. But Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel, was then attorney-general, and conducted the prosecution. He openly declared in court, that if this abduction was suffered to pass with impunity, there would be no safety for any girl, and no protection for the domestic peace and happiness of any family; and he called upon the government to carry out the sentence. His remonstrance was attended to, and the unfortunate gentlemen were hanged, to the great astonishment of their numerous friends and admirers. So strong and general was the excitement among the peasantry, that a rescue was greatly feared, and an extraordinary large force of horse and foot was ordered to attend their execution; and such was the deep sympathy for their fate, that all the shops were shut up, and all business suspended, in Kilkenny and the neighboring towns.

"The subsequent fate of the girls was melancholy. Whenever they appeared in the towns of Waterford, Kilkenny, or the vicinity, they were assailed by hissing and hooting of the mob, who followed them with execration through the streets. They both had a pension from government, settled on them as a remuneration for their sufferings and their conviction of felons. This the common people considered as the price of blood, and could not conceal their abhorrence whenever they were seen. They were, however, respectably married. The eldest, Catherine, married a gentleman named Sullivan; but even he could not escape the superstitious credulity of the country. He was a worthy, but weak man, and fancied himself haunted by the spectre of Byrne, frequently shouting out at night, when waking from a frightful dream, and declaring that he stood before him. He always kept a light burning in his room, as a protection against this apparition. His handsome wife fell in flesh, and preserved but little of that comeliness which attracted her lover; and she sought, it was said, the indulgence of smoking to drown reflection! The fate of Anne was more severe. She fulfilled the promise of her youth, and became a dignified and magnificent beauty. She was married to a gentleman named Kelly. Her married state was miserable, and she died an object of great commiseration—sunk, it was said, in want and degradation. The common people declared her fate a judgment, and continued to execrate her whilst living, and her memory when dead. The very act of a man hazarding his life to carry her off, was deemed a noble act, her prosecution a base return, and her misfortunes nothing but the vengeance of Heaven visibly visited upon her."

Another awful catastrophe of this kind occurred in a different part of Ireland, about the same period, which is perhaps one of the most interesting and melancholy on record. John McNaghtan, a native of Derry, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, after a series of extravagances and the loss of his wife, paid court to a Miss Knox, who had a large fortune, independent of her father; and as she was too young to marry, he obtained a promise from her to become his bride in two years. Her father was opposed to it, and he was interdicted the house.

"One day the lovers found themselves alone, with no companion but a little boy, when McNaghtan took from his pocket a prayer-book, and read himself the marriage ceremony, prevailing on Miss Knox to answer the responses, which she did, adding to each, 'Provided my father consents.' Of this ceremony McNaghtan immediately availed himself; and when he next met her at the house of a friend, openly claimed her as his wife. Again he was forbidden the house by the indignant father. He then published an advertisement in all the newspapers, declaring the young lady was married to him. By a process, however, in the spiritual court, the pretended marriage was entirely set aside.

"To detach his daughter from this unfortunate connection, Mr. Knox resolved to leave the country, and introduce her to the society of the metropolis; and in the beginning of November, 1761, prepared to set out for Dublin. McNaghtan and a party of his friends having information of his intention, repaired to a cabin a little distance from the road, with a sackful of fire-arms. From hence one of the party was despatched to the house of an old woman who lived by the way-side, under the pretence of buying some yarn, to wait for the coming up of Mr. Knox's carriage. When it did arrive, the woman pointed it out, named the travellers it contained, and described the position in which they sat. They were Mr. Knox, his wife, his daughter, and a maid-servant. It was attended by but one servant, and the smith before mentioned. The scout immediately ran before, and communicated to McNaghtan the information he had received. The carriage was instantly surrounded by him and three other men. McNaghtan and one of his accomplices fired at the smith, whom they did not kill, but totally disabled. The blinds of the carriage were now close drawn, that the persons inside might not be recognized. McNaghtan rode up to it, and either by accident or design, discharged a heavily-loaded blunderbuss into it at random. A shriek was heard inside. The blind was let down, and Mr. Knox discharged his pistol at the assassin. At the same moment another was fired from behind a stack of turf, by the servant, who had concealed himself there. Both shots took effect in the body of McNaghtan. He was, however, held on his horse by his associates, who rode off with him. The carriage was then examined. Miss Knox was found dead, weltering in her blood. On the first alarm, she had thrown her arms about her father's neck, to protect him, and so received the contents of the murderer's fire-arms. Five balls of the blunderbuss had entered her body, leaving

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the other three persons in the carriage with her unhurt and untouched by this random shot.

"The country was soon alarmed, and a reward of five hundred pounds offered for the apprehension of the murderers. A company of light horse scoured the district, and amongst other places were led to search the house of a farmer named Wenslow. The family denied all knowledge of McNaghtan, and the party were leaving the house, when the corporal said to one of his companions, in the hearing of a countryman who was digging potatoes, that the discoverer would be entitled to a reward of three hundred pounds. The countryman immediately pointed to hay-loft, and the corporal running up a ladder, burst open the door, and discovered McNaghtan lying in the hay. Notwithstanding his miserable wounded state, he made a desperate resistance, but was ultimately taken and lodged in Lifford gaol. Some of his accomplices were arrested soon after. They were tried before a special commission at Lifford, and one of them was received as king's evidence. McNaghtan was brought into court wrapped in a blanket, and laid on a table in the dock, not being able to support himself in any other position. Notwithstanding acute pain and exceeding debility, he defended himself with astonishing energy and acuteness. A singular trait of Irish feeling occurred in the course of the trial. One of his followers, implicated in the outrage, named Dunlap, was a faithful and attached fellow, and his master evinced more anxiety to save his life than his own. As a means of doing so, he disclaimed all knowledge of his person.

"'Oh, master, dear,' said the poor fellow beside him in the dock, 'is this the way you are going to disown me after all?'

"On the day of execution, McNaghtan was so weak as to be supported in the arms of attendants. He evinced the last testimony of his regard to the unfortunate young lady he had murdered, of whom he was passionately fond, and whom he mourned as his wife. The cap which covered his face was bound with black; his jacket was trimmed with black, having black jet buttons, with large black buckles in his shoes. When lifted up the ladder, he exerted all his remaining strength to throw himself off, and with such force that the rope broke, and he fell gasping to the ground. As he was a man of daring enterprise and profuse bounty, he was highly popular, and the crowd made a lane for him to escape, and attempted to assist him. He declined their aid, and declared he would not live; he called to his follower, Dunlap, for the rope which was round his neck, the knot of which was slipped and placed round his own. Again he was assisted up the ladder, and collecting all his energies, he flung himself off, and died without a struggle. His unfortunate but faithful follower stood by, wringing his hands as he witnessed the sufferings of his dear master, and earnestly desired that his own execution might be hastened, that he might soon follow him, and die by the same rope.

"The circumstances and character of the parties in this affair rendered it one of the deepest interest. The young lady was but fifteen, gentle, accomplished, and beautiful, greatly attached to the unhappy man, devotedly fond of her father, and with the strongest sense of rectitude and propriety, entangled in an unfortunate engagement from simplicity and inexperience. The gentleman was thirty-eight; a man of the most engaging person, and a model of manly beauty. His manners were soft, gentle, and insinuating, and his disposition naturally generous and humane; but when roused by strong resentment, his passions were most fierce and uncontrollable. His efforts on his trial were not to preserve his life, which became a burden to him after the loss of her he loved, but to save from a like fate a faithful follower, and to exculpate his own memory from a charge of intended cruelty and deliberate murder."

THE RED SHOES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.—TRANSLATED BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

THERE was once a little girl who was very pretty and delicate, but in summer she was forced to run about with bare feet, she was so poor, and in winter wear large wooden shoes, which made her little insteps quite red, and that looked so dangerous!

In the middle of the village lived old Mother Shoemaker; she sat and sewed together, as well as she could, a little pair of shoes out of old red strips of cloth; they were very clumsy, but it was a kind thought. They were meant for the little girl. The little girl was called Karen.

On the very day her mother was buried, Karen received the red shoes, and wore them for the first time. They were certainly not intended for mourning, but she had no others, and with stockingless feet she followed the poor straw coffin in them.

Suddenly a large old carriage drove up, and a large old lady sat in it: she looked at the litle girl, felt compassion for her, and then said to the clergyman,

"Here, give me the little girl; I will adopt her!"

And Karen believed all this happened on account of the red shoes, but the old lady thought they were horrible, and they were burnt. But Karen herself was cleanly and nicely dressed; she must learn to read, and sew; and people said she was a nice little thing, but the looking-glass said: "Thou art more than nice—thou art beautiful!"

Now the queen once travelled through the land, and she had her little daughter with her. And this little daughter was a princess, and people streamed to the castle, and Karen was there also, and the little princess stood in her fine white dress, in a window, and let herself be stared at; she had neither a train nor a golden crown, but splendid red morocco shoes. They were certainly far handsomer than those Mother Shoemaker had made for little Karen. Nothing in the world can be compared with red shoes.

Now Karen was old enough to be confirmed; she had new clothes, and was to have new shoes also. The rich shoemaker in the city took the measure of her little foot. This took place at his house; in his room where stood large glass cases, filled with elegant shoes and brilliant boots. All this looked charming, but the old lady could not see well, and so had no pleasure in them. In the midst of the shoes stood a pair of red ones, just like those the princess had worn. How beautiful they were! The shoemaker said also they had been made for the child of a count, but had not fitted.

"That must be patent leather," said the old lady, "they shine so!"

"Yes, they shine!" said Karen; and they fitted, and were bought; but the old lady knew nothing about their being red, else she would never have allowed Karen to have gone in red shoes to be confirmed. Yet such was the case.

Everybody looked at her feet; and when she

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stepped through the chancel-door on the church pavement, it seemed to her as if the old figures on the tombs, those portraits of old preachers and preachers' wives, with stiff ruffs, and long black dresses, fixed their eyes on her red shoes. And she thought only of them as the clergyman laid his hand upon her head, and spoke of the holy baptism, of the covenant with God, and how she should be now a matured Christian; and the organ pealed so solemnly, the sweet children's voices sang, and the old music directors sang; but Karen only thought of her red shoes.

In the afternoon, the old lady heard from every one that the shoes had been red, and she said that it was very wrong of Karen, that it was not at all becoming, and that in future Karen should only go in black shoes to church, even when she should be older.

The next Sunday there was the sacrament, and Karen looked at the black shoes, looked at the red ones—looked at them again, and put on the red shoes.

The sun shone gloriously; Karen and the old lady walked along the path through the corn; it was rather dusty there.

At the church-door stood an old soldier with a crutch, and with a wonderfully long beard, which was more red than white, and he bowed to the ground, and asked the old lady whether he might dust her shoes. And Karen stretched out her little foot.

"See! what beautiful dancing-shoes!" said the soldier; "sit firm when you dance;" and he put his hand out towards the soles.

And the old lady gave the old soldier an alms, and went into the church with Karen.

And all the people in the church looked at Karen's red shoes, and all the pictures, and as Karen knelt before the altar, and raised the cup to her lips, she only thought of the red shoes, and they seemed to swim in it; and she forgot to sing her psalm, and she forgot to pray, "Our Father in heaven!"

Now all the people went out of church, and the old lady got into her carriage. Karen raised her foot to get in after her, when the old soldier said,

"Look, what beautiful dancing-shoes!"

And Karen could not help dancing a step or two, and when she began, her legs continued to dance; it was just as though the shoes had power over them. She danced round the church corner, she could not leave off; the coachman was obliged to run after and catch hold of her, and he lifted her in the carriage, but her feet continued to dance so that she trod on the old lady dreadfully. At length she took the shoes off, and then her legs had peace.

The shoes were placed in a closet at home, but Karen could not avoid looking at them.

Now the old lady was sick, and it was said she could not recover! She must be nursed and waited upon, and there was no one whose duty it was so much as Karen's. But there was a great ball in the city, to which Karen was invited. She looked at the old lady, who could not recover, she looked at the red shoes, and she thought there could be no sin in it;—she put on the red shoes, she might do that also, she thought. But then she went to the ball and began to dance.

When she wanted to dance to the right, the shoes would dance to the left; and when she wanted to dance up the room, the shoes danced back again, down the steps, into the street, and out of the city gate. She danced, and was forced to dance straight out into the gloomy wood.

Then it was suddenly light up among the trees, and she fancied it must be the moon, for there was a face; but it was the old soldier with the red beard; he sat there, nodded his head, and said, "Look, what beautiful dancing-shoes!"

Then she was terrified, and wanted to fling off the red shoes, but they clung fast; and she pulled down her stockings, but the shoes seemed to have grown to her feet. And she danced, and must dance, over fields and meadows, in rain and sunshine, by night and day; but at night it was the most fearful.

She danced over the churchyard, but the dead did not dance—they had something better to do than to dance. She wished to seat herself on a poor man's grave, where the bitter tansy grew; but for her there was neither peace nor rest; and when she danced towards the open church door, she saw an angel standing there. He wore long, white garments; he had wings which reached from his shoulders to the earth; his countenance was severe and grave; and in his hand he held a sword, broad and glittering.

"Dance shalt thou!" said he—"dance in thy red shoes till thou art pale and cold! till thy skin shrivels up, and thou art a skeleton! Dance shalt thou from door to door, and where proud, vain children dwell, thou shalt knock, that they may hear thee and tremble. Dance shalt thou ———!"

"Mercy!" cried Karen. But she did not hear the angel's reply, for the shoes carried her through the gate into the fields, across roads and bridges, and she must keep ever dancing.

One morning she danced past a door which she well knew. Within sounded a psalm; a coffin, decked with flowers, was borne forth. Then she knew that the old lady was dead, and felt that she was abandoned by all, and condemned by the angel of God.

She danced, and she was forced to dance through the gloomy night. The shoes carried her over stack and stone; she was torn till she bled; she danced over the heath till she came to a little house. Here, she knew, dwelt the executioner; and she tapped with her fingers at the window, and said, "Come out! come out! I cannot come in, for I am forced to dance!"

And the executioner said, "Thou dost not know who I am, I fancy! I strike bad people's heads off; and I hear that my axe rings!"

"Don't strike my head off!" said Karen; "then I can't repent of my sins! But strike off my feet in the red shoes!"

And then she confessed her entire sin, and the executioner struck off her feet with the red shoes, but the shoes danced away with the little feet across the field into the deep wood.

And he carved out little wooden feet for her, and crutches, taught her the psalm criminals always sing; and she kissed the hand which had wielded the axe, and went over the heath.

"Now I have suffered enough for the red shoes!" said she; "now I will go into the church, that people may see me!" And she hastened towards the church door: but when she neared it, the red shoes danced before her, and she was terrified, and turned round.

The whole week she was unhappy, and wept many bitter tears; but when Sunday returned, she said, "Well, now I have suffered and struggled enough! I really believe I am as good as many a one who sits in the church, and holds her head so high!"

And away she went, boldly; but she had not got

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further than the churchyard gate before she saw the red shoes dancing before her; and she was frightened, and turned back, and repented of her sin from her heart.

And she went to the parsonage, and begged that they would take her into service; she would be very industrious, she said, and would do everything she could; she did not care about the wages, only she wished to have a home, and be with good people. And the clergyman's wife was sorry for her, and took her into service; and she was industrious and thoughtful. She sat still and listened when the clergyman read the Bible in the evenings. All the children thought a deal of her; but when they spoke of dress, and grandeur, and beauty, she shook her head.

The following Sunday, when the family was going to church, they asked her whether she would not go with them; but she glanced sorrowfully, with tears in her eyes, at her crutches. The family went to hear the word of God; but she went alone into her little chamber; there was only room for a bed and chair to stand in it; and here she sat down with her prayer-book; and whilst she read with a pious mind, the wind bore the strains of the organ towards her, and she raised her tearful countenance, and said, "O God, help me!"

And the sun shone so clearly! and straight before her stood the angel of God in white garments, the same she had seen that night at the church door; but he no longer carried the sharp sword, but in its stead a splendid green spray, full of roses. And he touched the ceiling with the spray, and the ceiling rose so high, and where he had touched it there gleamed a golden star. And he touched the walls, and they widened out, and she saw the organ which was playing; she saw the old pictures of the preachers and the preachers' wives. The congregation sat in cushioned seats, and sang out of their prayer-books. For the church itself had come to the poor girl in her narrow chamber, or else she had come into the church. She sat in the pew with the clergyman's family, and when they had ended the psalm and looked up, they nodded and said, "It is right that thou art come!"

"It was through mercy!" she said.

And the organ pealed, and the children's voices in the choir sounded so sweet and soft! The clear sunshine streamed so warmly through the window into the pew where Karen sat! Her heart was so full of sunshine, peace, and joy, that it broke. Her soul flew on the sunshine to God, and there no one asked after the RED SHOES.—*Howitt's Journal.*

From the Examiner.

DUELLING IN AMERICA.

RAPIDLY declining as the bad custom of duelling is, its disuse is likely to be much accelerated by the examples presented in America, which prove that it pertains incomparably more to barbarism than to civilization; and that instead of serving to check ruffianly outrages, it may be made subsidiary to them, crowning wanton, brutal insolence with murder. We quote a remarkable instance in point from a New Orleans paper:

"Munford and Mahan met at the quarters of Captain Young, and the conversation happening to turn upon the supposed neighborhood of the enemy, (Lieutenant Mahan having before asserted that he had seen some forty within a short distance of China,) Lieutenant Munford declared that the story, in his opinion, needed confirmation, and that he did not believe a syllable of it; and then made remarks of a character so insulting, that, in the opinion of one of the three officers making this statement, Lieutenant Mahan was compelled to demand satisfaction or resign his commission and retire from the regiment, as unfit for the association of his brother officers.

"Lieutenant Mahan immediately sought the assistance of Captain Bankhead as his friend in the affair, but was advised of the stringent laws on the subject, and told that if he could procure another friend Captain Bankhead wished not to act. Mahan said he could get no other, and begged the advice of Captain Bankhead, promising to abide by it. He was then advised to pursue the course adopted by Pleasants and Ritchie—with this exception, that to avoid implicating any but himself, he should say to Munford that he would be at a designated spot at six o'clock, P. M., armed with side arms. To this he assented; but on meeting Munford at two o'clock, instead of repeating what he was advised to say, he merely informed Munford that, after the insult he had received, he was compelled to demand satisfaction, and that he wished to hear from him in half an hour.

"He then repaired to the quarters of Captain Bankhead, who, on hearing of what he had done, refused to have anything more to do with the affair; but was interrupted by the entrance of Munford, who told Mahan that although he did not consider him in any respect a gentleman or a man of honor, he would not deny him any satisfaction he wanted. This was said in language so outrageous, that Mahan was about to resent it on the spot, but was prevented; and the arrangement was then made that they should meet about half a mile west of China, *armed as they saw proper*, and accompanied by Captain Young, as surgeon, Captain Bankhead, and Lieutenant T. S. Garnett, as mutual friends, Lieutenant Munford intimating that *he should carry with him a musket.*

"Upon arriving at the field, strenuous but unavailing efforts were made by the seconds and Captain Young to induce Munford to retract his abusive language. His reply was, that he was 'compelled to fight; that it was now too late; as Mahan had come out to fight, he should fight; that he would not hurt him much.' Repeated efforts to postpone the affair till the next morning were equally fruitless.

"Munford then took his position, accompanied by Lieutenant Garnett, and Captain Bankhead returned to Mahan and informed him of the unsuccessful termination of his mission, and that no alternative was now left but to try to save his own life by killing his adversary.

"We give in the words of the statement itself the account of the fight, and the position assumed by the gentlemen who 'assisted' at it:—

"'All friends now left the ground, and the two antagonists were left facing each other, about sixty yards apart. They paused for an instant, watching each other's motions, when both advanced about three or four paces, halted, and aimed; they recovered their arms, however, and again moved up still closer, halted when about thirty-five paces of each other, aimed, and both fired. The result is known to the public. Munford was struck with eight buckshots, and died the next night. Mahan received a slug in his chest, and a ball in his left axilla, which

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came out left of the spinal column, from which he died on the 1st of June.'

* * * * * * *

"'Our every effort was made to prevent the fight, by inducing Munford to retract the language he had used, and failing in this, to postpone the fight until the next morning. In both of these efforts we failed, and in no way could the fight have been prevented but by reporting the difficulty to the commanding officer, or arresting them ourselves. We were surely bound to do neither; in fact, it would have been a gross violation of confidence on the part of either of us to mention the probability even of their meeting to a brother officer, and the custom of the service would have condemned us for adopting any other course than the one we pursued, and the universal opinion of the whole column, that the fight was inevitable, shows conclusively the truth of our assertion.

"'In conclusion, we have been pained to learn that *some there are who censure us for the part we acted.* To those we can only say that if, after reading the foregoing, they cannot and will not be satisfied—especially when they remember that *we are attached to a corps noted for its chivalry and high tone of honor*—we shall then be compelled to consider ourselves aggrieved, our motives wilfully misunderstood, and our conduct maligned.'

"The *Commercial* thus comments upon this act under the code of honor:—

"'A beautiful exemplification of this code, and of its practical working, is presented in the narrative of the three gentlemen who "assisted" (in the French meaning) at the mutual butchery of Lieutenants Mahan and Munford, in Mexico. We notice the matter only to point out and condemn the extraordinary excuse put forward by the three gentlemen for allowing the butchery to go on. They admit that they might have prevented it, either by arresting the principals, which, as officers of superior rank, they had the power to do, or by communicating the fact of the impending duel to the commander of the station. But this they would not do, because, as they say, the corps is "noted for its chivalry and its high tone of honor," and "the custom of the service would have condemned them."

"'It is very clear, from their own history of the matter, that Lieutenant Munford was either a madman or a blood-thirsty ruffian, bent upon losing his own life, and taking that of his antagonist. If the former, the duty of parties cognizant was to arrest him, and turn him over to the care of the hospital surgeon, who should have treated him with ice to his head and depleting applications. If the latter, he should have been seized and confined to the guard-house. In either case it is perfectly apparent that no high sense of honor, no "chivalry," no rule of gentlemanly intercourse, could sanction the line of conduct adopted by the three gentlemen in making themselves parties to a transaction so barbarous and brutal. The law of the duello may possibly, on some occasions, have the useful functions claimed for it by advocates, of repressing ruffianism, but certainly it can never do this when its application is made to carry out the purposes of the most unredeemed ruffianism it is possible to conceive.'"

Nothing can be juster than the concluding remarks. The character of the corps for chivalry and a high tone of honor (what corps has not such character!) should have made it more easy for members of it to draw the line of distinction between the requisitions of true honor and the spurious—high courage and a ruffianly barbarism.

The plea of the accessories that they could not prevent the duel, nor even obtain a postponement, shows how ill they understood the offices they had undertaken. The principals in such affairs should be passive instruments, with no other functions than to pull triggers at word of command.

It is commonly remarked that a quarrel never comes to a duel if the seconds are men of sense, who know what they are about. And this fact is really the strongest condemnation of duelling, the duel when it occurs being the result of misconduct on the part of the managers of the dispute. It may be safely asserted that if there were no blunderers and bunglers in the place of seconds, there would be no duels; so that the duel is not referable to the point of honor, but to some error or stupidity in the management of the affair.

If good sense in the seconds prevents recourse to the pistol, do not let us be told that honor can in any case require it; for it cannot be a requirement of honor, but of a misunderstanding and mismanagement of the requirements of honor!

And if, as generally admitted, the duels that take place are the consequence of mismanagement on the part of the friends, how indefensible is so serious an issue, proceeding from no real necessity, but altogether from error in the managing parties!

What a scandal to an age of civilization, that A and B should shoot each other because C and D did not know what they were about, and had not the sense necessary to the adjustment of an affair of honor! As the good sense and tact for the right management of such matters cannot be secured, and the penalty in default is pistolling, the disuse of the custom is what reason and humanity require.

From the Louisville Examiner.

We copy the following from the Raleigh Register, of North Carolina:—

"We regret to learn that Henry F. Harris, Esq., a member of the last Legislature, from Pitt county, was killed in a duel, on Friday morning last, at the Half-way House, on the Dismal Swamp Canal, a short distance within the Virginia side of the line, by E. C. Yellowly, Esq., of the same county."

Mr. Harris was an impetuous, ill-disciplined, passionate man. He was the whig representative last year, from his district. Mr. Yellowly, who is amiable, yet resolute, opposed his nomination. Harris was returned by only *fifteen* majority, when the party could have given him hundreds. Stung by the smallness of the return, he said, after the poll was over, to Yellowly—

"You damned scoundrel, you are the cause of this. If you had not opposed my nomination, I should have had the usual majority."

"I opposed your nomination," replied Yellowly, "as I had a right to do, but I supported you at the ballot-box."

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Thereupon Harris struck him—they clinched, and were separated. Many supposed this would end the matter. But Harris retired to the room, armed himself with a double-barreled gun, pursued Yellowly, swearing he would shoot him the first place he met him. The citizens here interfered, and bound both parties to keep the peace for twelve months.

But though the letter of the law was kept, its spirit was violated. Every day, and often by moonlight, Harris was out practising, until he had perfected himself. When the year had expired, the parties met, and the aggressor fell! He died by the hand of his brother, in the midst of his long-engendered and bitter hate! He died, his last endeavor being to rob that brother of his life! The dead sleep; the survivor, living, though innocent as the duellist ever can be, will mourn the blood he shed, and know peace never more.

Is it not strange that man should resort to so savage and barbarous a practice! Is it not a marvel that he should deliberately inflict a double murder —first upon his adversary, and, second, a more terrible one upon himself. And for what! An insult—breath hastily or hotly poured out. This, *honor* says, must be atoned for, and the price is blood—human blood—the life God has given, and which none but God has the right to take. Honor! There is not a step taken, from the first conception to the last act of the duel—not a line penned—not an arrangement made—which is not marked by dishonor, by meanness, by a species of trick and management which, elsewhere, and under any other circumstances, would be scouted as contemptible, and scorned as base, by all just-minded men.

Trace the history of a duel.

A challenge passes. What is the first step which follows, as a general rule! That the parties put themselves under immediate training. They get the best pistols. Friends go out with them; they take a sapling as a mark; they fire at that until they can hit it easily—until they are considered "a good or sure shot." The opponents do not meet each other in the glow of passion, or ere the blood has cooled, and settle their differences at once. The crack of the pistol is not the immediate consequence of the insult offered, or the injury done. But *deliberately* they go to work, and work hard and constantly, until they can rim a young tree no bigger round than a man's thumb. When this is accomplished, they have taken the first step.

The next is, to accustom the nerves to the *shock* of firing. A man may fire well when he is shooting alone! But the crack of a gun, shot by another, may so startle him, as to drive him wide of the mark. To this crack he must be thoroughly accustomed. The first step is, consequently, to use *cork* balls in the practice. The ground is measured; mock seconds are put in proper places; a mock opponent stands opposite; the word is given; and they fire. This is kept up for days. It is kept up until the cool observer, or the experienced trainer, and the parties themselves, *know* that the eye and ear are familiarly accustomed to every movement which will be made on the field of blood.

But as this bracing the nerves is an all-important matter, another course of training is resorted to, if the parties waver at all. Indeed, it is rarely omitted by regular duellists. Four or five friends stand round the parties; some before, some back, some in front of him; as the word is given—are you ready—prepare—fire—they all blaze away, and generally before he shoots. This is continued until the parties can aim as well amid the confusion and noise as if they were alone. Sometimes, when fears are entertained that the nerves of the parties are not steady, muskets, or heavily charged guns are fired in their faces—and fired until they are entirely unconcerned and firm. The physical man is thus trained to meet the emergency, trained to blunt—to deaden his sensibilities—so that he may more surely take the life of another, and save his own!

When *thus* prepared, the parties meet. And now comes an opportunity for the display of cunning and trick.

First; there is a good deal in *choice of position*. The sun may affect the sight at one point; a tree may be near, so as to give line to the pistol; the ground may be slightly rising, and if so, the uppermost will be apt to overshoot—these, and twenty other important or material advantages are to be examined into by seconds, and turned to the *best* account by their principals.

Second; there is as much in giving the word. A principal gets accustomed to his second's voice —its pauses—the length of them—and knows, after long practice, exactly what to do. For instance: one second is slow, another fast; or one begins deliberately, and quickens as he goes on; if the party gets his own second, he has an advantage equal sometimes to half, and, at others, to a full count. This any one may readily perceive by pronouncing the usual command,—Are you ready!—prepare—fire! One, two, three—in different tones, and with slower or quicker movement.

Third; there is a good deal in the dress. Every object, such as a button, or breast-pin, or anything which makes a contrast, is carefully removed. The usual dress for the duellist is a *large, light morning wrapper*, made as near the color of the earth as may be. This is starched. Thus, the adversary cannot fix his sight upon a particular spot, and, as it bags out, he is liable to mistake the true position of the body. And then the parties are drilled to put the body in as small a compass as possible, so as to guard the vital parts as far as it can be done.

If neither party is hurt, after firing, they make up, and have a laugh over it. If one falls, the other escapes, as if he *knew* he had done a felon deed.

This is a brief outline of this *honorable* practice! The reader has, in the details given, more or less true of all southern duelling—a picture of the

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course which *honorable* men pursue in endeavoring to slay each other! Could anything, in itself, be more degrading or contemptible? Is there any practice, we ask again, more richly deserving the ridicule and scorn of all brave men? It is a map of human weakness and meanness—an insult to every manly feeling and religious principle, and should be hooted out of civilized society, as the foul and irreligious blot of a rude and barbarous age.

As further evidence that a duel ought not to be called an "affair of honor," we copy some remarks of the Times upon a late French trial for perjury.

The Paris papers, which we have just received, bring us the report of the trial and the sentence of the now notorious Beauvallon. We need not remind our readers that this man escaped a capital conviction on the charge of murder, and that on the recent trial of his accomplice for the perjury by which such impunity had been secured, he rendered himself again amenable to the law by returning with abundant interest the false swearing which had been so serviceable to himself. Nearly two months have elapsed since this occurrence, and it having been ascertained in the interval, by the preliminary inquiry which in France supersedes the forms of our grand juries, that a sufficient case existed for the prosecution, the prisoner on Friday last was brought to the bar of the Court of Assize to plead to the charge against him. We must beg of our readers to observe the methods by which, in France, a person moving in distinguished literary society, and professing to correct and inform public opinion, endeavors to exempt himself from an inculpation alleging that he had been swearing and suborning false oaths in order to shield himself from the penalties of murder. We will not trouble ourselves to pronounce an opinion as to the truth or falsehood of the circumstances on which the defence is based—we simply pray our readers to remark—what on either supposition may be most plainly inferred—the ideas which must be generally current in a society before which such pleas as these are confidently urged by one very competent to select those which promised best for his reputation and his release.

The original charge against Beauvallon was to the effect that he had laid a plot for involving a troublesome rival in a duel; that he had taken a treacherous and deliberate advantage of his inexperienced adversary, in every particular, and that he had at last coolly and circumspectly shot him through the brain with a pistol, of which he knew the exact capabilities, and which he had brought hot to the field from that very morning's practice. On this charge he was acquitted by the evidence of his second, D'Ecquevilley, who swore that Beauvallon had never seen the pistols before. For this evidence D'Ecquevilley was tried as a perjurer in August last, and after endeavoring to clear himself by challenging the witnesses against him, and asserting that his family was ranked among the *noblesse* of Franche Comte in the 17th century, was righteously consigned to infamy for the remainder of his life. This judgment, therefore, decided that the guilty foreknowledge of the weapons had been duly proved. But, as Beauvallon on this occasion swore to the contrary on behalf of his friend, even as his friend on a former occasion had so sworn on behalf of him, he himself now became liable to a similar charge, and the same evidence which convicted the second is consequently brought forward to convict his principal upon the self-same count. In due succession, therefore, the several witnesses appeared to prove that Beauvallon had risen early in the morning to practise at the target, that he had called to inform persons of his intentions, that he had deliberately gone through the exercise in the garden of his second while his doomed victim was shivering in the snow, and that the instrument was actually found black and smoking, from the discharge, by the surgeon in attendance. To all this Beauvallon replies simply by a contradiction, which carries, of course, the usual weight of such affirmations from the mouth of such culprits. His grand defence rests upon the demolition of the evidence tendered by M. Meynard, which was mainly instrumental in bringing the affair again before the public, and which originated these two trials of the second and his principal. The attack which is to destroy M. Meynard's credit and restore Beauvallon's character is conducted as follows:

Beauvallon alleges that Meynard's entire testimony is the invention of falsehood and the suggestion of spite, arising from the fact that the latter had been defeated by himself in a competition for the good graces of a certain lady. In corroboration of this assertion, and as witnesses to his own character, he adduces the only matter which, beyond his own reiterations, he has hitherto employed in the shape of proof throughout the trial. He produces in court, with apparent reluctance, the private letters said to be addressed by this very lady to himself, immediately after that flight to Spain by which he had eluded the fine imposed on him by law for the support of his victim's widow. So singularly do these effusions insinuate facts in favor of Beauvallon—his compulsory participation in the duel—his distraction even after so blameless and inevitable a homicide—and, as if by prophecy, the persecution to which malice and envy would subsequently expose him—that a suspicion as to the pen from which they really proceeded could not possibly be repressed. "Was not this letter *written for your own defence?*" asked the president of the delinquent, observing that it had neither post-mark nor other proof of authenticity. The prisoner's advocate adroitly demurred to such a question, which the reader will perhaps answer for himself after perusing half a dozen lines. "Believe me," says the writer, "it is not necessary to have done people harm to be detested by them; it is sufficient to be superior to them in every respect. Do you believe, for example, that you will ever be forgiven your success in the world, your position at the head of a widely cir-

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culated journal, your books so much applauded, *and those honorable decorations* which you have attained at the age of twenty-four? Listen!—I tell you that in less than three months you will pass—you, so good, so upright—you, softness incarnate—for a bully, with a hard heart and a pitiless hand." But, the true force of the whole allegation will not be felt till the reader arrives at the intimation that this lady, who administers consolation, who deprecates treachery, who cheers the spirit and confirms the piety of the exile, who so rejoices at the intelligence that he is improving his "fine qualities" by the example of a Spanish ministry, and his mind by the libraries of the Escurial, whose confidential devotion is exposed, and whose second-hand praises are repeated in order that the latent virtue of her beloved correspondent may be made known to the world—is the wife of another man!

That high sense of honor which murderers and adulterers never lose in France precludes, of course, the disclosure of the lady's name, and M. Beauvallon throws himself with confidence on the delicacy of his countrymen in relying upon the unattested letters of an anonymous adulteress for establishing his unsullied innocence and clearing his clouded fame. We hope so bright an appreciation of himself, and so just a calculation of his audience, as is shown by his selection of such a mouth-piece to proclaim his merits, will not be lost in this country. That they were not made without a little encouragement may be gathered from the following fact. M. Granier de Cassagnac, whose name figures with most equivocal credit in this nefarious murder, who is the brother-in-law of the assassin, and the owner of the famous pistols which were lent for the deed—who, at the late trial, endeavored to intimidate the witnesses by challenging a dangerous deponent in the witness-room, and whose conduct was rebuked in open court by the president, has so far retained the favor and confidence of his former gossips in high office that he has recently been despatched on a government mission to Rome, there to represent in some sort the French nation, and advance French interests at that pivot of Christian politics. With such countenance to his friends and party, how hard it was of the Court of Assize to sentence M. Beauvallon to eight years' imprisonment!

From the Times, 20th Oct.

POVERTY OF ENGLAND.

SORRY are we to say it, but the truth must be spoken—*the country is poor*. To say that it wants money or credit will not convey a very overwhelming idea of the helplessness to some of our readers. So we will repeat that England is actually poor in the grossest and most tangible sense. The country has till just now been miserably destitute of food. That deficiency is hardly supplied, and in supplying it so far we have both to part with our gold, and put ourselves in debt to the world. This is being poor in a very plain sense. Again, we are unusually short in the materials of manufacture, and consequently in those manufactured commodities wherewith we have hitherto purchased what we wanted from our neighbors. Now, there is no theorizing no currency-spinning, in these simple facts; they are perfectly intelligible in the case of one person, and are equally so in the case of the nation. There are people, indeed, who appear to imagine that while poverty in the case of an individual is a very solid affair, national poverty is a sentimental abstraction which an argument or a word can demolish. There is, however, no difference between them, except that the aggregate poverty is the worst and most incurable of the two.

The effects of the dearth have been seriously aggravated by the humanity of the nation. Besides the natural rise in the prices of food, a fact alone sufficient to run us into debt, we felt it our duty to feed for many months several millions in Ireland. This cost us £10,000,000, of which £8,000,000 were to be borrowed. Here is the case of a man who, being poor already, and stinted in his household, is further impoverished by his poor relations. It is the act of one who divides his last loaf with the beggar.

* * * * *

The deputation of the Liverpool merchants and bankers, coming from the second port in the empire, and that now involved in the most serious disasters, has no ordinary claim to our sympathy and respect. We feel for these gentlemen as we do for too many others who with a great game in their hands suddenly find themselves obliged to give it up; and, with a capital enough to leave an ultimate surplus, are ruined for want of an immediately available fraction of their means. They ask for an advance on the credit of the country. We have long foreseen the day when British merchants and manufacturers would have to follow the example set by Irish railway directors. The one demand is as just as the other; and there can be no doubt that the balance of utility is in favor of regular and reproductive employments over the rude, tedious, and perhaps unprofitable works of the railway.

We pointed this out last April, when Sir Charles Wood brought up again his loan to Irish railways; adding, that there were many of our own manufacturers and merchants who stood in far more need of money than the Irish speculators; while the respective conditions of the two peoples would soon present the very same claims. The conclusion we came to on that most disagreeable and discreditable subject applies to this instance. Any advance on the credit of the nation, any boon which government can bestow, cannot possibly be an addition to the capital of the country. It can only be a reärrangement—a violent disturbance of the natural order, for the sake of a few favored persons or classes. In fact, the nation is poor. All are poor. All must bear it as they can. The weaker must be left to that fate from which it is, unfortunately, impossible to save them without throwing their burden on some other, perhaps equally unable to bear it. The aid given to one class starves another. That Irish railways may be finished, English railways must be suspended. The Irish South-Western goes on. Even the English North-Western is brought to a stand-still. We only trust that we shall not soon find that the population of Lancashire must die, that Galway and Tipperary may be fed.

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EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF A CORRESPONDENT AT PARIS, DATED 1 NOV., 1847.

THE Americans in Paris naturally exulted in the victories of the Mexican capital. It is better for the American cause in Europe that such fighting should have occurred than that the Mexicans should have tamely capitulated. The London Times and the Morning Chronicle represented the result as a defeat for the American forces and objects. It would seem, said the Chronicle, that the Yankees were well "drubbed" this time. The unremitting rancor of this *whig* organ, and of the semi-radical *Sun*, can be easily explained. The Times, though regularly supplied with venomous matter by the *Genevese Traveller*, its correspondent at New York, is still behind these two journals in virulence and sardonic malice. All the Paris editors inserted the details from Mexico, acknowledged the success of Scott, and anticipated an immediate peace. The *Débats* alone confined itself to mere narrative. La Revue des Deux Mondes, issued yesterday, treats of the Mexican war at some length, admits the superiority of the American arms, and represents as hopeless or absurd any further struggle on the side of the Mexicans. But it expresses apprehension that the American generals will become too popular at home, and introduce a military spirit and habit of rule; and that the admission of the "foreign races" into the Union might deteriorate the old republican stock and institutions.

Those who have learnt from direct authoritative sources how *Paredes* was occupied in this capital, can affirm with confidence that his return to Mexico was concerted with the French and British cabinets, and that they probably furnished the means. They divide and hold a distinct or adverse course in European cases wherein they have an obvious common interest, but are ready to coalesce on every occasion that favors antagonism to American arms and efforts.

The official report of the French revenue (public) for the nine months of the present year wears a better aspect than that of the British. Accordingly, the Journal des Débats of this day congratulates France, and extols the treasury management. Nevertheless, financial affairs here, though much less unprosperous and ominous than on the other side of the channel, are difficult and dismal enough. It has been necessary for the government to attempt the greater part of the loan, although the juncture could scarcely be less eligible. I refer to the authorized loan of three hundred and fifty millions of francs.

The elections in Portugal are in favor of the old despotic party, the *Cabralists*, who provoked the recent insurrection. Their success is ascribed to corruption. The Portuguese government borrows at fifteen per cent. a month, upon the credit of the customs' revenue. The interest (nearly four millions of dollars) on the antecedent national debt, has not been paid since October last. The funds which were assigned to the purpose were employed to combat the insurrection, which the British and French cabinets admitted to be warrantable, while they effectually aided the government. It is affirmed that the French treasury is in arrears to many public functionaries and public undertakings, and that the new loan must be at seventy-six or seventy-five, with an interest of five and a half per cent. altogether.

We hear of Russian failures and embarrassments from the British connection. The Paris *National* earnestly warns France against too intimate business relations with Great Britain—"a country always overtrading, and in a critical intricacy of finances and schemes." Much British capital was thrown into France for the railroads and various joint-stock companies; but the greater part is withdrawn. The British visiters and residents in this kingdom yield it an enormous sum—a sum which alone renders *peace* a primary concern. French stocks of every description are now low; in case of a political convulsion at the death of Louis Philippe, they would fall at once nearly a half—to forty. This the most intelligent bankers concede, at the same time that they suppose a revolution to be exceedingly *im*probable. A cool and disinterested observer must, however, entertain fears; and, if an American, think that funds had better be in American stocks or hands than here so placed as to be exposed to the risks. All the great bankers of Paris, *la haute finance*, are deeply involved in stocks of every description.

The Legitimist! journals and writers continue to pay homage and profess fealty to the Duke of Bordeaux, whom they style "the supreme dignity of France"—"the most exalted representative of legitimate monarchy." They are sure of a secret compact between M. Guizot and Prince Metternich to keep watch over the duke and detect the communications and plans between him and his loyal adherents in France. The legitimists are well organized in both the capital and the provinces, and their journals have able editors and contributors. One of them remarks, "France seems always to be on the brink of an abyss, but does not perish"—a situation by no means enviable.

The French government has despatched eminent physicians to reconnoitre the cholera in the regions of the Danube. Alarm is sounded already in Paris, and the press abounds in precautions more or less seriously urged. The government has commissioned, likewise, six doctors of high professional merit to the East, to study and strive to prevent the plague in its chief theatres. Alexandria, Beyrout, Constantinople, Cairo, are among the places of their sojourn.

Sad complaints arrive of the state of business at Algiers; failures have been numerous. No bank aid is afforded. The Duke d'Aumale is installed as governor-general of Algeria, in vice-regal state; he means to expend in his establishment at least a million of francs per annum. Abd-el-Kader still

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lives and moves in the kingdom of Morocco, more formidable, it is added, to the emperor thereof than to the rulers of Algeria. We cannot know his real situation.

The *Journal des Débats* is intent on a maritime canal through the Isthmus of Suez. It has given several long editorial articles to the subject. The advantages and important results for many nations are skilfully exhibited. Thirty millions of francs (six of dollars) are stated as the maximum of the cost of a canal. Stephan Effendi, the intelligent representative here of Mehemet Ali, says that his master will execute the work, with the aid of the French, Italian, and German engineers, who have repaired to Egypt for the survey and process.

Nothing more dramatic, and, sometimes. nothing more pleasant, than the vicissitudes of affairs at the court of Madrid. You look all the while for the Spanish *nation*, and cannot see it in the government action and history. Christina has again become the sovereign in fact, with Narvaez as her prime prop and minister. It is whispered that the real cause of the mission of Narvaez to Madrid, and her speedy expedition, was symptoms of pregnancy, which rendered the earliest possible seeming reconciliation between Isabel and Don Francisco indispensable on several accounts. Scandal has found too much certain material since their rupture, although this solution of recent and sudden events may be incorrect—mere guess-work.

The Neapolitan government seems to have nearly crushed the insurrection in Calabria. Sicily was soon reduced to temporary quiet. The movements in the south of the peninsula are unfortunately those of banditti, whom the patriots use as auxiliaries, and who destroy the dignity, credit, and real momentum of their cause. It is not with such instruments that the *parthenopean republic* can be firmly erected. But the pope's liberalism has not been without its effect in Naples, as well as the rest of Italy. The Journal des Débats of the 27th October says: "Everybody in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies admits that important reforms in the administration are indispensable. The government itself appears quite disposed to enter on the road so gloriously opened by Pius IX." You will see that even the little free state of San Marino, steadfast to its institutions for so many centuries, has been excited to an essential organic change. The senate, heretofore composed of the patrician order alone, has been abolished for a house of representatives chosen by universal suffrage.

Louis Philippe attained his seventy-fourth year on the 6th of October. His health and activity seem unimpaired. He manifests the same qualities of mind and habits of life; talks freely about everything; calls Lord Palmerston a *brouillon* (mischief-maker); wonders that the English are so angry with him about the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier with the Spanish princess, seeing that he had refused the crown of Belgium for his second son, the hand of Isabel for the third, and in other instances proved his moderation or abstemiousness with regard to his dynasty. He protests that he has no idea of interfering in Mexican affairs;—we might believe him if he added, not further than coöperating in the establishment of a monarchy, if by any possibility it can be done. Louis Philippe is a thorough *royalist*, not by station and dynastic interest alone, but by persuasion and passion; for France, he naturally and excusably confounds republicanism with anarchy, war, and another vicious circle to be run for half a century.

The *Journal des Débats* and the *Constitutionnel* are the highest authorities touching events and probabilities in Switzerland. The former (of this day—the 1st of November) says, "We received late last evening news which confirms our most dismal anticipations. The Swiss diet has voted finally and fully for the execution of its decrees against the *Sonderbund*—the Catholic league; the deputies or representatives of the league have quitted Berne, the seat of the diet. Hostilities are to be commenced in a few days. We do not warrant this intelligence as certain, but we have reason to think it so." The Berne correspondent of the *Constitutionnel* tells, under date 28th October—8 in the evening—"The conference between the committee of the *Sonderbund* and that of the diet has utterly miscarried. The deputies of the league asked the reëstablishment of the convents of Muri and of Wettingen, and promised *to send away the Jesuits on the 1st of January*, 1849." The Débats evidently wishes for hostilities; it virtually counsels the *Sonderbund* to begin. The *National* (republican organ) betrays the same wish for a civil war:—each hopes the triumph of the cause which it advocates. The radical party consists of twelve and two half cantons, some of which have a number of Catholic citizens, very little disposed to fight their co-religionists anywhere; the diet has called out fifty thousand troops, and can, it is said, command beyond thirty thousand more. Twenty thousand form the whole force of the seven cantons of the *Sonderbund*, whose aggregate population is not more than a fifth of the Helvetic people. Imagine, in a country of about the same number of inhabitants as the state of New York, an array of upwards of a hundred thousand soldiers, to cut each other's throats, devastate their own soil, and exhaust their means of national strength and independence. It is an insane, execrable conflict—so monstrous that incredulity yet prevails here. The judgment of Europe is likely to be severer on the diet than the league.

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From the Spectator, 30 Oct.

THE BANK AND THE PANIC.

MINISTERS have shown themselves a "squeezable" ministry—have yielded to the importunity of embarrassed speculators and frightened traders. They are *not* "to keep steady the standards of credit," according to our reading of their simple duty, but instead thereof, are "to attempt, by some extraordinary and temporary measure, to restore confidence to the mercantile and manufacturing community." The "extraordinary" measure is a recommendation to the Bank of England to enlarge their discounts and advances; "if this course *should* lead to any infringement of the existing law," ministers will propose a bill of indemnity when the parliament meets; for the moneys lent they instruct the bank to charge a high rate of interest—naming eight per cent. as the lowest; and they claim for the public "any extra profit" to be derived from the extension.

This interference of government with the independent action of the bank is a startling departure from the position of *laissez-faire* in which ministers appeared to be resolutely intrenched when they received the late deputation from Liverpool. What had happened, between Tuesday the 19th and Monday the 25th, to account for the change? Mercantile and money matters remained unaltered; or if any symptom of alteration appeared, it was for the better rather than otherwise. But two events had occurred, which, as they immediately preceded the new course adopted by the government, have been supposed to stand in some influential relation to it. A deputation of city bankers—an important section of the premier's London constituents—had an interview with Lord John on Saturday; on the same day, his chancellor of the exchequer was in lengthened consultation with Sir Robert Peel. Other influences might be imagined. It is possible that the ministers have no definite perception of the nature of the crisis—no confidence in the position they had taken up, or in their powers of maintaining it. Perhaps they fear the play of parties and interests in parliament: the protectionists, for instance, would gladly seize upon "*Peel's* bank charter act" as a stock in trade; and the formidable railway phalanx in the new house of commons might join them in the onslaught, for the sake of "cheap money." Many whig partisans, and possibly some of the whig ministers, would be willing enough to discredit the existing law, merely to discredit its ostensible author. Or, superior to fear, and to all spiteful and selfish promptings, our good ministers, sorely beset and greatly concerned, may have been moved exclusively by the benevolent desire to be *doing something* to help.

The direct amount of the help offered is limited by the conditions. The nation's resources are not increased; the debts and obligations of traders and speculators are not diminished. Government takes no responsibility upon itself, but merely "recommends" to the bank. The bank alone is responsible, as before; and exercises its powers subject to a penalty of forfeiture, which the directors will be slow to risk—a minister's promise to apply for an "indemnity" not being quite so safe a warrant as the actual law. The minimum rate of interest—eight per cent.—is higher than the profits of honest business can afford, or than prudent traders will pay. Gamblers may pay it, or any rate, to buy them another chance in the wheel of fortune; speculators, pressed by immediate calls for money, may pay it, rather than part with property at a heavier loss; mercantile men in desperate circumstances may pay it, to postpone the abhorred day of final stoppage. So far as the measure is effectual in these respects, it might be termed a measure to promote gambling, prop unsound trade, and prevent prices from reaching the level required for healthy commerce. Some, however, admire it rather as a clever trick—a kind of legerdemain—of no substance or real worth in itself, but possessing the wonderful secret of inspiring "confidence." This is the stock exchange measure of value: accordingly, up went the funds, and some nice percentages might be cleared in the first days of the week, by those who were content to sell, on a moderate profit, at the "turn of the market." But "fairy gifts" are of a fleeting nature: there have been downs as well as ups on 'change since Monday—all is unsteady, uncertain; and for solid commercial purposes, the artificial "confidence" is likely to be as limited and "temporary" as the "extraordinary measure."

The indirect and future bearings of the measure are far more extensive. The money act of 1844 is repealed by anticipation. The endless currency question is once more set adrift on a troubled sea. The men of Birmingham will again raise their heads; for the Anti-gold League there is hope. Our finance ministers, no doubt, profess unshaken allegiance to "the law which has placed the currency of this country upon a sound basis," and so forth: but their own journals tell another tale, and treat these euphuisms with provoking plainness. One of them, indeed, went a step too far on Wednesday, when it styled the curious composition signed "John Russell" and "Charles Wood"—first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer—"the order in council suspending the bank charter act of 1844." But that denoted foregone conclusions. When the bank charter act is overhauled, will the bank itself escape a radical reconstruction? We think not.

Great changes are on the cards. Troubles gather around us. The political lull is nearly over. A time of keen contest approaches. One of the unforeseen effects of this week's surrender may be to weaken the whig cabinet in the ensuing session, both for necessary action, and for resistance to attempts which they *must* resist.

We subjoin, from the commentaries of the metropolitan daily newspapers, specimens of the manner in which this announcement was received. It will be observed that the writers of all parties, however differing in their views otherwise, concur in regarding the bank charter act of 1844 as abandoned.

Times—"The ministerial measure is a remedy for a temporary panic, not for a real, a permanent, and an increasing pressure. If this be little more than a panic—if confidence is all that is wanted—if hoarding is to be discouraged, employment set free, and enterprise invited—if also those objects were not attainable in any other way, then, undoubtedly, government has done the right thing. This supposition has, however, but slender foundation. It rests only on a hopeful and too confiding temperament. There is a panic, it is true, and just now a very wild and ridiculous panic, driving men to foolish and cowardly proceedings. But there is also an actual pressure—a pressure which has been gradually increasing for more than a twelvemonth, which, under existing circumstances, is likely to in-

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crease, and which may very possibly soon be aggravated to any conceivable degree by events quite within the scope of possibility, not to say more. The fact of the pressure thus far is a matter of history, and cannot be denied. The question is—will it last? and how long? We answer—Yes; because the causes are still in operation. It is almost forbidden to speak of railways, potatoes, and cotton, to ears polite. We mention them not for the sake of the past, but just to remind people of two important facts; first, that through the vast increase of our imports, and diminution of our exports, we are at this moment rather deep in the books of the foreigner; secondly, that imports are likely to continue very great, and exports are certain to remain very low. This condition of affairs can only lead to one possible result—the same as that which would infallibly happen to the journeyman who should go on importing into his tenement meat, drink, and clothing, to the value of thirty shillings a week, all the time only exporting work to no greater amount than twenty-five shillings. His capital, if he had any, would suffer a continual drain. Such is the drain before us.

"A reference to the past—the merest glance of retrospection—is sufficient to show that government has not hitherto sufficiently realized the grave and growing character of this pressure. They refer to last April. The panic of last April subsided; but the pressure did not. That ministers fully thought their difficulties over, may be presumed from the circumstance that before the end of that month they brought forward again the proposition of lending £620,000 to certain Irish railways. The subsequent six months have not justified the wisdom of that security. It is due to ourselves to observe, that when the first lord of the treasury and the chancellor of the exchequer think fit to say in their note to the authorities of the bank that they were encouraged to expect the prevailing distrust would subside, 'by the speedy cessation of a similar state of feeling in the month of April last,' we have not the honor to be included in that statement. If they will do us the favor to read some remarks that appeared in this place on the 28th of April, they will find our distrust had in no wise abated; but that, on the contrary, we felt less confidence than ever in consequence of the Irish railway loan; and were emboldened to predict circumstantially, and to the very letter, the present most melancholy condition of affairs.

"The measure destined, we cannot but fear, to give to October 25, 1847, rather a disastrous prominence in the chronicles of trade, will allay the panic and increase the pressure. It will give a new start to all the causes which have lately so much augmented expenditure, but checked and hampered reproduction. We do not, therefore, anticipate any *immediate* ill effects. It is for the future that we fear. The bank charter act is virtually surrendered. The purposes of that act, may, perhaps, be supplied by other arrangements. But a new principle is introduced. Government now comes forward as a great money-lender. It proposes to bolster up the credit of the country by increasing the circulation. That is an impossible attempt. Whenever the new principle shall come into actual operation, it will be found that government can lend its gold, but cannot at its will force an additional quantity of paper into use. A few days may pass, a few weeks, or even a few months, may elapse, before the new principle is put to the proof. When it is, it will be seen whether we can diminish the gold in the bank without inducing a panic, a run for gold, and other disasters far more serious than those which it was the object of the measure to obviate."

Morning Chronicle—"We feel that we may congratulate both the ministry and the country on the events of yesterday. An act of prompt and vigorous statesmanship has rescued the one from the fate which inevitably overtakes the feeble, the misguided, and the pusillanimous; and the abrogation of a dangerous and irritating law has conferred upon the other a welcome and necessary interval of rest, after a period of excitement and collision which will forever render the closing months of the present year a melancholy page in the history of our country and our commerce. At present we chiefly see and feel the immediate blessings of the relief in its reviving influence over a prostrate credit and a stagnant industry. We behold the return of a tinge of cheerfulness over a landscape from which we have seen with so much solicitude the departure, day by day, of first one ray of sunshine and then another, until the advent of an utter darkness appeared to be close at hand. Our marts and our exchanges are again instinct with a hopeful activity; and, under the impulse of a pardonable alacrity, we are in haste to conclude that a measure, of which the beneficence is so soon and so plainly apparent, may well content itself with the testimonials which the happy transitions of the present moment so profusely furnish of its wisdom and its efficacy. We suspect that, to the students of a future and less deeply interested generation, the instant and salutary relief, great though it be, will become by far the most secondary consideration. They will not fail to perceive, that the timely intervention of the royal prerogative at a critical juncture was the means of averting a severe trial and a great scandal from the institutions of the country; that a people smarting under an accumulation of evils, which by the most persevering and patient argument they had traced with the clearness of demonstration to an artificial and legislative origin, were not suffered by the negligence of the authority in whose hands the law had placed a paramount discretion, to urge their petitions and their remonstrances in vain until supplication passed into discontent, and discontent deepened into a sedition, which set at nought the law it could neither amend nor obey. They will do more than this; they will see that the chosen leader of a great party, who had been placed by the almost unanimous consent of his countrymen at the head of a popular government, did not, by a fatal and derogatory negligence of the facts of a severe crisis, bring confusion and disruption into the ranks of his supporters, and again reduce the name of a whig government into the category of things which men regard with aversion and distrust."

Globe—"The bank charter is thrown overboard. Truly we care not what whale swallows it. If it was not thrown overboard even before it was taken aboard, (to indulge an Iricism,) it was not for the want of broad hints, and sinister auguries, from all the 'old hands.'

'Stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere Chartæ.'

It was impossible, however, more genteelly to beg any convict's pardon on turning him off, or to assure him more considerately that his suspension would be a mere temporary matter. It may be long enough, nevertheless, to do his business. Civility, however, costs nothing. The official civilities to

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the bank charter act, on this occasion, remind us rather of those to Master Barnardine at an analagous crisis; and the rumored ministerial confidences with the late prime minister resemble those with Jack, in the Tale of a Tub, to get his consent to the tying himself up. The job being done, we are not disposed to quarrel with the preliminaries; and, assuming the accuracy of those reported, we cannot but admit that the dramatic unity of Sir Robert Peel's career has been preserved by thus making him, as it were, an accessary (though not this time a principal)—bringing him in, as it were, at the death—of another integrant of his own policy—to follow Catholic restrictions, and corn-laws to the tomb of the Capulets. This one, indeed, is only consigned there, like Juliet, with views of resurrection; but we have faith in the ordinary rules of the monetary drama for the catastrophe."

Daily News—"Ministers certainly deserve credit for having broken the charm of 1844. It is pity, however, that they should have gone to consult the old necromancer himself, who laid on the charm, as to the mode in which this should be done. The position as well as the character of Sir Robert Peel warranted, that his advice, whatever it might be, would not be such as to enhance the honor of his rivals and consulters. It could easily be foreseen that his counsel to them would be a half measure, or a bit of a measure. Any large stride in the modification of his own past views, or in the propitiation of public opinion, Sir Robert is the most likely man in the world to keep for himself. He, no doubt, dislikes that any one should have the honor of abrogating the law of 1844, save himself. He has therefore enjoined upon Sir Charles Wood the smallest possible departure from it; and even that is done, in the letter to the bank, as if it were a heresy—heresy against Peel—for which the minister evidently prays that he may be pardoned. * * * With this crisis the prestige that so long accompanied the influence of the bank is dispelled. Hitherto that body was proud of having been the means of keeping down the rate of discount. It is now forced to come forward and fix a minimum of discount higher than our money-market has known for a very long period; and that it is higher than, under the circumstances, the current rate in the market ought to be, is confessed in the novel stipulation for a division of the expected profits with the crown."

Morning Post—"At last her majesty's ministers have given way to the dictates of plain common sense, pressed upon them by the fearful necessity of the crisis. It is evident that even at this last hour they have done so with reluctance. The votaries of the Peel monetary policy have died hard. But the system is now dead. Let us see who will dare to revive it. The bankers of London, who remonstrated against the restrictive law of 1844, were not listened to. The present chancellor of the exchequer, in his place in parliament, actually sneered at their anticipations of possible pressure. The bankers of London were right. The Peel contriver of monetary restriction, and his adviser, Jones Loyd were wrong. Lord John Russell and Sir Charles Wood, and the rest who confided in the self-regulating powers of the bill of 1844, were wrong. Let ministers fence as they may with the circumstances, and die upon the question with the largest circumlocution, still the end is that they avow their error, and give way. We are no longer to be tied down to the tyrannical pedantry and nonsense of the bill of 1844. We owe to that measure the dreadful monetary crisis; which we think will, in a great degree, pass away, now that reasonableness and common sense have been admitted to the councils of the government. We owe also to that measure that even now money is to cost 8 per cent. per annum. Surely the time will come when the people of England will 'visit for these things,' and openly avow their contempt for the pretending politicians who have done such enormous mischief, and have so late come to the rescue. The two curses which the last Peel government inflicted upon this country were restriction of the monetary means of the country, and unrestricted competition of foreign industry with home industry, under the name of free trade. To one of these branches of impolicy the first great blow has now been given; but we have but half gained what is due to the British people, until the quackery of free trade is also abandoned as an impracticable folly."

Standard—"There is a benefit afforded by the work of yesterday far beyond the present relief, direct or indirect: the bill of 1844 is effectually repealed by it at once and forever. The blow to the bill of 1844, and to all the measures of the author of that bill having reference to the same subject, is fatal. This one monument of the Peel policy is shattered to fragments; and this, let it be remembered, is nearly the only monument of his statesmanship which he had not previously shivered with his own hands. It is something thus to have a troublesome and importunate obstacle removed from the road to recovery; for after yesterday's work, it is impossible that Sir Robert Peel can ever again be accepted by any one as qualified to assist in the councils of the nation. With respect to the future, let us declare our hope that the breathing-time afforded by the arrangement made yesterday will be employed in devising a better system of currency than that which has proved so unfortunate in 1820, 1822, 1826, 1831, and in the present year. We do not affect to believe that any system of currency can go far to restore the wealth and commerce of the country sacrificed by 'free trade;' but a better system than the system of Sir Robert Peel will palliate much actual distress, and, by proving the incompatibility of any efficient currency with free trade, will lead to the restoration of protection as the one complete means of cure. It is something meanwhile that the idol of the economists has been broken—the Dagon has fallen—that 'his head and hands have been cut off, and that only the stump of Dagon is left to him.'"

HOW IS THE SANATORY COMMISSION GETTING ON?—APPROACH OF THE CHOLERA.

THE cholera is approaching with slow but steady march from the east; it will probably arrive in the winter; and it will still find us unprepared to meet it. Our cities are themselves depositories of disease; they contain the raw material of epidemics, miasma, and await the pleasure of the wind to give that foul air its specific virus.

"All the diseases of the zymotic class," says the Quarterly Report of the registrar-general, just issued—"such as small-pox, measles, scarletina, typhus, influenza, and cholera—have the remarkable property of becoming epidemic. After certain intervals of time, in which they are fatal to a smaller or greater number of persons in different places and

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seasons, great multitudes are suddenly attacked and destroyed in a given locality; the disease in this intense form involves the neighboring population, spreads around whole regions, and sometimes travels over the tracks of human intercourse through the world. Little is known of the immediate chemical or vital causes of epidemics; but in given circumstances, where many are immersed in an atmosphere of decaying organic matter, some zymotic disease is invariably produced: where there is starvation, it is most frequently typhus; cold, influenza; heat, it is cholera, yellow fever, plague. At the mouths of the Ganges, of the Nile, of the Niger—in London, particularly up to the seventeenth century—in camps, in barracks, in ships, in prisons, formerly—in Ireland, in Liverpool, in all our towns now—the circumstances in which zymotic diseases become epidemic may be witnessed. * * * Influenza appears generally to become first epidemic in Russia; cholera, in India."

The typhoids we have with us always, ready to become epidemic on the occasion of any depressing influence—bad weather, failure of employment, poverty, failure of food.

We are not only unprepared to meet the coming enemy, but in every great centre of disease we see an unusually bad state of health. The mortality throughout the country has diminished since it reached its maximum in the March quarter of 1847, (56,000;) but in the great towns it is very bad indeed. "In London," says the registrar-general, "there has been no sign of improvement: 10,987, 12,601, and 13,187 deaths, were registered in the September quarters of 1845, 1846, and 1847;" the zymotic class of disease advanced in those periods from 2,409 in the September quarter of 1845, to 3,234 in that quarter of 1846, and 4,061 in the present quarter. Epidemic fever has been more fatal in Manchester than in London; Birmingham and other large towns to the north have suffered; and Liverpool, ill-built, open to the Irish irruption, has been all but decimated: at the last census its population was 223,054; in the September *quarter* of 1847 the deaths were 5,669—the total of deaths in the three quarters being 13,546. From Scotland there are no such accurate returns as those under our registration act; but we know how Glasgow has been visited, we know how it is the settled abode of fever; and from Edinburgh we have grievous complaints. Dublin is the capital of Ireland and its fever.

What steps have we taken to arrest the coming cholera—to make a clear deck for meeting it? None. London is in as bad a state as ever it was since sanatory reformers began the arduous task of attempting to cleanse it. This week we have more complaints of that "Enon Chapel" whose foundation is a mass of rotten human flesh; and on Monday night there is to be a ball in the chapel at sixpence a head! These old and overloaded grave-yard nuisances have been known for years; but they are kept up, and the mortality tables show the results. The registrar-general, in his current report, denounces the bad construction of Liverpool—

"Liverpool, created in haste by commerce, by men too intent on immediate gain—reared without any very tender regard for flesh or blood, and flourishing while her working population was rotting in cellars—has been severely taught the lesson, that a part of the population, whether in cellars or on distant shores, cannot suffer without involving the whole community in calamity."

The fever is not confined to the squalid parts of the town, nor to the lazarettos on the Mersey, but is "getting more prevalent among the upper classes."

Edinburgh—the "own romantic town" of Walter Scott, and proud to exhibit the poet's most splendid monument—is in a vile condition. The arrangements for drainage are miserably imperfect, or in some parts altogether wanting. Romantic Edinburgh, so beautiful to the outside view, is full of rottenness within. The city contains some seventy-eight "killing-booths, used by butchers, besides large clusters of slaughter-houses," with many other killing places, irrespectively of the practice among butchers of killing smaller stock in their back-shops or cellars. The city is dotted with knackers' yards, places for the manufacture of manure, ill-kept tanners' yards, &c. Large piggeries exist in many parts; pigs, often fed upon soup made of carrion, are kept in the lower portions of private dwellings. "It may sound strange in the ears of denizens of the New Town to be informed, that between St. Stephen's church and the New Academy is a favorite spot for the rearing of pigs." And the abominable practice which has made infamous the Edinburgh cry of "gardez l'eau!" still braves feeble attempts at repression; surviving in those back courts and streets where it is peculiarly noxious. The law provides no efficient power to cope with these nuisances.*

We need not look out for special evidence as to the state of Dublin in these respects—it is the capital of Ireland.

What has been done? A commission has been appointed, to investigate and inquire—in the metropolis! As if the metropolis were the only part in danger. Besides, the commission includes men who *have* been investigating and inquiring, and who have plans ready prepared. It is not inquiry that we now need, but action. The time to spare between this formidable report by the registrar-general and the actual arrival of the deadly visitant will probably be brief; we cannot make quite ready to meet it—we cannot, in a season, reconstruct streets and drains with a view to prevent the plagues of the nineteenth century; but we might do much in the way of mere regulation. Mr. Herapath suggests one course for cholera, founded on a principle which our correspondent Mr. Sheward calls in question; the public wants some settled authoritative guide. But beyond

* See a remarkable pamphlet published by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, and Messrs. Blackwood and Sons—"Nuisances in Edinburgh, with Suggestions for the Removal thereof: addressed to the General Commissioners of Police. By Alexander Murray, Inspector of Lighting and Cleaning."

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that, it is desirable to make our abodes as clean and clear of disease as possible—the cholera will be quite enough of itself. Now we have no wish to waste words in reproaches about the past, provoking as it is to see the government of this great country unable to cope with notorious nuisances of the basest and squalidest kind—the rulers of the British empire slinking away before knackers and low lodging-house keepers; but our want of earlier preparation should at least be in part expiated by the utmost exertion to do what can be done now. Some of us must die of this coming cholera; but do not let our officials leave the public unprepared for another. The least they can do is to clear the path of the sanatory commissioners, and fill their hands with power sufficient for the occasion.—*Spectator*, 30 *Oct.*

THE POST BETWEEN PARIS AND LONDON.

It may occasion some surprise that it should remain for the *Morning Chronicle*, at this day, to suggest such an acceleration of the public post-office communication between London and Paris as should enable it to keep pace with *private* communications. At present the reverse is the case, to a remarkable degree. The slowness of the post acts as a protection to certain private postmasters who carry on a brisk business; and people whose affairs require a rapid interchange of letters depend on such private channels. The despatches for the newspapers are daily delivered in London fifteen or even twenty hours before the letters transmitted through the post-office. And from the more dilatory habits of the French post-office, the case is yet worse in Paris; the letters which in London would be delivered early in the morning being detained in the office till past noon.

We are now speaking of the ordinary condition of things; but occasionally the delay will be still greater—as when a Sunday intervenes. An instance occurred this week in our own experience; a letter written in Paris on Thursday the 21st, quite in time to have been brought that night to London, but too late for the leisurely proceedings of the post-office, reached us on Monday the 25th. We have before had reason to complain of the delays interposed by the bungling and espionage of the German post; but here we find a nearer neighbor at fault, and our own office participating in the offence.

The *Chronicle* announces that the South-eastern Railway Company is about to send a deputation to Paris, to consult with the directors of the French Railway as to the mode of facilitating the communication between the two capitals. Of course the authorities of the two post-offices will seek to be parties to the consultation. If a rapid post and two mails a day are necessary between London and Edinburgh, they are more necessary between London and Paris; and it would be quite possible to have a transmission of letters posted and delivered within sixteen hours.

It should be remembered, that mere rapidity of transmission is not the only desideratum; it is most desirable that the letters of commercial men should be received at least as soon as those which reach any other class in the country; and as to the government, it ought to secure to itself absolute priority of information as a standing rule—not by keeping back the intelligence of private persons, but by outstripping it.—*Spectator*, 30 *Oct*

THE CAPTURE AND RE-CAPTURE OF MEXICO.

The last account from Mexico, certainly not an official one, but creditable enough to alarm even the most sanguine of the democratic party in America, represents General Scott, after having fought his way from the coast to the vicinity of the capital, and from that capital through forts and entrenchments into the city itself, and through its streets and barricades to the possession of its citadel and public square, to have been driven back out of the city by an uprising of the mob. This is not an unusual fate of generals, who triumph over regular forces and scientific military resistance, but are worsted by a multitude of ragamuffins, armed with paving-stones and popular fury. This was nearly the fate of the French at Naples and Madrid. The leperos of Mexico have been compared to the lazzaroni of Naples, the laziness of the Neapolitan being in them thickened with Indian listlessness. The plunder of the cathedral and the profanation of its walls are said to have roused the leperos, who achieved what Santa Anna failed in, viz., drove the Americans out of the city.

It is needless to remark, that such successful resistance would prove the signal for the Mexican population, hitherto wavering and timid, to rise and engage in a general though desultory war. Already the deputies of the more central and important states had adjourned congress to the town of Queretaro. A great portion of the army will flock to them, and as regular strategic resistance ceases with the command of Santa Anna, a system of guerilla and irregular warfare would no doubt commence, which nothing but gigantic efforts and expenditure on the part of the Americans, with a long lapse of time and success, could finally overcome.

Such are the tactics of the Mexicans, such the evident determination of their leading men, and apparently of the priesthood, which throughout the country holds lieu of all other links and institutions and government. That this feeling and resolve is general, and not to be duped or trifled with, is pretty evident from the conduct of Santa Anna, who no doubt returned to Mexico with the idea of concluding an agreement with the Americans, and was allowed by them to pass their blockade on this very understanding. But Santa Anna, surrounded by his army, and watched by the deputies of congress, could do nothing else than fight manfully, and consent merely to such conditions of peace as Mr. Trist could not listen to.

This envoy demanded no less than to cut ten degrees off of the northern extremity of Mexico, which, with the seven degrees of the Oregon wrested from England, forms a very pretty empire, thus making indeed a second United States on the Pacific. The peninsula of California was of course to be included. The Mexicans, however, at once refused to cede New Mexico, the Spanish population of which had shown the greatest aversion to American rule, the greatest resistance to their arms. The Mexicans declared they would not give up such a province to slavery and the United States. To this they were the more spirited, from their sentiments being echoed by all the people of the northern states of the Union, who are at this moment as much alarmed at the annexation of New Mexico, as they were a year or two ago at the annexation of Texas. There seems indeed no end to the prospect of southern and slave states, and to the utter destruction of all balance between northern and southern influences. Mr. Trist moreover offered

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a high price for the Californians; but the Mexicans refused to cede more of these than the territory and bay of San Francisco, which by the course of its river is naturally connected with the Oregon, and forms indeed its obvious seaport. So small a concession did not satisfy Mr. Trist. And yet in so critical a position was the American army, that the envoy asked for a truce of forty-eight days to allow of his referring to his government touching the possibility of its desisting from its claims over the disputed territory between the Bravo and the Nueces.

Great Britain has wisely abstained from interference as arbitrator, which indeed was impossible. It is evident, that the best chance which the Mexicans have of obtaining favorable terms, consists in the support which their offers will obtain from the anti-slavery party in the United States. But in order to this party preserving its influence, it is necessary that the president should be unable to appeal to any excitable feeling. If the English were supposed to under-work the Mexicans, this would call up the spirit of even the Yankees against them. Or, if the Mexicans should inflict any signal defeat or disgrace on the American arms, then too President Polk might appeal to popular feeling to support him in outrageous war. Bating these causes of excitement, the Americans will probably weary of expenditure, and turn from the prospect of an interminable, and, should resistance turn to guerillas, an inglorious war. In that case Mexico may have, if not her own, at least a fair frontier and reasonable conditions.—*Examiner*, 30 *Oct.*

PUNCH'S LATEST FROM MEXICO.

The Blarney Castle has arrived at Liverpool. Her dates are from New York the 15th, Boston the 16th, and the day previous from the seat of war. She brings specie to the amount of two millions of rupees, and files of the New York papers. The correspondent of the Locofoco says—

"General Growdy's division yesterday came up with the main body of the Mexican force, under General Cabanas, at Rionogo, where the New Orleans Picayune informs us that a severe engagement took place. Both parties won the victory, and were repulsed with severe slaughter. Santa Anna was present in the action, in the course of which his head was shot off. He subsequently addressed a heart-stirring proclamation to the Mexican nation, in which he described the action of the 27th, which ended in the utter defeat of the Americans, whose victory, however, cost them dear.

"Immediately after their success, they proceeded to evacuate the town, which they bombarded the next day. The American troops were annihilated after a trifling skirmish, in which Santa Anna lost his leg, which was amputated on the spot, before the retreat of the Mexicans upon Cacapulco. It is reported that he has yielded the presidency to General Nosotros.

"General Whack's brigade is at Sangarbanzos, hotly pursued by the Mexicans. In this disaster the indefatigable Santa Anna was wounded severely, a cannon-ball from a howitzer taking off his right hand. From this place, after the operation, he wrote a pathetic appeal to the Mexican senate, and complained bitterly of the cowardice of General Pumpanillas, who was at Nossa Senhora de las Podridas, harassing the flanks of Major Cowitch's Alleghany Rangers.

"General Scott was unwell; but it is not true that he has been compelled to take Jalapa. Major Bung's artillery is at Todododos. A deserter from the enemy came in yesterday. He says that President Santa Anna received a twenty-eight pounder through his body, after which he renewed the action.

"The bombardment of Los Leperos is not confirmed. Santa Anna received a congreve-rocket in the left knee there, and has ordained the formation of a similar corps. I shut up, as the courier is going.

"The legion of Saint Nicholas, under O'Scraggs, performed prodigies of valor on both sides. Plunging into the thickest of the *mêlée* at Pickapockatickl, O'Scraggs engaged personally with General Ragg, whose pocket-handkerchief, after a severe struggle, he succeeded in carrying off. It has been hung up in the cathedral of Mexico, amongst the other colors taken in the campaign.

"In the engagement at Santos Ladrones, so creditable to both sides, O'Scragg, whose legion was then acting with the American army, had almost taken prisoner Santa Anna, who had both legs shot off by our brave bombardiers; his silver snuff-box, however, was captured out of the general's coat pocket, as he fled from a field where he had covered himself with so much glory.

"Captain Scraggs used the snuff-box on the last day of his brilliant existence, when he died the death of a hero, being hanged before the American lines, to the delight of both armies."

From the Spectator.

Ireland displays an accession in the usual contrast of heterogeneous elements—a turbulent and helpless destitution; a new burst of sectarian bigotry; and a government steadily enlightening its subjects by firm and sage counsels.

The great tenant-right meeting at Kilmacthomas, in Galway, was painfully characteristic of the national levity. The meeting was summoned to consider the means of obtaining a law of tenant-right; it proved to be a monster meeting, only with a new pretext; the tenant-right, so called, which the speakers claimed, was really fixity of tenure; and in the midst of the business, the occasion became a repeal meeting for the presentation of an address and some "rent" to Mr. John O'Connell!

The new sally of bigotry is a fresh denunciation of the "godless colleges," in the shape of a rescript from the Sacred College at Rome, bearing, unfortunately, the sanction of Pius the Ninth; the Irish colleges are condemned, and the Roman Catholic clergy are enjoined to take no share in promoting those institutions. It is possible that the head of the Roman Catholic church is too much bound by the routine of the Sacred College to act with the liberality that might have been expected of him. It is to be observed that Pius has hitherto done nothing which is not *orthodox;* and he may justly ask, whether he might not impair his own usefulness if he were to raise any doubts among the faithful as to his own ecclesiastical infallibility. Besides, it is to be remembered that the English government is without any real representative at Rome, and that the pontiff is thus left at the mercy of *Irish* statements touching the colleges. However, in the present stage of the affair, it is not for British ministers to question the course adopted by the head of the Roman church; still less is it for them to yield; it is for him to consider what he deems necessary for discipline within the pale of his church—it is for them to consider what is good and proper for British subjects. The colleges must go for-

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ward; the Roman Catholics will use them or not as they please.

The clergy of the church whose traditional usage enforces views so bigoted have waited upon the lord-lieutenant with a memorial, oddly ascribing the wretched condition of Ireland to the *obsolete* bigotry of the Protestant rulers, announcing the prospect of more famine in the winter, and asking for more help. Lord Clarendon replied with one of his admirable lectures on the duties of social order, industry, and self-reliance. There is no irrelevance about Lord Clarendon's reproofs: if he does not flatter, it is impossible that any sane mind could take offence at the perfectly decorous, plain, sensible, and benevolent advice which he gives. He tells the Irish, in unmistakable language, that they cannot avoid poverty except by order and industry; and from such a quarter they cannot avoid *hearing* those salutary truths.

AUSTRIA has not only retained possession of Ferrara, but her local commanders manage so ill as to permit outrages on the native Italians. There has been a disturbance, Italian blood has been shed, and probably one of the sufferers belongs to the clergy! Such incidents tend not only to compel the cession of Ferrara, but to strengthen a feeling which gains ground very rapidly—a feeling that the Austrians must be expelled from Italy altogether.

THE forbearance of the British in New Zealand has had its natural consequence, in new excesses by the natives; and a continuance of that forbearance seems likely to prolong the suicidal contumacy of the aborigines. The account of the British manœuvres at Wanganui—the troops marching out every day for a bootless popping at their Parthian enemy, and then retreating every night into the safe shelter of a stockade—is humiliating. Humanity may dictate that undecisive demeanor, but to the barbarians it must look like sheer cowardice; so that their inevitable presuming on our hesitation will stultify our mercy, and eventually cost more blood than the cruelest form of prompt chastisement; already the "philanthropic" policy has been paid for in blood, and it is quite clear that more will have to flow.

As our last postscript narrated, and our new accounts make clear, General Scott is or has been in possession of the Mexican capital—and in a scrape. Scott and Santa Anna could not agree on terms of peace: the fighting was renewed; the Yankees took the great city, killed many people, ruined some of the public buildings, created "ample work for the glazier," and remained in a "fix"—apparently in want of an intelligible policy, certainly in want of supplies and reinforcements—there are even rumors that they have been driven out again. On the first blush, it would look as if the sovereign citizens of the great republic must be so disgusted with these untoward victories as to refuse further supplies, and to recall the army. But the affair is too serious for that; United States men are not of a temperament to succumb to defeat, and the very extremity of the danger may evoke a *national* feeling in favor of prosecuting the war. There is trouble in store for all parties.

THE various documents relating to the establishment of a Roman Catholic hierarchy in England arrived in London on Tuesday. The Right Reverend Dr. Walsh, heretofore vicar apostolic of the Midland district, is now Archbishop of Westminster; Dr. Wiseman, who it was expected would occupy that position, is to be Bishop of Birmingham. The title of vicar apostolic is to be abolished; and the bishops are to be called after their respective sees—such, for instance, as "Bishop of Northampton," the title now held by Dr. Waring.

MR. Albany Fonblanque, the editor and registered proprietor of the *Examiner* newspaper, has been appointed to the office in the statistical department of the Board of Trade vacated by the promotion of Mr. Porter to the post formerly occupied by Mr. Lefevre.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 187.—11 DECEMBER, 1847.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *A Year of Consolation.* By Mrs. Butler, late Fanny Kemble. 2 vols. 12mo. London: 1847.
2. *Illustrated Excursions in Italy.* By Edward Lear. 2 vols. folio. London: 1847.

We readily cut the pages of these new books on an old subject; for Heaven forefend that Italy should ever cease to interest, or her siren fascination become a fable of the past. To us every touch by original hand awakens some dormant delight, every fresh view calls forth some unobserved wonder. Italy, whose fair form and pressure defies pen to exhaust, and pencil to more than outline, must be seen with painter's eye and with poet's feeling, must be loved for her own sake, and studied in her unbeaten by-ways, rather than in those tourist-haunted towns which foreigners have denationalized with their carpet civilization. We have coupled the names of Kemble and Lear, which combine well with other and older associations, because both have selected and sketched for themselves; peeping behind scenes seldom visited, and raising corners of the curtain which conceals to tramontanes the drama of Italian life. Here we have set before us a page or two of a book of beauty, which, thumbed indeed by thousands every year, remains sealed save to the initiated—and to none more so than the rank-and-file of fashion who, bored with Brighton, try a "winter season at Rome." In both instances art has been summoned to aid representations of nature: the lady weds her prose to immortal verse; the gentleman describes his own drawings, a process unusual in illustrated works, but highly commendable when, what is still more unusual, the author is not swamped by the artist.

A common yearning for consolation impelled both to seek brighter skies: one needed an anodyne for deep-rooted sorrows of the mind—the other a remedy for inveterate achings of the body; nor have their pilgrimages been in vain. Renovated in spirit by her Italian Year, Fanny Kemble (for we resume her European name, as, dismissing her Butler, she writes herself simple Fanny in the preface) has happily returned to that stage which her gifted family made their own, to delight myriads by again becoming public property. Mr. Lear in the balmy south baffled the insidious disease which under our stinted suns nips youth and talent, and, by turning to good account accomplishments, which, ere the fickle goddess frowned, were but amusements, has secured an honorable independence for those he loves the best, and has enrolled his name high in art—in that city where art is most appreciated.

Thus much, by way of introduction, would have sufficed in ordinary cases; but giving due precedence to the lady, the title, "A Year of Consolation," suggests those others accumulative of distress to which it was the antidote. An undertone of woe and mystery pervades the poetic portions of our fair one's volumes, exciting a compassionate curiosity, and vividly contrasting, it must be owned, with the animal spirits and comic joyousness which flash forth in the prose narrative, like sun-beams in a wintry sky. But this is all in nature;—she is a poetess—and moreover the theatre has been her nursery and her playground. No wonder then that, whenever shadows of the past, looming across the Atlantic, darkened her present dream of peace, she poured her sadness into the serious vehicle of Il Penseroso, and sought relief from sorrow in sympathy. In the psychology of suffering the endurance of the Spartan is often coupled with the exhibition of the martyr; many there be who, even without the excuse of her professional training, can dissect with stoic pride the morbid anatomy of their hearts, and reveal to every eye festering wounds, which the tenderest hand of friend is never permitted to probe or bind up; who, masking inward depression by outward hilarity, cherish by concealment the worm in the bud, and yet bare their stuffed bosoms to the world for daws to peck at.

Her first morning at Rome is ushered in with a retrospect. She tells her tale—how all was set on one cast, and the hazard of the die a blank—and pale as moon-beam on snow-wreath is the ray of hope which lights up this autobiography of despair. These emptyings of vials of wrath, mingled with tears, recall the breathing, burning revelations of Lord Byron and Mrs. Norton.

"Early in life, when hope seems prophecy,
And strong desire can sometimes mould a fate,
My dream was of thy shores, Oh, Italy! * * *
Across an ocean—not thy sapphire waves,
Oh, Mediterranean, sea of memories!
But the dark marble ridges of th' Atlantic,
Destiny led me—not to thy bright shores
Ausonia!—but that wondrous wilderness,
That other world, where Hope supreme beholds
All things unshaped—one huge eventful promise. * * *
Upon that distant shore, a dream more fair
Than the imaginations of my youth
Awhile entranced me. Lightning-like it fled,
And I remained utterly desolate.
Love had departed; Youth, too, had departed;
Hope had departed; and my life before me
Lay covered with the ashes of the past—
Dark, barren, cold, drear, flinty, colorless. * * *
The last grim pages of my book of life,
Filled with a mean and grinding martyrdom,
Washed with unceasing tears, at length gave back
The glorious legend written on my youth.
Again, again, the glorious shapes returned; * * *
And Art and Nature, twins immortal, stood

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Upon the threshold of earth's Paradise,
And waved me towards it. And at last I came, * * *
But with a broken heart, Oh, Italy!
Land—not of promise—but of consolation!
Not in that season of my life, when life
Itself was rich enough for all its need,
And I yet held its whole inheritance;
But in the bankrupt days when all is spent,
Bestowed, or stolen—wasted—given away
To buy a store of bitter memories."

—Vol. i., p. 120.

It will be observed that we have omitted lines here and there—in fact we have quoted only thirty out of her hundred—and we no doubt owe Mrs. Fanny an apology for such freedom; though to be candid, we fancy we have hardly injured the piece by some of our dockings. Perilous to all well-cut pens, and fatal to not a few of them, is the facility of blank verse. The cleverest people in the world, if they happen to be great public speakers, like Lord Robertson and Mrs. Butler, are exceedingly apt to be carried too fast and too far when they trust themselves on this broad-gauge railroad—and we conceive the jeopardy must be worse in the case of one suckled in the habits of theatrical intonation. Mrs. Siddons, we have read, used to ask for beef or porter at table in blank verse—we can vouch for it that glorious John Kemble occasionally grumbled about the Magnum being out, in lines as magniloquent as ever rolled from Lee's Alexander. In whatever fashion their niece exhibits herself, she will be sure to show the blood she is come of—but we very much prefer her rhyme to her blank, and the tighter the restraints she is pleased to adopt, the more she pleases us—best of all in the sonnet. Her Pegasus never needs the spur—the curb often. Prodigality of "words, words, words, Horatio," is only thus to be avoided, where, from a good ear and inveterate practice, recitative is so apt to glide into a certain cadence, that ten pages of tragic hendecasyllabics cost no more trouble than a king's speech did to William Pitt.

The trip to Rome succeeded better than that to Cincinnati. The transatlantic failure must cause more sorrow than surprise. Taking the fair adventurer's published opinions as exponents of her character, that underwriter was bold who insured a perfect union speculation in the United States. There be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves: her "wonderful wilderness," full as it may be of promise, was poorly calculated to administer to the wants of a patient so imaginative, *exigeante*, and impressionable; petted at home in public and private, impatient of unaccustomed control and contradiction, born in an old full-grown country, educated among "accomplished facts" and persons—the deficiencies and discrepancies of a half-fledged people, struggling for position in the back-woods of social existence, could not but jangle, grate, and jar on the nerves of this delicate and daintily nourished organization. The faculty of highest enjoyment is counterbalanced by a corresponding capability of misery; double-edged is poet's fancy; so long as the fine frenzy is on, non-existing charms are decked in rainbow tints; in the reaction, when the Titania illusion is over, motes are magnified into monsters, and a demigod dethroned into a donkey. Thus the daily occurrence of petty disappointments and dissatisfactions poisoned the day and night of this creature of over-exaggerated expectations, and led our Kate, untamable by any Yankee Petruchio, to repudiate "that very great body with very little soul," and emancipate herself from "the mean and grinding martyrdom," the slavery and "domestic institutions" of the stripes.

Far from us be any depreciation of the goods which the New World holds out to the under-fed millions of the over-crammed old one; to them it is a land both of promise and performance, where Ceres never denies her sheaves to labor, and all-bountiful Pomona need not be worshipped in temples of taxed glass. There Nature's *table d'hôte* is not full; still bread alone will not suffice to those who have the means of living; where the poor are filled, the rich may be sent empty away. The best of the Americans seem always too happy to escape from America. At home they are obliged to join in the universal chorus of "Who but we?"—but unless you pin them down by the paucity of private dollars, or glue them by a plaster of official ones—they are eager to stretch their wings for a flight from the vaunted paradise of equal rights. Their resource, as in the slave-holding democracy of Athens, where crows pecked at eagles, is self-exile to lands of freer, purer air, where fortune, station, luxury, and above all, the priceless luxury of privacy, may be enjoyed—the "painful proximity" of the profane avoided—and the fellowship of kindred souls cultivated, without being denounced as an aristocrat, or persecuted by Plato's "many-headed beast," ever, in the words of Aristotle, "despotic towards the affluent and good, who aspire to rise above its muddy level." Experience of the day reasoneth as well as Greek philosophy of old; and, better read in Coriolanus than the Stagyrite, our authoress exclaims from the bottom of her heart on leaving France, "How much does coming abroad, and much more the institutions of America, make us love England!"

One great grief alone binds her with iron link to the scene of republican tyranny; there remain her children, parted at one fell swoop from the mother. Time, like ivy, may cover the rent, but never can repair the ruin. "She cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear." Thus, as the casual touch of a passer-by disturbs rain-drops long suspended on some cypress branch, which start forth revealed in tears, so trifles light as air cause her wounds to bleed afresh. Who of us has not some sad or sweet remembrance fondly kept hived like the bag of the bee, which a little something, no matter what, voiceless and meaningless to all the world besides, recalls instantaneously in all its freshness, whether of honey or wormwood? But why mangle in prose what the Childe (iv. 33) has embalmed in one of the most magnificently true of his stanzas?—

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"But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued:
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

Even after Byron, these lines on a flowering acacia seen on an Italian spring morning may be quoted without peril:—

"The blossoms hang again upon the tree,
As when with their sweet breath they greeted me,
Against my casement, on that sunny morn,
When thou, first blossom of my spring, wast born!
And as I lay, panting from the fierce strife
With death and agony that won thy life,
Their snowy clusters hung on their brown bough,
E'en as upon my breast, my May-bud, thou.
They seem to me thy sister's, Oh, my child!
And now the air, full of their fragrance mild,
Recalls that hour, a tenfold agony
Pulls at my heart-strings as I think of thee.
Was it in vain! Oh, was it all in vain!
That night of hope, of terror, and of pain,
When from the shadowy boundaries of death
I brought thee safely, breathing living breath!
Upon my heart—it was a holy shrine,
Full of God's praise—they laid thee, treasure mine!
And from its tender depths the blue heaven smiled,
And the white blossoms bowed to thee, my child,
And solemn joy of a new life was spread,
Like a mysterious halo round that bed. * * *
Alone, heart-broken, on a distant shore,
Thy childless mother sits lamenting o'er
Flowers, which the spring calls from this foreign earth,
Thy twins, that crowned the morning of thy birth:—
How is it with thee—lost—lost—precious one!
In thy fresh spring time growing up alone?"
—*Ibid.*, p. 205.

To imitate, in reviewing her, the style of our heroine's own transitions—there is a good deal of the original in her second start in search of felicity. To have traversed the dreary "Atlantic six times" prepared her tolerably for a December journey over French cross-roads, which do not sweeten temper, especially when vehicles and hostelries are to match, and no other solace but "a maid comfortable but not amusing," and since, we presume, dismissed. One hundred pages are sacrificed to the platitudes of this Cockney incumbrance—what's Hecuba to us?—or to details of the superabundance of Gallic dirt and discomfort, and the deficiency of cubicular crockery. A warm passion for cold water does credit to our pilgrim puritan, whose adorers (if we may judge by ourselves) would have assumed that her ablutions had somehow been properly performed—for, after all, there is much virtue occasionally in a sponge—even had these little confidences been withheld. Her passage towards St. Peter's, partook of those purgatorial inconveniences which poor souls undergo previously to reaching paradise; nothing pleases her, and it must be admitted, by her showing, that she met with constant extortion, rudeness, and "selfishness more revolting, because accompanied by an everlasting grimace of politeness and courtesy which means nothing." Accustomed to the chivalrous attention paid to the "weaker vessel" when travelling alone in any part of "vast and half-savage America," the contrast was more striking in a country the *soi-disant* leader of civilization. "Humbly, therefore, and on her knees does she beg pardon of the Americans for having said her say" in her time against their hydrophobia, expectorations, and sundry other "unpleasing peculiarities," which, till she saw and smelt France, she supposed were exclusively transatlantic.

It may be hinted that a person unused to hardships and inattentions ought not to have taken that route at all; "que diable allaitelle faire dans cette galère!" For her next trip, if she consults us, a britscha and posters for locomotion will be suggested, and the Place Vendôme for location. The French postilions will be found expeditious, the landlords obsequious, and the waiters well bred. As to her present work, without expecting her to be logical, we could desire fewer general conclusions drawn from particulars. It is too bad, because she travelled in out-of-the-way places in an out-of-the-way manner, not as other household Kates, and met with certain company and consequences, to set down la belle France as one wilderness of monkeys; but there, as everywhere, like equality-loathing Coriolanus, her heart is her mouth, and what her breast forges that her tongue must utter. Always in extremes, whether for love or hate—and a good hater she is at all events—not, perhaps, the worse lover for that—the spirit of the moment moves her, be it for good or evil. She changes character as if performing the same night both in the tragedy and farce, and enters into the genius of each with equal ardor, eagerness, and, we believe, sincerity. When despair is the order of the day, hers is terrific; now she sits among Rome's ruins wailing like the dethroned, childless queens in Richard III.; anon she is pelting sugarplums at the Carnival. To hear her hoyden laughter, holding both its sides, neither black cares, men, babies, nor Butlers exist either in the old or new world, nor private feelings nor public reviewers, with such rashness and recklessness does she lay about her when her "dander is up."

Let us, however, repeat, even as to her prose web, what we have already said of her sombre lyrical embroideries. We do not apprehend that there is any theatrical trick or affectation in these Hamlet transitions from intense light to gloom, nor anything inconsequent and contrary to human nature, even in sufferers of less tinder-like temperament. Wrongs too deep to be forgiven, regrets too bitter to be forgotten, have been so grafted on an originally gladsome disposition as to become

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part and parcel of herself. Once let a mind thus jangled and out of tune surrender itself, seeking relief, to strong impressions, either of joy or sadness, and the even tenor of its course is exchanged for a condition bordering on the hysterical; the flood-gates once open and the waters out, slight need be the check, the disturbing influence, which suffices to turn them from one channel to another; and as we are never nearer hate than when loving most, so melancholy dogs the heels of high excitement, like an inevitable shadow. At first, no doubt, the practice throughout these volumes of stopping short in a disquisition about some general subject, or even in a description of some gay festival scene—drawing a line with the pen—and so bounding off at once into a strain, now in verse, now in almost as musical prose, of deep personal passion and affliction—at first sight this may, no question, strike one as savoring of *hey presto!*—change the scene—let the drawing-room disappear and give us the dungeon again! But, on the whole, we are satisfied that Mrs. Fanny's method is about the best she could have taken to make her pages reflect the real agitations backward and forward of her own sensitive and sorely-tried nature.

On a former occasion we too have "said our say" on some of this young lady's own "unpleasing peculiarities," administering counsel with reproof, more in kindness than anger, and gently as a parent flagellates the child he loves. Gladly do we mark amendment in our interesting pupil, albeit the smack of orange-peel, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane is still perceptible. In some respects she is incorrigible. We discover outbursts of the same flippancy and bad taste, of the same habit of calling things by their right, or rather wrong, names: the same dawdling over nastiness which she practically abhors, but has a Swift-like delight in describing. In dealing with ungentlemanlike men and their ill manners, a phraseology which takes tone and tincture from them may, perhaps, be permissible on other sides of the ocean; but in England, we are happy to say, it still grates on ears polite, and is incompatible with olfactory euphuism and lady-like water-worship. Beautiful Italy needs no such foil, and we grudge digressions on toad-stools and tittle-backs. We have constant cause to complain of tourists of both sexes, who, starting with the foregone conclusion of a book, will flesh the edge of their young curiosity at Calais, will note down what we want not to know—will waste time in seeing things not worth seeing, and then ink in the record. The whole of the French progress, in short, might as well have been cut down to half a dozen pages.

Even when she has got over both Alp and Apennine, her charges are sweeping, whether directed against classes or corporations, or tongues and peoples—not to mention principalities and powers. Thus, as we are assured, the Italian priests are worldly knaves, mercenary hypocrites, who purposely instruct the people in ignorance and superstition, while their apt scholars "have as little perception of truth and its inviolable sacredness—*as the French*. Dishonesty and falsehood are so little matters of shame that detection in either of them only excites a shrug and grin on the part of the offender."

"Of such experiences one day in Italy is full, and not all the glory of the past can atone to me for the present shame of the people, nor all the loveliness of external things make up for the ugliness of human souls without truth or honor: women without chastity, and men without integrity, and a whole country without religion, make a poor residence, in my humble judgment, unless one could be turned into eyes, and all one's perceptions be limited to the faculty of seeing the divine beauty which all this baseness mars."—Vol. ii., p. 50.

Leaving the sacred college to battle for their subalterns, some lying, and possibly a shade deeper than white, may exist among the laity of the eternal city under the sway of shaven priests, as is alleged to have been the case under pontifices unsworn either to celibacy or poverty—*quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio*. It should, however, be remembered that travellers make the season, and are thrown chiefly among gentry that live on them, and must be brief with birds of passage, who, like woodcocks, if once missed seldom give a second chance. To say slapdash that the whole country is without religion—that all the men are liars, and all the women *fie fies*—thus killing two sexes with one stone—seems rather summary procedure for a pretty warm-hearted poetess. Were it so, society could not exist in Italy, where it does, however, contrive to exist—and, if there is any faith in Mr. Lear *passim*—nearly as simple, uncorrupted, and consequently happy, as in localities where there is less of "divine beauty." As to the peculiarly priest-ridden Romans and their peculiar lapses—they on their part consider themselves more sinned against than sinning, and contend that sharp practice is necessary in self-defence. Confessedly they are no match for a drab-coated Pennsylvanian, and we incline to believe that they occasionally are done by hard-bargaining Britons in brass buttons. The age of gold, when the English nation consisted of three classes only, those who let themselves be cheated 25, 50, and 100 per cent., is fled forever, with St. Peter's pence, from the Seven Hills.

More illogical, and what is worse in the gentler sex, more ill-natured, are Mrs. Fanny's comments on her own fair compatriots and fellow consolation-seekers. Always prone to ridicule and exaggeration, in their unlucky case her portraits are extravagant caricatures, whenever they are not actual libels. She goes out of her way to spy the motes in soft eyes, and never forgives a sister's shame. Every one she meets with is either sour-tempered, ill-bred, ill-dressed, or an awkward amazon. It is probable in these days of steam, that every one of our womankind who, like herself, overleaps the Simplon, may not be exactly suited to sit (either with or without drapery to Mr. Gibson for one of the Graces travelling *incognita*. These, however, (we must hope and believe,) are the exceptions,

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not the rule; assuredly, so far as we have observed, nine times out of ten, whenever our continental path has been crossed by one of those bright visions which seem lent from Heaven to earth for one day, the houri has proved to be a sample of that race, the best in blood, the most beautiful in face and complexion, the most symmetrical in form, the purest in mind and body—in short, a specimen of that precious porcelain whereof are made the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of English gentlemen—a pretty good breed, too, and not particularly abundant across the salt seas, as we need not tell Mrs. Fanny. If she has not renounced her glorious birthright, she commits the no less egregious folly of offering up her own kith and kin, in the vain hopes of conciliating the vanity of foreign inferiority, which her former gibes have irremediably offended.

"Invidiam placare paras, virtute relictâ?"

Enough of this. Ready as we are on every occasion to stand up against any assailant, foul or fair, of the best of the only good sex, we have no wish to prolong any censure of Fanny Kemble. Far more pleasing is the task to pay sincere homage to her powers of description, her keen relish and perception of nature, her original and often masculine judgment. Occasional escapades of wilfulness may be forgiven: whenever she puts on the buskins she rises at once—like Henry V. when escaping from Eastcheap—into the rational and poetical; tone and temper are changed, and the vulgar and violent exeunt into the green-room.

Rome proves the end of her travels and travail; and long has the Eternal City been an asylum to the sad. To need consolation is passport sufficient; widely open the gates to all who have calamity in common: to this convent of Europe alike retire the uncrowned king and the heart-broken slave. Here this victim of Yankeeism finds, under a sister's roof, new children and a home cheered by an in-door welcome warm as the sun without; here, and in the immediate neighborhood, she passes a happy year, and thus masters marvels at leisure—without being tied to the tail of Madama Starkie, Leonum arida nutrix. Her eye, schooled in scenic and dramatic effect, seizes differences at once, whether in creed or character, color or costume. Fresh from the model republic, she has little reserve and less respect for settled facts, forms, and persons: to her all the world's a stage, and she speaks out plainly, be the gallantee-show in St. Peter's, and the pope himself first fiddler. In describing the mind and manners of a city where priests rule and the spiritual is materialized and hackneyed, subjects, which in England are reverentially avoided, occupy a prominent place; and none can have lived much in Roman Catholic countries without having painfully remarked the familiarity with which sacred things are discussed, by which an impression of profanity is conveyed. In calmer moments, we are happy to see, she can clearly distinguish between Romanism and Christianity—the chaff from the corn: she clings with drowner's clutch to religious comfort; nay, when, according to her own old phrase, the "black dog" is on her—when she is under that disenchantment of life and the vanity of human wishes which peoples cloisters, wherever cloisters exist, with those who have expected too much—even she is forced to feel that there is balm in the Romish Gilead—even she yearns to sacrifice herself forever to the altar, to a nunnery—to a nunnery—where, dead to the living, she

——— might mourn for sin,
And find for outward Eden lost a paradise within.

But to be sure this is hardly the prevailing tone—nor perhaps could we expect it. The triple-crowned papacy seen from afar, enthroned like the ghost of the Roman empire, on sites which retain their settled sentiment of power, presents an image that awes, imposes, and attracts. Distance lends enchantment to the view—approach, the mirage disappears—enter the gorgeous temple, 'tis a whitened sepulchre. The pomp and pride of the old system is manifest—the spirit and influence is dead; the pageants satiate the lust of the eye without satisfying the heart; churches are the staple, and ceremonies are too obviously things got up merely to be seen. At every page we learn that the jealous Roman priests monopolize spectacle; and while they scarcely tolerate a legitimate, because competing, theatre, are lavish in ecclesiastical pantomime, melodrama, and "tawdry, tinselly trumpery." In her next sentence, however, she quite forgets what she had said about "a whole country without religion:"—

"It is extremely painful to me," says she, "to come from a mere motive of curiosity into a temple dedicated to God; my conscience rebukes and troubles me the whole time, and all other considerations are lost in the recollection that I am in the house of prayer, consecrated by the worship of thousands of souls for hundreds of years. To gaze about, too, with idle, prying eyes, where sit and kneel my fellow-Christians with theirs turned to the earth in solemn contemplation or devotion, makes me feel sacrilegiously."—Vol. i., p. 51.

The native clergy are less thin-skinned:—

"To-day was a sort of climax to the religious carnival of the whole week, and the number of sights to be seen in the shape of strange religious ceremonies was really quite embarrassing. The eagerness with which Monsignore ——— urged upon us the curiosity and beauty of these various holy spectacles struck me as very strange. I find it difficult to imagine that frame of mind which rejoices in the unsympathizing presence of crowds of strangers at the sacred services of one's religion; and it is always a marvel to me that the Catholic clergy, and even the people themselves, do not object to the careless show which foreigners make of their places of worship and religious ceremonies. To be sure foreigners are a very considerable item of profit to the Roman people and Catholic places of worship, and so the thing resolves itself into its natural elements."—Vol. i., p. 253.

The curate dresses his sallad with the oil offered to the Madonna's lamp. Accordingly, during the holy week, when desecration keeps pace with va-

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ried attraction, all the priests, we are told, "like rival showmen or managers," deceive all the foreigners who ask for information, always making out that whatever is best worth seeing or hearing is to be at their own chapel. Orders are given for the dress-circles, and the crowd renders the Vatican "a perfect bear-garden." The many is but a mob, whether in the drawing-rooms of St. James', the galleries of Covent Garden, or the marble aisles of St. Peter's. Although accustomed, as we all know, to overflowing houses, she tells us (vol. i., p. 239) that she never witnessed anything more disgusting than the conduct of her own sex, and principally Englishwomen—Abigails probably—their crushing, their indecent curiosity, their total forgetfulness of the character of the place, their coarse levity and comments, and their flirtations mingled with the devotions of the benighted papists whose sanctuary they were invading. Eventually our censor is "hustled out by these ladies"—as is a poor priest who retires to pray in some distant and unfashionable church. Here, as elsewhere, the professional never escapes her Kemble eye or lash. The canonical kisses of peace consisted "of a series of embraces between the priests that marvellously resembled similar performances on the stage; the hands resting on each other's shoulders, and the head turned discreetly away, so as to ensure the least possible cordiality and reality in the affectionate demonstration." The robed choristers sang divinely; but "all had an air of as perfect indifference as the provoking disinterestedness of the chorus in a pathetic opera; some were taking snuff with each other, while some were rapidly and mechanically crossing themselves; they talked, laughed, pushed, and jostled each other during the whole chant." The properties are not always better observed than propriety. She detects under satin robes the same dirty boots and trowser-legs which "in an indifferent theatrical spectacle obtrude below the costume of some Roman senator's red-striped toga." Nay, she winds up her critiques by quarrelling with the pope himself—and in Rome, the wise proverb to the contrary notwithstanding:—

"When they set him down, and take him up, and cover his legs, and uncover them, and kiss, and bow, and bend, and hand him here and there like a poor precious little old doll, can I refrain from a felling of disgust and displeasure?"—Vol. i., p. 128.

"Upon the whole," she says, "these church spectacles are very unsatisfactory to me:"—and so they must be to all who come, without a prompter or book of the play, to strange representations in an unknown tongue: sounds and gestures, which seem meaningless and mummery to the stranger, appeal at once to the senses and souls of the natives, who comprehend the forms under which substance is shrouded; a Protestant freshwoman at Rome smiles at what she deems pantomime, just as the neatest Italian Monsignore, in a city of the Moslems, eschews their prophet's ablutions as works of supererogation. The pope, on these occasions, is a symbol—the visible impersonation of the church and its priesthood, its attributes and offices; every action of his is typical, every article of his dress allegorical. In him—be he a doll, big or little, precious or not—is the question and the whole question, *urbi et orbi*, to the eternal city and the world; and to its cost did Rome discover at no remote period the difference between the iron crown and the jewelled tiara. In the pope is fixed and embodied the grand cause of spiritual domination and dictation *versus* civil supremacy and private judgment. There can be no compromise: one of the two must be exterminated; and ecclesiastics may exist who, while waging war to the knife against a pope in Rome, would tender the olive-branch to his principle—power—if translated to their own dioceses, or even parishes.

Our favorite describes the death of the late pope and the election of his successor. Curses loud and deep pealed the one out; vivas, no less noisy than shallow, welcomed the other in; ere the close of the funeral pomp—which, by the way, reminded her, from its "pasteboard decorations, of the tomb of Ninus in the Semiramide—only vastly less impressive," letters were directed to "Gregory XVI., in *Hell*;" epistles, we trust, duly since returned to the dead letter office in Rome, endorsed by the proper authorities "not known here." We confess to a liking for the deceased: we had long years ago marked and mused over his half-monastic, half-anile ways—his horror at the heresy novelty, his desire to let well alone, and leave posterity a something to do. We sympathized with his love for snuff—the least disreputable consolation of celibacy. We respected his hatred for thin potations, and adopted his infallible invention of Marsala mixed with Orvieto—not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't—a better pontifical half-and-half than heretical bishop. Alas! that the poor old gentleman should have been starved to death by the brother of his barber (vol. ii., p. 63.) Peace to his ashes! he was a pope—aye, every inch a pope—and had the good sense to comprehend the incompatibility of his finality with progress—to scout the *belle alliance* of the tiara with the tricolor—and pronounce against himself no verdict of *felo de se*. The amiable and accomplished Pius IX., it would seem, in his early inexperience of power and misconception of position—possibly influenced a good deal by having, in younger days, mixed with radicals in a revolutionized colony—promised more than he has been able or even willing to perform. At this moment, while we write, his edict hint of "prudent gradation in amelioration" has chilled the popular enthusiasm and stilled its bravos. Auditors of public accounts, barristers-of-three-years'-standing, are not enough; steam and rail concessions will not now satisfy—nay, by increasing foreign influx, they will stimulate the craving for foreign civil and religious liberty. Strange gifts from a hand which forges fetters for soul and mind! The position of Pius IX. is painfully difficult: treason foreign and domestic, the

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Austrian bayonet, the Jesuit's "boccone," the ghost of Clement XIV., menace him if he proceeds—Italian exaltation and exasperation if he stands still. We may expect to hear of many vacillations—plots—reactions—and resumptions. The acclamations which hailed his accession grieved our Corinna's ear, as "demanding impossibilities and foretelling disappointments;" yet she cheers him on to a gulf deeper than that into which the self-devoting Curtius plunged.

"It may be that the stone which thou art heaving
From off thy people's neck shall fall and crush thee;
It may be that the sudden flood shall push thee
From off the rock, whence, prophet-like, believing
In God's great future, thou dost set it free!
Yet heave it, heave it heaven high, nor fear
To be o'erwhelmed in the first wild career
Of those long-prisoned tides of liberty!

"That stone which thou hast lifted from the heart
Of a whole nation, shall become to thee
A glorious monument, such as no art
E'er piled above a mortal memory:
Falling beneath it, thou shalt have a tomb
That shall make low the loftiest dome in Rome!"
—Vol. ii., p. 218.

Her melodramatic tendencies were enlisted by the prologue of his pontificate; she was enchanted with "the nocturnal expeditions of his holiness, disguised as an abbate" *à la* Haroon Alraschid, his manifestations of the power of the keys *à la* Normanby, his throwing purses to paupers *à la* Tekeli. There was much small jealous interference with nobodies about nothings in the administration of old Gregorio;—but surely that might have been got rid of tacitly—at all events, without constant protrusion of the new infallible *in propriâ personâ*. To our sober notions, the time of the head of church and state is ill wasted even on petty pities, which may better be entrusted to subordinate relieving officers—and we greatly fear, on the whole, that at the centre of hierocratic Rome as at that of siderocratic Brandenburgh, a step has been taken which can neither be retracted nor persisted in without serious danger to far more than the initiator. But let us hope if we can. In both cases we respect the *main* motive; and

"Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus."

The transition to Art is easy in Rome, where, twin-sister of Religion, she has long divided the allegiance of strangers. Her earliest and best patron has been the Church, who has dearly paid for her whistle. The necessity of replenishing a treasury exhausted from the erection of St. Peter's, roused, by the abuse of spiritual traffic, a Luther to shake its foundations. Leo X., by his idol-worship of the classical, drove Christian art from the temple and desecrated its altars with pagan beauty; and insulted Religion avenged herself by the iconoclastic reformation.

We submit (now Mr. Seguier is dead) the following sensible observations to the trustees of the National Gallery:

"There is nothing of which the impression has become deeper in my mind than the necessity of an absolute education for anything like a due appreciation of that which is most beautiful in art. In those alone possessed of the intuitive perceptions and exceptional organization of genius, the process of appreciation may be rapid; to the majority it must be like all their accomplishments—most gradual. There is something absolutely piteous in watching the procession of thronging sight-seers who visit these wonderful shrines, and knowing how little pleasure, and less profit, they bear away from their cursory and yet laborious pilgrimages. It is the work of years, to one not especially gifted, to learn to discriminate (in all art, but in painting, I should say, especially) bad from good, and good from what is best. Perfect senses, vivid sensibilities, imagination for the ideal, judgment for the real, knowledge of what is technical in the execution, critical competency to apprehend the merits and the claims of that which is purely intellectual, the conception; knowledge to furnish comparisons with what is prescriptive in art—reflection to suggest that which is paramount in nature—long habits of observation exercised on various and numerous works—and that which most hardly preserves itself through all this, and yet without which all this makes but a common-place perceiver of faults and beauties—freshness of mind and depth of feeling, from which alone (combined with the rest) can spring the faculties of an *appreciator*—these, it appears to me, are the absolutely indispensable qualifications for those who would not only see but comprehend art."—Vol. ii., p. 268.

Few, we fear, of our countrymen pass the Alps provided with one tithe of our fair countrywoman's indispensables; and however glibly many may talk of their Raphael, Correggio, and stuff, established fine things are generally taken for granted, and raptures regulated per notes of admiration in the "Murray." Smatterers shrink from hints of dissent or disappointment: to praise Pietro Perugino is always safe at Rome. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; misplaced erudition worse. Woe to the carpenter critics who measure St. Peter's with a foot-rule! Woe to such as geologize the Venus de Medicis, and speculate on the Moses of Michael Angelo just as Murchison does on a boulder of the Baltic! The poetry is not more surely thus discharged out of art, than it is from history by the Niebuhr school—all immeasurably colder and harder than their master—peering pedants without romance or music in their souls, who send tourists back to their parishes like vagrant paupers, dry as remainder biscuit. "Gardez-vous," exclaims Voltaire, "des gens durs, qui se disent solides, des esprits sombres, qui prétendent au jugement parcequ'ils sont dépourvus d'imagination, qui veulent proscrire la belle antiquité de la fable."

The fine arts, be they properly understood and enjoyed or not, are endemic and epidemic as the malaria; all catch the generous infection. Our citizens abandon gastronomics—our country gentlemen bucolics—to dabble in dilettanteism. A German thirst for sight-seeing torments all—*Christiani ad leones!* resounds again in the Coliseum. Usually the lions are taken by localities, not mal-

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ogies; from convenient visiting distances like country society, and not from congenialities. Thus Rome is regularly "done," and a useless kaleidoscope, a pasticcio of pillar and post, impressed on the mind's eye. All, moreover, are in the art-buying vein; Rome is sacked and ransacked for original copies, modern antiques, Francesco da Imolas, and rubbish, as if Wardour street did not exist. Happily, the disease is local. Sweet home is the sure specific, where, once safely back, the most frantic taste is put away with the passport and courier.

Liberal in everything but admiration of Yankees, our heroine exercises her private judgment on pictures as on popes. The Last Judgment of the Sistine "horrifies her." Perhaps it was not easy to make the subject attractive, and Michael's object was to awe. At all events he here emancipated art from its swaddling clothes, shattering the timid and conventional with colossal power. We have less quarrel with her criticism on the face of the Fornarina, which is, says she, "without feeling—that of a stupid, staring, handsome, yet unlovely creature." This transcript of a vulgar peasant, ripe and brown as an apricot, is stamped with an absence of purity and ideality, and a presence of the she-tiger, that one would have thought must have "horrified" the gentle Raphael, unless piquant contrast motived his caprice. To us it lacks the Juno-like quality of beauty, so characteristic of the lower classes of Roman women—that severity which scorns to coquet or captivate, and resents the passing admiration of a male Goth or Celt—misplaced, indeed, according to our sharp-eyed judge, who in her stern summing-up pronounces "their persons clumsy, their feet and ankles extremely thick and ill-shaped, their divinity coming no lower than their shoulders." If this be true, which we are unable to settle, these divinities are best seen in kitcat size, and in distant balcony like the charmers of Beppo, nor would nearer attractions be diminished, were "forget me not" inscribed on their ablutionary appurtenances.

Select parties to visit the Coliseum in the glimpses of the moon are said to form the sweetest morsel of the night at Rome—for mothers who have many daughters to marry.* Hymen, however has ceased to expect homage even from the imagination of Fanny Kemble who (Love's Labor Lost) lights her torch in the cold statue-peopled Vatican. Gentlemen of an æsthetic turn may like to hear the effect produced by the Apollo on a lady student. She thus makes her confession:—

"I could believe the legend of the girl who died for love of it; for myself my eyes swam in tears, and my knees knocked together, and I could hardly hold my breath while I stood before it;—I have no words to speak my sense of gratitude for these new revelations of beauty and of grace, vouchsafed to me in this the very mourning-time of my life. Angels have ministered, do minister, to me incessantly; and this enchanting presence, this divinity of the beauty-worshipping heathens, is to me a very messenger of my God bidding me bless him who hath permitted me to behold it!"—Vol ii., p. 11.

Poetical, pagan, and passionate this. Colder-blooded men, Germans and others, have criticised the Apollo's form as effeminate. We omit their learned speculations. Certainly its elegant proportions are heightened by the contrasts and odious comparisons afforded by the desiccated New Yorkers and duck-legged Bavarians that come to see it, to say nothing of the Roman Custodes who, being fearfully made, pantaloons and all, are, we suppose, placed there by his holiness on principle, as permanent foils. Many again of the modern artists who look on, and would fain copy, disfigure the human form, originally not over-divine, by superfluous hairs, negation of soap, and bandit costume. From their numbers and constant residence these are chartered libertines at Rome; the "season" once over, they rule in the city and out of it. Safe from robbers, even in inns, they, like our commercial travellers, exact the best accommodations for the worst prices. Nor does mine host dare refuse: once placed under their ban, he is ruined. Poor their customers must be, as the market is overstocked; yet poverty degrades none, whom art ennobles, second-rate as it is; for amid the thousands of greasy-bearded aspirants, few at Rome attain mediocrity. Meanwhile they live among each other in jolly freemasonry, unincumbered with the cares of three per cents, dressing-cases, or etiquette. Some of their saturnalia are singular. That at Cervera (vol. ii., p. 24) is described, like the Carnival at Rome, (vol. i., p. 151,) with far more words than wit, which, say the best authorities, should be brief, keen, and polished as a razor. The quality of our tourist's is not first-rate. Drolleries and comicalities which "kill her" read flat and savorless in her telling. The body figures more than the mind in her merriment. At the first squeaking of the wry-necked fife, she clambers to the casement to gaze on fools with varnished faces which mock the stern dignity of Rome; then motley is hers and the only wear. The tomb of Cæsar and the shrine of St. Peter reeche the squeak of conventional nonsense, the roars of school-boy rapture in middle-aged multitudes; and our desolate mother having played her part with the noisiest, returns happy home, jaded and pelted to her heart's content with sugar-plums, which "fill stays and bosoms, getting down backs, and all over us." These are matters of taste; to ours the pith and marrow of her book consists in her record of more lucid intervals, when divorced from things and persons which, as she sometimes confesses, render Rome a bear-garden.

Her summer is past *in villegiatura* at Frascati, and this subject, rarely touched on, is brought before us with all the grace of a genuine and worthy enthusiasm. *O! si sic omnia!*

*Botany can bore as badly as geology. Woe to the professor (we are sorry to say his name is Italian) who discovered that the *Flora Colisea* exhibits "Two hundred and sixty species of plants—whereof one-fourth are *Papilionaceæ*, while the *Cryptogamia* make up a large proportion of the remainder."—*Handbook of Central Italy*, p. 296. Perhaps the Manualist who made the quotation was sly.

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"Oh! how lovely it was! A happy company of friends gathered together under one roof, from whose national and individual dissimilarities no element of discord arose, but one variety of harmony —hearts bound in golden link of friendly fellowship. How charming the life was, too, with its monotony and variety like that of beautiful nature itself! The early morning walk through dewy vineyards, where I forestalled my breakfast, picking from the purple and amber bunches, like a greedy bird, the finest grapes, all bathed in bloom and freshness, or breaking from the branches over my head the heavy-hanging luscious figs, while my eyes slowly wandered from the Sabine hills to the Alban mountain, and from the shining glorious Campagna to the glittering Mediterranean. Then the noon-day plunge in the cool fountain, with those beautiful children, their round rosy limbs shining through the clear water, and their bead-like glancing eyes bright with delight. Then the readings, and the music; that exquisite voice, and learned lovely art, enchanting the hours with the songs of every land; the earnest, silent, *begrimed*, absorbed drawing hours; the quiet enthusiasm of our artist friend; the infinite anecdote, varied learning, marvellous memory, and eloquent outpourings of our traveller; the graceful universal accomplishment and most gentle chivalrous benevolence of our dear excellency. How many, many elements of pleasure and of happiness were there! How perfectly all the elements were united and tempered and attuned! The evening rides, when the sun began to withdraw his potent presence; the merry meeting of the numerous cavalcade, in front of the fine mansion; the salutations from balcony and terrace from those who stayed, alas! behind, to those who, blessed with health and strength, went forth to increase them both by pleasure. The sober procession at starting up the broad ilex avenue, the unfailing exclamations of delight and admiration as we stood on the royal terrace of the Dragon's mount, and then the sweeping gallops over the wide Campagna to the Lake Regillus, Gabii, Pentana, Lunghezza, or through the chestnut woods below Rocca di Papa, and at the base of Monte Cavo, or along the smooth verdant sward (smoother and greener in the spring and autumn than green Ireland ever saw) of the long Latin valley, and then the return, by rosy sunset or pearly moonlight, through the filbert woods of Tusculum, by the Camadoli, and down the fragrant, warm, mysterious cypress-avenue. It was a perfect life, and to have led it for several months was a miracle."—Vol. ii., p. 3.

The age of miracles, fortunately for true believers, flourishes in primitive force throughout the patrimony of St. Peter, and this wondrous *Villegiatura* comes to pass every summer as regularly as figs ripen; then July suns hatch Roman society, which emerges from the torpid hybernation of the eternal city where native hospitality—your banker excepted—consists in accepting foreigners' invitations; anon smoke wreaths gracefully curling from country-house kitchen-chimneys, enliven the land-skip, and suggest leaving town on a tour. The local welcome, always hearty, is open-armed on those solemn occasions, when the compassionate church, acting on the attractive principle of making holy days and holidays synonymous, mitigates the severities of her ordinances with wine, wassail, fiddling, and Roman candles. Mr. Lear assisted at a grand festivity, which came off at Tagliacozzo, the time-honored birth-place of the learned Taliacotius, who fabricated human "noses supplemental," after processes vouched for by erudite Carsignani and immortal Hudibras. Mr. Lear's lively and painter-like report will give our readers some notion of these national assemblages. It also affords us some pleasing glimpses of country-house style in the Italian interior—date, August, 1843: for he is the guest of Don Filippo Mastroddi, the lord of the town, who does its honors to the Intendente, or Governor, and all the other congregated dignitaries of the Province.

"Suppose yourself in the Casa Mastroddi at sunrise: a cup of coffee is brought to you in your own room, (a biscuit, if you ask for it, though the natives do not indulge in anything so like breakfast,) or you go to seek your *café* in the room of Donna Caterina, the step-mother of the two brothers Mastroddi, who continually labors to fill little cups, which are dispersed by the domestics all over the mansion. Then you wander into the large room, and into the great *loggia*, where you find the ladies and officers walking about in parties, or listening to the bands of music incessantly performing below the window. The *Piazza* is like the scene in a theatre, all hung with crimson and gold draperies and tapestry from window to door, and crowded with people; the constant hum of the multitudes filling up the pauses between the music. About eleven, a stir takes place among the magnates of the house; everybody comes forth full dressed, and the Prince Intendente, (with his staff in full uniform,) and all the company following, walk through lines of military to the chapel, where the Bishop of Sulmona officiates at high mass. A friar having preached a Latin sermon of most painful duration, the Prince and the Mastroddi party return to the palace in the same order and state; the gay colors and the brilliant light of the summer over the whole procession making it a very sparkling scene; nor should I omit that the dress of a Neapolitan bishop—a bright green satin hat, amethyst-colored silk robes, lined with scarlet, gold chain and cross, with lilac stockings—is in itself a world of glitter."—*Lear*, vol. i., p. 64.

This gaudy foreground, although portions may savor to drab-loving eyes of the crimson lady of Babylon, is both orthodox, artistic, and in perfect keeping with the rest of the picture, which the all-gilding sun renders surpassingly glorious; chilly lawn sleeves and hoar-frosty wigs, which admirably suit cathedrals sobered down by Wyat's nankeen washes, would be auto-de-feed in the Abruzzi by priests and painters, as heretical and anti-æsthetic. In the interval between the church and dinner-service the whole party went to make a call of ceremony on some grandees of the town, or attended the bishop and governor to the foundation-school, "where they earnestly inspected samples of artificial flowers made by the prettiest set of little girls possible, the bishop noticing *all with* a kindness of manner that showed the old gentleman's heart was full of good feelings." In all these visitings, as they passed along, the people kneeled without intermission for their worthy

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bishop's benediction. "To one whose greatest horror is noise, (says Mr. Lear,) this sort of life was not a little wearying; but having been informed that to leave the house during the three days' *festa* would be considered as the greatest insult to the family, I felt obliged to remain, and resigned me to my *fête* accordingly." Next came the dinner.

"The company in the Palazzo Mastroddi now amounted to above sixty persons, not including servants; and I confess to being somewhat surprised, much as I had heard of Abruzzo hospitality, at the scale on which these entertainments were conducted. A gay scene it was; and I always had the pleasure of getting a place by some one of the ladies of the company; a piece of good fortune I owed to my being the only foreigner present; for a dark mass of my superiors in rank—generals, judges, &c.—were obliged to sit together, unilluminated by any of the lights of creation. Immediately after dinner the suite of rooms and *loggia* were thronged by conversing groups, and coffee was handed among them. A novel picture was that festive *piazza*, alive with thousands of loiterers, (there were said to be more than ten thousand visitors, besides the towns-people,) listening to the Chieti and Tagliacozzo bands, playing alternately. By this time the sun was sinking, and everybody sallied forth to the promenade outside the town, where platforms were erected to observe the horse-races, which shortly took place, and about which great interest was shown. The winning-horse was taken up to the chapel of the Madonna dell' Oriente, and led to the steps of the altar, by way, I suppose, of expressing that a spirit of thankfulness may be graceful and proper upon all occasions. After the race a fire-balloon should have ascended; but somehow or other there was a reigning destiny adverse to balloons, for the first caught fire and blazed away before it left earth; the second stuck in a tree, where it shared the same fate; and the third ran erroneously among chimney-pots and was consumed on the house-tops, to the great disgust of the Tagliacozzesi. Now followed an invitation from Madame Marcini, or some one else possessed of a house in the *piazza*, in order to see the fire-works; so away we went, the governor leading the way, and ate ices in the draped galleries overlooking the square. This was about Ave Maria: the dense crowd of people, some four or five thousand, were at once on their knees, and burst forth as if one voice were singing the evening chant to the Virgin; the echoes of which rang back from the black rocks of the Pass, with a solemnity of deep melody, the most soothingly beautiful after the hours of hubbub."—*Ibid.*, p. 65.

This tender sentiment and spectacle, which affect Protestants deeply—"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!"—is lost upon too many callous Romanists, with whom it is an every night's form; the spiritual is merged in the mechanical, and the Tagliacotians comply, indeed, but vote it sheer loss of time, as aldermen do the saying grace before mayor's dinners. Accordingly, ere the last echoes of prayer die away in the mellow distance—

"Crack—bounce—whizz!—the scene was changed in a twinkling by the flash and explosion of all kinds of fireworks; rockets flying hither and thither; serpents rushing and fizzing all around the colonnades; and that which should have been a fountain blazing away in streams of fire.

"Again a movement—and the point of interest is changed; a long line of people is bending towards the theatre, and threading with difficulty the groups of peasants already composing themselves to sleep. As soon as our party arrived the performance began; and great fun we had between the acts of the opera in laughing at the strange dresses of some of the personages from neighboring towns, who displayed fashions unchanged, said the Tagliacozzesi, since the last century's *festa*. One charming old lady, with a rose-colored satin bonnet at least four feet in diameter, with a blue and yellow fan to match, was the delight of the whole audience. It was past midnight ere we returned by bright moonlight through the quiet *piazza*, thronged with the same multitudes of peasants, who had been unable to find shelter in the overfilled accommodation of the town *Locande* and *Osterie*, and now lay buried in sleep. Many of the groups of mothers and families, with the broken silver rays falling on them through the Gothic arches of the little temple, were picturesque and touching beyond description. To all these events, add a very merry supper, and a late going to repose: and such was the routine of three days—the varieties of processions, visits to adjacent villas, &c., excepted. Annoyed as I had been with the prospect of such waste of time, I confess to having been pretty well reconciled to it by the kindness and amiable disposition of every one with whom I was brought in contact, and the unbroken cheerfulness with which every moment was filled up."—*Ibid.*, p. 66.

Not an unpleasant life this, in the Abruzzi, which the Mrs. Ratcliffe school peoples with bears and bandits. It must be admitted, that accommodations for man and beast at the public inn fall short of these private hospitalities; they are fitter for the aforesaid bipeds and quadrupeds than Christian Englishmen, whose habits and wants are accordingly set down to mental unsoundness by the compassionating natives. Compare the Casa Mastroddi with the hostelry of Isola:—

"An old woman, Donna Lionora, (who, like many I had observed in the course of the day, was a goîtreuse,) cooked me some beans and a roast fowl; but the habitation was so dirty and wretched that one had need to have had a long journey to provoke any appetite. While I was sitting near the chimney, (it had the additional charm of being a very smoky one,) I was startled by the entrance of several large pigs, who passed, very much at their ease, through the kitchen, if so it were called, and walked into the apartment beyond, destined for my sleeping-room. *Sapete che ci sono entrati i porchi?*—Do you know that the pigs have got in? said I to the amiable Lionora. *Ci vanno a dormire*—They are going to bed, quoth she, nowise moved at the intelligence. They sha'n't sleep there while I am in the house, thought I; so I routed them out with small ceremony, and thereby gave great cause for amazement to the whole of the family. *E matto* (he is mad) suggested some of the villagers *sotto voce;—Lo sono tutti, tutti, tutti*, (so they are all, all, all,) responded an old man, with an air of wisdom—*Tutti gli Inglesi sono matti*—an assertion he proved on the ground that the only Englishman who had ever been known to visit Isola (several years previously) had committed four frightful extravagancies, any one of which was sufficient to

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deprive him of all claim to rationality—viz., he frequently drank water instead of wine; he more than once paid more money for an article than it was worth; he persisted in walking, even when he had hired a horse; and he always washed himself—*si, anche due volte la giornata*—(yes, even twice a day:)—the relation of which climax of absurdity was received with looks of incredulity and pity by his audience."—*Ibid.*, p. 109.

Mr. Lear soon washes his hands of these pigs and peasants. Doleful inconveniences of bad fare and strange bed-fellows have plagued tourists in these parts since the days of Horace, and, we dare swear, long before; the remedy continuing also unchanged; and all prudent wayfarers will, like him, request some Muræna to furnish lodgings and some Capito a cook. Such was, after a little experience, the wrinkle adopted by Mr. Lear. He had plenty of letters with him, and whenever the great man of a place was at home, he seems to have been courteously received and very decently dieted. To be sure, it was not often that he found the *cuisine* so entirely to his mind as he did at Antrodoco. There, frightened by the larderless *locanda*, and "that speckly appearance of the walls, which denotes to the initiated certain entomological visitors, politely called B flats and F sharps," he plucked up courage to send some credentials to no less a personage than the Intendente of the Abruzzo Secondo Ulteriore himself, whose palace overlooked the dirty town; and the result was an invitation to supper from the said governor, to wit, Prince Giardinelli, a "lively little man of friendly manners, who spoke English:"—

"Near him was a sweet little girl, his only child, about ten years of age; and about the room were various *uffiziali* attached to his suite, and sundry *personaggi* of the town, who were paying their evening devoirs. These by degrees subsided, and we were left with the governor and Donna Caterina, who, after a long hour, in which I was more than half asleep, took us into a room, where there was a table, plate, and covers; and what did we see when those covers were removed!—a positive plain English-looking roast leg of mutton, in all its simplicity and good odor; and two dishes, one of simple mealy boiled potatoes and the other ditto baked; add to this a bottle of excellent champagne, and imagine our feelings. The secret of these amazing luxuries was that the prince and his cook had both been in England. Nor, when all this was discussed, had we anything more to do with the vile inn; our *roba* had been taken to the comfortable private house of a Don Luigi Mozzetti, whither we proceeded to sleep."—Vol. i., p. 49.

Noctes cœnæque deûm! Such blissful nights, such suppers, sweet in simplicity as three per cents, are fleshly comforts unknown to those who stay at home, racked on too easy couch and sated with saddles of mutton; they, to be relished, must be earned, as in cognate Spain, by long rides over hungry hills, where the plagues of Egypt are fixtures in beds, and war perpetual is claimed at boards against knives and forks; where the evil one either denies meats or sends Canidias to blast them with saffron, red peppers, garlic, and condiments from his own satanic cruets. The peasantry of these regions seem to be diametrically opposed in their notions of luxury to friend Paddy, who prefers a potato to a pork-chop, not to mention cormorant soup; and rather than eat turbots in a famine, sees them carted out by the hundred for manure to the fields. In the immediate neighborhood of Prince Giardinelli's laudable *ménage*, Mr. Lear encountered a rustic carrying a dead fox. "It is delightful food," said he, "*cibo squisito*, either boiled or roast." Said Lear, "I wish you joy." The travelled prince's new inventions puzzle the vulpicides, who, ever since the establishment of an iron foundry and a mill for obtaining sugar from "the tuber," invariably put this question to every stranger—"Are you one of those who extract sugar from iron, or iron from potatoes?" Much of this confusion of ideas, chemical and culinary, is attributable, we fear, to his deceased holiness, who prohibited in his own states, and elsewhere discountenanced, rails, journals, and periodical meetings of peripatetic philosophers. The natives, fine raw material for naturalists, if duly encouraged, would doubtless produce papers worthy to be read, not merely after plain mutton and mashed potatoes, but as a *chasse* to the turtle and punch by which our great British Association are so regularly inspired. In proof of such capabilities, the important discovery of a friend of Mrs. Fanny's may be cited. This rising zoologist "caught a number of tarantulas, and confined them in a tumbler together; their first movement was to construct within that narrow space each a sort of fortress of its own, from which sallying forth, they immediately fell upon, and with incredible fury and rapidity devoured each other—the conquerors increasing in size as the process of victory and cannibalism proceeded, until there remained at the bottom of the glass one huge hideous creature, the universal conqueror, whose bloated body had become the sepulchre of his enemies as fast as he demolished them."—*F. Kemble*, vol. i., p. 50.) Amiable animalculæ; and henceforward to be classed by our Broderips among the genera Robespierre and Bonaparte, not Terpsichore.

The contrast in bearing and forbearing between Mr. Lear, a real invalid, and our rude-healthed Fanny, is remarkable: his temper flows unruffled, even by the "small deer;"—where she is petulant and put out with everything and everybody, he takes men, women, gentle and simple, as they come, making the best of the worst, and just doing in Rome and out of Rome as the Romans do. It must be added that his travelling "indispensables," artistic as well as social, were undeniable; he could discourse eloquent Italian, sing Scotch songs, strum Spanish guitars, and, what is better, had an English heart in its right place. He could and would listen to landed proprietors' yarns, without yawns, although the Thames Tunnel were *passim* the twice-told tale of the Abruzzi squirearchy; and considering the sums of public money which have been buried never to fructify in that colossal boring,

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it surprised us much that it should be productive of the smallest interest of any kind anywhere. Furnished with such powers of face, Mr. Lear needed no costly passport of Downing street; which, as we shall presently see, does not always answer. Welcome everywhere as rent, and admitted behind the curtain, his eye has been quick to mark, and his hand busy to realize strange scenes of nature and society. Thanks to him, we are at home among places and people which, although within a few days' journey of Rome and Naples, were scarcely better known than the country and best resident families near Timbuctoo. An unaffected modesty beams out, whether he draws or writes. There is no attempt at elaborate pictures with the pen; a few pithy expressions suffice to let off his artistic enthusiasm; but on them is the smell of the field, not of Cheapside gas. He will probably think it a doubtful compliment when we say that we have sometimes been inclined to like him even better as an author than as an artist. Prepared by annual experience of the stereotyped stuff of illustrated books, we began by only looking at his engravings; but by and bye, from an accidental glance at a sentence or two, we found ourselves tempted on—and so on, until we read the entire letter-press—to be well repaid by much new observation, nice marking of manners, genuine relish for nature, and quiet dramatic humor. On the whole we are left with a conviction that, in spite of all Mrs. Fanny's sweeping charges, the domestic affections are in a very healthy state;—perhaps, indeed, English people may see cause to blush slightly at some of the incidental traits—of filial and fraternal cordiality and liberality especially. A most delightful octavo for any well-cushioned boudoir or britchca might be extracted from these bulky tomes, were all the extraneous matter cut out, that has cost author and us the most pains, and on which he sets the highest estimation; for, ignorant of the value of his own diamond, he has overlaid its sparkle with husks, historical, topographical, and so forth, quoted from older and outlandish folios, with the best-meant motive of disarming learned critics like ourselves, who are supposed by the unlearned to doat on books of whose dulness worms die. Two mortal pages are filled with the names and titles only of the Dry-as-dust compilers thus forced on the unthankful.

Deferential to Dunciad authors, Mr. Lear has better appreciated his own attainments as an artist; and we regret that we cannot make any specimens of his pencil speak, like the literary extracts, for themselves. There is no mistake in their originality, or in the lively interest which the impressions of individual mind and local identity must ever convey. With the Abruzzi he makes us feel ourselves as familiar as if we had paced every step with his mule—and here we have no help to his pencil but from his own pen. As to Rome, his eye is fully impregnated with the emphatic points of the city and its environs, where everything is so suggestive—where every field has its Livian battle, every hill its Horatian ode, every fountain its Egeria, into which we heartily wish every Niebuhr thrown. He has treated with clever but conscientious drawing the leading characteristics of the scenery, giving us well-selected specimens of each variety;—but, without disparagement to the artist's letter press, his fair colleague's poetical descriptions are, on the whole, his best *Roman* commentary. She revels in the luxuriant theme—and happily do her skill and his combine to set before us the forlorn Grand Campagna, where Melancholy broods, and the Eternal City sits, its queen and centre, moated by the silvery Mediterranean, and guarded by walls of purple mountain—fit frame for such a picture. Mr. Lear has well effected the delineation of far-stretching space and flatness by an infinite series of horizontal lines: in his engravings we behold the Campagna spread out like a tawny sea, and feel its solemn sentiment of antiquity, its uncultivated, uninhabited air, dreamy tranquillity, and Claude-like atmosphere of heat and haze. Cleverly his crayon carries us through ravines choked with vegetation, where creepers festoon crumbling temples whose creeds are extinct, and hide the wrinkles of time with the repairs of tender spring. Now we climb slopes spread with a cloak of flowers, and chequered with lights and shadows, as the sun and clouds play at hide-and-seek; while long-horned cattle drink with patient eye from some fountain that drops its diamonds in the bright day-beam. Anon we wander through gullies and gorges, from whose rocks vines suck nectar, while emerald swards wind like rivers between. On every sunlit hillock its time-colored tomb or ruined tower cuts the blue sky, a landmark and sentinel, where, like meaner insects in deserted shells, shaggy peasants, of coal-black eye and hair, bask and beg. Turning a leaf, we penetrate through spicy groves of ilex, umbrella-headed pines, and dark solid cypresses,

"Which pierce with graceful spire the limpid air,"

into leafy retreats of the cool Algidus, where Dian's sandals might shine and her quiver rustle, where water supplants fire, and volcanic craters furnish lakes, clear and deep-set as Albano maiden's eye, baths and looking-glasses for Naiads. High above, on peaks and pinnacles, are bandit-looking hamlets, which nestle and crouch about feudal castles, whose frowning Poussinesque masses contrast with the light and color around. Gaze on, but enter not these sketcher-charming abodes of sloth and pauperism. Into what bosoms of beauty does not the pure love of nature entice an enthusiast like this!—what pearls are revealed to the educated eye, which, passed over and thrown away upon the herd, the power of drawing enables him to seize and fix forever! But descriptions of pictures are almost as unsatisfactory as the catalogues of auctioneers or royal academicians. Only one word more on parting with Mr. Lear's charming portfolio. We could wish that he were more resolute in color, and less afraid of light. His effects are sometimes too flat and dun for the skies of Italy—fitter for children of the mist than

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those of the sun; his lights, scanty as they are, seem frequently spotty, and his touch timid, wanting in masculine force and daring—we might say too gentleman-like.

It is impossible to close his volumes without being struck with the close parallel presented by life and manners in the Abruzzi and in Spain, whose dominion this Italian Eden enjoyed or endured during many centuries, and whose moral impression, stamped on a country cognate in latitude and religion, is deep and lasting. We confess to having been constantly transported from the Apennines to the Alpujarras; in perusing his journal of methodless, roadless rambles, we retravelled the *dehesas y despoblados*, the unpeopled wastes of Estremadura and Andalucia. Heaven and earth, man, his ways and works are alike; the same "lapis lazuli curtain" hangs over warm fertile valleys, hemmed in by cold barren sierras where the goat is way-warden, and bridgeless water-courses, which, when torrents, stop all traffic—when dry, are the makeshifts for roads. The same mechanical and agricultural antediluvianism—the same wretched, scratching, childish cultivation, confined to the vicinity of musty villages, into which the peasants, far from what they call their labor, herd for mutual protection; the same leagues of fat lands abandoned to aromatic underwood, the home of wild birds and beasts—at best the appanage of wandering sheep—a system fatal to good husbandry. Every high place has its saint, image, miracle, pilgrimage. No less analogous are the hamlets and cities; their common character is silence, the worst sign a town can have. Bore unspeakable reigns the genius loci: there is the same look of being in chancery—the same ghost of departed disproportionate magnificence in church and palace mocking present poverty. Pass the threshold of the hovel, and every sense becomes an inlet of pain—everything is wanting to elevate man above the condition of his *porchi*. Sad enough it is to witness, in a land where Nature would fain be so lavish of her kindness, such a wilderness of weeds, the rank growth of nothing but bad government. But climate is great in the chapter of compensation; the blessed sun gilds misery, and, where people live out of doors, furnishes fire, raiment, and lodging, stimulates the system and banishes blue-devils. Enter the vasty mansions of the great—we find the same dull, weary impress of a cumbrous, obsolete existence, amid faded tapestries, flapping portraits, and dry-rot; the same lack of life, business, and employment—the same utter absence of books and all other signs and symptoms of intellectual occupation. Nor is the analogy of the all-plundering, all-destroying, invading Gaul wanting; that European pest has in both fair lands left the mark of the beast on temple and tower—everywhere, from shattered roofless tenements, the bright light gleams through empty windows, as through sockets of ghastly skulls. Mix with the inmates in both countries—they are all dons or donnas—formal, punctilious, ceremonious—joying in pompous titles and puny decorations—local in loves and hatreds—leading a life of routine made up of mass and siesta, sauntering and twaddle—a dozing immemorial vegetation—the worship excepted of the great goddess of the south, *Dolce far niente*—the much-calumniated idleness of work-loving Britons. As one wanders through these kindred realms, and sees about the most magnificent regions of the globe abandoned to such helpless indolence, it requires some little effort to realize the fact that we tread on what have been the scenes of exalted heroism, energetic administration, refined civilization, and successful industry.

Among the endless coincidences—mendicancy not the least—which space prevents our detailing, a fear and suspicion of foreigners marks the official mind. The odious French machinery of passports, permits, and gendarmerie, is all in full vigor. The petty despotisms of the two cognate peninsulas alike tremble at the fear of change, and see in every curious stranger a spy, an apostle of reform and revolution; and the Dogberries rarely deviate into common sense. Mr. Lear recounts an adventure from which the melodious title of our *nuper idoneus* foreign secretary appears to be synonymous even in the wild Apennines with protocols of hot water—battle, murder, and sudden death. The anecdote may be quoted as a companion-picture to the effect produced by the magic name of *Balmerson*, when exhibited by Mr. Borrow to the ragged and liberal National Guard of Estremadura:

"Nothing particular happened in the walk, except being wet through by storms of rain; but at *Civita Ducale* a three parts drunken *carabiniere* prevented my entering, insisting on knowing my name, which I not only told him, but politely showed him my passport, which was one from the foreign-office, with Viscount Palmerston printed thereon in large letters, *Lear* being small and written. *Niente vero*, (a complete lie,) said the man of war, who seemed happy to be able to cavil *Voi non siete Lear, siete Palmerstoni!* (You are not Lear, you are Palmerstoni.) No, I am not, said I; my name is Lear. But the irascible official was not to be so easily checked; though, knowing the power of these worthies, I took care to mollify his anger as much as might be. *Quel ch' è scritto è scritto—dunque ecco qua scritto Palmerstoni—dunque siète Palmerstoni voi!*—(What is written is written; here Palmerstoni is written, and therefore Palmerstoni you are.) You great fool, I thought, but I made two bows, and said placidly, 'Take me to the *Sott'intendente*, my dear sir, as he knows me very well. *Peggio!*—said the angry man, *tu incommodare l' eccellente Signor Sott'intendente!—vien, vien, subito ti tiro in carcere!*—(Worse still!—thou forsooth!—worry, the excellent Lord Under governor for thee!—come, come: I shall instantly take thee to prison.) Some have greatness thrust upon them; in spite of all expostulation, Viscount Palmerston it was settled I should be. There was nothing to be done: so I was trotted ignominiously all down the High-street, the carabiniere shouting out to everybody at door and window, *Ho preso Palmerstoni!*—(I have bagged Palmerstoni.) Luckily the sub governor was taking a walk, and met us, whereupon followed a scene of apologies to me, and snubbing for

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the military, who retreated discomfited. So I reached Rieti by dark, instead of going to prison." —*Lear*, vol. i., p. 127.

Arch-Spanish this; but in spite of ventas and garlic, passports and Palmerstoni, there is bird-lime in these racy regions, which are quitted with regret and recollected with delight. Touching is Mr. Lear's farewell to scenes made for the painter, and peopled after all by the kind and hospitable; nor less graceful are the adieus of his pleasing but difficult-to-please colleague. The day before Mrs. Fanny departed, December 7th, was dark and gloomy—the rain incessant;—yet she knelt at the fountain of Trevi, and drank of its sweet waters—for those who so drink return, she had been told, to Rome—and she would carry that hope with her. May it be gratified—when the mind is more at ease, and the fascinating lady's temper less mutinous.

THE WEDDING DAY.

I AM married! I am married!
Weep, ye flirting maids of Cam;
The deed is done, the point is carried—
What a lucky dog I am!
What a pleasant dream my life is!
(Best of dreams, because 't is true!)
What a charming thing a wife is!
(I almost wish that I had *two!*)

Noble brow of thought and feeling—
Lips whence music breathes her spell—
Cheeks whose blushes are revealing
What that music dares not tell—
Eyes, in whose blue depths divine, oh
Purest spirits deign to lodge—
All these beauties now are mine, oh
Marriage is a splendid dodge!

I 'm so glad I fixed on Nancy!
Laura speaks so loud and quick;
Caroline quite took my fancy,
But her ankles are too thick;
Jane should be an hair's breadth shorter,
Helen is a size too small,
Rose I 'm sure drinks too much porter,
Fanny is too thin and tall.

They all loved me—how intensely
Maiden ladies only know—
Oh, I pity them immensely,
They have much to undergo!
Such devotion, such attention,
Whispers, blushes, smiles, and tears,
But 't is hardly fair to mention
All they do, poor little dears!

Nancy 's hit the proper medium,
(What the French call *juste milieu*,)
Who could feel a moment's tedium,
Sportive Nancy, when with you?—
Gentle, tender, soft, complying,
Yet not wanting intellect,
On my every glance relying,
Looking up with sweet respect.

How I wooed her, how I pressed her,
By one little word to bless,
On my bended knees addressed her,
Till the darling whispered "yes;"
Half a dozen men of fashion
All rejected for my sake;
To reward her soft compassion
What a husband I will make!

When she plays I 'll turn the leaves, and
When she works I 'll hold the skein,
Soothe her kindly if she grieves, and
If she laughs I 'll laugh again;
Read aloud in rainy weather,
Give her up the easy chair,
Never smoke when we 're together,
Nor at other women stare.

Every moment play the lover,
Let her have a female friend,
Never sleep when dinner 's over,
Make her presents without end,
Pay her bills when she requires it,
Fill her purse with joyful haste,
Cut my hair if she desires it,
(But I know she 's too much taste!)

Happy then, thrice happy we, love,
Thus to share so bright a fate;
Married life to us shall be, love,
One delightful *tête-à-tête!*
Turn we from the world's caressing,
From its pleasure, pomp, and pride,
To enjoy life's dearest blessing,
At our own beloved fireside!

Sharpe's Magazine.

LONGEVITY OF WOMEN.—We see it stated that the widow of the celebrated Dr. Rush is still living, at the age of 90, in Philadelphia. She is the mother of Hon. Richard Rush, minister to France, and of Drs. James and William Rush, the first of whom is author of one of the most profound and original treatises ever published on the voice. The widow of Lewis Morris, we believe, still resides in the vicinity of New York; Mrs. Madison is in Washington; Mrs. Bradford, widow of the first and greatest attorney-general of the United States, is in Burlington, New Jersey; and Mrs. Hamilton, a daughter of the brave and accomplished Gen. Schuyler, *sans peur et sans reproche*, and wife of the immortal statesman, we saw a few days since in Broadway. Here are five of the belles who graced the levees of the first president! What an interesting party, could they be reassembled!—*Lit. World.*

AT a court of common council held 29 October, the freedom of the city was presented to "his excellency James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak." The aldermen attended in their scarlet robes, and the common councilmen in their mazarine gowns; and the court was graced by the presence of a great number of ladies. Mr. Brooke having been sworn in as a citizen of London, the chamberlain made the usual complimentary address, in which he referred to the present event as the renewal of a union that formerly existed between the family from which Mr. Brooke is descended and the city; an ancestor of Mr. Brooke's filled the office of lord mayor in the reign of King Charles the Second. Mr. Brooke made an unpretending and modest reply. For himself he had little to say; he was conscious of good motives; he could not sing his own praises; but for the future he trusted that piracy in the Archipelago would be so crushed, that a small boat will be able to proceed in safety from one end to the other of the different islands.—*Spectator.*

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From the Quarterly Review.

1. *History of the Conquest of Peru.* By Wm. H. Prescott. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1847.
2. *Travels in Peru.* By Dr. Tschudi. Translated from the German by Thomasina Ross. 8vo. London, 1847.

Spanish America is fortunate in her historian, and Mr. Prescott is fortunate in being the historian of Spanish America. The successive invasions of the two great empires in the New World —that of Montezuma in Mexico, and that of the Incas in Peru—by a few daring Europeans, offered each a subject, combining, with singular felicity, all that gives interest, life, grandeur, variety, and more than that, its proper bounds and unity, to an historical composition. Each is a distinct and a separate chapter in the history of man—each has something of that commanding insulation from the other affairs of the world which makes the histories of Greece, and still more of Rome, at the same time vast and majestic, yet simple and comprehensible. The whole of each history lies within a certain geographical sphere; its events are self-developed from manifest and proximate causes; it unfolds in gradual progression; even its episodes are part of the main design: the mind grasps it from its beginning to its end without effort, with the consciousness that it is commanding the theatre to its utmost extent. It has not, like modern history, to make a world-wide inquiry which spreads like the horizon without limit as it advances—to seek in the most remote ages, and in the most distant countries, the first impulses of the great movements which it describes—to unravel the interwoven policy of all the great nations of Europe; while it cannot be sure that it may not find in the archives of an obscure cabinet the secret of some vast political combination; and knows not therefore at what period it has exhausted the labor which ought to be imposed upon himself by a high-minded and conscientious historian.

These subjects are worthy, too, of a writer possessed of the true genius for historic composition, as in a certain sense unoccupied, and open at least to any one who may be disposed to fix the English standard upon the soil. Masterly as is the rapid view of Robertson, the general design and the limits of his work precluded him from that fulness of detail, that distinctness of description, and that more complete development of character, which may belong to a separate work on each of these periods of South American conquest; and the authorities inaccessible to Dr. Robertson—some of them at length permitted to see the light by the Spanish government, and published by the industry of Spanish writers, such as Muños and Navarrete—others collected in MS. by the zeal of Mr. Prescott, or placed at his command by brother collectors from the confidence awakened by his former writings—these fresh materials were so numerous and so important as to mark the period for a more complete investigation of the annals of Spanish conquest. Nor is it the least curious fact relating to these works, that the most laborious and dispassionate inquiry, instead of chilling down the history into a cold and unstirring chronicle, actually kindles it into a stranger romance; fiction is pale and spiritless before the marvellous truth. The extraordinary character of the Mexican, and still more of the Peruvian civilization, and the height they had attained, comes into stronger light, as new and trustworthy authorities make their depositions before us; and this civilization contrasts more singularly with the mediæval barbarism—we can use no other word—the chivalrous valor, the heroic bigotry of these knight-errants of discovery, mingled up, as it was, with the sordid and remorseless rapacity of the robber baron or the Mahometan pirate of the Mediterranean. Never were such great deeds conceived with such reckless and desperate boldness, or achieved by such inadequate means; never were such feats of courage, such patient endurance, such unutterable and cold-blooded cruelties, such deliberate atrocities of fraud; never did man appear so heroic and so base, so astonishing and so odious, so devotedly religious in some respects, so utterly godless in others; never was superhuman courage so disgraced by more than savage treachery.

Mr. Prescott's style and manner of composition are adapted with singular felicity to this half-poetic history. His strong imaginative faculty, heightened by the peculiarity of his situation, (of which more presently,) delights in the rich and the marvellous, both in nature and in human action; he has acquired a skill of arrangement, and grouping of characters and events, which attests long and patient study of the highest models; while the calmer moral and Christian tone of his judgments by no means deadens his sympathies with the fiercer and more barbarous heroism of ancient days. His narrative presents in general, though not without some exceptions, a happy combination of modern historic philosophy with something of the life and picturesqueness of an ancient chronicle.

Mr. Prescott must detain us, however, for a short time before we enter upon his history, on one matter personal to himself. We think that he has judged wisely in correcting the misapprehension which has generally prevailed as to the extent and nature of that disadvantage under which he has labored, and over which he has so signally triumphed by perseverance, industry, and sagacity. We have ourselves so often heard it asserted that Mr. Prescott is totally blind, that we are anxious to communicate to our readers the real state of the case, which in itself is sufficiently remarkable, as showing how far the most severe visitations of Divine Providence may be remedied by that energy and ingenuity with which that same merciful Providence has endowed good and wise men. He says:—

"While at the University, I received an injury in one of my eyes, which deprived me of the sight of it. The other, soon after, was attacked by inflammation so severely that for some time I lost the sight of that also; and, though it was subsequently restored, the organ was so much disordered as to

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remain permanently debilitated; while, twice in my life since, I have been deprived of the use of it for all purposes of reading and writing for several years together. It was during one of these periods that I received from Madrid the materials for the 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella;' and in my disabled condition, with my transatlantic treasures lying around me, I was like one pining from hunger in the midst of abundance. In this state I resolved to make the ear, if possible, do the work of the eye. I procured the services of a secretary, who read to me the various authorities; and in time I became so far familiar with the sounds of the different foreign languages, (to some of which, indeed, I had been previously accustomed by a residence abroad,) that I could comprehend his reading without much difficulty. As the reader proceeded, I dictated copious notes; and when these had swelled to a considerable amount, they were read to me repeatedly, till I had mastered their contents sufficiently for the purposes of composition. The same notes furnished an easy means of reference to sustain the text.

"Still another difficulty occurred in the mechanical labor of writing, which I found a severe trial to the eye. This was remedied by means of a writing-case, such as is used by the blind, which enabled me to commit my thoughts to paper without the aid of sight, serving me equally well in the dark as in the light. The characters thus formed made a near approach to hieroglyphics; but my secretary became expert in the art of deciphering, and a fair copy—with a liberal allowance for unavoidable blunders—was transcribed for the use of the printer. I have described the process with more minuteness, as some curiosity has been repeatedly expressed in reference to my *modus operandi* under my privations, and the knowledge of it may be of some assistance to others in similar circumstances.

"Though I was encouraged by the sensible progress of my work, it was necessarily slow. But in time the tendency to inflammation diminished, and the strength of the eye was confirmed more and more. It was at length so far restored that I could read for several hours of the day, though my labors in this way necessarily terminated with the daylight. Nor could I ever dispense with the services of a secretary or with the writing-case; for, contrary to the usual experience, I have found writing a severer trial to the eye than reading—a remark, however, which does not apply to the reading of manuscript; and to enable myself, therefore, to revise my composition more carefully, I caused a copy of the 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella' to be printed for my own inspection before it was sent to the press for publication. Such as I have described was the improved state of my health during the preparation of the 'Conquest of Mexico;' and, satisfied with being raised so nearly to a level with the rest of my species, I scarcely envied the superior good fortune of those who could prolong their studies into the evening and the later hours of the night.

"But a change has again taken place during the last two years. The sight of my eye has become gradually dimmed, while the sensibility of the nerve has been so far increased that for several weeks of the last year I have not opened a volume, and through the whole time I have not had the use of it on an average for more than an hour a day. Nor can I cheer myself with the delusive expectation that, impaired as the organ has become from having been tasked probably beyond its strength, it can ever renew its youth, or be of much service to me hereafter in my literary researches. Whether I shall have the heart to enter, as I had proposed, on a new and more extensive field of historical labor with these impediments I cannot say. Perhaps long habit, and a natural desire to follow up the career which I have so long pursued, may make this in a manner necessary, as my past experience has already proved that it is practicable.

"From this statement—too long, I fear, for his patience—the reader who feels any curiosity about the matter will understand the real extent of my embarrassments in my historical pursuits. That they have not been very light will be readily admitted, when it is considered that I have had but a limited use of my eye in its best state, and that much of the time I have been debarred from the use of it altogether. Yet the difficulties I have had to contend with are very far inferior to those which fall to the lot of a blind man. I know of no historian now alive who can claim the glory of having overcome such obstacles but the author of 'La Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands;' who, to use his own touching and beautiful language, 'has made himself the friend of darkness;' and who, to a profound philosophy that requires no light but that from within, unites a capacity for extensive and various research that might well demand the severest application of the student."—*Preface*, pp. xiv.—xvii.

We can understand the poet, on whom in later or in middle life has fallen this sad privation, in the words of Milton:—

"By cloud and ever-during dark
Surrounded, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank
Of Nature's works to him expung'd and ras'd:
And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

—we can easily conceive such poet's mind creating out of the treasures of his memory pictures even as living, as exquisite, as truthful, as Milton's own Garden of Eden, or our first parents as embodied by him in their paradisiacal state. The imagination thrown back upon itself, withdrawn from and undisturbed by the common every-day vulgarities of life, concentred on the noble, the beautiful, the picturesque, would naturally combine the highest idealism with the most perfect reality in its descriptions of outward things—the creative would at the same time be a refining and ennobling process. We think, indeed, that we can clearly trace the workings of Milton's blindness in his later poetry. We fancy him sitting alone in his majestic seclusion, and summoning up all that his memory deemed worthy of retention—the terrible becoming more awfully terrible—the majestic more unimpededly majestic—the beautiful of more unmingled beauty; everything first fully imaged on the retina of his mind, and then assuming the most appropriate language—language itself wrought up to perfection, not as in his earlier often-corrected works, (as may be seen in Trinity College library,) by blottings and interlinings, but by a purely mental alchemy. On this, however, we must not now dwell.

But that a history so original and so laborious

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as that of M. Thierry should have been accomplished under such circumstances, appears almost incredible. Even in Mr. Prescott's comparatively less embarrassing position, it is difficult to imagine how the mind without the constant aid of the outward sense, can perform that difficult office of discriminating the important from the useless—of winnowing, as it were, and treasuring up the grain from the chaff, in the multifarious inquiries which must open as the preparation advances; how that of which the weighty bearing cannot at first sight be discerned, is not irrecoverably lost; how characters and events in this rude manner of study (for rude it must be, even with the most ingenious appliances) should assume their proper magnitude and due proportion; how authorities should be compared, weighed, sifted, and the judgment come to its conscientious conclusion without misgiving as to the stability of its grounds; how those light and casual hints which occasionally betray to the sagacious mind the mystery of some character, of some line of conduct, or some great event, should not escape even the most sagacious when to a certain extent dependent upon others: these obvious difficulties naturally occur, and heighten our astonishment whenever success is achieved. Yet, even in such cases, there may be some compensatory advantages. We think that we can discern in M. Thierry's writings, as well in its excellences as in one or two partial defects, a betrayal, as it were, of this peculiar mode of composition. In such a case there would be a natural tendency to form everything into complete mental pictures, to that actual reanimation of the past which M. de Barante has attempted, and successfully attempted, on a deliberate theory; and in which those great writers have been followed by so many of the modern French historians, till, in several instances, that which was striking and legitimate dramatic art has degenerated into melo-dramatic artifice. Unquestionably this is one of the great charms of M. Thierry's History, and in him this imaginative power has not trespassed beyond its rightful privilege. The same idiosyncracy would tend, where a theory has full possession of the mind, to work up that theory with exclusive devotion, seizing and magnifying all which is in its favor, quietly discarding and passing over all those stubborn and obtrusive objections which a closer and less purely mental study might elude with difficulty. To this perhaps we may attribute the somewhat exaggerated views of the conflict between the Norman and Anglo-Saxon races, which is a kind of historic passion with M. Thierry. To the latter temptation Mr. Prescott is singularly superior: he has no preconceived historic hypothesis to which he is disposed to bend the reluctant facts; his judgment is as sober as his analysis is keen; he seems to hold it the duty of the historian to relate the results of his inquiries without accounting for that which is beyond the scope of history. This is no inconsiderable praise, with the great question of the origin of Mexican and Peruvian civilization constantly before him, and beckoning him onwards into the dazzling mirage of antiquarian speculation. We find it ourselves so difficult to practise the self-denial which we admire in Mr. Prescott, that it cannot but increase our respect for his judicious abstinence. In one other respect, perhaps, we may trace to this enforced mode of composition the only drawback, and that a slight one, to our delight in reading Mr. Prescott's work—an accumulation, occasionally too great, of picturesque epithets; a somewhat too elaborate contrast of colors; too smooth and exquisite a finish; a style, in short, at times rather overloaded, and wanting in the ease and continuous flow which is the charm of history, and which at other times carries us on through his clear and lively pages with one steady impulse of interest and pleasure.

It is curious, indeed, now and then to contrast the rude force of some of the phrases of eye and ear witnesses preserved in the Notes to the "Conquest of Peru" with the well-turned periods of the author's text; he has no doubt judged wisely in not incorporating them in his narrative, as they might have jarred with its general harmony, yet we cannot but think that the style which would admit them would be abstractedly more perfect. But after all, the style is usually so completely the expression of the author's character, as it were his nature, that we would not insist much on this point.

Mr. Prescott commences his History of the Peruvian Conquest, as he did his former work, with a view of the civilization of the conquered people. And if that of the Aztecs, after his calm and dispassionate investigation, cannot be read without astonishment, so far is that of the Peruvians from losing any of that marvellous character with which it struck the first Spanish discoverers, that wonder only deepens with inquiry.

Peruvian civilization goes far to solve the great question of the self-originating power of man as to institutions: it seems utterly to overthrow the long dominant theory, that similarity of laws, usages, and civil polity necessarily implies identity of race, affiliation, or common descent, or some communication with a more advanced tribe or race. The same social arrangements grow out of the human mind under the same circumstances, without any foreign intervention. Man is the same, to a great extent, in every part of the world, and in every period. Society is part of his nature, and social forms, being circumscribed in their variations, will take the same character, enact the same provisions, establish the same ranks and gradations, aim at the same objects, and attain the same ends. For here, in this remote and unapproachable quarter of the New World—within, it should seem, a limited historical period—with no conceivable connection or relationship to other more advanced tribes or families of mankind—with the usual myth of certain strangers descended from heaven, and deliberately and at once awing wild tribes of savages into social order and obedience, and organizing a perfect commonwealth on new princi-

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ples—this myth, however more than usually betraying itself to be a myth—here is an assemblage of institutions which might seem gathered, for some fanciful Utopia, from all ages and all regions of the world. Tartary, China, Egypt, Judea, Rome, Catholic Europe, might seem each to have brought some tribute to the edifice of this social polity. In one respect the Jesuit settlements of Paraguay might appear to have been modelled on this type; and, in fact, substituting a peaceful religious order, undazzlingly attired and unluxurious in their habits, for the gorgeous and martial descendants of Manco Capec and their Curacas—the Roman Catholic worship of Christ, with the saints and Virgin, for that of the sun and the heavenly bodies—there might seem the same results, the same meek obedience, the same absolute though gentle tutelage, the same industry, the same unreasoning yet contented happiness. With the other form of South American civilization there was almost indisputably no connection; the institutions of Mexico and Peru, in their general aspect, stand in the strongest contrast; and Mr. Prescott seems justified in his opinion that there was not the least intercourse between these two American empires.

"The fiction of Manco Capac and his sister wife was devised, no doubt, at a later period, to gratify the vanity of the Peruvian monarchs, and to give additional sanction to their authority by deriving it from a celestial origin." So writes Mr. Prescott. The philosophy of these myths we must for the present leave to Mr. Grote: but this is only another instance of the same universal tendency of man either himself to deify his legislators, or acquiesce in their assumption of deity. All royal races culminate in gods—that, is in the Unknown. The line of the incas, where it ceases to be traceable further upward, (and Peruvian history aspired not beyond a dynasty of thirteen princes,) terminates in the Great God. This god among the Peruvians was the Sun, as among the Greeks it was Jupiter, among the Romans Mars. It is not so much (here we fully enter into the justice of the more modern theory on this subject) the deliberate invention of vanity, or the artful design of strengthening the theocratic power of the kings, as the universal religious sentiment, which makes the gods the parents of sovereigns and founders of dynasties. But, neither in Eastern Asia, in the Tartar kingdoms, in Thibet, nor under the later Caliphate in the West, does the theocracy, which claims indefeasible and absolute sovereignty for the lineal descendant of the gods, appear in a form so undisguised and imperious as it did in Peru. The inca was the living son and representative of God—almost God upon earth.

It is remarkable, that the worship of the sun, that primitive and noblest of idolatries, seems to have maintained a more complete and absolute dominance in Peru than in any other part of the world. Byron's splendid invocation, which he places in the mouth of Manfred, is mythologically true:

"Glorious orb! the idol
Of *early nature* and the vigorous race
Of *undiseased mankind!*
—that wert a worship ere
The mystery of thy making was revealed.
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladdened on their mountain tops the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured
Themselves in orisons."

This more primitive Tsabaism—ascribed to the Chaldeans by the Asiatic traditions preserved in the Talmud, and which, nevertheless, appears to have worshipped the sun as *one of* the heavenly bodies, not as *the one* heavenly body, to which the rest were but attendants, admitted to an inferior divinity—this oldest and simplest faith gave place throughout Asia to a more metaphysic creed, either in the one Great Spirit, manifesting himself in successive avatars, or the dualistic worship of light and darkness, in which the sun-god Mithra held but a subordinate rank. In Peru alone it reässerts its paramount, if not exclusive, dominion. It is true that there was a worship of the great spirit Pachacamac, or Viracocha, the life-giving, the creator. But this deity had only one temple, and his worship seems to have been the wreck of an earlier religious system, which, as far as can be judged, (and we can hardly be sure that we can collect from the language of savages their real conceptions on these subtle points,) had been universal in a ruder or more abstract form, throughout the whole American continent. But in Mr. Prescott's words:—

"The deity whose worship the Peruvians especially inculcated, and which they never failed to establish wherever their banners were known to penetrate, was the sun. It was he who, in a particular manner, presided over the destinies of man; gave light and warmth to the nations, and life to the vegetable world; whom they reverenced as the father of their royal dynasty, the founder of their empire; and whose temples rose in every city and almost every village throughout the land, while his altars smoked with burnt offerings—a form of sacrifice peculiar to the Peruvians among the semi-civilized nations of the New World.'—Vol. i., p. 85.

We dwell on this because it appears to us, instead of being in favor (as it might at first be thought) of an Asiatic origin of Peruvian civilization, rather to make strongly against it. Nowhere, we believe, in Eastern Asia, was the worship of the sun the great dominant, almost exclusive, religion. Everywhere religious festivals followed the course of the sun; everywhere he received adoration, in some form, either as the representative of light, as the emblem of the generative principle, or as the sun-god, in the various splendid shapes which he assumed in Grecian anthropomorphism; but nowhere, unless among the primeval Tsabians, if among them, was the orb of day itself the supreme, all-ruling deity. But all the great temples of Peru were dedicated to him—if not alone, as of supreme dignity—the sacred virgins were virgins of the sun—he was the father of the royal race. As

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we shall see hereafter, Atahuallpa, in his first interview with the Spaniards, when Valverde summoned him to believe in the Holy Trinity, appealed from the historic god, on whose crucifixion the friar had enlarged, to his visible God, whose descent was brightening the western heavens.

The Great Temple of the Sun is thus described by Mr. Prescott:—

"The most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital, and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched, that it received the name of *Coricancha*, or the 'Place of Gold.' It consisted of a principal building and several chapels and inferior edifices, covering a large extent of ground in the heart of the city, and completely encompassed by a wall, which, with the edifices, was all constructed of stone. A Spaniard, who saw it in its glory, assures us he could call to mind only two edifices in Spain which, for their workmanship, were at all to be compared with it. Yet this substantial, and in some respects magnificent, structure was thatched with straw!

"The interior was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from amidst innumerable rays of light which emanated from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold, of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal, that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were everywhere incrusted. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was 'the tears wept by the sun,' and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary were of the same costly material; and a broad belt or freize of gold, let into the stone work, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice."—Vol. i., p. 88—90.

The Peruvian worship seems in the main to have been that of a mild and benificent deity. Human sacrifices, instead of being heaped up in remorseless hecatombs, and commemorated by awful piles of skulls, as in the great Mexican Temple, were rare, and of one single victim. As Livy, in his reverence for the Roman name, says that such sacrifices were "non Romani moris;" so Garcilasso de la Vega would absolve his royal ancestors altogether from this bloody idolatry. Mr. Prescott cites all the earlier Spanish authorities as witnesses of this custom in Peru; if Garcilasso was disposed to soften off everything discreditable to the inca rule, so the Spaniards might be inclined to receive but scanty evidence to darken the heathen superstitions of the conquered race; but we incline to believe that Mr. Prescott comes to the right conclusion—and that this exceptional feature lingered amidst the otherwise mild system of the Peruvians. Their general conception, we will venture to add, of a gentle and beneficent supreme deity, is the more remarkable in a region which even then, no doubt, was rocked by the terrible earthquake, and which might behold the volcanoes of the Andes in all their cloud-capt and fire-evolving majesty.

The divinity which, even in European opinion, was supposed "to hedge a king," rose up like a lofty and impregnable wall around the inca of Peru. "Even the proudest of the inca nobility, claiming a descent from the same divine original as himself, could not venture into the royal presence except barefoot—this sign of reverence, which reminds us of the Old Testament, and which is so universal in the East, prevailed throughout Peruvian usage—and bearing a light burden on his shoulders in token of homage." He was at once the sole legislative and executive power; he commanded the armies; his word was law. In the rugged but expressive words of an old Spanish writer, whom Mr. Prescott, according to his usage, has discarded into his notes, as out of harmony with his smoother text—"If he would kill a hundred thousand Indians, there was no one in the kingdom who dared to say he should not do it."

The inca maintained, in some respects, the secluded state of an Oriental despot; in others he was the accessible sovereign of his people. His royal progress, which took place at intervals throughout the realm, and was conducted with a magnificence which taxes the gorgeous language of Mr. Prescott to describe, was likewise that of a feudal sovereign holding his courts of justice, in which he, the sole judge of appeal, received all petitions for redress of grievances, and all complaints against the regular tribunals. The royal palanquin, it is said, was borne in turn by a thousand nobles, who were honored by this service. "Tradition long commemorated the spots at which he halted; and the simple people of the country held them in reverence as places consecrated by the presence of an inca."—(p. 25.)

The inca must be born of the purest royal or rather divine race. As with the Egyptian kings, the wife of the inca was his sister; no one more remote was worthy of giving an heir to the elder lineage of the sun. The heir was made over to the care of the wise men, and exposed to the rigors of a kind of Spartan discipline, hard fare, athletic exercises, mimic combat. But on the throne he had not merely the pomp and power, he had all the voluptuousness of the oriental despot. The coya, or queen, had the dignity, but not more than the dignity, of a royal consort. King Solomon, or the most splendid sultan in Bagdad, in Delhi, or in Constantinople, had not a more crowded harem, more luxurious gardens, more green and crystal-watered groves, certainly not such lavish prodigality of gold and silver ornaments, as the residence of the inca in the favorite valley of Yucay. Among his chief privileges was the selection of as many subordinate wives as he pleased from among the Virgins of the Sun.

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This monastic institution of the "Brides of the Sun" is but another illustration of the universality of the religious sentiment, and the form which it takes at certain phases of human society. The Vestals of Rome, and of some of the earlier Asiatic religions, the Budhist monasteries, the nunneries of the Roman Catholic world, find their antitypes in Peru. In two remarkable particulars the Virgin of the Sun bore a curious resemblance to the Vestal of Rome: her duty was to watch a sacred fire; the punishment of unchastity was to be buried alive. "Her lover, indeed, in Peru, was not merely an object of religious horror, he was to be strangled, the town or village in which he lived to be razed to the ground, and sowed with stones," so as to efface the memory of his existence. In all other respects (excepting the royal privilege of the incas) chastity was maintained with the most jealous rigor, though without that austere and ascetic discipline which has been thought in other religious systems its only safe guardian. Though these maidens were jealously secluded from the conversation of men, (no one but the inca and his queen might enter the sacred precincts,) their dwellings were sumptuous and richly furnished, the vessels and utensils of gold and silver. Yet it might seem that the whole property of the god, including this fair bevy of attendants, was the property of the inca. One great establishment in Cuzco, which is said to have contained fifteen hundred virgins of the royal blood of the incas, undefiled with any baser admixture, under the care of aged matrons, all instructed in weaving fine wool for the services of the temple, and in other such works for the use of the incas—was likewise a nursery for the royal seraglio. The most beautiful were chosen for this honor; and if the king at any time was disposed to lessen the number of his establishment, the discarded lady did not return to her convent, but to her family home, where she was an object of profound reverence to the people, as having been the concubine of the inca.

The death of the inca alone seemed to darken into the most awful cruelty the character of this gentle people—his honor must be maintained in the grave; nothing which had been privileged by his intimate use must be desecrated after his departure. The great Tartar practice of burying treasures or implements of war, and of immolating on the grave of the chieftain all his menial attendants, was adopted in Peru; while the suttees on the banks of the Ganges might have beheld with jealousy the hundreds of concubines who eagerly achieved "conjugal martyrdom."

The government was an absolute despotism, but a despotism which condescended to parental care over the whole people. Never has centralization been carried to such an extent; never did the administration so completely rule the destinies, prescribe the occupations, regulate the labor, provide for and allot the subsistence of the whole community, as in Peru. The state was, in one sense, the proprietor of the whole soil, the farmer, the manufacturer, the one great poor-law commissioner, or rather poor-law guardian—Mr. Chadwick himself could not have wished to have matters more his own way. There was first a triple division of the land. "The whole territory was divided into three parts, one for the sun, another for the inca, and the last for the people." Wherever royal prowess added a new province to the empire, this triple division, like that of the Gothic conquerors in Europe, became the law; but the proportion varied according to the amount of population, and the greater or less amount of land consequently required for the support of the inhabitants. The lands of the sun were the church lands, and provided for the solemnities of public worship; the share of the inca was the royal domain, which furnished the civil list of the monarch and his royal house; the third was assigned to the people. This last property, if we are to believe our authorities, was resumed and repartitioned at the close of every year. Every Peruvian was bound to marry at a certain period; the all-pervading state chose him a wife; on his marriage he received a portion of land sufficient for his maintenance, which was increased upon the birth of each child, "the amount for a son being double that of a daughter;" but the new annual distribution cut off this allowance, in case of the diminution of the family. The curacas, the aristocracy, only received a larger proportion in consideration of their dignity. But the state was not merely the proprietor of the land, it was the proprietor of the labor of the people. The three divisions of the land were cultivated by the people, in regular succession. First, that of the church—then, by a provision which, in its spirit, reminds us of some of the gentler ordinances of the Mosaic law, that of the impotent poor, the old, the widow, and the orphan, and that of soldiers employed in the service of the state. The people next worked each his own plot of ground, but with a general obligation to mutual assistance when any circumstance—the burden of a young and numerous family, for example—might demand it. Mr. Prescott quotes from Garcilasso de la Vega the case of an Indian being hanged for tilling the land of a great man, a curaca, one of his own kindred, before that of the poor.

"Lastly, they cultivated the lands of the inca. This was done with great ceremony by the whole population in a body. At break of day, they were summoned together by proclamation from some neighboring tower or eminence, and all the inhabitants of the district—men, women, and children—appeared dressed in their gayest apparel, bedecked with their little store of finery and ornaments, as if for some great jubilee. They went through the labors of the day with the same joyous spirit, chanting their popular ballads, which commemorated the heroic deeds of the incas, regulating their movements by the measure of the chant, and all mingling in the chorus, of which the word *hailli*, or 'triumph,' was usually the burden. These national airs had something soft and pleasing in their character, that recommended them to the Spaniards; and many a Peruvian song was set to music by them after the Conquest, and was listened to by the un-

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fortunate natives with melancholy satisfaction, as it called up recollections of the past, when their days glided peacefully away under the sceptre of the incas."—p. 47.

Garcilasso assigns a magnanimous motive for this postponement of the cultivation of the royal lands:—"The inca always preferred the tillage of his subjects before his own, it being their sure maxim, that the happiness of the prince depends on the prosperity of the people, without which they become unable to serve him either in times of war or peace." (*Ryoxut's Translation*, p. 133.)

The state was likewise the great manufacturer, or rather superintendent of the one universal domestic manufacture. All the vast flocks of llamas which wandered over the Sierras were the property of the incas. The care with which their breeding and management were conducted, excited the astonishment of the Spaniards. The wool was laid up in public stores, and then distributed to the people, who were compelled (down to the women and children) to spin, and make their own clothes. The mines were likewise royalties. The miners and the artisans were all under the same official control, obliged to furnish a certain quota of labor to the public service. All occupations were strictly hereditary; each followed the art or profession of his father. Everything was done by command and by the sound of the trumpet. Every work was assigned by the overseer, who watched over its careful fulfilment, from the manuring and tilling of the soil by the able-bodied in the fields, to the spinning of the women and children in the private chamber. Public authority thus ruled the whole course of Peruvian life. A regular system of registration, and a periodical survey of the whole territory, institutions which from the days of the Roman empire to our own have been hardly known in the most civilized regions of the world, completed the system of superintendence and control. The whole society was a machine, regulated by a constitued order, and wrought, it should seem, into the habits and character of the people. The great secret of poor-law administration seems to have been discovered. "No one," we read, "at least none but the decrepit and the sick, was allowed to eat the bread of idleness. While industry was publicly commended and stimulated by rewards, idleness was a crime in the eye of the law, and as such *severely* punished."

In this sentence, however, the manner in which idleness was prevented is not very distinctly described. Mr. Prescott's gentle and harmonious phrases would hardly admit the vulgar fact, as it appears in the old Spanish authorities. In truth, as in the halcyon days of Queen Elizabeth, to which the tender-hearted enemies of the new poor-law look back with such soft regret, instead of the work-house test, that is, confinement, with better food than the obstinate pauper could obtain out of its walls, there was Bridewell and a sound whipping at the discretion or the indiscretion of Dogberry, of the jailer, or at best of Justice Overdo—so in Peru, the overseers were armed with an unlimited power of flogging the lazy and stubborn into industry and obedience. How far this instrument of authority differed in weight and sharpness from that of the modern slave-driver does not transpire. Yet the law, and usage more powerful than law, especially in the mines, regulated the succession of labor with such provident care that none were worked beyond their strength, or their equitable proportion. The state assumed the full right to enact ten hours' bills, and such humane provisions.

A stange, unprecedented, unparalleled Utopia!—where lands were improved to the highest state of productiveness, without the incitement of individual property in those lands, or in the produce of individual labor; where no one could improve his condition, yet contributed cheerfully, or under moderate compulsion, his full share of industry to the public stock; where free labor seems to have discharged the duty of slave labor; where great public granaries, in which large portions of the produce were laid up, while they anticipated the pressure of adverse seasons, and relieved the land from any apprehension of famine, in no way, like the largesses and distributions in Rome, encouraged indolence or wasteful recklessness; where, with absolute anti-Malthusian statutes to enforce marriage, no redundant population appears to have encumbered society; where a despotism, a warlike and a conquering despotism, regarded, before its own resources of wealth and power, the sick and destitute; where new territories were constantly added by war to the dominions of the sovereign, yet at once shared in all the beneficent administration of the predominant people; where even religious bigotry conquered without persecution. Throughout their growing empire the incas established their own superstition, but, like the Romans, they awarded to the captive gods of the vanquished nations a place in the great Pantheon of Cuzco, and allowed the minds of the new tribes time to expand to the higher worship of the sun. The incas, too, like the Romans, subjugated the more savage tribes by means of their more polished language. The Quichua was established in the provinces as the language of law and public administration.

The nature of the country in which arose this singular social system makes it, if possible, still more extraordinary. Peru offers a curious vague and general resemblance to the Holy Land. Some districts of great natural fertility were environed by sandy deserts, with hardly any streams of water, and requiring artificial irrigation. There were extensive regions suited for the pasture of flocks—mountain ranges only to be cultivated in terraces—but all was on the vast scale of South American nature. The mountains which were to be scarped into these hanging gardens and broad plateaus were the vast Andes; the ravines which must be bridged, in order to connect the country by roads, were some of them so abrupt and profound that, according to Humboldt, Vesuvius or the Puy de Dôme, placed within the chasm, would not reach the summit of the defile. The cultivation of the land was as

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artificial as the social system. Our agriculturists must be informed, that the three principal means by which the Peruvians triumphed over their sterile and ungrateful soil, were by draining, by irrigation, and by guano!

The public works, the fortresses, the roads, and the bridges attested the care of the government for the security and the convenience of the people. The ruins of fortresses still remain, astonishing from their solidity, considering that the use of iron was unknown, and that the vast masses of which they were composed must, apparently, have been transported by manual strength to great distances. If the great roads, in their width and extent, will bear no comparison to those by which Rome connected her subject provinces with the capital—if they were only intended for the llamas to carry their burthens—they passed through and over mountain passes which Roman engineering would hardly have attempted to surmount. Chasms were crossed by suspension bridges, at which even the heads of our Brunels and Stephensons might turn giddy, and made of materials on which, with all their boldness and ingenuity, they would hardly, with the fear of coroners' juries before them, venture the lives of her majesty's subjects. With all this, the astronomical knowledge of the Peruvians was lower than that of the Aztecs; their quipus, the cords by which alone they kept accounts and registered events—their only art of writing and public press—were many degrees below the picture hieroglyphics of Mexico. One thing will perhaps astonish the modern reader more than all the rest: with all this advanced civilization, this progress in certain arts, and with the vast quantity of the precious metals, of which they made their utensils and their ornaments, they were altogether ignorant of money! Gold and silver, which they obtained with some rude and imperfect art, and wrought with considerable skill and ingenuity into their rings, bracelets, and vessels, were used for such purposes alone. The incas had a royalty over all these treasures, but with no notion of coining them into a circulating medium for trade or barter.

Is all this history or romance—a legend or an imaginary Utopia? We have the strange alternative of accepting the account as in its general outline at least, for historic verity, or of charging all the old Spanish writers with a degree of invention and of creative power of which in other respects they seem entirely guiltless. We must suppose them to have entered into a conspiracy to elevate the character of the people whom they were trampling under foot—and to place in darker relief the cruelty, the treachery, and the rapacity of their own countrymen, by showing the innocent and happy polity which they destroyed. They were suggesting to others, even if they closed their own eyes in obstinate blindness, the perilous comparison between the effects of their own religion, and what might almost seem the more holy and beneficent idolatry of the Peruvians. Many, indeed, of these old writers, especially the ecclesiastics, were driven to the desperate resource of attributing the whole Peruvian polity, with its wisdom and happiness, to the wicked devices of Satan, who would by this means, by thus building up a social fabric of such unexceptionable excellence, commend the cause of heathenism. For it is not merely Garcilasso de la Vega, the boasted descendant of the incas, who has thus painted the Saturnian age of his forefathers. We can remember, indeed, the bewilderment, the perplexity, the involuntary scepticism with which, in the days of our youth, we explored the "Royal Commentaries," be it confessed (the original being unattainable) in the cumbrous and blundering English of old Sir Paul Rycaut, still doubting whether we were in the midst of Plato's Atlantis, or of the Arabian Nights. But, as Mr. Prescott justly observes, Garcilasso has added but little, if anything, to the accounts of the earliest writers, some of whom, as Acosta and Blas de Valera, he cites as his authorities; and Mr. Prescott has added to the mass of evidence that of two remarkable, and it should seem peculiarly trustworthy, testimonies. Juan de Sarmiento was president of the council of the Indies. He visited Peru at the time when the administration of Gasca had established peace by the discomfiture and death of the last of the Pizarros. He professed to have gathered the materials of his work from the best instructed of the inca race who had survived the Conquest. The *Relacion* of Sarmiento is still among the unpublished treasures of the Escorial. A second authority is that of an eminent jurist, Polo de Ondegardo, who resided at Lima about the same period; he appears to have been a wise and good man, to have acquired deserved popularity among the Indians, and to have given excellent advice as well as valuable information to successive viceroys; as a magistrate he had the best opportunities of studying the institutions of the country. Ondegardo's work was consulted by Herrera, but has not been printed. For his MS. copies both of it and Sarmiento, Mr. Prescott was indebted to Mr. O. Rich. The most singular testimony, however, to the social condition of the Peruvians, is the preamble to the will of Mancio Sierra Lejesama, the last survivor of the early Spanish conquerors, printed in the appendix of Mr. Prescott. It is a death-bed confession, partly, no doubt, intended to expiate the soldier's sins, but partly, we hope, drawn up under a feeling of genuine compassion for the people whose mild and parental government he had contributed to overthrow, in order to subjugate them to the iron tyranny of the Spaniard. Mr. Prescott has preserved it in the old Spanish; but we think it worth while to translate the most striking passages:—

"For many years I have earnestly desired to render this information to my sovereign Lord King Philip, that most Catholic and Christian monarch, for the relief of my soul. I, who took so great part in the discovery, conquest, and settlement of that realm, of which we have deprived its lords the incas, in order to place it under the crown of Spain, would have his majesty know, that the said incas governed the land in such a manner, that there was neither robber nor vicious man, nor man of pleasure, nor

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adulteress or prostitute in the land; that no one was allowed to live an immoral life; that all the people had their honest and industrious callings; that the mountains and mines, the pastures, the chases, and the woods, were governed and distributed so that each had his own without hindrance or law-suit; that the wars, though frequent, did not interrupt the commerce of the land, nor the commerce the tillage of the soil; that all, from the highest to the lowest, kept their place and order; that the incas were obeyed as men of consummate wisdom and excellent government, as well as all their rulers and captains."

The testator goes on to lament bitterly the effect of the evil example set this blameless people by his countrymen:—

"That whereas the Indian, if he had a hundred thousand pounds of gold or silver in his house, would leave his door open, or only fastened with a stick or a peg of wood, to show that the master was absent, and no one would think of entering, or of touching the property; but when these Indians saw that we put up strong doors with locks, they thought it was for fear of our lives, lest they should kill us—they could not believe that it was against robbery and for the protection of property. When they found that there were thieves among us, and seducers of their women, they began to hold us in contempt. But the natives have unhappily been so ruined by our bad example, that there is hardly a virtuous woman left."

The good old soldier, the last, he says, of the conquerors, earnestly entreats the king to interfere for the relief of his conscience; and humbly implores pardon of God for his share in these iniquities.

Mr. Prescott could not but be struck with the contrast between these ancient institutions of South America and those of his own country. In the former case there seems to have been the least possible freedom, and that freedom among the least possible number of the people; and yet, if human happiness consist in security of life and property, in the certainty of subsistence and clothing, in order and in peace, the great Benthamite test, of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," seems to have been more nearly approached than in countries of much higher civilization. In the latter, in the United States, the great experiment of allowing the least possible power to the government, and the most absolute individual freedom, is the basis of the social system. Mr. Prescott would willingly hold the balance with a steady hand; and even he, as is shown by a few pregnant words at the close of our next extract, cannot contemplate without some awe the solution of this mighty problem, of which our children may see the issue:—

"A philosopher of a later time, warmed by the contemplation of the picture, which his own fancy had colored, of public prosperity and private happiness under the rule of the incas, pronounces 'the *moral* man in Peru far superior to the European.' Yet such results are scarcely reconcilable with the theory of the government I have attempted to analyze. Where there is no free agency there can be no morality. Where there is no temptation there can be little claim to virtue. Where the routine is rigorously prescribed by law, the law, and not the man, must have the credit of the conduct. If that government is the best which is felt the least, which encroaches on the natural liberty of the subject only so far as is essential to civil subordination, then of all governments devised by man the Peruvian has the least real claim to our admiration.

"It is not easy to comprehend the genius and the full import of institutions so opposite to those of a free republic, where every man, however humble his condition, may aspire to the highest honors of the state—may select his own career, and carve out his fortune in his own way; where the light of knowledge, instead of being concentrated on a chosen few, is shed abroad like the light of day, and suffered to fall equally on the poor and the rich; where the collision of man with man wakens a generous emulation that calls out latent talent and tasks the energies to the utmost; where consciousness of independence gives a feeling of self-reliance unknown to the timid subjects of a despotism; where, in short, the government is made for men—not as in Peru, where man seemed to be made only for the government. The New World is the theatre on which these two political systems, so opposite in their character, have been carried into operation. The empire of the incas has passed away and left no trace. The other great experiment is still going on—the experiment which is to solve the problem, so long contested in the Old World, of the capacity of man for self-government. Alas for humanity if it should fail."—Vol. i., pp. 157, 158.

To the romance of the Peruvian civil polity succeeds the romance of the Conquest. "A bastard, (in the words of Robertson,) a foundling, and a priest"—Pizarro, Almagro, and De Luque, having heard some vague and doubtful rumors of a great empire, equal in extent and superior in wealth to that of Mexico, which had already fallen under the arms of Cortez, enter into a solemn compact for the conquest and the partition of this unknown El Dorado. After difficulties which might have broken the spirits of less than Spanish adventurers, which would have quelled any motives but that strange confederacy of chivalrous passion for adventure, with avarice and religious zeal; after disasters and sufferings before which many shrunk back, and it is only surprising that any held on their stern course, Pizarro throws himself into the midst of this vast and organized empire, whose sovereign might easily have mustered a hundred thousand warriors—with less than two hundred men, worn out with fatigue and disaster, imperfectly armed—including in his force only three arquebussiers, less than twenty cross-bowmen, and at most sixty-seven horsemen—and with an utter impossibility of retreat—and Pizarro becomes master of Peru!

The history of this conquest is wanting, indeed, in the perils, vicissitudes, the incredible feats of valor, the more incredible command displayed by Cortez over the minds of his own countrymen; as when he boldly confronts a superior officer, a Spaniard of name and rank, with a royal commission, who had come to deprive him of all the fruits of his valor, and marches off at the head of his rival's army to achieve his own work. There is nothing of that desperate fighting along the cause-

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ways, the naval battles on the lake, the great temple soaring above the bloody tumult, and displaying before the Spaniards the offering of their captive brothers upon the altar. All in Peru, after the tremendous passage of the Cordillera is achieved by one audacious act of the most consummate treachery, by one unresisted massacre, followed by the barbarous execution, out of disappointed or unglutted avarice, of the last of the incas. In comparison with Cortez, Pizarro, with all his inconceivable daring, is but a treacherous and vulgar ruffian; nor does the same melancholy and protracted interest which dwelt on the fate of the gentle Montezuma attach to the less blameless, less generous Atahuallpa. The division of the kingdom—the rivalry between Huascar, the legitimate heir, and Atahuallpa, the son of a concubine invested irregularly by his father's favoritism with the dominion of one half of it—with the civil war between the brothers, smoothed the way, no doubt, for the European conquest; but after all, on the one act, the seizure of Atahuallpa, who had ultimately prevailed over Huascar, turned the whole destiny of the empire. And it is the highest praise of Mr. Prescott, that, by his skilful treatment, by the unfailing life of his narrative, by his happy arrangement and disposition of incidents, by his tried dramatic power, he has thrown an interest hardly less exciting over this less lofty and moving story than over the fall of Mexico. He has even prolonged the interest after the fall of the empire, and related so well the civil wars among the Spaniards, the furious strife of the wild beasts for their prey—has represented so justly, and judged so equably, the conduct of all the contending parties—the strife of Pizarro and Almagro, the fate of the whole race of Pizarro, until the final settlement by the wise and politic Gasca—that we can most conscientiously recommend to our readers this present work as indispensable to complete that long and expanding line of English histories, which is gradually appropriating to itself as far as English readers are concerned, the annals of most nations and of the most important events in the chronicles of mankind.

In order to justify this praise, and in confidence that the reader will not content himself with a few broken passages from a book of which the great charm is the continuity of the story, we shall copy at length his description of the fatal visit which the sovereign, after much hesitation, consented to make to these strangers, whom he had received, if with some secret jealousy and mistrust, yet with all outward courtesy and hospitality. The city in which Pizarro had quartered himself was Caxamalca.

"It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, 'which, in our ears,' says one of the conquerors, 'sounded like the songs of hell!' Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board; others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

"Elevated high above his vassals came the inca Atahuallpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly colored plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

"As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahuallpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, 'Where are the strangers?'

"At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the inca, told him, that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as nearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the emperor Charles the fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

"Whether Atahuallpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that 'the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four.' But

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there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

"The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker, as he replied, 'I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith,' he continued, 'I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine,' he concluded, pointing to his deity—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains—'my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children.'

"He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, 'Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed.'

"The friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, 'Do you not see, that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once; I absolve you.' Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of 'St. Jago and at them!' It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphureous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza!* It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

"Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities, that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

"The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahuallpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, 'Let no one, who values his life, strike at the inca;' and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

"The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighboring building, where he was carefully guarded.

"All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca."—Vol. i., pp. 376—385.

The price offered by the Peruvian king for his ransom was an error as fatal as his trust in the

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honor and truth of the Spaniard. As if avarice knew satiety!—as if any draught, however copious, could slake the thirst for gold! To the Indian, no doubt, who prized gold and silver but as splendid ornaments, as gorgeous and dazzling appendages of his royal state—of whom it could not be said, "effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum"—the deep passion of the European for that which was to him power, luxury, even religion, by which he might pamper his body with every indulgence, and purchase the redemption of his soul, was, no doubt, utterly inconceivable. The inca thought that he was making a wise sacrifice of some of his pomp; and that the strangers, so gratified in this unaccountable desire for that which his mines might restore in no long time, would depart and leave the realm in peace; at all events, that they would respect a solemn covenant; that he should regain that freedom which he had so rashly imperilled, be able to place himself at the head of his subjects, and so prevent the dangerous designs (the only designs of which he had a distinct comprehension) of his native rival, the next legitimate heir in succession after Huascar. Mr. Prescott thus relates the dazzling proposition which he made to Pizarro:—

"In the hope, therefore, to effect his purpose by appealing to the avarice of his keepers, he one day told Pizarro, that if he would set him free, he would engage to cover the floor of the apartment on which they stood with gold. Those present listened with an incredulous smile; and as the inca received no answer, he said, with some emphasis, that 'he would not merely cover the floor, but would fill the room with gold as high as he could reach;' and, standing on tiptoe, he stretched out his hand against the wall. All stared with amazement; while they regarded it as the insane boast of a man too eager to procure his liberty to weigh the meaning of his words. Yet Pizarro was sorely perplexed. As he had advanced into the country, much that he had seen, and all that he had heard, had confirmed the dazzling reports first received of the riches of Peru. Atahuallpa himself had given him the most glowing picture of the wealth of the capital, where the roofs of the temples were plated with gold, while the walls were hung with tapestry, and the floors inlaid with tiles of the same precious metal. There must be some foundation for all this. At all events, it was safe to accede to the inca's proposition; since, by so doing, he could collect at once all the gold at his disposal, and thus prevent it being purloined or secreted by the natives. He therefore acquiesced in Atahuallpa's offer; and, drawing a red line along the wall at the height which the inca had indicated, he caused the terms of the proposal to be duly recorded by the notary. The apartment was about seventeen feet broad, by twenty-two feet long, and the line round the walls was nine feet from the floor. This space was to be filled with gold; but it was understood that the gold was not to be melted down into ingots, but to retain the original form of the articles into which it was manufactured, that the inca might have the benefit of the space which they occupied. He further agreed to fill an adjoining room, of smaller dimensions, twice full with silver, in like manner; and he demanded two months to accomplish all this."—Vol. i., pp. 393—395.

The inca kept his word to an extent which even Spanish rapacity could hardly anticipate. It does not appear whether the test of piling the treasure brought in, so as to ascertain whether it filled the stipulated space in the chamber, actually took place. Much of it, Mr. Prescott says, was sent in thin plates, which had been stripped from the walls of the temples, and therefore did not occupy much room, and this turned to the disadvantage of the inca. But Mr. Prescott calculates the total amount of the gold, when melted into bars of an uniform standard, (the recasting consumed a full month,) as equivalent, allowing for the greater value of money in the sixteenth century, to three millions and a half sterling; the quantity of silver was estimated at 51,000,610 marks.

A curious tradition of the country is related in a recent volume of Travels in Peru. It is there said, that the bullion, when piled on the floor of the cell, did not reach above half way to the given mark:

"The inca then despatched messengers to Cuzco to obtain from the royal treasury the gold required to make up the deficiency; and, accordingly, eleven thousand llamas were despatched from Cuzco to Caxamarca, each laden with one hundred pounds of gold. But ere the treasure reached its destination, Atahuallpa was hanged, by the advice of Don Diego de Almangra and the Dominican monk, Vicente de Valverde. The terror-stirring news flew like wild-fire through the land, and speedily reached the convoy of Indians, who were driving their richly-laden llamas over the level heights into Central Peru. On the spot where the intelligence of Atahuallpa's death was communicated to them, the dismayed Indians concealed the treasure and then dispersed.

"Whether the number of the llamas was really so considerable as it is stated to have been, may fairly be doubted; but that a vast quantity of gold was on its way to Caxamarca, and was concealed, is a well authenticated fact. That the Indians should never have made any attempt to recover this treasure is quite consistent with their character. It is not improbable that even now some particular individuals among them may know the place of concealment; but a certain feeling of awe, transmitted through several centuries from father to son, has, in their minds, associated the hidden treasure with the blood of their last king, and this feeling doubtless prompts them to keep the secret inviolate.

"From traditionary accounts, which bear the appearance of probability, it would appear that the gold was buried somewhere in the Altos of Mito, near the valley of Jauja. Searches have frequently been made in that vicinity, but no clue to the hiding-place has yet been discovered."—*Tschudi*, pp. 325, 326.

Dr. Tschudi, or his translator, has transmuted the famous name of Almagro into Almangra; and he has at once vulgarized and impaired the awful atrocity of Atahuallpa's execution by the familiar phrase with which he despatches the monarch. Atahuallpa, when the utmost amount of treasure had been wrung from his prodigal fears, and more prodigal faith in the honor of the Spaniards, had become a burthen, an embarrass-

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ment, a danger to the conquerors. Never was a case in which necessity, the tyrant's plea, was more unblushingly alleged to justify a monstrous crime. It was a singular illustration of the absolute unity and completeness of the Peruvian polity, that the possession of the inca's person had altogether paralyzed, and held, as it were, in unmovable consternation, his whole realm. Without a sign from the king no one dared to rise even for the rescue of the king; the armies had no general, the people had no head; no orders being issued, Peruvian loyalty dared not display itself without orders. But for the Spaniards it was equally impracticable to release the king or to retain him longer in bondage. His death was therefore resolved; but it was not by the summary process which Dr. Tschudi seems to indicate. There was the solemn mockery of a trial, in which the one charge, on which there might have been some suspicion of guilt, the attempt or the design to excite insurrection against the Spaniards, was aggravated by such articles as the following, on which the Spaniards, with the sanction of their Christian teacher, Father Valverde, did not scruple to arraign a great independent sovereign:—the usurpation of the crown, and the death of his brother Huascar; squandering the public revenues on his kindred and minions, instead of humbly accounting for the whole to the Spaniards; idolatry, and polygamy, which implied adultery—and in which the Spaniards themselves had permitted him to indulge, by not debaring him from the enjoyment of his harem.

The death to which Atahuallpa was condemned was intended, no doubt, to proclaim the real crime for which he was to be supposed to suffer: he was to be burnt alive, as an obstinate *infidel*—as refusing to believe in the religion of Him whose commandments of humility, of self-denial, of gentleness, of holiness, were preached with such wonderful consistency in the lives of Pizarro and his crew. It was only because, in his wild agony of terror at such a death, he gave a desperate assent to the truth of the gospel, that the more merciful "garrote" (the Spanish mode of strangling criminals) was substituted for the pile, which was already blazing to burn him alive; and the priest who ministered, and the soldiers who stood around, and Pizarro, who is said to have wept iron tears at the scene, no doubt were gravely persuaded that poor Atahuallpa was thereby released (notwithstanding his usurpations, the cruelties in war, and sensualities in peace, on which he had been arraigned, and with which his memory is loaded by some of the Spanish writers) from the eternal fires of hell, of which the pyre on which he was to suffer was the foretaste and guarantee; that, if not received into heaven, he was admitted into a milder and a terminable purgatory: and all of them, probably, drew great comfort from this act of evangelic charity!

The awful Nemesis of Atahuallpa may seem to hover, throughout their late history, over the whole house of Pizarro. This tragedy, with all its eventful vicissitudes, forms the subject of Mr. Prescott's second volume. But we are not disposed to anticipate further our reader's instruction and entertainment. When he has closed the first volume, he will not need our recommendation to hold on his course through the second.

Before we closed Mr. Prescott's history, we received the volume of travels in Peru by the distinguished German naturalist, Dr. Tschudi, translated, with creditable ease and fluency, by "Thomasina Ross." It is an agreeable work, in which the peculiar pursuits of the naturalist (of which the scientific results have been published by Dr. Tschudi, in a larger and more expensive form) are so told as to interest the common reader, and are very amusingly mingled up with personal adventures, and with accounts of the country, of the population, of Lima the capital, and of some of the mining districts. It is not only in itself a lively and entertaining book of travels, but furnishes a curious commentary on the history of Mr. Prescott, as enabling us to contrast the melancholy results of Spanish conquest, still worse of Spanish misgovernment, and, at present, of foolish and contemptible wars between the different provinces of the old Peruvian empire, with the former and *barbarous* condition of the country.

Lima, under the Spaniards, became the capital, instead of

> "Cuzco in Peru, the richer seat
> Of Atabalipa."

We must refer to Mr. Prescott for the description of the great city of the incas. That of Pizarro's city we take from his book:—

"The central situation of the spot recommended it as a suitable residence for the Peruvian viceroy, whence he might hold easy communication with the different parts of the country, and keep vigilant watch over his Indian vassals. The climate was delightful, and, though only twelve degrees south of the line, was so far tempered by the cool breezes that generally blow from the Pacific, or from the opposite quarter down the frozen sides of the Cordilleras, that the heat was less than in corresponding latitudes on the continent. It never rained on the coast; but this dryness was corrected by a vaporous cloud, which, through the summer months, hung like a curtain over the valley, sheltering it from the rays of a tropical sun, and imperceptibly distilling a refreshing moisture, that clothed the fields in the brightest verdure."—*Ib.*, vol. ii., p. 21.

Dr. Tschudi's personal observation must be compared with this glowing picture:—

"The climate of Lima is agreeable, but not very healthy. During six months, from April to October, a heavy, damp, but not cold mist, overhangs the city. The summer is always hot, but not oppressive. The transition from one season to another is gradual, and almost imperceptible. In October and November, the misty canopy begins to rise; it becomes thinner, and yields to the penetrating rays of the sun. In April the horizon begins to resume the misty veil; the mornings are cool and overcast, but the middle of the day is clear. In a few weeks after, the brightness of noon also disappears. The great humidity gives rise to many diseases, partic-

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ularly fevers, and the alternations from heat to damp cause dysentery. On an average, the victims to this disease are very numerous. It is endemic, and becomes, at apparently regular but distant periods, epidemic. The intermittent fevers or agues, called *tercianos*, are throughout the whole of Peru very dangerous, both during their course and in their consequences. It may be regarded as certain that two thirds of the people of Lima are suffering at all times from *tercianos*, or from the consequences of the disease. It usually attacks foreigners, not immediately on their arrival in Lima, but some years afterwards. In general, the tribute of acclimatation is not so soon paid by emigrants in Lima as in other tropical regions."—*Tschudi*, pp. 159, 160.

We know not how far the more inland situation of Cuzco may render it less liable to suffer from earthquakes, or how far the wisdom and experience of the Peruvians warned them to keep their great cities at a distance from the more perilous sea-shore, but Lima might almost seem built over some centre of the earth's internal strife :—

"Along the whole coast of Peru," writes Dr. Tschudi, "the atmosphere is amost uniformly in a state of repose. It is not illuminated by the lightning's flash or disturbed by the roar of the thunder; no deluges of rain, no fierce hurricanes destroy the fruits of the fields, and with them the hopes of the husbandman. * * * *

"But the mildness of the elements above ground is frightfully counterbalanced by their subterranean fury. Lima is frequently visited by earthquakes, and several times the city has been reduced to a mass of ruins. At an average, forty-five shocks may be counted on in the year. Most of them occur in the latter part of October, in November, December, January, May, and June. Experience gives reason to expect the visitation of two desolating earthquakes in a century. The period between the two is from forty to sixty years. The most considerable catastrophes experienced in Lima since Europeans have visited the west coast of South America, happened in the years 1586, 1630, 1687, 1713, 1746, 1806. There is reason to fear that in the course of a few years this city may be the prey of another such visitation."—*Ib.*, pp. 162, 163.

Dr. Tschudi describes strikingly the effect of the earthquake upon the native and upon the stranger :—

"No familiarity with the phenomenon can blunt this feeling. The inhabitant of Lima, who from childhood has frequently witnessed these convulsions of nature, is roused from his sleep by the shock, and rushes from his apartment with the cry of '*Misericordia!*' The foreigner from the north of Europe, who knows nothing of earthquakes but by description, waits with impatience to feel the movement of the earth, and longs to hear with his own ears the subterraneous sounds which he has hitherto considered fabulous. With levity he treats the apprehensions of a coming convulsion, and laughs at the fears of the natives; but as soon as his wish is gratified, he is terror-stricken, and is involuntarily prompted to seek safety in flight."—*Ib.*, p. 170.

The population of the country offers the most unfavorable point of comparison. Notwithstanding the fulness and accuracy with which the Peruvian government is said to have kept its registers, we are not aware that there is any authentic statement of the population in the whole dominions of the incas; but all the accounts lead us to suppose that the numbers were very great in proportion to the habitable part of the territory. Dr. Tschudi asserts that "the whole present population of the country, extending from the 3d to the 22d degree of south latitude, is but 1,400,000"—at least one fourth less than that of London and its suburbs.

The character of the population is as extraordinary as its still diminishing paucity—for in Lima the inhabitants, which in 1810 amounted to 86,000, in 1842 had sunk to 53,000—and parts of the city are quite deserted. Of course, the capital is not to be taken as a fair example of the amount of varieties in the breed of human beings—nor we trust of the morality, considering that the number of children born out of wedlock considerably surpasses those born in legitimate union. But the German doctor's list of *crosses* in Lima is a curiosity.

PARENTS.	CHILDREN.
White Father and Negro Mother,	Mulatto.
White Father and Indian Mother,	Mestizo.
Indian Father and Negro Mother,	Chino.
White Father and Mulatta Mother,	Cuarteron.
White Father and Mestiza Mother,	Creole (only distinguished from the white by a pale brownish complexion.)
White Father and China Mother,	Chino-Blanco.
White Father and Cuarterona Mother,	Quintero.
White Father and Quintera Mother,	White.
Negro Father and Indian Mother,	*Zambo.*
Negro Father and Mulatta Mother,	Zambo-Negro.
Negro Father and Mestiza Mother,	Mulatto-Oscuro.
Negro Father and China Mother,	Zambo-Chino.
Negro Father and Zamba Mother,	Zambo-Negro, (perfectly black.)
Negro Father and Cuarterona or Quintera Mother,	Mulatto, (rather dark.)
Indian Father and Mulatta Mother,	Chino-Oscuro.
Indian Father and Mestiza Mother,	Mestizo-Claro, (frequently very beautiful.)
Indian Father and China Mother,	Chino-Cholo.
Indian Father and Zamba Mother,	Zambo-Claro.
Indian Father and China-Chola Mother	Indian, (with rather short, frizzy hair.)
Indian Father and Cuarterona or Quintera Mother,	Mestizo, (rather brown.)
Mulatto Father and Zamba Mother,	Zambo, (a miserable race.)
Mulatto Father and Mestiza Mother,	Chino, (of rather clear complexion.)
Mulatto Father and China Mother,	Chino, (rather dark.)

Ib., p. 114.

Dr. Tschudi's moral conclusions are as melancholy as his statistics :—

"To define their characteristics correctly would be impossible, for their minds partake of the mixture of their blood. As a general rule, it may fairly be said that they unite in themselves all the faults, without any of the virtues, of their progenitors. As men they are greatly inferior to the pure races, and as members of society they are the worst class of citizens. I wish my observations to be understood only in a general sense. I have met with some honorable exceptions; though, unfortunately, they were mere solitary luminaries, whose transient light

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has been speedily obscured by the surrounding darkness."—*Ib.*, pp. 91, 92.

Yet nature seems to be almost as bountiful as in the better days of this favored land, and only wants the regular tribute of human industry. The production of the sugar-cane in Peru Proper seems to have been substituted for that of maize, which is supplied in exchange by Chili. Dr. Tschudi marks the curious circumstance that, "since the earthquake of 1687, the crops of maize on the Peruvian coast have been inconsiderable." But his account of the other products, especially of the fruits, tends to make less improbable the record of the industrial paradise found, and alas! blighted, by Spanish rule.

The Indians, in the interior, still brood over their wrongs with deep and indelible animosity. Centuries of oppression have thinned their numbers, but not altogether crushed the memory of better times. The laws which were issued from Europe under the influence of men like Gasca, who established the Spanish rule, and by the better clergy, were always eluded by the executive in Peru. The *repartimientos*, the compulsory purchases of European goods by the natives, though intended to relieve them from the frauds and extortions of the Spanish merchants, proved cruelly oppressive, forcing the poor Indians to bestow their small means on that of which they had no need, or on which they looked with aversion. But far worse were the Mitas and the Pongos—the Mitas enforced labor in the mines, the Pongos a kind of domestic servitude. Nine millions of lives are commonly said to have been sacrificed to the cruel, wasteful, and unmitigated toils extorted from the Indians in the mines of Peru. Dr. Tschudi thinks this estimate too high. But if the tradition linger in their minds, of the mild and considerate treatment even of the miners under their native kings, no wonder that the unquenchable animosity should rankle in the depths of their hearts. The Peruvian miners inflict one, and that a remarkable revenge upon their oppressors. They possess, or encourage in pardonable malice the supposition of their possessing, old traditionary knowledge of treasures, which they occasionally betray, only to tempt avarice and then bury again in more profound secrecy.

"Notwithstanding the enormous amount of wealth which the mines of Peru have already yielded, and still continue to yield, only a very small portion of the silver veins have been worked. It is a well-known fact, that the Indians are aware of the existence of many rich mines, the situation of which they will never disclose to the whites, nor to the detested mestizos. Heretofore mining has been to them all toil and little profit, and it has bound them in chains from which they will not easily emacipate themselves. For centuries past, the knowledge of some of the richest silver mines has been with inviolable secrecy transmitted from father to son. All endeavors to prevail on them to divulge these secrets have hitherto been fruitless."—*Ib.*, p. 345.

Dr. Tschudi here relates two anecdotes—one of a mine betrayed by a Peruvian girl to a youth with whom she was in love. He was discovered in the act of breaking into the mine by the old Indian father, poisoned, and reached his employers too late to conduct them to the spot, which remains unknown to the present day. The Indian and all his family disappeared. In another case, a gambling monk (a Franciscan, vowed to poverty!) was led by an Indian friend blindfold to a place, where "the bandage being removed from his eyes, he discovered that he was in a small and somewhat shallow shaft, and was surrounded by masses of silver;"—he was allowed to take as much as he could carry; but, bethinking himself no doubt of our old friend in the nursery tale, as he went along he dropped the beads of his rosary (a pious use!) to guide him back to the dear *masses*. But even a Franciscan is no match in craft for an Indian. In a couple of hours his Indian friend knocked at his door with a handful of beads: "Father, you have dropped your rosary on the way, and I have picked it up."

The Peruvians are a gloomy people; this is manifested in their songs, their dances, their dress, and their whole domestic economy; it is the gloom of three centuries of oppression—and there is danger, if we are to believe Dr. Tschudi, in their gloom. During the whole of the Spanish rule insurrections were frequent. At the close of the last century, 1780-1, a rebellion broke out, which was formidable for a time—its leader Tupac Amaru, who seems to have been generally recognized as a lineal descendant of the last inca. It was overcome by treachery, and suppressed with remorseless barbarity.

The Indians joined in the colonial revolt against Spain, but the result of that movement produced no *independence* to them—they have now drawn off within themselves and await their time.

"Since the war of independence the Indians have made immense progress. During the civil war, which was kept up uninterruptedly for the space of twenty years, they were taught military manœuvres and the use of fire-arms. After every lost battle the retreating Indians carried with them in their flight their muskets, which they still keep carefully concealed. They are also acquainted with the manufacture of gunpowder, of which in all their festivals they use great quantities for squibs and rockets. The materials for the preparation of gunpowder are found in abundance in the valleys of the Sierra."—*Ib.*, p. 478.

Even the change of faith has in no way blended them with the foreign population which possesses the land of their fathers.

"The Christian religion has been spread among the Indians by force; and for centuries past they have regarded the priests only in the light of tyrants, who make religion a cloak for the most scandalous pecuniary extortions, and whose conduct is in direct opposition to the doctrines they profess. If they render to them unconditional obedience, accompanied by a sort of timid reverence, it is to be attributed less to the operation of the Christian principle than to a lingering attachment to the theocratic government of the incas, which has impressed the Peruvians with a sacred awe of religion."—*Ib.*, p. 482.

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But the traveller still contemplates the monuments of the departed magnificence and the wisdom of the incas' rule, and so far bears witness to the romance of their grandeur and the happiness of the people. The great military road from Cuzco to Quito may be traced by many remains throughout its vast length, crossing as it did the awful heights of the Cordillera, spanning with its pensile bridges the most terrific ravines, and throwing off to all the more important points its lateral branches, so as to afford the most complete means of communication, in the days when the llama was the only beast of burthen to the inhabitants of the whole empire. It was from twenty-five to thirty feet broad, paved with large flat stones. At every interval of about twelve paces there was a row of smaller stones laid horizontally and a little elevated, so that the road ascended, as it were, by a succession of terraces. It was edged on each side by a low parapet. Many of the stations for the messengers, who kept up a sort of human electric telegraph on this great road, are still entire. Each of these was on a hillock, and a signal being hoisted to the next station, the messenger was met half-way by one from that station, and so the intelligence travelled on with great rapidity. And not messages alone, but luxuries: "The royal table in Cuzco was served with fresh fish, caught in the sea near the Temple of the Sun in Xurin, a distance of more than 200 leagues from Cuzco." Besides these messenger-stations, vestiges of many of the broad round towers which were used for magazines of grain, are seen in the Altos of Southern and Central Peru. The aqueducts, by which the most barren sand-wastes and arid hills were converted into fruitful plantations, are to be traced throughout the whole of Peru. Where the water-courses have been destroyed, the limits of the Tapu lands (square fields of uniform size, surrounded by low stone walls) are discernible. These were the allotments to the people, which, according to their singular polity, were annually granted and resumed by the state. It is no wonder, indeed, that here and there these conduits have perished, if, as Dr. Tschudi was told, some of the water-pipes were of gold. But above all, there are vast remains of palaces, fortresses, and temples. "The walls of these edifices," writes Dr. Tschudi, "were built of square stones, so finely cut, and joined so closely together, that between any two there is not sufficient space to insert the edge of the thinnest paper." In the royal palace at Cuzco, and in the Temple of the Sun, there was a cement of melted gold and silver. In ordinary cases, however, the stones so poised and fitted were supported by their own weight. Dr. Tschudi supposes that these stones, some of which are from twelve to sixteen feet long, from eight to ten high, and of the same breadth, were worked by the friction of a harder stone, and afterwards polished by pyritous plants. They are of various shapes, some square, others polygonal, and even spherical. But how they were extracted from the quarry, or elevated to their present heights, passes his comprehension. The Peruvians seem to have been ignorant of the lever and of the pulley, and of all machinery of the kind: nothing therefore remains but the labor of thousands of men. If then Niebuhr's theory, that all such colossal works necessarily imply not merely a monarchical or aristocratic government, but an oppressive and tyrannical abuse of despotic power—(and the fortresses seem to have been more gigantic constructions than the temples)—we must make great reservations from the mild and beneficent and parental sway of the incas. Yet even then we can hardly close these two works without a painful and somewhat compunctious feeling: in the noble words of Mr. Wordsworth—

"Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away."

PUNCH ON THE SCARCITY OF MONEY.

We cannot help thinking that several persons have availed themselves of the scarcity of money as a welcome pretext for sending in their bills, and asking for "something on account." Christmas has this year been anticipated two full months. October, which used generally to be a quiet month, has been disturbed by all the dunning characteristics of January, and the excuse of every one who has invaded our "rest" with an application "for a trifle," has uniformly been that "money never was so scarce."

Bills, which used rarely to present themselves before new year's day, come every hour rushing in upon us, and they are all backed with the same apology, "Money never was so scarce."

Our Johnny came up yesterday and actually asked for his quarter's wages, which are not due till December. "Money," he said, "never was so scarce."

Our eldest son, to whom we make a handsome allowance every half-year, made the same appeal, though it was only in August that we paid him a stupendous sum in bank-notes. But what could we do? The dear boy put his arm round our neck, and playing with the one or two hairs we have left on our bald head, said, in his manliest tone, "I can assure you, governor, 'money never was so scarce.'"

Our dear wife, too, who has no reason to complain of the sum she draws from us every week, is sure to stop our mouth directly, if we cry out against the growing increase of the house-keeping expenses, with the popular chorus of "Money never was so scarce," accompanied with the benign recommendation "not to be a screw."

The same song is sung by persons who are indebted to us. We cannot get a penny of the innumerable debts of honor which are down upon our books. Young Snaffle, who owes us a considerable sum on this year's Derby, cannot pay us, for he says, "Money never was so scarce!" All our I. O. U.'s are worthless; they might as well be Spanish bonds, for what we shall be able to get upon them. Our publisher holds a manuscript of ours, (*Five Minutes in the Life of a Railway Stag.*) We thought there would be no harm in asking for £500 on account, as we had not touched a single sixpence, and the whole of the copy is in type; but the answer, confound it!—was, "Mr. ——'s compliments—but money never was so scarce," &c. &c.

We should not wonder that the reason why the eclipse was not visible in London was because money was so scarce. "It was n't going to show itself for nothing!"

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From Howitt's Journal.

JOHN BANVARD'S GREAT PICTURE.—LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

In the year 1840, a young man, hardly of age, took a small boat, and, furnished with drawing materials, descended the river Mississippi, resolved to gain for his country a great name in the kingdom of art. It had been said that America had no artists commensurate with the grandeur and extent of her scenery, and John Banvard, now in his little boat, set sail down the Mississippi, to prove how unfounded was this assertion.

We will now say something of his former life, which, with its hardships, disappointments, and privations, had fitted him for the accomplishment of his great undertaking. He was born in New York, and well-educated by his father, who was the pastor of Harvard Church, Boston. Being of delicate health in childhood, he was unable to enjoy the active out-of-doors sports of other boys, and accordingly amused himself by drawing, for which he very early showed a decided talent. Besides drawing, he devoted himself also to natural philosophy, and made some clever instruments for his own use, one of which was a camera obscura. His room was a perfect laboratory, or museum. He constructed a little diorama of the sea, on which he exhibited moving ships, and even a naval engagement. The money which was given him, he spent, not in toys and sweetmeats, but in the purchase of types for a little printing-press of his own construction, at which he printed hand-bills for his juvenile exhibitions.

The child was truly father of the man, in this, as in so many other cases. But he had much to pass through yet, before the promise of the boy could be developed in the accomplishments of the man. Banvard's father, like many another honest and unworldly man, entered into a partnership in trade, and soon after found himself pennyless; this unfortunate connection swept away all the frugal earnings of his life; his family were turned adrift upon the world, and with this heart-breaking knowledge he died. John was then fifteen, and, taking leave of his family, he set off into Kentucky, to seek his fortune; he tried first of all with an apothecary, but being detected drawing portraits on the wall with chalk instead of making up prescriptions, the apothecary dismissed him.

He then took to painting in earnest, but, unluckily, there was not sufficient taste for the fine arts in the West to maintain him; so meeting with some young men of his acquaintance, they took a boat, and set off down the river in search of adventures, and of these they had no lack—among others, narrowly escaping wreck during a storm. We next find him at the village of New Harmony, on the Wabash river, where, in company with three or four other youths, he built and fitted up a flat-boat, with some dioramic paintings of his own preparation, and then started down the Wabash, with the intention of coasting that river into the Ohio, and so down the Mississippi to New Orleans, exhibiting by the way their works of art to the scanty population of the wilderness. Although their boat was of their own manufacture, they were too poor to complete it entirely before they set out on their extraordinary expedition, but hoped to finish it out of their proceeds as they went along. They took with them such a supply of provisions as their means would afford, and this of course was small enough. The river was low, and none of them having descended the Wabash before, they were consequently ignorant of its navigation; they, therefore, were beset with all the perils of American river travelling, and at last found themselves fast on a sand-bar, and, at the same time, reduced to their last peck of potatoes. For two days they labored to get their boat off the bar, but in vain, and to add to their dilemma, over-exertion, together with being too long in the water, without food, threw poor Banvard into a violent fit of ague.

"The bar upon which they were," says the narrative before us, "was called the Bone-bar, because the bank of the river, immediately opposite, was full of organic remains. Some of the large bones were then protruding out of the side of the bank, in full view, and, as Banvard lay on the soft sand of the bar, which he found a more comfortable couch than the hard planks of the boat, his head burning with fever, and his limbs aching with pain, he looked at these gloomy relics of an antediluvian race, and felt as though his bones would soon be laid with them. At sunset, however, by good luck, the rest of the company got the boat over the bar, took Banvard aboard, and landed in the woods almost exhausted. Food was as scarce here as on the bar, and the weary party went supperless to bed. Next morning they started early, less anxious to exhibit their dioramic wonders, than to obtain something to eat. But they were on Wabash island, which is uninhabited, and where they only found some paw-paws, which, although his companions ate voraciously, Banvard, who was consumed with violent fever, could not touch."

Next day they sent their hand-bills to the village of Shawneetown, about seven miles inland, inviting the inhabitants to come down and see the wonderful exhibition that evening at the wharf; and, to their great joy, on coming within sight of the appointed place, they saw a large company assembled. Full of the hope of a good supper at last, they unfortunately made more haste than good speed, and ran their boat on a ledge of rocks at a short distance from the shore. The efforts of those on land, as well as of the luckless company on board, were ineffectual to free the boat, and the good people of Shawneetown went back to their homes without seeing the show, and, not much to the credit of their hospitality, the poor showmen again went to bed without a supper. Fortunately, a steamer passed them in the night, and the swell which it occasioned in the river lifting them off the rocks, they found themselves next morning eight miles below Shawneetown, and aground on the Cincinnati bar. Here, luckily, provisions were

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plentiful, and according to the American law of barter, the dioramic-exhibition was opened, and a bushel of potatoes, a fowl, or a dozen of eggs, sufficed for the admission fee. They now ate and drank, and made merry, and poor Banvard found, as we so often do, that adversity has its blessings; his long fast had starved the fever out of him, and in a few days he was quite well.

When the good people of Cincinnati were satisfied with seeing, and the exhibitors had laid in good store of provision, they again continued their voyage, stopping at the towns and villages along the shore, and amusing and astonishing the people by their show, and everywhere the people paid in kind for their amusement. It was no unusual thing for a family to come to see "the Show-boat," the father with a bushel of potatoes, the mother with a fowl, and the children with a pumpkin apiece as the price of their admission. This was a time of plenty and prosperity, but unlooked-for misadventures even there befell them. One night a mischievous fellow, while they were exhibiting, and the little boat was full of visitors, set it loose from the shore, and it thus drifted down the stream with its unconscious load, who were at length landed, to their inconceivable astonishment, several miles off, in a thick cane-brake.

Their next adventure was at Plumb-point, where the boat was attacked by a party of the Murell robbers, a large organized banditti, who infested the country for miles around, and here Banvard nearly lost his life. Several pistol-shots were fired at him, but being in the dark, none of them took effect, although several lodged in the deck of the boat within a few inches of him. After a desperate resistance, during which one of the robbers was shot, the boat was rescued, but one of the company received a severe wound with a bowie-knife.

Banvard continued with the boat till it arrived at the Grand Gulf, and then, finding no profit accruing to him from the expedition, he sold his interest in the company, and devoted himself to painting. He successively tried his fortune in New Orleans, Natchez, Cincinnati, and Louisville, and, having made some money, removed to St. Louis, where he lost every penny he had, but by what means we know not. This was a great blow, and affected his spirits so much, that once, at Cincinnati, he took a small boat, and started down the Ohio, without a farthing, living for several days upon the nuts he collected in the woods. After a series of many other strange adventures, he managed to gain three thousand dollars, and with this capital, he commenced his grand project of painting the panorama of the Mississippi.

And now, in the spring of 1840, when hardly more than twenty years of age, he set out with this capital, which he had gained by so much patient endurance, in a little boat, as we have said, with the implements of his art around him, resolved to transfer to canvass the glorious river-scenery with which he was so familiar, and, at the same time, to redeem his country from what he thought a severe charge against her. The idea of gain, we are assured, never at that time entered his mind; he was actuated alone by a patriotic and honorable ambition of producing for America the largest painting in the world; one which would represent on canvass the whole extent of the scenery of the Mississippi—a gigantic idea, which seems truly kindred to the illimitable forests, and vast rivers of his native land. The first step towards this great undertaking, was to make the necessary drawing. "For this purpose," we are told, "he had to travel thousands of miles alone in an open skiff, crossing and recrossing the rapid stream, in many places above two miles in breadth, to select proper points of sight from which to take his sketch; his hands became hardened with constantly plying the oar, and his skin as tawny as an Indian's, from exposure to the rays of the sun and the vicissitudes of the weather. He would be weeks together, without speaking to a human being, having no other company than his rifle, which furnished him with his meat from the game of the woods or the fowls of the river. When the sun began to sink behind the lofty bluffs, and evening to approach, he would select some secluded sandy cove, overshadowed by the lofty cotton wood, draw out his skiff from the water, and repair to the woods to hunt his supper. Having killed his game, he would return, dress, cook, and from some fallen log would eat it with his biscuit, with no other beverage than the wholesome water of the noble river that glided by him. Having finished his lonely meal, he would roll himself in his blanket, creep under his frail skiff, which he turned over to shield him from the night-dews, and with his portfolio of drawings for his pillow, and the sand of the bar for his bed, would sleep soundly till the morning; when he would arise from his lowly couch, eat his breakfast before the rays of the rising sun had dispersed the humid mist from the surface of the river—then would he start fresh to his task again. In this way he spent above four hundred days, making the preparatory drawings. Several nights during the time, he was compelled to creep from under his skiff where he slept, and sit all night on a log, and breast the pelting storm, through fear that the banks of the river would cave upon him, and to escape the falling trees. During this time, he pulled his little skiff more than two thousand miles. In the latter part of the summer he reached New Orleans. The yellow fever was raging in the city, but, unmindful of that, he made his drawing of the place. The sun the while was so intensely hot, that his skin became so burnt, that it peeled off from the back of his hands and from his face. His eyes became inflamed by such constant and extraordinary efforts, from which unhappy effects he has not recovered to this day. His drawings completed, he erected a building at Louisville, Kentucky, to transfer them to the canvass. His object in painting his picture in the West was to exhibit it to, and procure testimonials from, those who

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were best calculated to judge of its fidelity—the practical river-men; and he has procured the names of nearly all the principal captains and pilots navigating the Mississippi, freely testifying to the correctness of the scenery."

The following letter from an American gentleman, the bearer of government despatches to Oregon and California, addressed to his friend, General Morris, at New York, introduces the reader to the artist in his study, and will be read with interest.

St. Louis, April 13, 1846.

My Dear General—Here I am, in this beautiful city of St. Louis, and thus far "on my winding way" to Oregon and California. In coming down the Ohio, our boat being of the larger class, and the river at a "low stage" we were detained several hours at Louisville, and I took advantage of the detention to pay a visit to an old school-mate of mine, one of the master spirits of the age. I mean Banvard, the artist, who is engaged in the herculean task of painting a panorama of the Mississippi river, upon more than *three miles of canvass!*—truthfully depicting a range of scenery of upwards of two thousand miles in extent. In company with a travelling acquaintance, an English gentleman, I called at the artist's studio, an immense wooden building, constructed expressly for the purpose, at the extreme outskirts of the city. After knocking several times, I at length succeeded in making myself heard, when the artist himself, in his working cap and blouse, pallet and pencil in hand, came to the door to admit us. He did not at first recognize me, but when I mentioned my name, he dropped both pallet and pencil, and clasped me in his arms, so delighted was he to see me, after a separation of sixteen years.

My fellow-traveller was quite astonished at this sudden manifestation, for I had not informed him of our previous intimacy, but had merely invited him to accompany me to see in progress this wonder of the world, that is to be, this leviathan panorama. Banvard immediately conducted us into the interior of the building. He said he had selected the site for his building, far removed from the noise and bustle of the town, that he might apply himself more closely and uninterruptedly to his labor, and be free from the intrusion of visitors. Within the studio, all seemed chaos and confusion, but the life-like and natural appearance of a portion of his great picture was displayed on one of the walls in a yet unfinished state. Here and there were scattered about the floor piles of his original sketches, bales of canvass, and heaps of boxes. Paint-boxes, brushes, jars and kegs, were strowed about without order or arrangement, while along one of the walls several large cases were piled, containing rolls of finished sections of the painting. On the opposite wall was spread a canvass, extending its whole length, upon which the artist was then at work. A portion of this canvass was wound upon an upright roller, or drum, standing at one end of the building, and as the artist completes his painting, he thus disposes of it. Not having the time to spare, I could not stay to have all the immense cylinders unrolled for our inspection, for we were sufficiently occupied in examining that portion on which the artist is now engaged, and which is nearly completed, being from the mouth of Red river to Grand Gulf. Any description of this gigantic undertaking that I should attempt in a letter, would convey but a faint idea of what it will be when completed. The remarkable truthfulness of the minutest objects upon the shores of the rivers, independent of the masterly style, and artistical execution of the work, will make it the most valuable historical painting in the world, and unequalled, for magnitude and variety of interest, by any work that has ever been heard of since the art of painting was discovered. As a medium for the study of the geography of this portion of the country, it will be of inestimable value. The manners and customs of the aborigines and the settlers—the modes of cultivating and harvesting the peculiar crops—cotton, sugar, tobacco, etc.—the shipping of the produce in all the variety of novel and curious conveyances employed on these rivers for transportation—are here so vividly portrayed, that but a slight stretch of the imagination would bring the noise of the puffing steamboats from the river, and the songs of the negroes in the fields, in music to the ear, and one seems to inhale the very atmosphere before him. Such were the impressions produced by our slight and unfavorable view of a portion of this great picture, which Banvard expects to finish this summer. It will be exhibited in New York in the autumn—after which, it will be sent to London for the same purpose. The mode of exhibiting it is ingenious, and will require considerable machinery. It will be placed upon upright revolving cylinders and the canvass will pass gradually before the spectator, thus affording the artist an opportunity of explaining the whole work. After examining many other beautiful specimens of the artist's skill, which adorn his studio, we dined together in the city. As our boat was now ready to start, I shook hands with Banvard, who parted from me with feelings as sad as they had been before joyful. His life has been one of curious interest, replete with stirring incidents, and I was greatly amused in listening to anecdotes of his adventures on these western rivers, where, for many years past, he has been a constant sojourner, indefatigably employed in preparing his great work.

Selim Woodworth.

Of the river scenery which is thus represented in this wonderful picture, we may perhaps be allowed to say something; this we quote from a pamphlet before us:—

The Mississippi commences in many branches, that rise, for the most part, in wild rice lakes; but it traverses no great distance, before it has become a broad stream. Sometimes in its beginnings it moves a wide expanse of waters, with a current scarcely perceptible, along a marshy bed. At others, its fishes are seen darting over a white sand, in waters almost as transparent as air. At other times it is compressed to a narrow and rapid current between ancient and hoary limestone bluffs. Having acquired in a length of course, following its meanders, of three hundred miles, a width of half a mile, and having formed its distinctive character, it precipitates its waters down the falls of St. Anthony. Thence it glides alternately through beautiful meadows and deep forests, swelling in its advancing march with the tributes of a hundred streams. In its progress it receives a tributary which of itself has a course of more than a thousand leagues. Thence it rolls its accumulated, turbid, and sweeping mass of waters through continued forests, only broken here and there by the axe, in lonely grandeur to the sea. The hundred shores laved by its waters; the long course of its tributa-

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ries, some of which are already ths abodes of cultivation, and others pursuing an immense course without a solitary dwelling of civilized man being seen on its banks; the numerous tribes of savages that now roam upon its borders; the affecting and imperishable traces of generations that are gone, leaving no other memorial of their existence, or materials for their history, than their tombs, that rise at frequent intervals along its banks: the dim, but glorious anticipations of the future—these are subjects of contemplation that cannot but associate themselves with the view of this river.

After the junction of the Mississippi with the Missouri, the character of the river changes; it loses its majestic calmness, and rolls onward with a wild impetuosity. From Missouri to Balize, it is a wild, furious, whirling river, never navigated safely, except with great caution.

There is something very grand in the following description of this kingly river:—

If it be in the spring, when the river below the mouth of the Ohio is generally over its banks, although the sheet of water that is making its way to the gulf is perhaps thirty miles wide, yet finding its way through deep forests and swamps that conceal all from the eye, no expanse of water is seen but the width that is carved out between the outline of woods on either bank; and it seldom exceeds, and oftener falls short of, a mile. But when he sees, in descending from the falls of St. Anthony, that it swallows up one river after another, with mouths as wide as itself, without affecting its width at all; when he sees it receiving in succession the mighty Missouri, the broad Ohio, St. Francis, White, Arkansas, and Red rivers, all of them of great depth, length, and volume of water; when he sees this mighty river absorbing them all, and retaining a volume apparently unchanged, he begins to estimate rightly the increasing depths of current that must roll on its deep channel to the sea. Carried out of the Balize, and sailing with a good breeze for hours, he sees nothing on any side but the white and turbid waters of the Mississippi long after he is out of sight of land.

The natural scenery of the river presented rich material for Banvard's pencil; he was borne along by wild rice lakes and swamps, limestone bluffs and craggy hills; through deep pine forests and beautiful prairies, where the sole inhabitants were the elk, the buffalo, the bear, and the deer, and the wild Indians that pursue them.

This immense line of river forms a means of commercial intercourse between the country and New Orleans.

The boats of the Mississippi are so various in their kinds, and so curious in their construction, that it would be difficult to reduce them to specific classes and divisions. No form of water-craft so whimsical, no shape so outlandish, can well be imagined, but what, on descending to New Orleans, it may somewhere be seen lying to the shore, or floating on the river. The New York Canal is generating monstrous conceptions of this sort; and there will soon be a rivalry between the east and the west, which can create the most ingenious floating river-monsters of passage and transport.

But the boats of passage and conveyance, that remain after the invention of steamboats, and are still important to these objects, are keel-boats and flats. The flat-boats are called, in the vernacular phrase, "Kentucky Flats," or "Broad Horns." They are simply an oblong ark, with a roof slightly curved from the centre, to shed rain. They are generally about fifteen feet wide, and from fifty to eighty, and sometimes an hundred feet in length. The timbers of the bottom are massive beams; and they are intended to be of great strength, and to carry a burden of from two to four hundred barrels. Great numbers of cattle, hogs, and horses, are conveyed to market in them. We have seen family boats of this description, fitted up for the descent of families to the lower country, with a stove, comfortable apartments, beds, and arrangements for commodious habitancy. We see in them, ladies, servants, cattle, horses, sheep, dogs, and poultry, all floating on the same bottom; and on the roof, the looms, ploughs, spinning-wheels, and domestic implements of the family.

Much of the produce of the upper country, even after the invention of steam-boats, continues to descend to New Orleans in Kentucky flats. They generally carry three hands, and perhaps a supernumerary fourth hand—a kind of supercargo. This boat, in the form of a parallelogram, lying flat and dead in the water, and with square timbers below its bottom planks, and carrying such a great weight, runs on a sand bar with a strong headway, and ploughs its timbers into the sand; and it is of course a work of extreme labor to get the boat afloat again. Its form and its weight render it difficult to give it a direction with any power of oars. Hence, in the shallow waters it often gets aground. When it has at length cleared the shallow waters, and gained the heavy current of the Mississippi, the landing such an unwieldy water-craft, in such a current, is a matter of no little difficulty and danger.

All the toil, and danger, and exposure, and moving accidents of this long and perilous voyage, are hidden, however, from the inhabitants, who contemplate the boats floating by their dwellings on beautiful spring mornings, when the verdant forest, the mild and delicious temperature of the air, the delightful azure of the sky of this country, the fine bottom on the one hand, and the romantic bluff on the other, the broad and smooth stream rolling calmly down the forest, and floating the boat gently forward, present delightful images and associations to the beholders. At this time there is no visible danger, or call for labor. The boat takes care of itself; and little do the beholders imagine how different a scene may be presented in half an hour. Meantime, one of the hands scrapes a violin, and the others dance. Greeting, or rude defiances, or trials of wit, or proffers of love to the girls on shore, or saucy messages are scattered between them and the spectators along the banks. The boat glides on until it disappears behind the point of wood. At this moment, perhaps, the bugle, with which all the boats are provided, strikes up its note in the distance over the water. These scenes, and these notes echoing from the bluffs of the noble Mississippi, have a charm for the imagination, which, although heard a thousand times repeated, at all hours and positions, present the image of a tempting and charming youthful existence, that naturally inspires a wish to be a boatman.

We have given at the head of this article an engraving of one of these peculiar boats, with its "jolly flat-boat men," for which we are indebted

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to a kind American friend, who has also furnished us with the material for the present article. In speaking of these boats, who does not immediately call to mind the well-known songs of the boatmen on these American rivers, with their merry and yet half-melancholy airs, and which, like all music which is truly national, have grown out of the life of the people, and are imbued with the spirit of the scenery in which they have sprung.

These boats come from regions thousands of miles apart. They have floated to a common point of union. The surface of the boats covers some acres. Fowls are fluttering over the roofs as invariable appendages. The piercing note of the chanticleer is heard; the cattle low; the horses trample as in their stables; the swine utter the cries of fighting with each other; the turkeys gobble; the dogs of a hundred regions become acquainted. The boatmen travel about from boat to boat, make inquiries and acquaintances, agree to "lash boats," as it is called, and form alliances to yield mutual assistance to each other on the way to New Orleans. After an hour or two passed in this way, they spring on shore, to "raise the wind" in the village. If they tarry all night, as is generally the case, it is well for the people of the town if they do not become riotous in the course of the evening; in which case, strong measures are adopted, and the proceedings on both sides are summary and decisive. With the first dawn, all is bustle and motion; and amidst shouts, and trampling of cattle, and barking of dogs, and crowing of the fowls, the fleet is in half an hour all under weigh; and when the sun rises, nothing is seen but the broad stream rolling on as before. These boats unite once more at Natchez and New Orleans; and although they live on the same river, it is improbable that they will ever meet again on the earth.

These, however, are not the only boats which navigate the river; the steam-boats of the Mississippi are remarkable for their immense size, as if built to correspond with the magnitude of the river; their style is also that of extreme elegance and splendor, and nothing, we are assured, can surpass the delights of a trip in one of them.

Such is the scenery, and such the life, on the river which employed Banvard for upwards of a year. Returning now to the time when this undaunted young man was transferring his sketches to his wonderful canvass, we have still a few words to say. His money fell short just before he had finished, and he could not get credit even for a few pieces of canvass to complete it. He, therefore, took other work, and painted insignia for a club of Odd Fellows, to furnish him with the means. During the whole time, indeed, he was obliged to practise the most rigid economy. He could not afford to hire a menial assistant, and, therefore, after it was too dark to paint, he was obliged to split his own wood, and carry water for his own use.

The history of the exhibition also, when the three miles of picture were finished, is curious, and furnishes another illustration of the necessity there is never to despair. When first it was opened, not a single person thought it worth while to visit it. The weather too was bad, and the poor artist met with ill omens on every hand. The tide, however, turned, as it most assuredly *will* turn, in all cases where success is deserved, and the young artist is now reaping a golden harvest as his least reward.

A CRY FROM THE CONDEMNED CELL.

[The Case of Mary Ann Hunt.—It having been satisfactorily ascertained, after a proper medical examination, that there is every reason to believe that this wretched woman is quick with child, her execution is stayed by order of the sheriffs of London and Middlesex. —*Times.*]

Two prisoners in a cell,
Where felons doom'd to die
Are garner'd for the gibbet, dwell;
The time of each is nigh.
A murderess and a babe unborn within that dungeon lie.

Ere this the wretch had died,
But that the law abstains
From taking human life, whose tide
Doth flow in guiltless veins.
The hangman therefore waits till she hath passed her travail's pains.

Prepare the bed, and see
The woman that ye tend;
And then prepare the gallows-tree,
To be the felon's end,
Soon as a mother's anguish shall have ceased her frame to rend.

Prepare the swathing-bands,
The hempen cord prepare;
Alike ye need the hangman's hands,
The nurse's tender care:
The infant to the cradle—to the drop the mother bear.

Oh! weary day on day,
For this unhappy soul,
To count the hours that pass away,
To watch the moments roll;
And view through childbirth's agonies the scaffold as her goal.

Her crime, though nought can screen,
Yet, ere her course be run,
Think what her sufferings will have been
For all that she hath done.
Surely Death's bitterness is past with that most wretched one.

Think on the anguish dread
That hath avenged her deed;
Think how that woman's heart hath bled,
If "blood for blood" you need,
And "eye for eye, and tooth for tooth," be still your law and creed.

Punch.

The passions, like heavy bodies down steep hills, once in motion, move themselves, and know no ground but the bottom.—*Fuller.*

Those who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement, will find these trifles become at last their most serious concerns.—*Goldsmith.*

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CHAPTER VI.

THERE was, once upon a time, a foolish gardener who had made a vow in his heart that he would cultivate no flowers. Herbs and fruits he planted in abundance; all that was good for food, or profitable for medicine, he tended with sedulous care; but the beauty wherewith God has enriched the earth, and the perfume which that beauty sheds forth upon the air as a thanksgiving, these were proscribed and exiled. In other words, the garden was filled with all that could minister to the body, but the influences that minister to the spirit were not suffered to enter it. And the gardener dwelt in the midst of it, and thought scorn of all who did not as he did; his life was labor without a charm, and if he saw the queenly rose, or the bounteous violet, or the holy passion-flower, adorning the gardens of his neighbors, he said in his heart, "Aha! the fools; they are spending all their toil on that whose only worth lies in its beauty, and the first east wind or over-sultry sun may destroy it forever!" and then he would go back to his potato beds with a cold, unloving self-satisfaction, and dig and water them; and if the sun parched the leaves, or the canker or the caterpillar injured the young shoots, he heeded it not, for the value of the plant was in its root, and that remained uninjured. It was said that in former days this gardener had dearly loved the beautiful flowers, but that a deadly canker had destroyed those which he favored most, and this was the reason why he was so stern and bitter against them, and had uprooted them all, and cast them away, and sworn that there should be no more flowers in his garden. But this was not certain, for there was a mystery over his early days, and no one rightly knew whence had arisen that strange hatred of the kindly and innocent flowers, whose very existence seems to be pure love, inasmuch as they live but to be beautiful and fragrant, and yet can know nothing of their own fragrance or beauty. Truly, it is almost as if one should try to hate the little babes whom God sends into the world to force men to learn the sweetness of loving, in order that they may afterwards open their hearts more widely and receive the good influence more plentifully.

There came a bird through the air by night—doubtless an angel guided it—and it carried in its beak a tiny root, which it dropped into the soft newly-turned earth of that flowerless garden; and when the gardener arose in the morning some few days afterwards, behold, a small green shoot forcing its way upward through the soil! At first he knew not what it was, and he tended and watered it like his other plants, but as it grew taller he began to perceive, from the grace and tenderness of its shape, from the delicate green of the young buds, from the soft texture of the leaves, that it was indeed a flower, and that its life was in its beauty. Then a strange deep joy took possession of his soul, for this had come to him unawares and unsought; he received it as a gift, he considered it almost as a miracle, and all the care and labor and vigilance which others expended on their whole gardens he centred and lavished on this solitary flower. There grew up in his heart a love stronger than ever his hatred had been, and as the flower grew, his love waxed stronger, till it seemed to absorb his whole being; he guarded his treasure like the infancy of a queen, he sheltered it alike from the cold and the heat, no insect was suffered to rest upon its stem, no other plant to approach within the circle which his cautious hand had drawn around it. And at last it was covered with buds; they were long, slender, and of snowy whiteness, and one, the topmost, cresting the plant with its small upward-pointing spire, seemed ready to burst into bloom. Oh, how the gardener's heart burned within him as the moment which should crown his hopes drew near! He arose from a dream in which he had beheld the alabaster cup of stainless loveliness spread forth as a couch for the moonbeams, which could not silver it with a more lustrous whiteness than that which it possessed by nature—he hurried to his darling—the cup was indeed open, the blossom had indeed expanded, but in the midst of it was a great green canker! The gardener stood still for a moment, stunned and despairing; then he plucked up by the roots the fair plant, with all its unopened buds, and flung it from him far over the wall, far as his arm could reach, and returned in silence to his house.

And the poor uprooted lily, what became of it?

On the morning appointed for that fancy bazaar to which reference has been so often made, Philip Everard was on his way to Selcombe Park. He had been detained at Marseilles by a summons to attend the death-bed of his mother.

Of the scenes which he had there undergone we will say little, save that they had left him in no mood to judge gently of those frivolities and follies of life which have such power to make a death-bed terrible. Comfortless seemed the past—well-nigh hopeless the future; yet had they not availed to solemnize the present; and the disfigurements which death was inflicting on the body seemed more grievous to the dying woman than those which life had left upon the soul! But from these painful and degrading recollections, Philip Everard turned his mind when he set foot on the shores of England, and, for the first time in his life of discipline and self-restraint, gave himself up wholly to the anticipation of coming happiness. The very strictness of his habit of reserve in all matters of feeling gave intensity and completeness to this solitary self-indulgence, as the narrowness of the one outlet causes the torrent to flow with a more irresistible force. In like manner the bitterness and scorn of his distrust of human nature in general seemed to deepen, and to perfect the fulness of his confidence in the one object of his love. He first idealized Edith, and then worshipped his ideal. The feelings, the hopes, the beliefs, which had been blighted and suppressed whenever and wherever they had tried to struggle into being hitherto, had now found a green spot where they might break into abundant bloom and luxuriant growth; and in that one spot were they all contained. He had placed her image in a sanctuary in the inmost depth of his heart, and the three years of separation had been passed not merely in guarding the portal with duteous service, and expelling all profane intrusion of unseemly thoughts or words, but also in conveying to the temple every idea of nobleness or purity which he either conceived or encountered, and making it an attribute or a garment of the divinity within. Here was repose, here beauty, here perfect faith and love unfeigned, and exhaustless sympathy—here, in short, were answered all those needs of the spirit which life everywhere suggests and nowhere supplies.

With ingenuity, ceaseless, profound, unconscious, all that he beheld, either of good or evil, was by him converted into aliment for this, the secret life of his heart. If beauty, hers was more faultless; if wit, hers more delicate; if gentleness, hers more inherent and unforced; if constancy, hers more

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infallible; if elevation of soul, in hers he believed with a faith more unquestioning and unconquerable; while, on the other hand, if he encountered worldliness or heartlessness, or littleness, or frivolity, was not the thought of her whom none of these things had touched, or could touch, grateful as the sound of waters at noon-day? And now, shading his eyes with his hand, as the quick wheels brought him nearer and nearer to the realization of his dream, he suffered his fancy to revel in the details of the past, not as it had been for him, but as he imagined it to have been for Edith. He went back in idea to the hour of their separation; the whole scene in the boudoir was before him; Kinnaird cordial and encouraging; Aunt Peggy kind and tender; and the bowed and weeping figure on the sofa, the broken music of whose voice seemed still to ring in his ears the delicious assurance that he was indeed beloved. He saw her go forth from that chamber with a secret in her heart, deep and precious as his own; he watched her gradual recovery from the bitterness of her first anguish—her resumption of strength and composure, at least outwardly—her vigilant tending and nourishing of the fire within. He saw her in society but not of it, moving on with a graceful and courteous indifference, marvelled at by all for her unconsciousness of her own singular beauty, and her total carelessness of attention and admiration. He saw her walking by a light which others knew not, governed by a law which was a mystery to all save herself, growing daily in strength and purity of character, seeking, as far as she might, to withdraw from the bustle and the gayety around her, that she might quietly cultivate the tastes which he would encourage, and form herself upon the model which he approved; and his proud heart whispered to him that so and so only would he be loved. Never once did a doubt of the reality of the picture obtrude itself; never once did his mind misgive him as to the reasonableness of his demands; never once did it occur to him that he was contemplating a reflection of himself, softened indeed and beautiful, but still possessing features of a cast more high, more serene, more severe in their nobleness, than any that he had seen in Edith. He considered not that the freshness of character which had so fascinated him in her, was rather the bloom of a flower that has never felt the heat, than the brightness of gold that has been seven times purified by fire; more lovely and alluring, perhaps, but wanting that inward law of stability which should enable it to endure the withdrawal of the influences by which it had been cherished, without failure or decay. No; his steadfast faith knew no tremor; his bright hope, no dimness; his perfect love, no fear. Alas, alas! and have we dared to vindicate woman from the common charges brought against her? Let us confess, with shame, that when she is weak, her weakness is indeed great; greater, even, than her strength when she is strong.

At the lodge of Selcombe Park Everard was informed of the bazaar; to which piece of news was added the somewhat unwelcome intelligence, that two stalls were to be held by the "celebrated beauties, Miss Kinnaird and Miss Glamis," whose names were bandied about on the tongues of the passers in and out, as the acknowledged attractions of the day—subjected to such discussion and comparison as if they had been favorite horses on a race-course. His severe delicacy was pained, and his temper ruffled; but he put away the unpleasant thought, and dismissing his carriage, and pulling his hat over his brows, resolved to steal in among the crowd, and, if possible, obtain a sight of Edith, unperceived and unrecognized. He felt that he could not announce himself to her in the midst of a scene like this, yet his impatience would not suffer him to wait till the evening without seeing her. Perhaps, too, there was especial sweetness to a man of his reserved, sensitive, and romantic temperament, in the idea of this silent and unsuspected indulgence of feeling. So he walked quietly through the green alleys of the garden, till he reached the principal tent, which was erected on a spacious lawn, in front of the house; here, gliding from entrance to entrance, and cautiously looking in, he at last found an opening which commanded a full view of the counter at which Edith presided, and was so near as to be within sound of her voice. At this spot he stationed himself, partly concealed by some of the ornamental drapery of the tent.

Edith was seated, a little fatigued with the morning's exertion; her costume was elaborate and magnificent; her beauty in its fullest splendor; Mr. Thornton, leaning with an air of perfect intimacy on the back of her chair, was playing with her bouquet, and from time to time addressing her with a low, almost whispered, comment on the scene around. Lord Vaughan stood near, with a half-sullen expression of face, keeping watch over her with the steadfastness, and with scarcely more than the amiability, of a bulldog, evidently suffering from what he saw, yet unable or unwilling to resign the power of seeing it. A crowd of gentlemen was grouped around the counter, the front rank constantly changing its place, as fresh comers pressed in from behind; and for each who addressed her, Edith had a smile, or a repartee, or a sentence delivered with such sparkling coquetry of manner, that it sounded like a repartee till analyzed, to complete the conquest which her beauty had begun. She was evidently and undisputedly the centre of attraction, and her consciousness of this served to excite rather than to embarrass her; while the fact, that she had carried away the palm from her handsome but quiet and inanimate rival, (concerning whom Mr. Thornton had exhibited just sufficient interest to pique her into an effort to retain him at her side,) added a secret stimulus to her enjoyment of the universal homage which she would probably have been ashamed to confess, even to herself. Such was the sight which met Philip Everard's keen, fastidious eye; let us now record a few of the words which greeted his ears.

"Will you add one treasure more to my purchases?" inquired a gentleman of distinguished appearance, for whom Edith was collecting sundry trifles, which, after a long examination as much of the seller as of the wares, he had selected. Her eyes expressed inquiry, and he answered them by laying on the counter a bank-note far exceeding in amount the value of what he had bought, and saying expressively, "One flower from your bouquet!"

"I wish I might find many more such customers," cried Edith, as with a laugh and a slight blush she gave him a rosebud. "My flowers would be very much at their service."

No further encouragement was needed, and the nosegay was rapidly dismembered, the eager buyers only stipulating that each flower should be received from her own hand. Laughter and compliments resounded on all sides, as, standing up, she distributed them with inimitable grace. When she came to the last, however, she retained it, saying, as she placed it in her brooch, "I must have one for myself, you know." She turned as she spoke to Lord

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Vaughan, whose visibly darkening countenance had attracted her attention. "I am keeping the only one which has a meaning," said she, playfully pointing to the flower, a forget-me-not, "and the rest I have felt in duty bound to sacrifice for the good of the institution."

"Was it really a sacrifice?" asked he, in a low voice.

"Of course it was," she replied. "Nobody likes to part with a present."

He looked half appeased, and Mr. Thornton now demanded her attention. "I congratulate you on your conquest," said he.

"Who is he?" answered Edith, her eyes following the footsteps of her retreating admirer.

"The Duke of ——," mentioning a nobleman well known for his wealth, his connoisseurship, and his admiration of beauty.

"I suppose I ought to be proud of it," said she, a little disdainfully. "But, Mr. Thornton, I am affronted with *you*. Why did n't you buy one of my flowers? Did you think them quite valueless?"

"Not valueless, but invaluable," returned he. "I could not have presumed to set a price upon them: besides, I am expecting you to give me that last relique of the nosegay, which is the only one I wish to possess."

"You are sanguine!" said she, laughing.

"I know I am," replied Thornton. "But you won't disappoint me, I am sure. I really ask it, and it is but a trifle to you."

"I will give you a whole bouquet, if you like," said Edith, taking one from the counter.

"No, no," he rejoined; "I want that one particular flower. I have set my heart upon it, or my fancy, if you like the word better. Just that one little flower—is it so serious a matter? Won't you indulge me?"

Edith lowered her voice. "I don't want to make a trifle into a matter of importance," said she; "but I am really a little afraid of annoying Lord Vaughan, who gave me the bouquet."

"Nay, that is a mere excuse," replied Thornton. "When you have sold all the rest to strangers, you won't give one solitary item to a friend. Is Lord Vaughan's good or ill temper a cause of so much anxiety to you?"

Edith turned away, a little displeased.

"Do you really refuse me?" persisted he.

"I really do," she answered. "You seem to think no one could refuse you anything."

"If I did think so," retorted he, "I have learned my folly." And with a degree of temper for which Edith was not prepared, he withdrew his arm from her chair, and sauntered away. At this moment Mrs. Dalton came to take Edith's place, in order that she might go into the house and get some refreshment. Frank Kinnaird, who, from another part of the tent, had been watching her proceedings with vast dissatisfaction, advanced to give her his arm so quickly as to forestall the rest of her companions. Edith hesitated and lingered; she saw Mr. Thornton at a little distance, talking with much vivacity to Miss Glamis. Had her heart been interested, she might have moved away with her brother, and hidden her secret bitterness of feeling under an outward indifference, or even coldness; as it was, she had no deeper grief than a little wounded vanity, with which was mixed a good deal of amusement, and a lurking consciousness of power. She looked at Mr. Thornton till she caught his eye, and then held up the forget-me-not, with a smile. He instantly approached her, and extended his hand imploringly. "I never said I was going to give it to you," said she, laughing.

"No; but you looked it."

"Pray come, Edith," interposed Frank, brusquely; "it is past two o'clock, and you will be quite exhausted. Mr. Thornton, I beg you won't detain her."

Had Frank been away, his sister would assuredly have behaved better; as it was, the spirit of wilfulness rose strong within her, and as she walked away with him, which indeed she could not avoid doing, she tossed the flower to Mr. Thornton with a smile and a shake of the head, as if she would warn him against deriving too much encouragement from the action. They passed close to the spot where Everard stood without observing him. How often do we pass, unconsciously, by the place wherein our whole future is sealed up!

"Edith," exclaimed Frank, "have you no consideration for my opinion—no recollection of what I said to you? If Everard were here—" her garment was brushing him at the very moment. How did he listen for her answer!

"I will not be forever threatened with Captain Everard," said she, veiling the real feelings which his name always stirred within her, under an appearance of petulance. "You will make me weary of the very sound of his name."

"Edith, I am ashamed of you!" began her brother.

"Oh! Frank, Frank, do spare me these ceaseless lectures," interrupted she; and ere she finished the sentence they were out of hearing. Everard stood still; he was a little pale, but outwardly quite calm. He was bearing the destruction of the idea on which his soul had been living for three years, and he had no leisure to be agitated. In another moment he was startled by the sound of his own name.

"Ah! Everard, how came you here? I did n't know you were in England!"

It was Mr. Delamaine, an old acquaintance. Everard quietly responded to his civilities, and would have left him, but was not suffered to escape so easily.

"Have you seen the rival belles?" inquired his tormentor. "There—look to your left—that little delicate girl with the auburn ringlets just saved from red, the blue eyes and dark brows, and complexion like a miniature painting. Very pretty, is n't she, for a blonde? She is the daughter of Ralph Glamis, who married a niece of Lord Fife. He was Colonel of the —th Lancers in the year fifteen, got his arm hurt at Waterloo, sold out, and took an ice-house sort of a place somewhere in the Highlands. She has n't a penny; but she is very much thought of."

At another time Everard might have inquired into the connection or discrepancy between these two characteristics of Miss Glamis; but as it was, the words of Delamaine were like the sound of a wheel in his ears, tiresome, ceaseless, and unmeaning. We are not prepared to assert that the simile would have been inapplicable to them at any other time. He continued, however, too rapidly for his victim to elude him.

"But the other—Edith Kinnaird (why do you shiver so, man! are you cold?) ah, she 's not here now, but you 'll see her in a few minutes. She is really a magnificent creature—astonishingly handsome, upon my word, but *such* a coquette!" (Mr.

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Delamaine had, in the last day or two, awakened to the fact that he had not a chance of winning Edith's favor; and as his heart was not very deeply interested in the matter, the only result was that he felt just sufficiently mortified to be a somewhat bitter judge of her demeanor.) "Do you see that man standing by the counter, with the forget-me-not in his hand? He is desperately in love with her, and she with him; but it 's quite a question whether Lord Vaughan's title won't carry the day with her, after all."

"Are you speaking from conjecture, Mr. Delamaine?" asked Everard, with a kind of desperate quietness.

"Conjecture, my dear fellow! I have been staying in the house with them these four weeks, and have watched the whole proceeding. They are devoted to each other—scarcely asunder for five minutes. He has been painting her portrait, and she has been giving him lessons in German. Her whole costume of this morning was chosen by his taste. I was present at the selection, and I must say I never did see such an accomplished flirt as she is in my life. All this time she has contrived to keep that poor fellow Vaughan—who, between ourselves, is not the brightest man in the world—in doubt whether she likes him or no. She tried the same thing with me, at first; but it would n't do, you know" (with a most Burleigh-like shake of the head.) "No, no: I am rather too old to play at that game."

Everard could endure no more. He saw Frank Kinnaird on the lawn at no great distance, and, breaking abruptly away from Delamaine, who stared after him in mute and half-indignant wonder, he hurried to join his friend. Mechanically replying to the latter's vehement expressions of surprise and delight, he grasped his arm, and led him rapidly away from the public part of the grounds till they had reached a retired walk out of sight and hearing of the throngs of visitors. Here, suddenly dropping his arm, and looking him earnestly in the face, he said, with a trembling voice—

"Frank, what is all this about your sister? Tell me the truth, and tell me at once! No!" he added, with a sudden change of tone, "you need n't tell me anything: your face speaks for you—and for her."

"My dear Philip," cried poor Frank, whose embarrassment was most painful, "I really don't know what you mean. Nothing has happened to justify this—"

"Stop," interrupted his friend. "One word is enough—is she TRUE to me?" And he pronounced the word with a tremendous emphasis, that told how great and how deep was the idea contained in it.

"I assure you, upon my honor," said Frank, "she has never expressed the slightest approximation to a wish to be freed from her engagement."

"Expressed! wished to be free!" cried Everard, with fiery bitterness. "Would you have me content with this! I, who—but no matter! If the thoughts of the heart be false, what signify the words of the mouth! They were mine, the thoughts of *her* heart—mine, all of them; and she had a full exchange for them. If one of them had but for one moment of time been untrue to me, it had been a grievous wrong, scarcely to be atoned. And now, I am to be satisfied because the—*change* has not deliberately shaped itself into language! I am to be thankful, not that she professes her truth, but that she does not proclaim her falsehood! It is cold comfort, Frank—I cannot live upon a negative."

"Everard, you are unjust!" exclaimed Frank. "You have no right to apply such phraseology to Edith. Her head has been turned by admiration, but her heart is uninjured; and I am quite sure that one hour of your presence would be enough to disenchant her."

"Less than an hour of her presence has been enough to disenchant me," returned Everard, in a calmer but not less bitter tone. "I have been seeing, hearing, judging for myself. And for this I am come home!" added he, with deepening gloom, and speaking as if to himself.

During this brief conversation they had been walking quickly along one of the paths which conducted them to the house, and they now issued forth upon the terrace at the very moment in which Edith was crossing it to rejoin her party in the tent. Her eyes met those of Everard. Both stood still, as if transfixed.

Frank hurried to meet her, and, taking her by both hands, drew her almost forcibly forwards. The idea suddenly occurred to him, that if he could but bring them together, all would be well; she would return at once to the singleness of devotion which he demanded, while he would not be able to retain his wrath in the actual presence of one so beautiful and so beloved. Vaguely but vividly the thought darted through his mind, and he said in a hasty whisper to his sister, as he compelled her to advance, "It is Everard, Edith. Do not be agitated—command yourself: your folly has well-nigh lost him, but only do what is wise and right, and he will be yours again instantly. Tell him that you confess you have been in fault, and are sorry for it."

The stern pale countenance and immovable figure of Everard gave mute confirmation to his friend's words. He was there as a judge, and there was the sentence of condemnation in his eyes. Let it be remembered that Edith's conscience, which vanity and temper had helped to blind, had never once accused her of sin against him; that her heart had been true to him all the while, though not with *such* truth as he required; that her estimate of the homage and confidence which he owed her was measured rather by what she ought to have been and by what she believed herself to be, than by what she was. The lightest suspicion of her seemed to her as deep an injury as though her faith had been kept, during these three years, as scrupulously and duteously as his own. Quivering with agitation in every limb, she said, as she struggled to disengage herself from her brother's grasp—

"Let Captain Everard speak for himself. I shall not be ashamed to answer him."

Even then—so dearly did he love her—a soft word might have disarmed him; but her manner was haughty in the extreme, from the very tumult of the feelings which her woman's pride was laboring to suppress. He felt it to be only a confirmation of what he had himself witnessed and heard.

"I have but a few words to say," returned he, in a slow, calm voice, his eyes riveted upon her shrinking face. "For the second time, I pronounce you free from all bonds to me."

The allusion was almost too much for Edith's self-command. Her heart swelled within her; but ever present was the bitter and indignant thought, "He has ceased to care for me, and shall I show that I care for him?" One emotion of penitence might have saved her; but she had it not, *because* she believed him, not herself, to be guilty. Bowing her head, she replied—

"It is enough: I wish to do the same by you."

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A passion passed over his face, sudden, convulsive, electrical; perhaps till he heard those words he had scarcely realized the truth of what he had seen. Instinctively, and without deliberate intention or absolute consciousness, he stepped forward, took her hand between his own, pressed it once fervently, then flung it from him, and, without another word, was gone. Frank seemed irresolute whether to follow him or remain with his sister, who had staggered against a tree, and was holding by it as if for support. But she turned and fled from him as though she feared him, rushed to her own room, and, having locked the door, fell involuntarily upon her knees, though she had not calmness for prayer, buried her face in her hands, and seemed to court the tears which would not come to her relief.

And here we leave her. Shall we pity her? We may fairly do so. We pity the child who, ten times warned, plays on the shore without once looking to the rising waters till they have ingulfed him and shut out all hope of escape. The sin which causes misery should at the same time deepen pity, because it cuts away all support from the miserable, except that which is to be gradually and painfully attained by repentance. Little can pride avail when the soul is left desolate; and self-*satisfaction* (unlike self-*approval*) is feebler still. These may mould the outward demeanor into coldness and calmness, but they do but enhance and embitter the struggle within, by adding to it elements of pure evil, which retard and hinder the process of restoration, in itself painful enough. Edith was stunned. Even now she could scarcely believe that she had indeed seen him, and that such words had passed between them. Again and again she told herself that she was wronged—again and again the might of a shadowy and unacknowledged truth put her to silence. But the result was in either case the same. The one prop was broken, the one light quenched—the beauty, the hope, the life of life was gone. Nothing was left but darkness, without a guide; and a heavy burthen, with no strength to bear it. At last she wept, and the tears were of utter misery, without softness, without comfort—a bodily revulsion, leaving the heart still parched and burning, as by a destructive fire.

It was thus that Philip Everard and Edith Kinnaird parted for the second time.

NO. V.

CHAPTER I.

THE broad slopes of Beechwood Park were swept by many passages of green light, many a tree-shadow lay smooth and sharply cut upon the sward, and the foliage was burning with the myriad hues of sunset and autumn, which, like the graces developed in the soul by time and discipline, tell of springtide and morning departed—of night and decay drawing near. Edith sat with Mrs. Dalton at the foot of a huge oak-tree, and from the shadow of that natural cloister looked forth upon the brightness of the world as a spectacle in which her soul took no part. She was out of tune with the harmonies of nature, and the discordant voice of her heart was not yet so put to silence that she could listen to the strain in which she was unable to join. Her face and attitude seemed the very embodiment of weariness without repose. One restless hand was busied in plucking the moss and harebells which grew beside her, the other lay idly in her lap, and her eyes were fixed upon a group of crouching deer in the distance, with a steadfast vacantness which betokened that the soul had interposed some image of its own between them and the object on which they seemed to gaze. Woe to those to whom nature is but a mirror wherein they see themselves reflected! How can the antidote avail if we persevere in mixing with it the very poison which it is intended to counteract? Yet we must not throw it from us in despair, but rather wait patiently, and purify it by degrees, if we desire to obtain our cure from it. We are like persons who look out upon the night through the windows of a gayly-lighted drawing-room. At first we see nothing but the candles and the open work-boxes on the table, but if we gaze steadily, by degrees the shapes of the solemn hills, and the dim whiteness of starlight, come into view; we discern the clustering of trees and the level space of lawns, and at last the moon soars up from the horizon and shakes silver light from her wings, till the earth shines with a pure and mellow glory, like the brow of a risen saint. After this, can we go back to the candles again?

"What an evening!" cried Amy; "the repose of moonlight without its coldness—the glow of day without its heat and bustle! I never seem to feel the life of Nature so acutely as at sunset—one hears the very pulses of her great heart beating on the silence like a curfew bell."

"But one must stop the very pulses of one's own heart in order to hear them," returned Edith, a little abruptly; "I don't know what is meant by the life of Nature. I could much sooner fancy in her a deadness so oppressive as to make her chiefest beauties of a melancholy rather than a joyful character."

"Nay," said Amy, "but the whole of Nature is a mystery; and where there is mystery there can be no deadness."

"Yet death is the greatest mystery of all," suggested Edith.

"Only because of the life shut up in it. Gradual decay, and final dissolution, were a sight easily comprehended, though strange and sad, if we could separate them from the idea of a life which, once begun, must needs continue. The most complicated and accurate machine that ever was constructed is but a puzzle easily explained, because the source of its action is not a living principle within it. The meagre corpse—the machine which does not and cannot act at all—is a profound mystery, because there has been life in it, and the life is gone, and we know not where it is."

Edith sighed heavily. "If there be a heart in Nature," said she, in a light but bitter tone, "it is a very unsympathizing heart; perhaps it is more human for that very reason. You go out among the woods and fields when you are happy, and the quivering lights and dancing shadows—the blue sky fretted with bars of silver cloud—the low symphony of bees and waters, bearing up, as it were, the exulting vocal chorus of birds—all these things delight you and tell you that the earth is rejoicing with you. Go out when you are sorrowful, and not a light shall be quenched, not a cloud deepened not a bird silenced. You are neither missed nor welcomed; there is neither scorn nor sympathy; there is a quiet, changeless indifference to you and all your troubles; and you may die, if you please and of a broken heart too, (if people ever do die of such a disease,) and this Mother Nature, as she is satirically called, cares nothing for it. She is just the same—and perhaps while your coffin is being let down beneath her green sward, she renews the

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very same magic effect of light and shade—the same transparent gleam of perishable beauty, which caught and chained your eye the last time you visited her in life. No, no; if I were unhappy I should wish to live in a little dark room, and never see the sunshine!"

"That would be a most scientific method of increasing your unhappiness," replied her friend. "Like the Irishman who said, 'I will be killed, I will be killed, and nobody shall help me.'"

"You may laugh at it if you like," cried Edith, with unusual petulance; "but ridicule, you know, is not argument. What possible comfort, now, could a man whose heart was really heavy derive from looking at a particular arrangement of forms and colors, or listening to a particular combination of sounds?"

"You might just as well ask what possible melody could be made out of the seven notes of the scale," answered Mrs. Dalton. "But it is folly to try to give a reason for all one's feelings."

"I do not understand you," said Edith; "I don't know on what principle you insist upon having reasons for some things and not for others. It was just the same with Mr. Thornton. Where art or feeling are concerned you seem to recognize mysteries beyond reason, and to believe without trying to understand; but it is not so in anything else; religion, for instance——"

"My dear Edith," interrupted Mrs. Dalton, rather warmly, "you could not make a greater mistake than in attributing to me a want of faith. It is contrary to my nature to doubt. I live by believing. But religion, you know, must not be confined to a few narrow dogmas, or a single bald and oppressive system. It is made up of great ideas, which must pervade everything and be discernible everywhere."

"Yes," said Edith; "but it seems to me that you reverse the natural order. You make art include religion, if I may express it so. Now, I should have thought that religion, if it were true, must be the one great system which includes, as well as the one great idea which pervades, everything else. I can thoroughly understand making æsthetics religious; but I don't understand making religion æsthetical."

"It *is* æsthetical in itself," cried Mrs. Dalton. "It is not we who make it so. What can be so beautiful as truth? The goodness and mercy of God, his great purpose in working out the happiness of man by means of his purification, the full forgiveness of sin, and the gradual emancipation of the soul from its power as it rises higher and higher in the scale of being, the victory of love, the reign of peace—these are the subjects of our faith. And are they not beautiful?"

"They are," replied Edith, gloomily. "But there are a great many other things in the world besides these, which you seem to leave out of consideration. There is the *painfulness* of obedience—there is the *guilt* of sin—there is the *shame* of penitence. If these three could be disjoined from their companions, life would be easy enough; but it is not so—they are inseparable. And there is punishment, and grievous affliction, and desolation of heart; these have no place in your system, and yet they are very real. You put away all truths which are not beautiful; and yet it seems to me that you ought to reject all beauties which are not based upon truth."

"Nay," said Mrs. Dalton, "the soul is like the body; it needs medicine as well as food, and sometimes even it needs a painful operation. But these, however distressing in themselves, are only the means of restoration to health."

"Follow out the comparison," said Edith. "There are other pains besides those which are sent for restoration. There are diseases which begin in agony and end in death. May not the soul be subject to these also?"

Amy turned her eyes upon her friend's face with an anxious and inquiring expression, struck by a course of thought so unusual and so sombre. Edith's color changed as she added, with a forced laugh, "Why do you look at me so? The idea is yours, not mine; I was only completing your simile."

"It is certainly possible," said Amy, "to look so exclusively at the dark side of life as to lose sight entirely of the lights and colors; but it seems to me an unnatural and ungrateful task so to do Only look around you for one moment, and then doubt, if you can, that God meant his children to be happy!"

Edith lifted her eyes; the pomp of sunset had departed, and earth was donning the novice robe of twilight ere she betook herself to the silence and seclusion of night; she was enduring a separation from the life and splendor of day, as the only means whereby the quiet majesty of the congregated stars could be made visible to her. Through the black stems of the elms was seen a space of pale green sky, against which one tiny motionless cloud was suspended, dyed with a faint blush which still lingered from the last kiss of the sunbeams; the upper heavens were spangled with a thousand hues of wan and changeful light, passing through watery gold and soft lilac to the deep calm purple of the zenith, and kindling again into rose color at the western horizon, where the departed sun had left his monument of glory, transient as human fame. Over the distance lay a lovely haze like that which hope weaves around the future, while nearer objects were clad in a mellow distinctness such as memory lends to the past. Streaks of gold glimmered among the foliage like fragments of light, caught and imprisoned ere sunset. The low murmur of a brook made the silence audible, like the breathings of a sleeping babe.

"Yes!" cried Edith, with that wayward vehemence which takes a kind of pleasure in recognizing the omnipotence of sorrow; "yes, I *can* doubt it! This is all very beautiful, and very like happiness—that is to say, it is a thing which we see as a spectacle, but in which we have no part. It shows itself to us, and suffers us to study it, so that we may learn exactly how and where we are most capable of enjoying it, and then it passes by and leaves us."

"My dearest Edith," said Amy, drawing her friend's shawl closely round her, and gently embracing her as she did so, "you are not sufficiently recovered yet to brave the chilliness of an October evening. Let us go in. And remember," added she caressingly, "we have a thousand schemes of enjoyment for your visit here. I am not going to be content with the shabby fortnight which you promised me. We are to read, and walk, and play together; and I am determined not to let you escape me till you have quite recovered your health and spirits. Godfrey is coming next week, you know; and I expect that it will take at least a month of his society to make you exactly what you used to be."

Exactly what she used to be! How the words

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grated upon Edith's heart! Effacement—recovery—restoration—what mere sounds they are! What effaced stain can ever compare with the first unsullied purity? what healing of sickness is like the unfearing freshness of never-broken health? The eyes that watch the gradual progress, and compare it step by step with the point of lowest degradation, may fancy at last that the restoration is complete; but place the image of the unfallen beside the image of the restored, and the scars of closed wounds and the traces of cleansed stains are at once perceptible. The tree of knowledge bears its bitter fruit. We cannot make acquaintance with evil, whether in the shape of sin or of sorrow, and be afterwards as though we had never known it.

Perhaps Edith had never felt so utterly miserable as at that moment. The silent and delicate sympathy of her friend made her conscious alike that she had been petulant, and that she had in part betrayed herself. She felt grateful—and yet not softened or humbled, though her high spirit rose into a kind of indignant self-contempt. She defied and disdained her own mental weakness at the moment in which she was suffering from it most acutely. Never had she been further from opening her heart—yet never so oppressed by the sense of spiritual loneliness. She felt that there was a bitter truth in her words, and she rather exulted in the impotence of the arguments that had been brought forward against it; they had satisfied her before, and seemed consistent and real, but the Ithuriel spear of sorrow turned them into shadows with a touch. She pressed Amy's hand and thanked her, and then added hurriedly as they walked towards the house—

"We have had a strange conversation for an evening like this, and I don't think, Amy, you have answered my questions satisfactorily. I am only talking speculatively, you know—one likes to turn one's thoughts about, and look at them from all sides. Now it seems to me that there are a great many places in the world, and a great many persons—and the persons are all made so as to fit the places, but all are different, and somehow or other, all, or nearly all, have come to be mismatched. So that each unhappy victim who is fast fixed in his wrong place, with the angles running into him and pinching him, making him as uncomfortable as possible, has a pleasant prospect of the place which would exactly fit him, but into which somebody else has got, who, perhaps, is suffering just as much as he is. And there is no possibility of change or exchange. How do you like my allegory?"

"I think there is a great deal of disagreeable truth in it," returned Mrs. Dalton, as they paused on the edge of the sweep to allow a carriage to pass them, which had apparently just left its occupant beneath the portico. "The only way left is to accustom oneself to an uneasy position, and to pad the sides of one's prison."

"And, without metaphor," said Edith, "how is that to be done?"

"By learning indifference and contentment," replied Amy, "indifference to inevitable evils, contentment with attainable pleasures—never of course intermitting the effort to procure as much of the pleasure, and get rid of as much of the evil as you can. Few people are such adepts in the art of being happy as I am: I am just like a child—unless I am actually interfered with, I can make myself happy with a stick and a piece of string."

By this time they had reached the hall-door, where they were met by a servant, with the message that Mr. Dalton was arrived, and had sent him to say that it was ten minutes past the usual dinner hour, and he begged Mrs. Dalton to make haste. Amy accompanied Edith to her room, and hovered about her, talking of a thousand different things, selecting and criticising her costume for the evening, and examining all the little arrangements made for her comfort and convenience.

"I always pester my favorite guests with a vast deal of superintendence on the first day of their arrival," said she; "afterwards I shall leave you to the bliss of perfect independence, unless you ask for the contrary. Now, Davis, don't be in a hurry—you are not arranging Miss Kinnaird's hair so gracefully as usual." She took the comb from the maid's hand, and began to smooth Edith's abundant tresses herself.

"Oh, never mind," said Edith; "I am afraid of being late."

"Nay, it is scarcely seven o'clock yet—besides, your toilette will be over before mine, at any rate; and I am determined that you shall look your best. My reputation as a connoisseur depends upon it, you know. There! Davis shall finish your hair, while I tie up your bouquet."

A vase of hot-house flowers stood on the table, and from these Mrs. Dalton proceeded to select the most beautiful, some of which she wreathed around Edith's head, while the rest were arranged in a cluster for her boquet. She did not go to her own toilette till her friend's was nearly completed.

Edith had never seen Mr. Dalton. She had been ill—too ill to come to Beechwood at the time originally intended, and on the morning of her arrival he was absent. He had gone to some agricultural meeting. She tried to interest herself about him, and to fancy what he would be like, and whether she should like him—she tried, in short, resolutely, and with a temporary, but delusive success, to take it for granted that she was not unhappy—that she could be interested in her friend's concerns just as if nothing had happened to herself—that, in fact, nothing *had* happened to her, which was to engross her thoughts, and subdue her spirits. With a heart out of which every atom of sunlight was gone, she tried to persuade herself that she could see as at noonday; her light was made darkness, and she shut her eyes steadily, and maintained that the darkness was light. There was something pitiable in the utter helplessness which this voluntary self-delusion betokened. It was like a child hiding its face in fear, that it may not see the rock which is about to fall upon it; the rock falls just the same, and crushes it.

She remembered all the little incidents which had led her to believe that Amy's husband was uncongenial to her, and admired the philosophy which made her friend so light-hearted. She wondered whether it was perfectly real, yet instantly dismissed the doubt, and reproached herself for having entertained it.

"No," said she to herself, "all that she has said is perfectly true—of her. She can bear being in the position that does not actually suit her, and she can suit herself to it. The alchemy of her temperament extracts gold from everything that is submitted to it. How could I answer her as I did? How superior she is to myself! I will watch her closely, and try to grow like her." And in this frame of mind she descended to the drawing-room.

Several persons from the neighborhood were assembled, but they were strangers to Edith, and

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she felt no interest or curiosity about them. A momentary thought did flit across her mind as she passed to a seat in a quiet corner of the room, that Amy's habitual disregard of all etiquettes but those which precisely suited herself, was a curious exemplification of her theory of getting rid of as much evil and obtaining as much pleasure as possible, and the question suggested itself, whether in all cases the pleasure was to be sought for yourself without regard to the evil to others; but she had no time to follow out the idea, for Mr. Dalton, who was making the agreeable to a hungry squire and an exhausted dowager, with a face expressive of a most unsuccessful effort to subdue impatience, carrying on a conversation in short starts, perpetually on the look-out for an interruption, came towards her, and introduced himself in a very friendly manner. He was a gentleman-like man, about forty-five years old, rather portly, and a little fussy, but not sufficiently so to suggest at once the idea of underbreeding. His forehead was bald and ample, and his features were well cut, so that the general contour of the face was intellectual, though perhaps the expression could scarcely be so designated. There was all the formal cordiality of an Englishman in the manner in which he shook hands with Edith, welcomed her to Beechwood, and began the business of small talk; yet he was not thoroughly pleasing, even on first acquaintance. He gave you the notion of a man who was perpetually undergoing a kind of self-drill—a very different thing from self-discipline. He seemed satisfied if only he succeeded in making himself different from what nature intended him to be, without troubling himself to examine into the character of the difference. Superficially, he was a hearty country gentleman, covered by a dubious sort of deposit, left by the course of London society, redolent rather of blacking than of polish; yet his jovialty seemed a little too elaborate to be genuine, his seriousness a little too self-important to be dignified. In fact, there was an uneasy consciousness about him, betokening peculiarity of temperament, or want of practice in society, and in either case occasioning a contagious awkwardness which prevented a sensitive person from feeling quite at ease in his company.

"You have scarcely had time yet to see anything of our beauties," observed he. "The park—I hope, Mrs. Dalton—the park has some fine views. The park is small—but—did n't I hear?—it has fine views. Fine views. Did you walk to—eight o'clock!—the western side of the hill? Major Fellowes, I believe we are fast."

His eyes wandered in all directions during the delivery of this rather difficult speech, every clause of which was produced with an effort, and a manifest disconnection from the preceding one. The interruptions were accompanied by slight springs forward, as he fancied he heard his wife's step approaching the door; and the final words were addressed apologetically to a very stern and yellow officer who seemed to him to frown more than usual, as the sonorous bell of the clock resounded to eight fatal strokes. Edith wished he would n't try to talk to her till he was more at ease. She felt relieved when Amy made her appearance, looking perfectly cool and quiet, and dressed with so much simplicity as to put it out of the power of the crossest of her guests to say that she had kept them waiting for the sake of her toilette. She was glad when they moved into the dining-room, but she had not been seated five minutes ere she began to feel hopelessly weary of Major Fellowes' efforts to amuse her, and to watch the progress of the repast with a nervous impatience for its conclusion. In the drawing-room she withdrew from the circle, and occupied herself with a book of prints, but she caught Amy's eyes wandering towards her, and, afraid of betraying herself more than she had already done, she came desperately forward, and plunged into conversation. There is nothing like habitual intercourse with society for teaching a woman how to suppress and conceal her feelings. For the sake of those she loves, she may indeed, and does often, subdue them, and avoid all indulgence of them, but it is hard for her to hide their very existence from eyes which are waiting to weep with her, if only she will let them. But where she is sure of not meeting with sympathy, and would scarcely value it if she found it—where she lives among conventionalisms, and shows, and coldnesses, the difficulty to one who feels acutely is not so much to hide the appearance of tenderness as to avoid that of hardness. Physical weakness generally saves her from the latter supposition; but if her nerves be strong and her heart sensitive, she is pretty sure to pass before the world in general as a sober pattern of chilly gentleness, who is neither to be kindled nor melted. Edith *got through* the evening, as the phrase is, wonderfully well. She talked, laughed, listened, played and sang, and was universally pronounced to be as agreeable as she was beautiful. And then she went up to her bedroom, looking round her as she entered, with a kind of fear, as though the thoughts kept at bay during the day were lying there in wait, and ready to spring upon her. Let us leave her for the night, and not inquire how much she slept, nor of what aspect were her dreams.

PRESENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.—So many people continue to pour in presents for the Prince of Wales, that Sir Denis le Marchant has, at length, been compelled to write a strong letter to one of the would-be donors. A garbled copy of the epistle has appeared in the columns of our contemporaries. It is reserved for *Punch* to give a true copy:—

"*Whitehall, October 5th*, 1847.

"SIR,

"In the absence of Secretary Sir George Grey, I have to acknowledge the receipt of a small box, containing a gold bijou, sent by you to the queen, as a present for his royal highness the Prince of Wales; but, in consequence of the very great number of presents which have been offered, not to offend individuals, such presents are declined generally.

"But, sir, you will allow me to add that, thinking it a great pity that the source of generosity should be stopped by the formality of etiquette, I would advise you—the Prince of Wales being amply provided for with all things—to inquire about your own neighborhood whether there are not very many little boys who would, to their great benefit, gladly receive the amount of any present you would otherwise send to Windsor Castle. Why, sir, should you make a present of the contents of a salt-box to the sea, when, no doubt, there are so many who have not a morsel of the article wherewith to flavor their potatoes?

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"DENIS LE MARCHANT."

Punch.

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From Chambers' Journal.

THE KING AND THE CONSUL.

It was the fortune of France, during the course of the eighteenth century, to be governed, at an interval of about ninety years, by two men who filled all Europe—shall we not rather say the world!—with their renown. One of these was Louis XIV., the descendant of a hundred kings, whose early promise of goodness was too quickly blighted by the baneful atmosphere of a brilliant and adulatory court; but who, amid his faults and errors, never ceased for a moment to be the courteous gentleman, as well as the despotic monarch. The other was Napoleon Bonaparte, who bore upon his brow the stamp of natural royalty, and who, by various qualities, won the hearts of his comrades in arms: but whose attempts at courtesy were as rare as they were unsuccessful. He found it easier to become an emperor than a gentleman; and this deficiency was felt by him more acutely than might have been expected from a man of his gigantic mind.

It was the singular fate of one woman, the Marquise de Créquy, to have been presented to both these great men, and to have been received by each of them with distinguished marks of attention. She has left behind her a brief sketch of these remarkable interviews, which we present to our readers, with the hope that it may prove interesting. Let us, however, say a few words first of the fair and distinguished writer.

Victoire de Froulay, Marquise de Créquy, was one of the most noble and witty, as well as one of the loveliest women of her day; and during the profligate reign of Louis XV., her life was so irreproachable, that the shaft of slander could find no arrow wherewith to wound her peace. At the age of ten or eleven, Victoire de Froulay accompanied her uncle, the Maréchal de Tessé, and her grandmother, the Marquise de Froulay, to St. Cyr, where Madame de Maintenon was then staying; but we will give her own account of the visit.

"We stepped into the maréchal's carriage, and found ourselves on the road to St. Cyr. At the end of a few minutes the equipage stops, and our laquais open the doors and let down the steps with precipitation. 'It is the king,' said my uncle, and we got out of the carriage leisurely; for the maréchal's people were too well trained not to have given ample notice of his majesty's approach. The king's carriage soon overtook us. It was drawn, as usual, by eight horses, and escorted by three *mousquetaires*, and as many light horse. There were two pages in front, and four behind, all of whom were clad in light-blue velvet, at that time the livery of France. Louis XIV. was alone in the carriage, and the moment he perceived us, the equipage and its escort stopped as by enchantment. His majesty let down the glass at our side, and saluted us with the most graceful courtesy. 'That is the king, then,' said I, with tears in my eyes—'the great king!' 'You may add, the good, the unhappy king," replied the maréchal in a grave and melancholy tone.

"On arriving at St. Cyr, we passed through a large apartment filled with the pages and attendants of his majesty, who was gone into the convent garden with the Bishop of Chartres and some other noblemen. Madame de Maintenon received us in a lofty chamber, wainscotted in oak, and singularly free from decorations of any kind. There were no paintings on the walls, neither was the floor of the apartment carpeted; but a small square of tapestry was placed before each of the chairs. Madame de Maintenon called me over to her, and fixing on me a look full of intelligence and sweetness, kissed me on the forehead. She then spoke to me of the high consideration in which she held my family; and my grandmother rising soon afterwards to take leave of her, because the hour for the king's visit had arrived—'Stay, marquise, stay,' said Madame de Maintenon in an earnest tone; and my grandmother readily yielded to her request.

"The monarch entered without any announcement, save that the folding-doors were all opened wide, and a gentleman-in-ordinary, who preceded his majesty by two or three minutes, approached Madame de Maintenon, making her a profound and silent obeisance, as is done to royal personages when their repast is ready. Madame de Maintenon advanced five or six steps to meet his majesty, who seemed to walk with difficulty, but nevertheless saluted her with the most graceful courtesy.

"'Here is a young lady,' she said, 'whom I have taken the liberty to detain a while, that I might present her to the king. It is not needful that I should name her.'

"'I believe,' replied the king, 'that there is some sort of spiritual relationship* between this young lady and myself; but we are also relations after another fashion,' added he, looking upon me as if he meant to congratulate me on the honor I enjoyed in being his cousin.

"'I ask permission of the king that you may kiss his hand,' said my grandmother with an air of solicitude, which had, however, no shade of obsequiousness about it.

"The king extended his hand with the palm downwards, as if he had presented it with the intention that I should kiss it; but a moment afterwards, he closed his hand quickly upon mine, which he deigned to press to his lips, and then he had the goodness—the exquisite politeness—or, if you will, the gallantry (for I know not how to designate his proceeding)—to place my hand gently by my side, and to detain it there long enough for me to understand that he did not choose me to offer him my intended homage."

The same mark of distinction which had been conferred upon Madame de Créquy by Louis XIV. as an act of gentle courtesy to a child, was rendered to her eighty-five years later by Napoleon Bonaparte, as a proof of respect and veneration. But before transcribing her account of this interview, we will relate her earliest impressions of Bonaparte, when she obtained a passing glimpse of him during his boyish days.

"It was the 31st December, in the year 1780. I had gone to pass a day at Elysée Marbœuf with my invalid friend, the Marquise de Marbœuf, and was sitting tête-à-tête with that dear woman, who was drinking apple-water incessantly, and talked of nothing but coughs and colds, tubercles and inflammations, until I was wearied to death with her conversation. The servant announced some lady, who was waiting in the antechamber, and had come to wish her a happy new year.

"'May Heaven bless her, and deliver me from her visit! Tell her that I have come out to Elysée on purpose to avoid company, because I do nothing but cough from morning to night. Why should she thus pursue me to Elysée? Have I never spoken to you of this Madame Bonne-ou Mal-àparté?'

*Her grandmother was the goddaughter of Louis XIV.

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"'Malàparté you call her? I rather think it is Bonaparté.' And then Madame de Marbœuf began telling me how her husband had become acquainted with this family while he was governor of Corsica, and that he had procured for the husband a situation in the customs, as they were very poor, although persons of good family.

"Being thoroughly wearied of my friend's society, I proposed that Madame Bonaparte should be admitted; and accordingly there was ushered in a fine-looking woman, with a legion of ill-dressed children. Amid this covey of unfledged Corsicans, there was a little boy, whose red eyes betrayed some recent vexation, and who was making a strong effort to gulp down his tears. By way of being civil, I inquired, in a kind tone, what was the matter with her son. '*Madama*,' she replied, with a loud provincial voice, '*è oun piti monstro!*'—('he is a little monster!')

"Madame de Marbœuf looked quite distressed at the jargon of her visitor; but as it was rather amusing to me, I continued my inquiries until Madame Bonaparte related how she had taken her children to see the Bishop of Autun, and how this proud schoolboy had refused to kiss my lord bishop's hand, and how she had boxed his ears soundly as soon as they were outside the episcopal palace, by way of teaching him better manners for the future. '*Ma e ouna testa de fer, madama!*'—('He has an iron head, madam!') Assuredly I will not contradict the glorious mother of the citizen Bonaparte, now that the '*piti monstro*' is become the hero of St. Roche and the Pont-tourmant."

About twenty years had elapsed since Madame de Créquy's first meeting with the Bonaparte family—years of multiplied trials to her, and of ardent activity to the "iron-headed boy," whose proud spirit a maternal hand had vainly endeavored to repress. Early in the nineteenth century, she dictates to her faithful secretary, Dupont, as follows:

"Bonaparte had returned from Egypt, and was dwelling in the palace of our kings. Talleyrand was using all his address to draw the nobility into communication with the republican government. Many of them had solicited an audience of the first consul, in order to obtain a restitution of their sequestered forests. My cousin and heir, the Baron de Breteuil, was very desirous that I should write to Bonaparte, and with infinite repugnance I consented to do so. It is impossible either to conceive or to express the painful effort it cost me to take this step.*

"Two days afterwards, Colonel, (I forget his name,) aid-de-camp to the first consul was announced; and I behold a tall, fine young man, who, on entering my drawing-room, makes three profound bows, and tells me in a most respectful tone that the first consul desires to see me, and requests my presence at the Tuileries on the ensuing day, at two in the afternoon. This summons perplexed me. I gave for answer that I was very aged and very feeble, but that, if possible, I would wait on the first consul at the time appointed. Having applied to the Baron de Breteuil for his advice in this perplexing juncture, he counselled me by no means to neglect the invitation of the chief of the republic, especially as he seemed willing to restore the confiscated forests. He added, that the Princesse de Guemenée had already presented herself to Bonaparte at his request, and that, after giving her a very polite reception, he had restored to her her forfeited lands. Let me confess that curiosity in some measure swayed my decision, and it was finally settled that I should wait on General Bonaparte.

"It was the 12th of November, 1800, when I was carried in a sedan chair to the Tuileries. This poor castle seemed to me sadly dilapidated. The porters landed me at the entrance of the last saloon. (I must tell you that, for lack of dresses made according to the fashion of the day, I was habited in my usual costume; that is to say, in a petticoat and short pelisse of carmelite taffety, with a mantle and hood of the same material.) The 'Citoyenne Créquy' was announced, and I found myself tête-à-tête with the conqueror of the pyramids. He looked thoughtfully at me for a moment, and then addressing me in a kind manner, 'I have wished to see you, Madame la Maréchale.' But quickly assuming a more imperious tone, 'I have desired to see you. Are you not a hundred years old?'

"'Not quite, perhaps; but I am very near it.'

"'How old are you precisely?'

"I could scarcely forbear laughing at such an interrogation, made in so imperative a form. 'Sir,' replied I, smiling—in such guise, alas! as one can smile at my age; and perhaps my smile was not even perceptible to him—'I cannot tell you precisely my age. I was born in a castle of La Maine.'

"'Ah, yes,' said he, interrupting me brusquely; 'in your time the civil registers were either badly kept, or else altogether neglected.' And then he resumed his interrogatories in a magisterial tone. 'Where do you live?'

"'In the Hôtel de Créquy.'

"'Ah diable! And in what quarter?'

"I could not understand this fancy to know where I resided; but am told that it is a sort of curiosity which he feels with regard to all those who approach him. It also perplexed me to know wherefore he addressed me as Madame la Maréchale; but on learning that he had bestowed equally inappropriate titles on other people, it occurs to me that he wishes perhaps to create an illusion to himself as to the date, origin, and nature of his consular authority. On learning that I resided in the rue de Grenoble—

"'Rue de Grenoble! There was a tumult in your quarter yesterday. Were you frightened? It was on account of the price of bread.'

"'The rioters were not numerous, and I did not trouble myself about the matter.'

"'There *can* be no disturbances under my government; no serious ones at least! There may be an uproar now and then; but France is not the less happy and contented. Don't let people deceive themselves; a little clamor is no proof of dissatisfaction among the people. Happiness does not go about and make a noise in the streets; a few restless spirits make a vast commotion. Is it not so?'

"'Oh, assuredly: three women who set about screaming make more noise than three thousand men who hold their peace.'

"'What you say, then, is very good; very good indeed, do you know?'

"And I answered him quite simply, as Colinette would have done at court, 'You are very kind, sir.'

* Extract of a note from Madame de Créquy, relative to the letter which she had consented to write to Bonaparte. "I will sign this letter, which I must not have the trouble to correct or to write. All the necessary formulas may be employed; but care must be taken not to use any expression which may convey the false idea of *submission* on my part; and I will not sign anything which can be at variance with sincerity or dignity of character. Therefore, let there be perfect politeness in the expressions, but no superfluous compliments. I ask for justice, not favor."

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'The weather being dark and showery, with gusts of cold wind, 'I am sorry to have made you come out to-day,' said he, smiling; 'the weather is arbitrary,' laying an accent on the last word. 'We see a relative of yours frequently.'

"'Who can that be?' I inquired with an air of surprise, and in as familiar a tone as that which he used. He replied it was Madame de Mirande. 'I did not know we were relations. I am the Duchess of Miranda in Spain, and this perhaps has occasioned her mistake.' But the first consul looked so annoyed at the deception, that I was sorry to have said so much; for in truth I did not wish this gasconne any harm.

"'You have seen Louis XIV.?' continued he in an elevated tone; 'have you also seen Peter the Great, Madame la Maréchale?'

"'I have not had that honor, for I was in my province when'———

"'I know that you were intimate with Cardinal de Fleury; is it true that he expected to obtain the imperial crown for Louis XV.? Had Louis any chance of being emperor?'

"'It was believed, general, that his success was certain, but for the bad faith of Frederick, king of Prussia, whose treachery Fleury never forgave.'

"'Frederick was cleverer than Fleury, but not more astute: old Fleury was a cunning one. Have you suffered much from the Revolution?' he inquired dryly.

"Believing he would be glad to escape a long list of grievances, I mentioned my losses as briefly as possible; alluding especially to the forests of Versailles and St. Pol, and the wood of Valenciennes. His answer was vague; for he evidently responded to his own thoughts rather than to my words. 'Madame, the desire to do good in a time of revolution is like writing upon the sand by the seashore; what is spared by the winds is effaced by the waves.' After a moment's pause, he inquired, 'Did you know Dubois and Cartouche?'

"Instead of answering a word, I looked at him with so severe an expression that it suprises me now to think upon it. Most probably he became sensible of the impropriety of having summoned the Dowager Marquise de Créquy into his presence for the sake of asking news about Cartouche; and he smiled so naïvely that I felt at once disarmed.

"'Allow me, madame,' said he, 'to kiss your hand.'

"I began to pull off my mitten as hastily as the occasion required. 'Leave on your glove, my good mother,' added he, with an air of respectful solicitude: and then he pressed my poor decrepit centenary fingers firmly to his lips. He granted me the restitution of our forests with the best grace imaginable; and then spoke of the noble conduct of the Duke de Créquy Lesdiguiéres at Rome, adding, that France was wrong in allowing the destruction of this pyramid, which testified the reparation offered by Rome to her ambassador.

"Alas! what avails me this noble name of Créquy, which I shall be the last to bear; and which must very shortly be noted down for the last time in a dirty register, among the names of an undistinguished multitude!

"I have remarked in the character and conduct of Bonaparte many things which are abhorrent to me, one thing that perplexes me, and one that I approve of. It is needless to enumerate the causes of my dislike; but the motive of my approbation consists in his unconquerable perseverance. He never retreats before any opposition; and in great affairs, as well as in little ones, he who is the most resolute will infallibly succeed. As for the matter which perplexes me, if Bonaparte be indeed desirous to reign over France, the enigma may be partly solved—Wherefore does he seek so earnestly to win over to his interest the high nobility of France, who never can be of any service to him? Heirs of their unworthy sires, most of our young nobility have been educated without piety, and too early plunged into the corrupting vortex of the world; an enervated and degenerate race, they are unfit to govern. Wherefore, among the nobles who have distinguished themselves during the Revolution by ability or self-devotion, has there not been found even one of our grand seigneurs? Wherefore have they made themselves remarkable only by their disloyalty or their want of intelligence?

"I believe that the impiety and profligacy of the regency, and of the closing years of Louis XV., have produced the dissolution of society in France; and that our country needed to be purified in a bath of her own blood. I believe that Bonaparte has been raised up to exterminate the assassins, and to dissipate revolutionary illusions. I think it very probable that his head may be turned by success; and perhaps this man of victory may so far forget the mission he has received, that his ambition may be severely chastised. Laurels are a perfect symbol; they yield shade, and nothing more."

COATS OF ARMS.—The *savants* of the Heralds' College can always find appropriate arms for any one who is desirous of having, and willing to pay for, heraldic honors. The veriest plebian may have an escutcheon quite as ancient as the most venerable family in the land; and we believe the date may be put back as far as you please, at the moderate charge of sixpence per century. Upon this very reasonable scale of fees one may be carried back to NOAH for little more than the fare between London and Liverpool; and, to accomodate the public generally, a quarter of a century may be had at the wholesale price, by those who cannot afford to pay too dearly for the remoteness of their ancestry. The STONES can be traced to an old Saxon stock, from "saxum," *a stone*, and hence we get the expression "a stock and a stone," which renders the matter clear, and all for the moderate sum of a few shillings; the JONESES, who are evidently of Welsh extraction, may be accommodated with a genealogy from JONAS, who came from the very centre of Whales: and even TOMKINS can be affiliated on our old friend TIMOUR THE TARTAR, without much trouble.—*Punch.*

TIME is like a ship which never anchors; while I am on board, I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing, than practise such as shall cause my commitment when I come ashore. Whatsoever I do, I would think what will become of it when it is done. If good, I will go on to finish it; if bad, I will either leave off where I am, or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrift, sells away the inheritance, while it is but in reversion; but virtue, husbanding all things well, is a purchaser.—*Feltham.*

IT is in contemplation to apply to India the principle of subdivision which has been made in the diocese of Australia. There are at present four bishoprics—namely, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, and Colombo; these four sees are to be split up into ten new bishoprics.

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GOLD AND SILVER.—It is stated in Jacobs' Essay on the Precious Metals, that in the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which were destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius more than seventeen centuries ago, no ornaments of gold or silver have been found. In some of the houses of Pompeii skeletons of the inhabitants have been discovered—in all, domestic utensils and personal ornaments—but those for which in the present day the precious metals are almost exclusively adopted by the middle class of persons, are composed of iron or brass. If gold and silver had been in the dwellings of the inhabitants at the time the eruption took place, they would be found there at the present time, as the iron and bronze have been, of which their spoons and forks were made; and which have retained their shape after the lapse of so many years.—*Balt. Patriot.*

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

Ewbank's Hydraulics, No. 2. GREELY AND MCELRATH.

The American Architect, No. 6.—Price 25 cents. SAXTON AND KELT: Boston. [It is an advantage to anybody *hoping* to build a house, to examine this periodical.]

A new Map of Ten Miles round Philadelphia, has been published.

Chambers' Miscellany, No. 7. GOULD, KENDALL, AND LINCOLN.

The Convict. By G. P. R. JAMES. Harper and Brothers.

We copy the remaining notices from the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser:—

Smith's Consular Cities of China. HARPER AND BROTHERS: New York.

"We have not completed the reading of the first part of the Rev. George Smith's narrative of an exploratory visit to the consular cities of China and to the islands of Hong Kong and Chusan; but what we have read has proved instructive as well as entertaining. Some valuable works have been written on China within the past few years, more important, perhaps, than this to the political economist and the merchant. But we have met with none that has given us so full an insight, without apparent effort, into the individual character of the Chinese—that has made us so familiar with the thinkings and habits of an ordinary intelligent Chinaman. There are in its pages a willingness to acknowledge and respect whatever is estimable, and a pleasant, natural vein of narrative, which make the Chinese city and its population almost as familiar to us as some portions of our own land. It is moreover a seasonable book, now that the attention of religious men is so earnestly directed to China."

Spark's Writings of Washington.—Vol. VII.—HARPER & BROTHERS: New York.

"It has been with indefinable sensations that we have recently gone through these 'writings.' They are Washington's best and imperishable monument. We have read with admiration many memoirs, and have carefully studied more than one analysis of the character of that great and good man, but to us he never appeared so great and so good as in this collection of his despatches and letters. The country is indebted to the present publishers for issuing the work at so reasonable a price. We would have it in the hands of all who can appreciate and desire to imitate unwearied industry, immaculate integrity, lofty, self-denying patriotism, undaunted courage, and exalted virtue. Every man should possess this memorial of his country's proudest ornament."

A Plea for Amusements. By F. W. SAWYER. Appleton & Co.: New York.

"This is a volume likely to attract attention and perhaps cause some discussion in the religious world. It is, what it professes to be, a plea for amusements; and the author certainly treats his subject with fearless candor. In many of his positions we conceive that he is *philosophically* right. He would not only permit, but directly sanction and foster many amusements, now by church custom prohibited to professors of religion, but he would have them placed under Christian patronage and control, contending that the evil is not in the amusement, but in the associations attaching to it simply because it is in the hands of worldly or wicked men. Amusement being a want of our nature, he would have the church meet and supply that want. Pious men will probably doubt the expediency or even possibility of reducing the author's theory to practice. There would be danger in the revolution, and the policy of incurring that risk for a contingent benefit may be questioned. There is this serious defect, too, in the whole argument, that the Bible principle of self-denial is entirely lost sight of, if not indeed the Bible altogether."

The same paper is to bear the blame of the following:—

"SHARP PRACTICE.—Readers of the Commercial Advertiser are aware that we have not been uninterested or silent observers of certain infidel movements carried on under the specious garb of clairvoyant revelations, and by other false pretences. Perhaps we should not have again adverted to the subject, at present at least, had we not met with a key to an unexpected counter movement, which for the moment puzzled ourselves and others who were not behind the scenes. It is pretty well known that a recent ponderous volume of these misnamed 'revelations' savored strongly of Swedenborgian mysteries, and was on that account endorsed and defended by a reverend gentleman of undoubted learning and talents, who within the past two or three years has become a professed follower of that mystic philosopher.

"In common with many of the learned gentleman's friends, we grieved no less than we marvelled at the course which he pursued. Knowing his high reputation for honesty of purpose, we sought, and thought we had found, the key to his erratic course, in the fact that being bewitched by the mysteries of his new studies, he saw not the rank infidelity which others discerned in every page of the book; and was but too eager to seize the hand of any man, however inferior to himself in learning and moral sentiments, who might seem to favor the mystic school to which he had given in his adhesion. Indeed, we supposed that a mutual veneration for and submission to the authority of Swedenborg, had made the rhapsodical clairvoyant and the mystified professor sworn friends and allies.

"Great was our surprise, consequently, a few days ago, to find that the latter had taken up cudgels against the former, in a large pamphlet in behalf of Swedenborg and his speculations—the train of argument, by the way, being altogether unworthy of the author, who is evidently hampered by the endorsement already given to the book over his own signature. We pondered over the matter until a

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lurking suspicion arose that the learned professor anticipated trouble in the camp, and had had his eyes opened to the possibility that Davis was about to supplant Swedenborg in the estimation of the lovers of the vague and mysterious. The idea was unpleasant because of the inconsistency it implied in the professor, to say nothing of the inferior motives which it necessarily supposed. But there stood the glaring contradiction of the endorsement and repudiation, and it was difficult to put any other construction upon the eccentric or reverse movement which the last publication displayed.

"Since then, however, in conversation with an intelligent gentleman, we have learned a curious fact which throws some light upon the matter, and reveals some sharp practice on the part of some of the disciples of the clairvoyant school who profess to be accepted visitors at the chambers of the 'focal light.' They are plotting to overthrow the horse and his rider—Swedenborg and his ardent follower. It is now contended that a clairvoyant, resident we understand in the city of Brooklyn, has had interviews with the spirit of Emanuel Swedenborg and that that gentleman—we beg pardon, gentle-spirit—has declared that he is very much dissatisfied with the works he left behind, that they are altogether imperfect, and that could he again handle a goose-quill he would remodel them, making them more after the fashion of recent revelations. Swedenborg's particular friend in New York has taken the alarm and—the 'revelations' are declared to be far from so wondrously perfect as they were at first held to be.

"It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and we have nothing to say about it. We can afford to wait for the last act, having seen the end from the beginning. But why not issue a new edition of Swedenborg's writings *corrected* by the author? Assuming the truth of what has been asserted by the clairvoyants, there can be no difficulty in the matter. Mr. Swedenborg, having opened a communication with the denizens of this world, and so unequivocally expressed his dissatisfaction with previous editions of his works can, without let or hindrance, inform his friends what emendations and corrections he desires, and would doubtless correct the proofs as they went through the press. All that the public would require would be *indisputable evidence* that the old dreamer himself actually had a hand in the business, and the sale of the edition would *then* be unlimited.

"But why not go a little further? There are many disputed passages in even the best edition of Shakspeare's writings; Pollock's Course of Time, lofty as are many of its conceptions, is nevertheless rather crude and faulty in some passages, and lacks generally euphoniousness and finish; the Iliad wants Homer's autograph, and even Virgil's Georgics would be none the worse for the author's latest emendations; possibly Addison himself would like to give the finishing touch to some of his essays, and Dr. Johnson would substitute an autobiography for Boswell's gossiping reminiscences. We expect shortly to see announced a new edition of Smollett's History of England 'revised and brought down to the present time by the author.'

"Seriously, we put this and that together and the conclusion is almost unavoidable, that Davis is trying to supplant Swedenborg and that Swedenborg's friends are afraid he will succeed."

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The LIVING AGE is published *every Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., at No. 165 Tremont St., BOSTON. Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, remittances and orders should be addressed to the office of publication as above.

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AGENCIES.—The publishers are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. But it must be understood that in all cases payment in advance is expected. The price of the work is so low that we cannot afford to incur either risk or expense in the collection of debts.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

MADEMOISELLE LENORMAND.

MANY of our readers, no doubt, are familiar with the name of the extraordinary person, who, since the year 1789, has practised the arts of chiromancy and astrology in the French capital, and who, in the most sceptical epoch, and among the most sceptical people of modern times, has been able to maintain, for more than half a century, the reputation of an almost infallible interpreter of the decrees of fate. Some anecdotes of this Pythoness of our own days, derived from sources which we have reason to believe authentic, are offered in the following pages to those who take interest in such things. Of what may seem to verge on the marvellous, in the circumstances we have to relate, it is not our task to supply the *rationale:* we leave that as a problem for our psychological friends, to whose ken there is no mist impenetrable, no millstone opaque. He that can fathom animal magnetism may try his plummet in the mysteries of the palm and of the stars: we go not into matters that would take us out of our depth.

Mademoiselle Lenormand was born in 1772, at Alençon, in Normandy, and received her education in the Benedictine convent of that place, at the royal expense. The good nuns were far from dreaming what an embryo sorceress their cloister nursed in its bosom; though, by her own account, there must have been something about her, even then, unlike other children, and calculated to give the impression that the little king's-charity-scholar was not altogether "canny." "She remembers," writes one who was much in communication with her between the years 1811 and 1813, "having a singular power of observation and imagination since she was seven years old, and an expression she often uses, in reference to that period of her life, is—*I was a waking somnambulist.*" At an early age, Paris became her abode, and here we find her, in her seventeenth year, already embarked in the profession of a fortune-teller, and applying herself with ardor to the study of astronomy and algebra, the knowledge of which she believed indispensable to the perfection she aimed at in the divinatory art. She rose rapidly into note. The persons who came, led perhaps more by curiosity than by credulity, to test her prophetic powers, were confounded by the acquaintance she displayed with the most secret details of their past history, and learned to place a reluctant confidence, at variance with all their habits of thought, in her predictions of the future. Meanwhile, the revolution proceeded, and it was the lot of our Pythoness to become involved in one of the countless plots which the distracted times were hourly bringing forth. It was a project for the liberation of the queen, then in the Temple prison, which proved fruitless from the impossibility of inducing Marie Antoinette to embrace any opportunity of escape, which was to involve a separation from her children. Lenormand's connection with this enterprise led to her own arrest, and she found herself an inmate of the prison of the Petite Force, from which she was afterwards removed to that of the Luxembourg. Although at this time the "reign of terror" had already begun its course of blood, and the citizen once breathed on by suspicion—especially of royalist plotting—had little to do but prepare for the guillotine, Lenormand was no way frightened by this turn in her affairs, her astrological calculations assuring her, as she said, that her life was safe, and that her imprisonment would not be of long duration. The result showed that, unlike the augur-tribe in general, she had read the book of fate as truly for herself as she did for others. Robespierre's fall found her still among the unguillotined, and placed her at liberty with the remnant that were in the same case.

Her sojourn in the Luxembourg, however, had brought her into contact, among others, with Josephine Beauharnais. Josephine had once had her fortune told, by an Obi woman in the West Indies; she now got it done a second time by Lenormand, and had the satisfaction to find that the black and the white sibyls spelled her destinies alike. We say the satisfaction, because it really was satisfactory, to one for whose neck the guillotine's tooth, so to speak, was on edge, to hear from two different fortune-tellers, so widely apart both in geography and complexion, that years of life and greatness were before her. The agreement could not but dispose to belief, and it is not rash to surmise that Josephine's mind was all the easier, for her conference with the Norman prophetess, during the term that yet intervened, before the auspicious event that restored both to freedom. This event itself was no slight confirmation of Lenormand's credit; and when Josephine, about two years after, married Napoleon Bonaparte, and perhaps discovered in him the aspirings of that ambition which boded her the fulfilment of those more dazzling promises of her horoscope that stood yet unredeemed, she did not fail to talk to him of the gifted mortal who had shared her captivity, and by whom such great things had been prognosticated for her, and, by the plainest implication, for him as her husband. Few men were more superstitious at heart than he to whom these conjugal revelations were made: he saw Lenormand, and it is said, (though we fear on doubtful authority,) that she foretold him the successive stages of the career he was destined to run—his elevation to the summit of power, his fall, and his

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death in exile. What measure of faith may have been yielded by Napoleon to these vaticinations, (supposing they were ever uttered,) we have of course no means of knowing; but, from the time of his attaining the imperial dignity, it is certain that Lenormand became an object of suspicion to him, the effects of which she often found troublesome enough. Perhaps the emperor thought that she who had predicted his overthrow would not scruple to use means to compass it. Be that as it may, a jealous watchfulness was now exercised, not only towards the prophetess herself, but towards those who came to consult her; more than once she was arrested, and had to undergo a rigorous interrogatory at the *palais de justice*. On one of these occasions a remarkable expression fell from her: it was on the 11th December, 1809, when, being pressed to explain an obscure answer she had just given to some question which had been addressed to her, she said, "My answer is a problem, the solution of which I reserve *till the 31st of March*, 1814." What the question was, to which this reply was given, does not appear, but we hardly need to remind the reader, that, eight days before, the fifth anniversary of Napoleon's coronation had been celebrated with a splendor enhanced by the presence of five of his royal vassals, the kings of Saxony, Westphalia, Wirtemberg, Holland and Naples; and that on the day named by Lenormand for the solution of her "problem"—the allies entered Paris.

And now to our promised anecdotes, the first of which we find in a communication addressed to our friend Doctor Justinus Kerner, by a lady who subscribes herself "Countess N. N.," and who is the same we referred to a while ago, as having had a great deal to do with the Pythoness, between the years 1811 and 1813. Let us premise that the countess' real name is known to the doctor, though she chooses to be only N. N. to the public:—

"On the 5th May, 1811, the Duchess of Courland and I, having disguised ourselves as citizens' wives of Paris, drove to the entrance of the Faubourg St. Germain, and leaving our carriage there, took a *fiacre*, and proceeded to Mlle. Lenormand's in the Rue Tournon. After we had rung and knocked several times, a young girl appeared, and told us we could not see Mademoiselle L., as she was at that moment engaged, and that we must either come another time, or wait till she was at leisure to receive us. We chose the latter, and were shown into a room, in which books, prints, paintings, stuffed animals, musical and other instruments, bottles with snakes and lizards in spirits, wax fruits, artificial flowers, and a medley of other articles, covered the walls, the tables, and the floor, leaving scarcely an unoccupied spot for the eye to rest on. It was fully two hours before any one came near us, during which time we heard the house-door, as well as that of the adjoining cabinet, open and shut repeatedly. At last, when our patience was almost worn out, the door of the room we were in was opened, and a figure, of a height and breadth that surprised us, made its appearance. It was Mlle. Lenormand. There was undeniably something imposing in the picture she presented: her bulk nearly filled the door; her air was marked by a stately composure, and the expression of her countenance had the kind of solemnity one expects to find in the professor of a mysterious art. She had broad, flat features, and wore a black silk morning dress, and a cap with a deep border, that completely covered the hair. She beckoned us into the cabinet, seated herself in a high arm-chair, before a large table, on which lay astronomical charts and papers covered with calculations, and pointed to two lower seats, which we took possession of. She now looked good-humoredly at us, and told us we were disguised. We confessed it; she said nothing further on the subject, and when taking leave, we named ourselves of our own accord."

We must here interrupt the countess to say, that we regret she should have thought it necessary to maintain an *incognito* with us, which she was so obliging as to drop towards Mlle. Lenormand. Countesses that have anything out of the common way to tell, should eschew the anonymous, lest readers of an incredulous turn of mind should be led to suspect that they are no countesses at all. Letters of the alphabet are bad vouchers for a tough story; even the newspapers will not insert your account of a "man's nose bitten off by an oyster," unless you send your real name and address. "Q. Z." will not do. And what better is "N. N.?" For anything one knows, it may stand for Nobody, of Nowhere.

As our countess, however, has not thought proper to name herself, it is well that she has not practised the same reserve in relation to the Duchess of Courland. The duchess is a good guarantee for the authenticity of the countess; for this Duchess of Courland is a real personage, Anna Charlotte Dorothea by name, a born Von Medem, and third wife and relict of Peter, last Duke of Courland, who died the 13th of January, 1800. She was born the 8th of February, 1761, (consequently had entered her fifty-first year but three months before the "lark" we find her engaged in,) and was married the 6th of November, 1779. She lives (if she has not died since 1822) on her estate of Loebichau, in the principality of Altenburg, and has a jointure of sixty thousand florins (or five thousand pounds sterling) a year. Her youngest daughter, Dorothea, was married, in 1809, to the nephew of Prince Talleyrand. The reader sees that in the Duchess of Courland we have got a tangible fact, taken in connection with which, the Countess N. N. becomes at least a fair probability; and now let the fair probability proceed with her narrative, secure from further interruption:—

"After the duchess had been disposed of, my turn came, and Mlle. L. interrogated me as follows:—

"'The first letter of your Christian name?'

"'A.'

"'The year, day, and hour of your birth?'

"'Sunday, the 18th of May, 1777, four o'clock in the afternoon.'

"'Your favorite colors?'

"'Black and white.'

"'Favorite fruits?'

"'Pine-apple and mulberry.'

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"'In walking, whether do you like best to go up hill or down?'

"'Up.'

"'Your favorite animals?'

"'Eagle, swan, dog, and horse.'

"She now glanced into the chart of the heavens, told me that I stood under the influences of Venus and Jupiter, and then proceeded to detail the events of my past life, with a particularity and a fidelity, which filled me with wonder—many of the circumstances which she related being such as I believed known to no human being but myself. While thus engaged, she did not once look at me, but kept her eyes fixed on the chart, from which she seemed to be reading aloud.

"At last she raised her eyes to mine, and asked—

"'Do you desire to know the future?'

"I took this opportunity of observing the expression of her eyes, into which I looked for a few moments before answering. There was, however, nothing unusual to be detected in them, nothing indicating a state of somnambulism, no gleam of prophetic rapture, not a characteristic to mark them as the organs of a preternatural vision. You would say that the soul which looked through such eyes was guiltless of all commerce with the powers of an invisible world, and that if Mlle. Lenormand *really* divined at all, it was by the rules of an art learned by rote, and not by any oracular promptings from within.

"Incredible as the existence of such an art might seem, it was not more so in relation to the future than to the past. If the sibyl could see all I had left behind me in the journey of life, why should that which was yet before me be hid from her? She had shown me what was gone: why should I doubt her ability to bring to my view that which was to come?

"With such thoughts as these, I answered her question in the affirmative. On this she took my left hand, gazed on its lines, wrote down some numbers on a sheet of paper, reckoned, contemplated the celestial chart, again pored over my hand, again wrote and reckoned, and so on for not less than two hours. The duchess got tired, and went away, and I at last began to be faint with hunger. Mlle. L. had a cup of soup brought to me, and said, 'Have patience, for I have something to learn here.' At last her calculations appeared to be brought to a satisfactory result, and she dictated to me what follows:—

"'A singular destiny! You will see more high mountains than you think—will ascend more than you will wish to do. One day, and that in 1813, during the war, you will have to fly; your people will be ill-used and made prisoners; you yourself also will be carried away one morning, at one o'clock, by men with long beards, and by men wearing chains and coats of mail, who will require of you a breach of fidelity towards him who will die on the rock. Three state prisoners will owe their lives to your intercession. In Venice, a poet, whom you have never seen, and never will see, will feel himself impelled to make it a request to you, that after his death you will pray for him, as often as you enjoy the view of anything preëminently beautiful in nature. Your life will be spent in courts, because the choice of your heart is solitude; this is the contradiction that presides over your earthly existence. Your first long journey will be from Germany to Italy, whither you will go at the instance of a sovereign; and you will be invested with an order, the decoration of which you will either never wear, or wear for the first time at a very advanced age. Satiated with honors, and weary of the great world, you will die of years, in a fair *château*, standing in the midst of gardens. Many will be around you at your death, and form, as it were, a little court. Your life, and all that awaits you, is wonderful. Your wishes point to tranquillity and retirement, but these will evade your search; they are denied you, just because you seek them.

"'One thing more—a great thing—will happen you, but I cannot tell you what it is; it is nothing bad, but it must remain a secret. Before 1867 all will have been fulfilled.'

"After this followed much that related to family matters, and which, except in some few points, has since been verified. But as a great part of these communications was of a painful nature, turning on the death of friends, and other sorrows which were in store for me, I can say that I learned from my horoscope at least one lesson—never to wish again to pry into the secrets of futurity. As to the fulfilment of the above, I have to say, that the year 1813 brought all that was predicted. The poet in Venice proved to be Lord Byron, and I keep the promise I made him, and will keep it as long as I live. The journey to Italy was undertaken in consequence of an invitation of Pope Leo XII. His death prevented the establishment of an institution for sick persons at Varenna, which he wished me to preside over, and for which the arrangements were already in a state of forwardness. With a view to my holding this position, the Maltese cross was promised me; but I made no application to the pontifical government for the performance of this promise, wishing neither to wear the order, nor to pay the fees for it, when the object, for which it was to have been conferred on me, was given up. From that time the prophecy awaits its further accomplishment.

"This was but the first of many visits which I paid, in that and the next two years, to Mlle. Lenormand. Friends living at a distance commissioned me to consult her, and, as long as I remained at Paris, a month seldom passed without some communication between us. To calculate the nativity of absent persons, she required the day and hour of their birth in their own handwriting; she asked neither the name of the applicant, his birth-place, nor the country in which he lived. I brought her the leaf on which the necessary particulars were written, settled the price to be paid, (six francs, one, two, or four louis d'or,) and in eight days I had the answer. It turned out that the prophecies which went most into details (that is, those which were the highest paid for) were least borne out by the result.

"Since 1813, when I left Paris, I have had no further intelligence of Mlle. Lenormand."

So far Countess N. N., of whose unsatisfactory way of telling her story we must here again complain. After giving us the prophecy word for word, she ought to have given the fulfilment, event for event, told us all about the "high mountains," (which we have to guess were the Alps and Apennines,) the "men with long beards," (Cossacks, of course,) the others wearing "chains and coats of mail," and explained what "breach of fidelity" they required of her, towards "him who was to die upon the rock"—in whom there is no very great difficulty in recognizing Napoleon. She

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might have done worse, too, than let us know who were the "three prisoners of state that owed their lives to her intercession."

Our next contribution is from a personage every way more authentic and responsible than the Countess N. N., namely, the President Von Malchus, who, about forty years ago, played a somewhat considerable part in European affairs. He was born in 1770, at Mannheim, where his father held some subordinate appointment in the household of the Duke of Deux-ponts. The duke, discovering indications of talent in the boy, took care that he should enjoy every advantage of education; he was placed in the Gymnasium of Mannheim in his fifteenth year, and, after two years of preparatory study, proceeded to the University of Heidelberg, from which he afterwards removed to that of Göttingen. In 1790, he exchanged an academic life for one devoted to diplomacy, being made private secretary to the Count of Westphalia, minister of state to the Elector of Mayence. After this he occupied various posts of gradually increasing importance, till 1803, when he was entrusted with a high "cameral" appointment by the king of Prussia. When the kingdom of Westphalia was erected, in 1807, he was called to give King Jerome (the most brainless of the Bonaparte family) the aid of his financial abilities, first as a member of the council of state, and afterwards as director-general of imposts, and liquidator-general of the national debt; the last-mentioned office, however, after a short tenure, he gave up, and we rather think the office itself was abolished, as calculated to create a popular delusion—to say nothing of its being a sinecure. During the next three years he was employed in various missions, (to Berlin, Hanover, Paris, &c.,) the object of which, it is our impression, was generally something connected with money matters, as the bent of his genius was decidedly that way. From this period the rise of his fortunes was rapid. In 1811, he was named minister of finance; in 1812, of war; and in 1813, of the interior; simultaneously with this last charge, he received the title of Count Marienrode, Jerome probably thinking that such an accumulation of employments (leaving no one domestic or foreign affair of the kingdom that Malchus was not to manage) would be too much for the head of a simple commoner. After the dissolution of the Westphalian monarchy, Malchus took up his residence at Heidelberg, where for some time his position was by no means an enviable one, in consequence of the violent attacks, both in reference to his administration and his personal character, of which he found himself the object. However, he showed his assailants a bold front, and published a memoir, in which the charges against him were ably combated. He lived some years in privacy, and with straitened means; at length, in 1817, he entered the service of the king of Wirtemberg, who placed him at the head of his old department of finance. From what causes we are not informed, he held his appointment little more than a year. A pension of four thousand florins was conferred upon him at his retirement; and, taking up his abode once more in Heidelberg, he devoted the rest of his days to the "cultivation of the sciences." In this occupation—a considerably pleasanter one, we reckon, than liquidating the national debt—he was engaged up to the year 1838, and may, for anything we know, be engaged at the present writing.

So much to advise the reader who President Malchus properly is, or was, and now to his account of what passed between himself and Mlle. Lenormand.

He had heard, he tells us, of the far-famed divineress long before he saw, or supposed that he ever would see her, and the way in which her name came to his ears was this. There was a certain Count Morio in the Westphalian service, a Frenchman by birth, whom King Jerome had appointed marshal of the palace, and in concert with whom the finance-minister had received orders to remodel the royal household, with a view to its being placed on a more economical footing. This business necessitated frequent and prolonged interviews between the two officials, which took place at the house of Malchus; and at these, Morio, after the lapse of about an hour, generally became uneasy, and showed a marked anxiety to terminate the sitting and to get home. This impatience was quite inexplicable to his colleague, who one day asked him the reason of it.

"The reason is," replied Morio, "that my wife is in an agony of dread if I remain out of her sight a moment after the time she has reckoned to see me."

"And why?" inquired Malchus.

Morio then related that his wife, before he met with her, had had her nativity cast by Mlle. Lenormand, who, among other things, had told her that she would be married three times. Her first husband would be a man between whom and herself no acquaintance at that time existed; the marriage would be a very advantageous one, and put her in possession of all she could reasonably wish for, but when blest with the fulfilment of her highest wish—to be in the way of becoming a mother—she would, soon after a great fire, receive in her house a visitor of great distinction, and, not long after, lose her husband by a violent death.

Married a second time, not so brilliantly but still very well, she would return to her native country, (she was a Creole,) where she would in a short time lose her second husband, and marry a third, who would survive her.

After this explanation, Malchus seems to have indulged, as far as it was possible, the wish of his fellow-laborer to shorten the hours of business. One day, however, he found it necessary to continue the sitting considerably beyond the usual time, when Morio, unable to contain his anxiety, at last insisted upon breaking off, and said, "Come, *monsieur le ministre*, do me the honor to accompany me home; you shall see for yourself the state of terror in which my absence places my wife, and you will never again blame my reluc-

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tance to prolong that terror an avoidable moment." Malchus complied, and found the countess in a state of suffering which her husband had not at all exaggerated. When she learned that he had been acquainted by Morio with the ground of her apprehensions, she said, "You can judge, then, whether I have cause to tremble for my husband's life. In every other particular the prophecy has been verified. I did not know him, nor he me; my marriage with him was a most advantageous one, and has truly put me in possession of all I could reasonably wish for; I am so happy as to have the prospect of being a mother, and that very soon; the 'great fire' has unfortunately taken place—it was the burning of the palace; the 'distinguished visitor' is no longer to be waited for, for the king, in consequence of that calamity, established himself here in the Bellevue, (the name of a palace in Cassel, in which Morio, as chief of the royal household, resided,) and we had to give him up several rooms. Yes, I must tremble when I think of the stage to which my fortunes are arrived, for I am driven to the conclusion that the violent death of my husband is now very near."

Malchus said what he could to tranquillize her; assured her that with him, at least, her husband was perfectly safe, and that one more meeting—though she must not alarm herself if it should prove a somewhat lengthened one—would now terminate the business which took him away from her.

A day or two after this, Morio was at the minister's till about eleven o'clock, and then rode out with the king. On their return, Malchus saw them both pass his house; they rode through the royal mews, where Morio explained various things to the king, while the countess was in such extreme anguish of terror that they had to put her to bed. After a while, the king rode home, but Morio was still detained in the mews. On a sudden a shot was fired; the countess heard it, sprang frantic out of bed, and shrieked out, "That is my husband—they have shot him!"

It was but too true; poor Morio had been maliciously shot by a French farrier, over whom, on account of his disorderly conduct, it had been found necessary to give a German the preference.

This occurrence made a deep impression upon Malchus, and when the Westphalian catastrophe, in 1813, brought him to Paris, he was not surprised at finding the name of Lenormand in all men's mouths, nor at being urged—almost teased, as he says—by many of his friends, to have his fortune told by her. Among other things, he was assured that she had predicted to Murat, in the time of the consulate, that he would one day be a king; but that Murat had only laughed at her, and said, if that ever came to pass, he would make her a kingly present, which also, on his ascending the Neapolitan throne, he did.

Another story, which he heard had some years before been avouched by all the journals of Paris, was this. During the Spanish war, an officer came to Mlle. Lenormand, to learn his destiny, when she assured him distinctly, that a week from that day, somebody would give him, in a coffee-house, the information of his brother's death in Spain. The officer, who was not even certain that his brother was in Spain at all, determined not to go into any coffee-house till after the time predicted. But on the eighth day, some good friend, knowing nothing about the oracle, dragged him by main force into one, the threshold of which he had hardly crossed, when his servant brought him a letter, announcing that his brother, at such and such a place, on such and such an occasion, had been killed in Spain!

Further, it was positively asserted that Napoleon had twice spoken with the sorceress—once at her own house, and the second time at the Tuileries; but as nobody but Duroc was present, nothing certain could be known of what had passed, for neither of these worthies was likely to give it wind, and she dared not. All, therefore, that people told you so confidently, as having been said by her to the first consul—that he would be emperor, that his wife (Josephine) was his guardian angel, that he would for a time reign and make war prosperously, but afterwards become unfortunate, subsequently be overcome and dethroned, and at last die in exile—all this, Malchus considers, could have been only conjecture; at least, no one knew anything certain about it. It struck him more, he says, that the Countess Bocholz (whoever *she* was) was more than once very pressing with him to feel the pulse of the fates, and protested to him that Lenormand had told her circumstances out of her past life, which it had given her a positive thrill of terror to hear, they being things known almost to no human being, and of which Lenormand could by no earthly chance have been informed. Many others of his most intimate friends spoke in the same way, but there was nobody that so much aroused his curiosity, respecting this singular woman, as Docter Spangenberg, the queen's (what queen's?) physician. This personage, who is described by Malchus as a particularly dry, clear-headed man, who brought everything to the bar of reason, and admitted nothing that was not susceptible of mathematical proof, assured him, just as every one else did, that it was perfectly incomprehensible what this woman knew, and could tell one. To him, as well as to the Countess Bocholz, she had presented the picture of his earlier life, in its leading outlines, with the greatest fidelity, reminding him of many things which, even in Mecklenburg, (his native country,) very few people were aware of, and which, here in Paris, no human soul could know. Also with respect to the present and the paulo-post-future, she had said things to him, which were true, or had since become true, to a degree that was enough to drive one mad. For instance—"he would in eight days' time receive very interesting intelligence, through an old friend, respecting affairs in his own country, but the bringer of this intelligence would die two days after." He and his friends, with whom he was

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living at Compiegne, had several times joked about this, and wondered when the messenger, who was to die two days after delivering his message, would make his appearance. At last, on the eighth day, the actor Narcisse, who had spent a considerable time at Cassel, and elsewhere in Germany, arrived, and brought him several pieces of news, which were of great interest for him, but —two days after Narcisse died.

Doctor Spangenberg mentioned further, that at the time of his consulting Lenormand, he was for the first time of his life at Paris; that he had no mind to consult her, but had been teased into doing by Monsieur de Pful and other friends. He had never before been in the neighborhood of her house, had never seen her until that day, and, at his visit, told her neither his name nor his circumstances, nor suffered anything to escape him which could have served her as a clue.

Malchus was at length prevailed on to visit the divineress; the following is his account of the visit, which we give in his own words:—

"All this at length overcame the repugnance I felt towards a sibyl of this species, and I determined to go, intending however to put the reality of her miraculous knowledge to every test in my power.

"I was glad to find that the street in which she lived, and even the quarter of the town in which it was situated, was one in which I had never been. I put on a threadbare cast-off surtout, and a very shabby old hat, got into a *fiacre*, and drove to the Faubourg St. Germain, alighted before turning the corner of the Rue Tournon, and proceeded to her house on foot. On my ringing, the door was opened by a little girl, who might be about fourteen years of age. I asked for Mlle. Lenormand, and received answer that she would scarcely be able to speak with me just then, as she was extremely busy. 'Very well,' said I; 'ask her when I may call again?' After a few moments, the child returned with the answer, 'Next Saturday, any time after twelve o'clock.' I expressed my wish that she would appoint the hour herself, as I had, I said, abundance of leisure, so that it was equal to me at what time I came, and I was anxious that her reception of me should interfere with no other engagement. The little maid disappeared, and presently there came out of the adjoining chamber a woman advanced in years, and, I must confess, not without somewhat witch-like in her appearance, her eyes glancing about her not exactly with fire, but still with an expression of uncommon intelligence and subtlety. Coming straight up to me, and giving me no time to speak, she put a card into my hand, and, with the words, '*Samedi, trois heures, monsieur*,' disappeared again into her cabinet: she hardly saw me half a second, and I had not opened my lips in her presence.

"Saturday came, and I was there (in the same dress) punctually at three o'clock, was again received by the little maid, and requested to wait a few moments, as somebody was just then with Mlle. Lenormand. About ten minutes might have passed, when the door of the cabinet opened, and a young woman, supported by a man under the middle age, came out, weeping so excessively, that one could literally have washed oneself in her tears, and giving utterance to the most heart-piercing lamentations. Her companion did everything possible to assuage her grief, reminded her that 'the thing, after all, had not been infallibly declared; that the question still remained, whether it would really come to pass,' and so on. There must something terrible have been said to the poor soul.

"I was now ushered in, and made to sit down near the sorceress, at a table that stood by the sofa. As I had heard that, when asked only for the *petit jeu*, (which cost two Napoleons,) she left out many details, in her sketch of the past, the present, and the future, I at once signified my desire to have the *grand jeu*, of which four Napoleons is the price.

"She then asked me—

"1. The initial letter of my Christian name.

"2. That of my surname.

"3. Of my country.

"4. Of the place of my birth.

"5. My age—to be given with as much exactitude as was in my power: it so happened that I could state it even to the hour, and did so.

"6. The name of my favorite flower.

"7. The name of my favorite animal.

"8. The name of the animal to which I had the greatest repugnance.

"Upon this, she took, in addition to some seven packs of cards which already lay on the table seven packs more, making in all fourteen packs. They were, however, of very different kinds; for instance, Tarok-cards, old German cards, whist cards, cards marked with the celestial bodies, cards with necromantic figures, and I know not what all besides. She now shuffled one pack after another, giving me each pack, after she had shuffled it, to cut. Naturally, I was going to do this with the right hand, but she prevented me, and said, '*La main gauche, monsieur.*' To try whether she said this merely to mystify me, or would seriously make a point of it, I cut the second pack with the left hand, but took the right again to the third; but she interposed instantly, and repeated, '*La main gauche, monsieur.*' Out of each pack, after cutting, I had to draw (still with the left hand) a certain number of cards, prescribed by her; not the same number out of each pack, but from one more, from another less: from the Tarok cards, for instance, twenty-five; from another pack, six; from a third, ten; and so on. The cards thus drawn she arranged in a certain order on the table: all the rest were put aside.

"She then took my left hand, and surveyed it very attentively, taking particular notice of all its lines and intersections. After a little while, she commenced counting the lines upwards and downwards, and from side to side, pronouncing at the same time the names of the heavenly bodies. At length she opened a great necromantic book which lay near her, and in which were drawn an immense variety of hands, with all their linear marks; these drawings she compared carefully, one after another, with my hand, till she found one that was marked in a similar way. Then, turning to the cards arranged on the table, she studied them with great intentness, went from one to another, numbering and calculating very busily, till at last she began to speak, and to tell me, out of the cards before her, my past, present, and future destinies. She spoke very rapidly, and as if reading out of a book; and I observed that if, in running on, she happened to revert a second time to anything already mentioned, she stated it in the very same words as at first—in short, exactly as if she were reading it again out of the book.

"Of my past history, she told me, to my infinite astonishment, much that I myself had almost for-

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gotten, which, probably, there was no one in my own country that knew or remembered, and which most certainly was known to nobody at Paris.

"Among other things she said—'You have more than once been in peril of life; in particular, within your first five years, you had a narrow escape of drowning.'

"Who told her that in my fourth year I fell into the great pond at Schwetzingen?

"'More than once you have been in danger of losing your life by fire.'

"This, too, is true.

"'You were born in circumstances which did not offer you the prospect of high station in the world; nevertheless, you have attained it. Very early in life you began to labor for distinction of some sort; you were not yet five-and-twenty when you first entered the service of the state, but it was in a very subordinate position.'

"How did she find out that I received my first official appointment at nineteen?

"Then she proceeded to reckon up to me a multitude of particulars of my past life, in particular placing the different *sections* of it before me in so definite and distinct a manner, that I began to feel a kind of horror creeping over me, as if I had been in the presence of a spirit.

"With respect to the last section but one, (my taking office in Westphalia,) she remarked that it had not at first appeared likely to become very brilliant, but that circumstances had soon occurred which had given it such a character.

"Of the present she spoke with the same accuracy.

"Of the future, some things that she said were characterized by a true Sibylline obscurity, or might have been compared to that Pythian utterance, 'If Crœsus crosses the Phasis, a great kingdom will fall.' Some things, on the other hand, she expressed in a clear and unambiguous manner, and they have proved true.

"For example, she said, 'You are in great anxiety about your family'—which indeed I was, for I knew that my wife and children had got in safety as far as Elsen, but whether they had got happily to Hildesheim, and if so, how matters stood with them there, I knew not—'but,' proceeded the sorceress, 'you may be tranquil on this score, for in eight days you will receive a letter, which will indeed contain various things not agreeable to you, but will relieve you of all uneasiness on your family's account.'

"In effect, by the eighth day I received a letter from my wife, which acquainted me that she and the children were well, but of which the remaining contents were by no means of a character to give me pleasure.

"Within the next eight days I should four times successively obtain accounts of the state of things in my native country, and on one occasion should hear very minute particulars respecting my family.

"This was said on the 28th of March. Two days after, the allies entered Paris, an event the most unexpected to all its citizens. About six days after, I went to walk on the Boulevards; a person in the uniform of the Prussian artillery came eagerly up to me, and to my astonishment I recognized Monsieur N., who had lived with us a short time before at Compiegne, had then returned to Hildesheim, and joined the Prussians, and was now come direct from Hildesheim to Paris, consequently had no end of things to tell me about my family, whom he had seen and spoken with. A little after, I met Monsieur Delius, formerly prefect of Gottingen, and, in short, I really, in the course of eight days, had news from Germany just four times.

"She proceeded—'You will not remain long in France, but will return to your own country, where you will at first have to encounter a host of annoyances, some of them trifling, some grave. You will be arrested, but speedily restored to liberty.'

"All this took place here in Heidelberg.

"She now said very distinctly, that before the 23d of November, 1814, I should receive an important decision, but one very unacceptable to me. In effect, on the 21st of that month, I received the letter of the Hanoverian minister, Count Munster, conveying to me the determination of his government on my claim to the estate of Marienrode; the purport of this determination was, that my claim was rejected, but the appeal, which I spoke of to the congress of Vienna, left open to me.

"'Your destiny,' she added, 'will, for the next three years, be but precarious and unstable; and you will not find yourself in prosperous circumstances again until 1817.'

"When she had completely finished, I wished to have the whole written down, (this costs a Napoleon more,) as it interested me too much to allow of my trusting the retention of it solely to memory. 'Much,' said I, 'of what you have said to me, respecting my past life, has put me in no small astonishment.'

"'*Ah!*' replied she, dryly, '*c'est bien fait pour cela.*'

"She had no objection to write it all down for me, but assured me that she had more to do than could be told, and must, therefore, request of me three things. First, that I would write down for her the three answers above mentioned; secondly, that I would not require her to go into the past and the present at such length as she had done in her verbal communication; and, thirdly, that I would give her three weeks' time, before coming for the paper. 'That will be the easier for you to do,' said she, 'as you will remain two months longer at Paris.' This struck me much, because, in the position I then occupied, and under the political circumstances existing, I could not engage to be at Paris three days.

"'*Surement*,' repeated she, as she observed my perplexed looks; '*vous resterez encore deux mois à Paris.*'

"And in this also she was right! I remained at Paris just two months longer, and no more.

"After three weeks I revisited the house of Mlle. Lenormand, but found her engaged, and heard from the little maid that, with the best will in the world, she had not yet been able to make out time to write what I wished for; but, if I would come again in four days, it should positively be ready.

"I was glad of this delay; the test, I thought, would be all the severer, whether she really read the same things in the cards, this second time, that she did three or four weeks before, or whether she only recalled, by an effort of memory, what she had said to me on a former occasion. I therefore quit the house with pleasure, and returned after four days. Mlle. Lenormand was gone out. The little maid excused this on the score of urgent business, begged me, in her mistress' name, to enter the cabinet, and, opening a drawer, showed me a paper intended for me, but which was not yet quite finished. I read it through, as far as it went, and found that it already contained about two thirds of

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what the sorceress had said to me orally. Errors there were none, and the little variations from what I had heard near four weeks before from her, were of the most inconsiderable nature.

"In four days more, the little maid assured me, the manuscript should, without fail, be ready. In effect it was so, and corresponded accurately with what she had spoken more than four weeks before. Yet how many nativities might she not have cast in the interval! How many men's destinies must have thrust mine out of her recollection! I went purposely, from the time of my first visit to her till my departure from Paris, into her neighborhood several times, and always found one or more carriages standing before her house, which had brought persons desirous of learning their destiny at the lips of Mlle. Lenormand."

We offer no opinion on the above, except that it is "curious." "True" we must presume it, coming, as it does, not from a professional inditer of fugitive romance, but from a grave man, with a character to lose—a man of arithmetic and red tapè, and such solid realities of life—whose only flight of imagination, that we can find any trace of, was that very high, but very brief one, of accepting the office of "liquidator of the national debt." Somebody has called chiromancy a "*monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.*" It may be so; still these coincidences (to use a word without much meaning) are strange. Malchus was not the only celebrated person of the last generation whose horoscope Lenormand constructed; Talma, Madame de Stael, Mdle. George, and numerous other notabilities of that age, also had occasion to acknowledge that her predictions were not thrown out at random; and it is but a few years since the accomplishment of a prophecy of hers, respecting Horace Vernet, delivered in 1807, when he was a child. This was to the effect that he would, in about thirty years from that time, stand in such high consideration as an artist, that the king would send him to Africa to paint the storming of a fortress there by the French army; a prediction which was literally fulfilled in 1839. It is also asserted, as something generally known, that she foretold Murat the place and the hour of his death, twenty years before that event. People will tell us, these were all "coincidences;" which means, if it means anything, that the event "coincided" with the prediction. Quite true; the event did coincide with the prediction, and here is just the wonder. If there had been no "coincidence"—that is, if the prophecy had not been fulfilled—there would have been no mystery in the case.

But the certainty with which Lenormand divined the lucky numbers in the lottery, is said to have thrown all her other oracular exploits into the shade. The following anecdotes, illustrative of her gift in this way, are told by Dr. Weisskampf, who had them from Colonel Favier, at Paris:—

"Mlle. L. once declared to the celebrated comic actor, Potier, that one, two, or even three prizes, were assigned by destiny, generally speaking, to every man; but that she could not tell when and where any particular person's fortunate numbers would be drawn, without inspecting such person's hand. She said, further, that if she could collect about her all the individuals to whom fortune is favorably disposed, all the lotteries of all Europe would not be able to pay the immense winnings they would have to claim. Potier very naturally desired to know what were his own fortunate numbers. Mlle. L. contemplated his left hand, and said, 'Mark the numbers, 9, 11, 37, and 85; stake on these—but not sooner than sixteen years hence—in the imperial lottery at Lyons, and you will obtain a *quatern*.' This was in 1810; in 1826, Potier remembered it; the drawing at Lyons took place in May; he staked on the four numbers the sorceress had named, and chose for himself a fifth, the number of his birth-day, 27; and Paris talks yet of the sensation produced when the five numbers Potier had set his money on were drawn. He won 250,000 francs, a sum which made a rich man of him, and by which he sprang, as it were, into the arms of fortune; his wealth increased from day to day, and when he died, (which was in May, 1840,) his heirs divided a million and a half among them.

"Potier's good luck reached the ears of Tribet, another actor, a man to whom nature had been somewhat chary of talent, but, to make amends, extremely liberal in the matter of children. He flew to Mlle. Lenormand—she declined to give him any information; he besought her on his knees, but she continued inflexible; he supplicated, he conjured her; she perused his hand, but only shook her head in silence, sighed, and left him. Tribet was out of his senses at this silence of the oracle—he followed Lenormand, represented that his happiness was in her hands; that he was poor, helpless, the father of ten children, whom it was not in his power even to educate, and for whose future prospects he was in despair. At last the sibyl looked on him with a grave aspect, and said, 'Do not desire to know your numbers; it is true that they will be drawn in the next *tirage* at Paris, but they will bring you far greater evils than you now have to contend with. Seduced by the first smile of fortune, you will become a passionate gambler; you will neglect your art, renounce, in your elated folly, the profession that insures you bread, abandon your wife and your children, play again, and again play, and not cease playing, until, beggared, maddened, and lost irretrievably, you will only hasten, by suicide, a death already creeping towards you by starvation.'

"Tribet vowed and swore he would be the most regular, the most staid of men, and would suffer no degree of prosperity to intoxicate him; as for play, he bound himself by a solemn oath to avoid it, and to apply his gains in the lottery solely to his family's good. 'Well,' said Lenormand, 'I will tell you the numbers. I will even let you know that one of them denotes the year of your death—it is 28: another is 13, your name-festival, and a third 66, the number of your star. There is still another number, which is full of good luck for you, but—you once wounded yourself in the left hand on the stage with a pistol, while playing the part of a brigand.'

"'I did so—it is just twelve years since.'

"'Well, that number is, since then, no longer to be traced in your hand.'

"'But I know it,' exclaimed Tribet; 'it is 7 That has been a remarkable number to me all my life. At seven years of age I came to Paris; seven

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weeks after my arrival here I was received into the Royal Institute to be educated; seven years after I entered the institute, Nicci noticed me there, and finding that I had an ear for music, took me as a pupil; when I was just three times seven years old, I fell in love, married, and obtained, through Nicci, an appointment at the Royal Opera, with a salary of seven hundred livres. Finally, it is a man who lives at No. 7, on the Boulevard, that advised me to come to you. Without a doubt, seven is my fortunate number.'

"'Good; choose, then, 7 for your *quatern*; very likely this number also will win.'

"Tribet staggered from her presence like one drunk with joy. But he had not money enough to stake a large sum, and the prophetess had declared, as she did in all cases, that it would not do to stake borrowed money. The poor actor had only twenty francs in the world—he went and staked the whole sum. The day of the *tirage* arrived, and Tribet's four numbers came out of the wheel; not one failed—and the man who but the day before had not a *sous*, found himself the possessor of ninety-six thousand francs! Who can describe his happiness? He ran through the streets without his hat; he embraced friends and enemies; he told every one he met that he was become a capitalist; he was so wild that he took a box at the theatre, 'to see Tribet play;' in short, his head grew giddy, and what Lenormand had prophesied came literally to pass. His good luck had made him crazy; his family, his good wife, his children seemed to him a burden; Paris was too narrow for him; he put up his money, and set off in secret for London. Arrived there, he speedily dissipated the half of his fortune, and then became a constant guest at the hazard table. At first, like most tyros in play, he won, but fortune soon turned against him, and loss followed loss, till nothing more was left him to lose. There now remained nothing of his destiny unfulfilled but its dreadful close, and this was not long wanting. In 1828, his body was taken up in the Thames, and it came out on the inquest, that, for the last eight days of his miserable life, he had not tasted even a spoonful of warm soup!

"This event was a terrible shock to Lenormand; she called herself Tribet's murderess, execrated her art, and, for more than a year after, steadily refused every request to divine numbers for the lottery.

"In 1830, however, she was induced once more to do so, under the following circumstances. A man one day hastily entered her cabinet, stated himself to be a printer, Pierre Arthur by name, and entreated her intercession with a creditor, Monsieur So-and-so, whom he knew to have a great veneration for her, and who was at that moment pursuing him with bailiffs. While he spoke, the creditor himself appeared with his attendants; he had seen his debtor enter Lenormand's house, and followed him on the spot. This man was a moneylender; Arthur had been so unfortunate as to borrow a sum from him four years before, and had, since that time, been paying him the usurious interest of twenty-four per cent.—a drain on his earnings which scarcely left the poor man in a condition to give dry bread to his children. A half-year's interest was now due; he was totally unable to raise the requisite sum, and his merciless creditor, rejecting all his entreaties for an extension of time, was about to consign his children to inevitable starvation, by throwing their only support into prison. Lenormand readily undertook the intercessor's office, and appealed to the usurer's compassion, but it is scarcely necessary to say that the appeal was vain. The sibyl grew warm; the violation of the sacredness of her roof incensed her, and she said some bitter things to the man of money; this incensed him in his turn, and he told her with a malicious grin, that if she had so much pity for the printer, she had but to pay the two thousand francs which he owed; he would then be her debtor, and she could show him as much indulgence as she pleased.

"Instead of replying to this taunt, she took the usurer's left hand, and studied its lines in silence. 'Arthur,' said she, after a few minutes, 'I have found help for you where you least expected it—in the hand of your oppressor. If you yet possess five francs of your own—not borrowed, but honestly earned money—go immediately and stake it on these three numbers, 37, 87, and 88, in the royal lottery. The *tirage* is to-day; to-morrow you are the possessor of 24,000 francs. You will be able to pay your creditor, and be a rich man still; the hand that has brought you to beggary shall raise you to fortune, or there are no stars in heaven.'

"But poor Arthur had not a *sous*, for it was but a few days since the usurer had swept his house by a distress; he had nothing either to pawn or to sell. The creditor coolly directed the bailiffs to remove him; then, finding himself alone with the sorceress, he addressed himself to the task of deprecating her resentment, assumed his blandest aspect, thanked her for the fortunate numbers she had so unexpectedly revealed to him, and avowed his intention to stake ten francs on them without delay. The same sum he counted out on the table of the divineress, as a free-will token of his gratitude. 'I have long wished,' said he, 'to learn from you what are my numbers; thank Heaven, that an accident, which I must call providential, has this day led to the accomplishment of my wish.'

"'Do not suppose,' replied Lenormand, 'that you will escape the consequences of having offended me. Go; stake what sum you will on the numbers: I will take care that you shall win nothing by them.'

"The usurer did not believe, however, that it was in the power even of the redoubtable Pythoness to alter the course of fate; he hurried to the lottery-office, and recorded his venture.

"Lenormand had often murmured, that while she could point out to others the road to wealth, it was forbidden her to tread it herself. She could tell those who applied to her the numbers by which prizes would be obtained, but was herself obliged to refrain from staking anything on these numbers, because her doing so was certain to change good fortune into bad. She had read her own destinies as well as those of others, and knew that she was one of the few to whom prizes in the lottery were peremptorily denied. She now rejoiced at this; she resolved to stake the ten francs the miser had given her on *his* numbers, sure that when she made them *her* numbers, they would not be drawn. It happened as she anticipated; the numbers were *not* drawn, the usurer lost his ten francs, and the only drawback on the sibyl's gratification was, that his disappointment did not open the doors of the prison to poor Arthur."

Colonel Favier, we ought to mention, does not guarantee the truth of these stories, but merely gives them as having been current at Paris in 1831, and on the alleged authority of the witch herself. They, therefore, do not stand on the

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same footing, as to credit, with the communications of Malchus and the Countess N. N. One thing, however, the colonel states as matter of notoriety, that Lenormand, eight days before the death of Louis the Eighteenth, gave the following as the five numbers destined to come out of the wheel at the next drawing, viz., the number of the king's age, 68; the number of years he had reigned, (reckoning from the death of his nephew,) 36; the year of the entry of the allies into Paris, 14; the day the king had ascended the throne, 26; and the number affixed to his name in the list of the sovereigns of France, 18. All the numbers were drawn, and the lottery undertakers of the French metropolis will long remember the day of reckoning that followed.

We now take our leave of Mademoiselle Lenormand, to whom, witch, or no witch, some admiration will always remain due, for having contrived to be believed in by a generation that neither believed in God and his angels, nor in the devil and his imps. As to her art, we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions about it, whether mere chance, or some undiscovered properties of numbers, or a real understanding with the invisible world, have most to do with its results. If he decide for the first, we recommend to his consideration the following utterances of the inspired Novalis:—

"The fortuitous is not unfathomable; it, too, has a regularity of its own."

And again:—

"He that has a right sense for the fortuitous has the power to use all that is fortuitous for the determining of an unknown fortuitous: he can seek destiny with the same success in the position of the stars, as in sand-grains, in the flight of birds, and in figures."

With respect to the other two solutions, we subjoin some remarks of a writer in Kerner's "Magikon," who states it as something "not to be denied," that the powers of invisible beings often exercise a strange influence in games of chance, an influence which it would be difficult to resolve into the mere effects of "undiscovered properties of numbers:"—

"We should have many proofs (proceeds this writer) that the old demons of the heathen creed still carry on their game, under other masks, in Christendom, (especially in southern countries,) if we were to collect and comment upon the many instances which occur to every traveller. What diabolical mischief is wrought in connection with the lottery! Even in Germany, how many heads do you find turned by dreams and presentiments in relation to this most ruinous species of gambling, and that not only among the common people, but often among those who have enjoyed the advantages of education! Cross the Alps, and the still fury becomes an open one; and the further you travel southwards, the more universally stark mad do the people appear. Dreams and presentiments go but a small way: the very beggar swims in an element of omens, and suggestions of fortunate numbers, and there is no possible casualty that can befall him, but it betokens an *ambo*, a *terno*, a *quaterno*, and so on.* Even the execution of a criminal is explored for oracular meanings: how the blood gushes, how the body falls, how the poor sinner looks, moves, bears himself in the last moment—all is eagerly noted, and auguries are deduced from each particular, that infallibly indicate the winning numbers in the next *estrazione*. Here we have the whole trade of the *haruspices* of old: your Roman will not be robbed of his heathenism; he only mixes up with his faith in these oracles an occasional ejaculation directed to some favorite saint, like those prayers for rich *Inglesi*, or other children of the north, which form so large a part in the devotions of the inn-keepers of the eternal city."

We conclude with a short anecdote corroborative of this author's views. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, a Roman Catholic priest named Maas, of Paderborn, practised a kind of divination by means of numbers, which made some noise at the time. He had learned it from a Jew, whom he had charitably taken into his house in a dying state, and who, as a tribute of gratitude, communicated the mysterious art in question to his benevolent host, before he died. It was a method of obtaining answers, in any language, to inquiries respecting the future, or on other subjects unknown, by reckonings made according to certain rules: the practice of it was called "consulting the *cabala*." Many remarkable responses are recorded, which Maas obtained in this way, both on private and on public affairs; but the following circumstance is said to have, in the end, induced him to renounce the art. He once put the question to the "cabala"—Who was its author? Contrary to what usually happened, no intelligible answer was returned: he repeated his calculations, and the result was a kind of admonition, not to make any inquiry on this subject; but, on his persisting, and a third time tempting the oracle with this too curious question, the answer was given—"Look behind you." At this our experimenter was seized with a feeling of horror, he laid his face on the table, called his housekeeper, and when he raised his head again, there was nothing unusual to be seen.

We do not know whether Mademoiselle Lenormand is still living. She ought not to be dead for she told Countess N. N., in 1812, that she was sure of completing her hundred-and-eighth year.

* In illustration of the above, we quote what follows from the book of the year, Father Prout's "Facts and Figures from Italy":—

"There is a book which has a greater circulation in the Roman States than the New Testament, or Thomas à Kempis, called the 'Book of Dreams, or the Oracle of the Government Lottery.' Wheelbarrowfuls are sold at every fair, and it is often the only book in a whole village. The faith of credulous ignorance in this book is a most astounding fact; and no later than four days ago, at the drawing of the lottery, an instance of its infallibility was quoted in all the haunts of the people. A laborer fell from the scaffolding of the new hospital in the Corso, and was killed on the spot; his fellow-workman left the corpse in the street, and ran to consult his 'Book of Dreams.' *Paura, sangue, cascata*, (fear, blood, fall,) were the cabalistic words, whose corresponding *numbers*, set forth therein, he selected for his investment of fifteen bajocchi. On Saturday, his three numbers all came forth from the government urn, winning a prize of three hundred dollars."

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From the British Quarterly Review.

The Lands of the Bible visited and described, in an extensive Journey, undertaken with special reference to the Promotion of Biblical Research, and the Advancement of the Cause of Philanthropy. By JOHN WILSON, D. D., F. R. S., Honorary President of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, Member of the Editorial Committee of the Asiatic Section of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen, Missionary of the Free Church of Scotland, &c. &c. With Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1847.

HISTORY begins in Ancient Asia. On that soil the human mind presents its first development. Science, learning, policy, religion—all have their beginnings from that source. The civilization of Africa has an impress of its own; that of Europe is still more distinct; but, in both cases, the good has come by migration, and its origin has been oriental. To be unacquainted with early Asiatic history is to be ignorant as to the first bubblings of that marvellous stream of intelligence and onwardness, which has been ever in movement, and which is now diffusing itself more and more equally over the four quarters of the world.

Asia stretches so far north as to embrace wide unpeopled regions of everlasting ice and snow, and so far south as to send her peninsulas, which in themselves are almost continents, far within the tropics, nearly touching the equator. Viewed in its depth or width, it embraces more than half the old world. Europe is not more than a fourth of its size, while, in respect to variety, fertility, and beauty, the surface of Europe, and even that of Africa, cannot be brought into comparison with the pretensions of the greater, we may almost call it the *parent*, continent. The fairest and richest provinces of Asia are in the same latitude with the Mediterranean, and it is only as men diverge from those regions, to others more northward or southward, that they become materially inconvenienced either by cold or heat. The entire continent is naturally divided into three departments. Two grand chains of mountains, and at something like equal distances from each other, cross its territory, from west to east. The Tauric chain takes its rise near the shores of the Mediterranean, in Asia Minor, and extends, like a mighty wall of separation, eastward, as far as the desert of Cobi, and the walls of China. The Altaic chain takes its rise northward of the Caspian, and sends its main line in the same direction. Northern Asia lies north of the Altaic mountains, and in a line with Russia; Central Asia lies between the two chains of mountains just named, and in a line with Germany: while Southern Asia, the seat of all the old Asiatic empires, is, as we have stated, in the same latitude with Asia Minor and the Mediterranean. This grand division by mountains is further subdivided by rivers. In Southern Asia, by the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Indus; in Central Asia, by the Oxus and Jaxartes; and in Northern Asia, by the Irtish, the Lena, and the Yenesei; the last named—little known to Europeans—send their flood of waters, without ceasing, into the unexplored solitudes of the Arctic Sea.

We touch on these peculiarities in the geography of Ancient Asia because they are intimately connected with the general history of that quarter of the globe. Northern Asia, indeed, can hardly be said to have a history. But Central Asia, with its wide table lands, has been the hive of population to the east—the territory from which the Mongolians and Tartars, in later time, and the "shepherd kings," in earlier time, have come down like a flood on the corrupt civilization of the south, setting up new empires, to become as corrupt, in their turn, as their predecessors, and to be crushed, in their turn, by new insurgent hordes, from the same pastoral regions. Such, in fact, has been the perpetual round of Asiatic history. Its empires have all commenced in comparative rudeness, have become corrupt as the means of indulgence have multiplied, and have fallen under the shock of ruder and less effeminate assailants. Three stages have seemed to embrace their destiny—from barbarism to corruptness, from corruptness to decay.

But from the regions where human greatness has been at once so gorgeous and so unstable, influences have proceeded of a nature to produce the strongest and the most permanent impression on the condition of humanity. In those regions we find "the Lands of the Bible," and by that fact alone a charm is thrown over Asiatic history, that cannot be said to belong to any other. The volumes before us abound with much that should be interesting to the scholar and the historian, but with more that will find its way readily to the imagination and the heart of the Christian. Dr. Wilson, compelled by a much impaired state of health to leave, for a while, the scene of his missionary labors in India, has endeavored to render his voyage and journey to Britain as conducive as possible to the interests of religion and humanity. The result is before us in the present publication—on the claims of which the author himself shall be allowed to speak.

"I respectfully claim a place for my work, from certain classes of readers at least, because of the extent of the journey which it narrates, and the objects which it was designed to subserve; because part of the land and ocean over which it is my wish to conduct my reader, has been but partially, if at all, noticed in late publications; and because, even on frequented tracks, I have exercised my own visual organs, and made my own observations and inquiries, without anything like a slavish deference either to my predecessors or contemporaries. Most travellers who have entered the countries which I ask the reader to traverse with me have approached them from the distant west; and almost everything connected with them has presented itself to their view in an aspect of entire novelty, and called forth a burst of fresh European feeling. I betook myself to them from the distant east, in which I had resided about fifteen years, and not altogether a stranger to the nature of their climes, and the manners and customs and languages of their inhabitants, with many of whom I had been brought in contact; and if I

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have labored under some disadvantages by my lengthened sojourn in the exsiccating regions of the sun, I have enjoyed certain facilities for movement, and inquiry, and comparison, to which some importance may be attached. In my associates, too, I was peculiarly favored. I allude especially to John Smith, Esq., and Dhanjibhái Naurojí of Bombay, to the Rev. William Graham, of Damascus, and to the other friends, to whom I have expressed my great obligations in the body of my book, and whose assistance and friendship I shall long remember with the deepest gratitude.

"The work, which, as it regards one of the great objects which I kept particularly in view throughout my travels, comes nearest to my own, is the 'Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petræa,' of the Rev. Edward Robinson, D. D. That most able and learned book has entirely exhausted many subjects of inquiry connected with Biblical Geography. It is remarkably accurate, as a whole, in its original descriptions; and it contains historical notices of many localities which evince the most diligent and successful research, being, in fact, a valuable epitome of the results of ancient and modern travel in the Holy Land. It is a matter of congratulation, that it at once took, and will long maintain, its place as a standard authority. If it has not met with all the popular favor which it merits, this is owing as much to the gravity of the subjects of which it treats, as to the disadvantage to the reader of the union of the more lively personal narrative, with the duller, though still valuable, historical and antiquarian inquiries. In some matters of great interest, I have seen reason to differ from the conclusions of Dr. Robinson—as the place and circumstances of the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, the mount of communion at Sinai, the route of the Israelites immediately after the giving of the law, the use of some of the ancient excavations at Petra, and various questions connected with the topography of the Holy Land. The reasons of my judgment I have endeavored to state without dogmatism, and in a spirit, I trust, equally remote from the dangerous extremes of credulity and rationalism. In travelling through the land of Israel, my companions and myself were guided in the identification of Scripture sites principally by the coincidence of the ancient Hebrew and modern Arabic names, and their visible agreement with the localization of Scripture, and the notices of Eusebius and Jerome. It was, generally speaking, rather for purposes of confirmation than information respecting them, that we consulted the various works which we had in our possession. Except in a few cases, the grounds of judgment lie within very narrow bounds."—Vol. i., pp. vi.—ix.

"I devoted a great deal of my attention, when travelling, to the implementing of a commission which I had received from one of the committees of the church of Scotland, relative to the prosecution of research among the eastern Jews. Circumstances much favored me in my intercourse with these people, who are so much beloved for their fathers' sake; and I have been enabled, both in the first and second parts of my work, to bring to notice some matters connected with them, which, I trust, will be found not altogether devoid of interest and originality. A similar observation I may make, perhaps with more confidence, connected with the remnant of the Samaritans still sojourning at Shechem or Nábulus. The eastern Christians, the nominal representatives of our holy faith in the glorious lands in which it originated, and sojourning on the frontiers, or within the territories of Muhammadanism and Heathenism, and peculiarly exposed to the intrigues of crafty conclaves at Rome and Lyons, called forth special notice, and excited much of my sympathy; and I have devoted a considerable number of pages to an exposition of their creed and condition, and their more general historical connections. In doing this, I have availed myself of two lectures, which, in anticipation of the appearance of this work, I have laid before the public since my arrival in Scotland, abridging and enlarging them according to convenience. I have of course formed my judgment of these eastern churches from a comparison of them with the evangelical principles which we hold as the truth of God. I extremely regret that I could not take a more favorable view of them than I have done. I trust that what I have said of them may conduce somewhat to extend the too feeble interest which is felt in their behalf by the Protestant churches of Europe."—Vol. i., pp. ix.—xi.

Dr. Wilson embarked in a steamer at Bombay, in January, 1843—the first point to be touched by the vessel being our Arabian colony at 'Aden. After sailing six days, the coast of Arabia became visible, and two days later the small curved peninsula, the seat of the British settlement, was distinctly seen. The general aspect of the southern shore of Arabia, from the sea, is that of a mountainous, rocky, and sterile region, with little to make it welcome to man or beast. The neighborhood of 'Aden is not an exception in this respect. The peninsula on which our colony is situated is not five miles square, but is connected with a good bay, and strong natural means of defence. The population of the town is nearly 20,000, of which something less than one thousand only are Europeans. The town itself, says Dr. Wilson,

"is esconced in an amphitheatre of rocky mountains, literally in the crater of a volcano, and with its only opening in the direction of the lofty and fortified islet of Sirah, which, when we first observed it, appeared merely part of the circle of hills, on the margin of which it is situated. The town, if found in another locality, would appear mean to extremity; but the oddness of its site disarms criticism. The attention is irresistibly arrested by the lofty and unscalable walls, and impregnable towers and bulwarks which nature hath reared around it. The houses, or rather huts, are in rows, traversing a small valley, and very slight in their construction, and limited in their accommodation. Many of them are entirely of wicker-work, with wagon roofs, with interwoven leaves of the date-palm for a covering. Not a few of them have flat roofs. They are generally of undressed stone, compacted with layers and pillars of wood instead of mortar. Not a glass window is to be seen; and the apertures for admitting the light are so small that they defy the entrance of the thief. Those in the Jews' quarter are the most respectable; but even of them little favorable can be said. The palace of the Sultán is a forsaken tenement; but in the days of yore it must, as an Asiatic domicile, have been worthy of its occupant. One of the most conspicuous objects in the town is the tomb of the Muhammadan saint, Idrís ibn 'Abdallah. Few towers or minarets are visible. Numerous wells and tanks, excavated with care, many of which have become useless, may also be observed. The residence of Captain

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Haines, of the I. N., formerly engaged in the survey of this part of the coast, and from the first the political agent or governor of our Arabian possessions, is in the form of a neat Indian bungalow. We got the kindest and most hospitable welcome from its inmates. At the post office, in a neighboring cottage, I had the pleasure of receiving communications from Britain, which had arrived by the last mail."—Vol. i., pp. 14—16.

Even here, where the lichen often finds it difficult to subsist, religions—the hoary religions of the east—retain their hold, and along with them the no less ancient spirit of traffic. Even here, too, that invaluable institution, the Bible Society, has its good deeds to speak for it. A Jew, a man of some authority among his brethren, had on hand thirty-six copies of the Hebrew Scriptures for distribution at half the cost price. Leaving the abode of this man, says Dr. Wilson,

"we went to that of Moshe Menahem, the 'ruler of the Jews,' who politely walked with us to the synagogue. He is the only Israelite at 'Aden who reads and writes Arabic in its proper character; and I had pleasure in making him a little gift similar to that which I had put into the hands of the Nási. At the synagogue we found about twenty persons engaged in repeating night prayers, some of whom were standing at the door and lobby, as if unworthy to enter the interior. The synagogue, which is the only public building which the Jews of 'Aden possess, is of the plainest description, being merely a square room of considerable height, but with scarcely a hole to admit the light. Its furniture is very limited, consisting of a small desk and three or four stools, a coarse mat spread over the floor, three or four tumblers used as lamps, and several ostrich eggs as ornaments, suspended from the roof. At the synagogue we were introduced to a Jew from India, who saluted us very cordially, and joined himself to our company. In the course of our wanderings and meanderings in the town, we came upon one of the three or four Jewish schools,' at which the young idea, as in most aboriginal seminaries in the east, is taught rather how to *shout* than to shoot. About a dozen boys, without either book or paper before them, were following their pedagogue in the recitation of some passages of the Hebrew Scriptures, bawling at the utmost pitch of their voices. Most of the adult Jews with whom we afterwards came into contact seemed timid and retiring, and destitute of that ease and confidence which, under the British government, they will not long fail to obtain. In the bázárs we observed a considerable number of shopkeepers from India, attracted to this rising place, doubtless, by the *auri sacra fames* which has so widely dispersed the high-turbaned and long-headed Baniás and Bhátiás, along the shores both of Arabia and Africa. An enterprising Pársí was here and there observed, as their rival, pushing his way through the throng, or sitting over his baskets and making love to the Indian camp-followers, that they might serve themselves at his store."—Vol. i., pp. 17, 18.

Of course the great majority of the people of 'Aden are Mohammedans, but their religious forms do not seem to be in very scrupulous observance. The voyage of Dr. Wilson, from 'Aden to Suez presents nothing memorable, but we cannot quit this extended line of the Arabian peninsula without reminding our readers of the ground on which even these regions should be regarded as among "the Lands of the Bible." The merchandise of the ancient Phœnicians consisted partly in produce of their own, but chiefly in wares which they obtained from other countries. Even in respect to their own manufactures, the raw material must have come to them almost entirely from a distance. These facts demonstrate the existence of an extensive land trade. Of this trade, an instructive description is given in the twenty-seventh chapter of the book of Ezekiel. The ode of the prophet, setting forth, as it does, the commercial grandeur of Tyre, presents a map of the countries to which this commerce extended, describing, with special minuteness, the places frequented by the merchants of Tyre on the coast of Arabia, and which connected the trade of that people with India. The following is the language of the prophet, as rendered by Michaelis:—"Waden and Javan brought thee from Sanaa sword-blades, cassia, and cinnamon, in exchange for thy wares. The merchants of Saba and of Raema traded with thee: the best spices, precious stones and gold, brought they to thee for thy wares. Haran, Canna, Aden, Saba, traded with thee." Now some of these places—as Aden, Canna, and Haran, all famous seaports on the Indian sea; as well as Sanaa and Saba, or Mariaba, still the capital of Yemen, have the same means to this hour; and if the exact site of Waden is uncertain, it is beyond doubt that it was situated in the straits of Babelmandel. These references clearly show how familiar to the people of Palestine were the great trade marts of Arabia Felix, and of the regions still more remote. The portion of Arabia stretching along the shore, from the Arabian to the Persian Gulf, might well have received the name of Arabia the Happy, if contrasted with the internal desert; for though not uniformly fertile, it has its spots of richness and beauty among the coast mountains, which are nowhere else to be paralleled in that vast peninsula. The value of the Arabian marts arose, in part, from the produce of their own neighborhood, but still more from their becoming the emporium of Ethiopian and Indian merchandise, including—besides their own frankincense, myrrh, cinnamon, cassia, gold, precious stones—other products almost without number. The result was, that Arabia Felix included cities scarcely inferior to those of Phœnicia, or of Attica itself, in wealth and splendor. Of all this, at present a few traces only remain, some of which came under the notice of Dr. Wilson at 'Aden. It is not now improbable that the old traffic, with its consequent opulence and civilization, may in a great part return to those long-deserted regions.

In Suez, the greatest seaport of the Red Sea, the following proofs of the tolerant spirit of Mohammad Ali came under the notice of our traveller:—

"Before we left the governor, an Arab, arrayed according to the Turkish fashion, addressed us in

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excellent English. He proved to be one of the young Fellâhîn, who had been sent to Europe for his education by Muhammad 'Ali. He had been seven and a half years in Britain, and principally educated at Glasgow, where he had embraced Christianity, and been baptized. He remembered with affection his Christian friends in that city, mentioning particularly the names of Drs. Brown and Smyth, two of its most distinguished and respected ministers. He still held fast, he said, the profession of his faith, though he had been induced to unite himself in marriage to a young woman, a member of a Muhammadan family. He was engaged for the present as an assistant to Mr. Levick, the English vice-consul at Suez; but he expected to be soon called to Cairo by the Páshá, who retained a claim to his services, as to those of all persons whom he educates, both at home and abroad. Muhammad 'Ali he represented as tolerant to the young men who embraced Christianity when in Europe, and as determined to keep in abeyance the law of the Musalmáns, which requires converts to Christianity to be put to death. Complaints against them by the bigoted devotees of the Kurán, he said, he had more than once dismissed. Similar favorable testimonies respecting his highness I elsewhere received. I was told that on one occasion, when a woman was taken before him to be condemned to death for apostasy from Islâm, he dismissed her by merely saying that she had merely acted a foolish part; and that after her departure he severely reprimanded her accusers, adding that he hoped that no similar case would again be brought to his attention, as it was enough for him to see that his subjects did their duty to him as their ruler, and refrained from injuring their neighbors."—Vol. i., pp. 41, 42.

In the journey from Suez, our author saw the *mirage* of the desert in much greater distinctness than in India. "This was a phenomenon," says Dr. Wilson, "which we afterwards frequently witnessed in our journey through Arabia Petræa, and in such a state of perfection, that nothing but a knowledge of our locality, and an experience of its deceitfulness, could induce us, at a little distance from it, to believe that it was anything else than an extensive sheet or copious lake of water, of crystal purity, reflecting the forms of the mountains and other surrounding objects, and even the clouds of heaven, sometimes in their proper position, and sometimes inversely." The Arabic word *saráb*, given to this appearance, is the same with the Hebrew word שָׁרָב, the word used by Isaiah with great propriety and beauty—

"For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert,
And the *mirage* shall become a lake, and the thirsty land springs of water."

The cruel deception shall become a merciful reality. Mohammed makes a similar use of this term—

"The works of the unbelievers are like the *seráb* in the plain,
Which the thirsty imagines to be water, till he goes and finds it to be nought."

Dr. Wilson has favored us with an account of his impressions on entering Cairo—

"To the visitor from India, there is nothing at first sight very striking in the interior of Cairo, except in so far as the large and dense town itself contrasts with the absolute desolation and solitude of the desert through which he has just passed. His eye is accustomed to narrow, irregular, and dirty streets, crowded bázárs, lofty minarets, and swelling domes, and to a people of varied hue and romantic costume. Yet he does soon perceive that in Cairo he is not in an Indian city. Its houses he finds higher, larger, of more durable material, more crowded together, more sombre and shaded, with their overjutting upper stories, than those of Hindustán. Its bázárs and shops are constructed and fitted up with far more order and taste, and better adaptation to their object, than those in which the Wánís and Borahs dispense their wares. Its men are more substantially and gracefully clothed, but less cleanly in their persons, than those with whom he has been familiar in the further east. Its women he cannot at all compare with the daughters of India, for by their impenetrable and frightful veils, and shapeless mantles and robes, inflated with and floating on the breeze, their face and form are alike rendered invisible. The distressing grunt and heavy tread of the pálkhí-bearer have given way to the yelling, and poking, and lashing of the donkey-boy. The gádís, buggies, and hurly-gigs of all shapes and sizes, such as are seen in Bombay, are so completely wanting, that whole days may pass without seeing a single wheel vehicle. The streets, in fact, are so narrow, that most of them do not permit a carriage, even of the smallest dimensions to pass along. The courtesy and sycophancy of the multitude have entirely disappeared. Though he is not now insulted on the highways, as before the days of Muhammad 'Ali he would not have failed to be, he sees none of that deference shown to him in public which he experiences in India, where the submissive and peaceable Hindú hails him as at once his lord and benefactor."—Vol. i., pp. 54, 55.

Mohammed Ali, whose capital is thus described, is one of the most extraordinary men of our time. He was born at Cavalla, in Roumelia, in 1769. His father was a chief of police. He came into Egypt in 1800, as second in command with 300 men, to resist the French. Amidst the confusion and perils of that juncture, his sagacity, courage, and promptitude gave him such paramount influence, that in the rebellion of 1805, when the Mameluke sheikhs refused to receive the new representative of the sultan, Kourchid Pacha, they called Mohammed Ali to the supreme command, an appointment which the sultan himself deemed it expedient to confirm. But six years later, the Mameluke beys were detected in conspiracies against him; he did not conceal from them his knowledge of their plottings, and had urged them, it is said, to withdraw, and to find better employment in Upper Egypt, previous to the memorable day when they were treacherously surrendered to the bullets of his guards in Cairo. Not content with the subsequent confirmation of his authority by the Porte, Mohammed Ali extended his conquests over Syria, and had made inroads in Asia Minor, when he was checked by the intervention of the cabinets of Europe. His successes threw the usual prestige about him. He was believed to be invincible. Such was probably his own con-

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viction. Wherever his power has extended, his authority has swallowed up the petty authorities between which the country was divided; the effect of which has been, greater protection, greater order, and wonderfully greater production, both in arts and agriculture, but withal an extraordinary amount of exaction, to enable him to realize the schemes of his ambition. The plague and war have repeatedly threatened him with destruction; his projects have often brought on him an expenditure, to which even his enormous demands in the shape of revenue have been unequal—still there he is, not menacing Asia Minor, it is true, nor any longer the master of Syria, but the recognized sovereign of a country which forms the great passage between the east and west; and if no longer astir in arms, signalized by no less activity in more humane pursuits, as the protector of commerce, the friend of education, and the strong hand which has substituted order almost European, in the place of anarchy worse than Asiatic. Certain of our readers will probably be interested with some account of the educational doings of Mohammed Ali.

"The scheme of public instruction in Egypt, I may take this opportunity of mentioning, embraces primary, preparatory, and polytechnic, and special schools. The primary amount to four in Cairo, and one in Alexandria, of 200 pupils each, and forty-five in the provinces of 100 each, making altogether 5500 pupils, who are instructed in reading and writing Arabic, the first rules of arithmetic, and 'religious instruction.' A suitable set of books has not yet been prepared for them. The preparatory schools are only two, one being at Cairo with 1500, and one at Alexandria with 500 scholars. They receive their pupils from the primary. Their course embraces four years, which are devoted to the Arabic, Turkish, and Persian languages, arithmetic, elementary algebra, elementary geometry, caligraphy, and lineary design and drawing. The polytechnic school receives its pupils from the preparatory schools. Its course is one of three years, and directed to elementary geography, algebra, rectilinear and spherical trigonometry, descriptive geometry, statics, analytical geometry, differential and integral calculus, mechanics, geodesy, physics, chemistry, astronomy, mineralogy, architecture, geology, construction of machines, drawing, engineering, and mining. The polytechnic pupils who finish their curriculum satisfactorily, become sub-lieutenants in the army, at the call of the Páshá, and those who are rejected become non-commissioned officers. Among the special schools is one, the object of which is to furnish translators for the different public departments, and monitors for the preparatory schools. The others are respectively devoted to the training of persons for the different branches of the army, and the medical service. The standard of proficiency at all of them is most respectable. The youths attending them are generally selected, when necessary, by conscription, but some of them are volunteers; and they are fed and clothed at the expense of the government, which thus establishes its demand on their services. A vigilant system of superintendence is maintained, and periodical examinations, at which rewards are distributed, test the attainments, and encourage the application, of the pupils. Though the advances of the public services of the country, and the maintenance of his own power and influence, are the grand objects which Muhammad Ali has in view in his support of education, he still deserves great praise for the encouragement which the cause receives at his hands. It must in many ways ultimately tell on the elevation of the country, and the advancement of his people. How much it is needed must be apparent from a glance at the indigenous and religious schools of the country."—Vol. i., pp. 71, 72.

These "religious schools" are all connected with the mosques, and are in the hands of priests. The children are taught to read, seldom to write, and the instruction given is almost everywhere of the most frivolous and worthless description, relating, for the most part, to trivial things connected with the Mohammedan worship and superstitions—a sort of training which no doubt passes as being very religious.

We shall not accompany Dr. Wilson in his visit to the pyramids in the neighborhood of Cairo, nor shall we attempt a critical estimate of the speculations presented in his pages concerning the march of the Israelites in the direction of the Red Sea. Great obscurity rests, and was, perhaps, designed to rest, on the question concerning the precise locality of events so pregnant with religious interest. We cite the following incident, for the reason mentioned by Dr. Wilson, and for other reasons that will readily occur to the biblical student:—

"About mid-day we came to a chasm running to the right, and still narrower than that through which we were passing. One of our guides reported that water was to be found in it, and there was a general rush to the place where the precious treasure was to be procured. The water, all derived from recent rains, was found collected in pools among the rocks; and one of these pools, called by our Arabs Bír-Ramlíyah, or the well of Ramlíyah, contained a quantity more than sufficient to supply a large body of men and cattle. We replenished our skins with it, as we found it perfectly sweet and pure. Its occurrence suggested to us the rains of heaven, overlooked by infidels and rationalists, as the possible means by which the Israelites were supplied with this indispensable element in many of their marches through the wilderness. 'Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance when it was weary.' The tremendous storms of thunder and hail over the whole land of Egypt, which formed one of the ten plagues, would alone have been more than sufficient to provide any quantities of the needful element for the Israelites, previous to their passage of the Red Sea."—Vol. i., p. 131.

The point at which the Israelites crossed the Red Sea can be determined with a nearer approach to certainty than the route by which they arrived at it.

"Near the north-east corner of the Badíya, there are a few high detached rocks which lie close to the shore. Most of our party left them to the right on rounding the corner of Jebel Atákah, or the Mountain of Deliverance; but Mr. Sherlock and I proceeded straight to the Red Sea before turning northward. We believed, for reasons to be afterwards stated, that when we were within the water mark there, we were near the spot where Moses

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at the Divine command, stretched his hand over the sea, and where 'at the blast of God's nostrils, the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.' We had no wish to rid ourselves of the sacred associations of the place, or to detract from that miraculous agency by which the way was thus marvellously prepared for the passage of God's people. We made an estimate of the distance across, with a view to our disposal of the objections of those who maintain that the Israelites could not have crossed the sea here in a single night as recorded in Exodus. We reckoned the width at about eight miles; but we formed our judgment merely from the eye, and were not inclined to lay much stress upon its accuracy. It appears, however, from Captain Moresby's admirable survey and chart, published by the East India Company, that we were not guilty of error."*—Vol. i., pp. 135, 136.

Dr. Wilson, while doing full justice to the eminent service rendered to sacred geography by Dr. Robinson, in his well-known Biblical Researches, complains seriously, and, we think, very justly, of the opinions of that writer concerning both the place and circumstances of this memorable transit. We deeply regret the tendency evinced by many theological critics, reputed orthodox and evangelical, to admit the rationalistic method of dealing with facts of this nature—so far, at least, as to reduce the miraculous to the lowest possible minimum, if not, in many cases, to preclude it altogether. No doubt, orthodox interpretations may be unsound, and may be perpetuated through prejudice or subserviency; but prejudice may have respect to the new no less than to the old, and what results from obstinacy in one case, may result from vanity in another. Suez, it should be remembered, is situated at the point where the Red Sea is bounded by the Isthmus of Suez—the waters which ascend higher than that town being very inconsiderable; while the point of the transit, according to Dr. Wilson, is some twelve or fifteen miles lower down, and there, as we have seen, the width of the sea is between six and seven miles. To suppose the passage to have taken place "through the *arm of the gulf above Suez*," is to preclude the necessity of a miracle; while the supposition, that it took place at the lower point mentioned, implies the necessity of such an intervention. The following passage is somewhat long; but we make space for it, as presenting an instance of the unwise sort of concession on the part of good men, to which we have adverted:—

"Dr Robinson, though he does not deny the miracle recorded in Exodus, considerably detracts from its magnitude. He ascribes a particular character to the 'strong east wind' of Moses, representing the miracle in which it originated as 'mediate,' not a direct interference with the laws of nature, but a 'miraculous adaptation of those laws to produce a required result.' He ventures to do this, though there is not a syllable in the Bible explanatory of the peculiar nature of the wind, as arising from a non-suspension or non-interference with the laws of nature, or otherwise. Is not this being wise above what is written? 'In the somewhat indefinite phraseology of the Hebrew, an east wind,' he goes on to say, 'means any wind from the eastern quarter; and would include the north-east wind which often prevails in this region.' This, it will be observed, is a pure supposition, and not so admissible when the general direction of the gulf of Suez is adverted to, as another which it suggests, that a *north-east* wind would be denominated in the Hebrew from the *north* and not from the *east*, as is done by Moses. 'A strong north-east wind,' the doctor adds, 'acting upon the *ebb-tide*, would necessarily have the effect to drive out the waters from the small arm of the sea which runs up by Suez, and also from the end of the gulf itself, leaving the shallower portions dry; while the northern part of the arm, which was anciently broader and deeper than at present, would still remain covered with water. Thus the waters would be divided, and be a wall (or defence) to the Israelites on the right hand and on the left.' The 'ebb-tide' here, I need scarcely observe, is a pure invention. Such an action of the wind as this is a mere skimming of the waters and forcing them away down the gulf, to leave the shallows, both at the extremity of the arm and near Suez, dry, and the upper pools, lying immediately between them, undisturbed in their depths; but it is obvious, that whatever its effects might be at the *extremity* of the arm of the sea, where most certainly the Israelites did *not* pass, as there there would be no water on their left hand to correspond with the statement of the Bible, it might, commencing there and extending downwards, blow the deep waters out of the arm to the head of the gulf, and upon the very shallows which, according to the theory, should be made bare. The effect of a wind upon a deep body of water communicating with one less deep and in the direction of that shallower body, is to increase the depth of the shallower body, as may be constantly observed in the case of our Scottish lakes and rivers. But, overlooking this circumstance, where, I would ask the doctor, in his view of the matter, is the wall spoken of in Scripture? Dr. Robinson wishes us to dispose of it in a figure, and to commute it for a '*defence*.' But is it not said, that the FLOODS *stood upright as an* HEAP, and the 'FLOODS were *congealed in the* HEART of the sea?' This is *poetry*, the doctor would say. True, but it is the poetry of inspiration, having a becoming sense. It surely means more than that the waters were *blown off a mere shallow*.

"But the doctor has to do with 'the interval of *time* during which the passage was effected,' as well as with '*the means* or instrument with which the miracle was wrought.' He has spoken of an 'extraordinary ebb thus brought about by natural means;' and he 'cannot assume' that 'it would continue more than three or four hours at the most.' 'The Israelites were probably on the alert, and entered upon the passage as soon as the way was practicable; but as the wind must have acted for some time before the required effect would be produced, we cannot well assume that they set off before the middle watch, or towards midnight. Before the morning watch, or two o'clock, they had probably completed the passage; for the Egyptians had entered after them, and were destroyed before

* I have already remarked (p. 36) that the Badîya', or Wádi Tawárik bears the Arabic name of Wádi Musá, or Valley of Moses, in Captain Moresby's map. When I asked our sheikh if this name was correct, he said, "This is indeed the path of our Lord Moses." On cross-examination, he continued to make the same affirmation.

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the morning appeared. As the Israelites numbered more than two millions of persons, besides flocks and herds, they would of course be able to pass but slowly. If the part left dry were broad enough to enable them to cross in a body, one thousand abreast, which would require a space of more than *half-a-mile* in breadth, (and is perhaps the largest supposition admissible,) still the column would be more than two thousand persons in depth; and in all probability could not have extended less than *two miles*. It would then have occupied at least an hour in passing over its own length, or in entering the sea; and deducting this from the largest time intervening, before the Egyptians must also have entered the sea, there will remain only time enough, under the circumstances, for the body of the Israelites to have passed at the most over a space of three or four miles. This circumstance is fatal to the hypothesis of their having crossed from Wádí Tawárik, since the breadth of the sea at that point, according to Niebuhr's measurement, is three German, or twelve geographical miles, equal to a whole day's journey.' In reply to this, I have to say, that I do not see that the Scripture narrative suggests a single one of the contingencies here referred to. The 'ebb-tide' is a pure hypothesis of the doctor; and, as we have already seen, it is one not to be admitted. But supposing its occurrence by a wind raised and directed miraculously—by what in the figurative language of the Bible is called the 'BLAST OF GOD'S NOSTRILS'—is it not somewhat presumptuous in us, without direct information to guide us, to limit it to 'three or four hours at the most?' 'The Lord,' it is said, 'caused the sea to go back (or asunder) by a strong east wind *all that night*.' We have no warrant to suppose that the miracle took any length of time to reach its perfection. It may, for anything we know to the contrary, have nearly instantaneously followed the stretching out of the hand of Moses over the sea, and the miraculous rising of the 'strong east wind,' *diagonally cutting the waters*, and *not* merely rolling them down the gulf as a retiring tide—as was the case with the Jordan, the moment that the soles of the feet of the priests that bore the ark of the Lord, touched its impetuous floods. The Israelites might have been three or four hours in the bed of the sea, before midnight. There is no authority even for alleging that they had 'completed their passage before two o'clock,' and that the Egyptians were 'destroyed before the morning appeared.' What is stated by Moses is, that in (or *during*) the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot wheels, that they drave them heavily.' This seems to have been done as if to prevent their overtaking the Israelites *still in the bed of the sea*. The Egyptians were destroyed only when the morning actually appeared. 'Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it, and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.' The time of the miracle is obviously the whole night, at the season of the year, too, when the night would be about its average length. There was thus ample time afforded for the passage of the Israelites from any part of the Wádí Tawárik, the exact measurement of which I have already given, and which, in its northern part, as we have already seen, is not twelve geographical miles in breadth, but only six and a half. Extending the line of the Israelites along the shores of that Wádí, where the gulf widens, and making even the deduction of a few hours from the night, we do not assign them anything like an impossibility, when we suppose that they could perform a journey before the morning, of twelve or fifteen miles, especially when we advert to their probable excitement and animation, by the gracious and wonderful interposition of Providence which had been made in their behalf.

"Connected with the 'main points' of '*means*' and '*time*' which Robinson brings to our notice, there is one of *space* to which he does not sufficiently advert. The arm of the sea at Suez, including the shallows which are left bare at ebb-tide, varies from a half-mile to two miles in breadth. Even supposing that it was somewhat wider in the days of old, it scarcely seems sufficient for the line of the Israelites, and that of the Egyptians, marching across, and the intervention of the angel of God, and of the pillar of the cloud which was light by night to the former people, and darkness to the latter, so that 'the one came not near the other all the night.' Dr. Robinson, we have seen, ascribes to the line of the Israelites alone, a length not 'less than two miles,' being the whole distance from shore to shore at the widest part, and leaving no room for the army of the Egyptians, and their chariots, and the interval which the narrative requires."—Vol. i., pp. 149—154.

The judgment, not only of Dr. Wilson, but of his companions in travel, was decided, for these, and for other reasons, which we cannot find space to state, that the passage of the Israelites did not take place near Suez, and that it did take place at the front of the Ras Atakah. The next stage of our travellers was from Ayun Musa, or the Wells of Moses, to Mount Sinai—the place to which the name of the Hebrew prophet is thus given being the landing point in those parts on the Asiatic side of the Red Sea. Entering on this portion of his pilgrimage, the author supplies the following picture of what is called travel in the desert:—

"I have now become quite in love with our desert life, notwithstanding the exposure and fatigue which are inseparable from our movements. We are generally awoke in the morning, about day-break, by the cheerful and melodious voice of Mr. Waters, the African servant of Mr. Smith, whose extraordinary musical powers charm not only ourselves, but the wildest Arabs of our Kafilah, who remain in the silence of enchantment till he has finished his performance. This faithful attendant, whose duties are principally confined to the morning watch, is sure to have a cup of coffee ready for us, before we can leave our sandy couch. Anon, recovering from the entrancement into which they affect to be thrown, the Arabs begin to stir, and chatter, around us. Their first concern is their camels, which they recall from their wanderings, if, as is most commonly the case, they have not collected them together before committing themselves to sleep at night. A piece of bread generally serves these simple and hardy people for their morning meal; and they make all due haste in its mastication, that they may have a little time to luxuriate among the fumes of the pipe, which they consider indispensable to their existence. On sallying forth from our tents, we seek to enjoy the 'cool,' if not the fragrant and the 'silent hour,' to 'meditation due,' and take a general survey of the scene around us, visiting all the

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spots of interest in our neighborhood, and examining, as far as possible, the geological structure of the country; a work comparatively easy in these barren regions, where rock, and hill, and mountain, are everywhere laid bare to the student. The picture stretched out before us, is but rude and sombre; and in all 'the melancholy bounds, rude ruins glitter.' While my friends are occupied in taking down the tents, and superintending the loading of the camels, I am generally busy with my note-book. Our breakfast we soon discuss, either seated on our camp-stools, or standing around the humble board on which it is spread. It consists of bread or biscuit, hard as the stones of the desert, of the best tea which the Bombay bázár could afford—some of us having received due warning against the collection of bitter and narcotic leaves which passes under the name in Egypt—and of preserved meats, the fragments of our dinner on the preceding evening. Our commissary of stores furnishes us, in addition, with certain provender for the day, of eatables and drinkables, including water, the most valued of all, to be slung over our camels, and to be ready at hand to meet the demands of the keen appetite and fiery thirst which fresh air and copious exercise, and a scorching sun, fail not to encourage and produce. When our camels get in motion, we generally follow them for a mile or two on foot, before we mount them; and we often give them a similar relief at noon, and just before the conclusion of our march for the day. We go very quietly on our way, averaging about two geographical miles in the hour, except when we make digressions from the main body of our company, when we contrive to trot along at about double this speed. We have become quite reconciled to our rolling and pitching on our lofty conveyancers; and we can dispose ourselves so conveniently upon them, that we can write, and even rudely sketch with our pencils. The conversation among ourselves consists of demonstrations and commentaries connected with the objects which pass under our notice. I have very often our sheikh as my companion; and my own Badawí attendant, Ibrahim of the Kareishí—from whom our sheikh has hired a number of our camels—is a perfect model of care and politeness, not only in tending the animal on which I ride, but in handing up to me stones and plants, and whatever else I may choose to inspect. Both these persons are fond of being examined about the notabilities of the road, and the manners and customs of the tribes to which they belong. When I am at a loss to understand them, Mordecai, the Jew from Bombay, or Deirí from Cairo, proves my interpreter. Many a joke is cracked over the head of our Hebrew friend; but the regard which we express for him, prevents this from passing into derision. Mr. Waters is often assailed by the witlings of the Nile, who can converse with him in English; but he is quite able to maintain his ground with them, except when his camel takes the pet, and sets upon playing its pranks, by first shaking its head from side to side, then roaring most unmercifully, as if about to be crushed to death by its burden, and last of all, dropping down on its front-knees and refusing to rise. This camel is the only naughty one of our herd; though one or two have the custom, disagreeable to us, of protruding something like a bladder from their mouths, and emitting and tossing the saliva with which it is covered, right in our faces. To the respective animals on which we ourselves ride, whose meekness, tractableness, patience, perseverance, and utility, we greatly admire, we have formed quite an attachment; and we have all had occasion to notice the wonderful adaptation, by the God of creation, of the camel to the purposes for which it is designed."—Vol. i., pp. 165—168.

The first object of interest in the route now taken was what is called the "well of destruction," the *Marah* of Scripture.

"It occupies a small basin about five feet in diameter, and eighteen inches deep, and to some extent it oozes through the sands, leaving, like the wells of Moses, a deposit of lime. I believe that I was the first of our party to essay to drink of its water; but the Arabs, on observing me about to take a potation of it, exclaimed, '*Murrah, murrah, murrah,*'—'It is bitter, bitter, bitter.' This fountain has been almost universally admitted by travellers, since the days of Burckhardt, who first precisely indicates its situation to be the true *Marah* of Scripture, as it is found in a situation about thirty miles from the place where the Israelites must have landed on the eastern shore of the Red Sea—a space sufficient for their march, when they went three days in the wilderness and found no water. No other constant spring is found in the intermediate space. It retains its ancient character, and has a bad name among the Arabs, who seldom allow their camels to partake of it. Only one or two of our animals tasted it; and the Arabs left us to experiment upon its qualities alone, without even applying it to their lips. Though the murmurings of the Israelites, involving as they did a complaint against Providence, were sinful, it is not to be wondered at that Moses, considering the quality of the water which they here had to drink, cried unto the Lord for their relief. 'The Lord showed him a tree which, when he cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.' The healing virtue of this tree probably flowed directly from God, who sometimes works by means, which, like the rod of Moses stretched over the sea, are merely the symbols of his power, or the indices of the commencement of its action. The Badawín of these deserts know of no process now of sweetening bitter water; but the credulity of rationalism can find one sufficiently potent for the purpose of effecting a change in a supply of the element required for the two million and a half of souls comprising the hosts of Israel. Burckhardt has directed our attention to a plant, delighting, like the palm, in a saline soil, and growing near this and similar fountains. It is called Gharkad by the Arabs. The juice of its berries might be adequate, it is alleged, to qualify the nauseous liquid. But where, it may be asked, could a sufficient quantity of these berries be found to make a million or two of gallons of drinkable syrup?"*—Vol. i., pp. 170—172.

Nothing can be more pitiable than has been the result of this method of dealing with the Scripture miracles—admitting the substantial genuine-

"* The Gharkad is the Peganum Retusum of Forskal, Flor. Ægypt. p. 66. Dr. Robinson, who makes better fight against the dubious traditions of the monks, than the absurd inventions and shifts of the rationalists, thus gravely notices the notion of Burckhardt:—'The process would be a very simple one, and, doubtless, effectual; and the presence of this shrub around all brackish fountains would cause the remedy to be always at hand. But as the Israelites broke up from Egypt on the morrow of Easter, and reached Marah apparently not more than two or three weeks later, the season for these berries would hardly have arrived.'"—Biblical Researches, vol. i., p. 98.

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ness of the narrative, but endeavoring to reduce the apparently supernatural to the level of the natural. This earlier school of rationalism has been utterly destroyed by the later one, of which Strauss may be taken as the type—a school which treats the miracles of the sacred history as so much mythic invention introduced by a subsequent age. This is bringing the controversy within narrower and much more intelligible limits; and we are well content that the claims of revelation should be placed upon this issue.

Most of our readers must have heard of the valley in the district of Sinai, called the "written valley." The extract below contains our latest report concerning it.

"When we got beyond the entrance of the Magárah, our Arabs made to us the welcome announcement, that we had entered the Wádí Mukatteb, or the 'written valley.' We had not far to look for the mysterious inscriptions, which we had so much desired to see. In the first or western division of the valley, however, which, like the second, continues for about an hour and a half, they are not numerous. We dismounted at the broad expansion of the Wádí, which marks its division, and where it strikes to the south; and here we had them in abundance, to the fullest gratification of our curiosity. They are found on both sides of the valley, on the perpendicular and smooth cliffs of the new red or variegated sandstone, the strata of which are of enormous thickness, and on the large masses of this rock which have fallen from above. The surface of these stony tablets seems to have been naturally prepared for the 'graving of an iron pen;' and the words which are written upon them, though not very deeply cut, if we may judge from the small injury which the hand of time has committed upon them, during the many ages they have existed, may probably 'last forever,' in the sense of Job the tried patriarch of Arabia Petræa, who wished such a commemoration of the language of his deepest sorrow. The inscriptions are both literal and hieroglyphical, or I should rather say, pictorial, for they do not seem the symbols of thought conventionally expressed. The letters vary in size, from half an inch to six inches in depth, and they are generally arranged in single lines, as if representing a name and date, and preceded by a distinctive group of letters representing the word שלם, or 'peace.' A few of them are in Greek, but most of them are in the ancient Nebathean character. The figures occurring at several places are very rude. They are those of men with shields, and swords and bows and arrows; of camels and horses, both with and without their riders, seated or standing by their sides; of goats and ibexes with large curved horns; of antelopes pursued by greyhounds; of ostriches and geese, and unknown birds indistinctly represented; of lizards, tortoises, and other creeping things; and of diverse quaint fantasies which cannot be characterized. The prefect of the Franciscan missionaries of Egypt, who visited them in 1722, and who was among the first in modern times to give precise information respecting them, says in his account of them, which we had with us on our journey, 'They are cut into the hard marble (sandstone) rock, so high as to be at some places at twelve or fourteen feet distance from the ground; and though we had in our company persons who were acquainted with the Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, Latin, Armenian, Turkish, English, Illyrican, German, and Bohemian languages, yet none of them had any knowledge of these characters, which have, nevertheless, been cut into the hard rock with the greatest industry, in a place where there is neither water, nor anything to be gotten to eat. It is probable, therefore, that these unknown characters contain some very secret mysteries, and that they were engraved either by the Chaldeans, or some other persons long before the coming of Christ.' The letters appeared to us to be closely related to the Syriac, Cufic, and Hebrew, and, like those of the Shemitic languages, to read from right to left. The occurrence in connection with them of the cross in various forms, indicates that their origin should be attributed to the early Christian pilgrims who passed through this line of Wádís to Mount Sinai and the other sacred localities of the Peninsula. They are first mentioned by Cosmas Indicopleustes, about the year of Christ 536, who supposes them to have been written by the Israelites on their journey through the wilderness; and they have been noticed by many modern travellers. Specimens are given of them by Mr. Wortley Montagu in the Philosophical Transactions for 1766. Messrs. Coutelle and Rozière, the French engineers, copied seventy-five of them; and Mr. Grey, who visited them in 1820, has published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, a hundred and eighty-seven of them, of which nine are in Greek, and one in Latin. They have exercised the ingenuity of the learned; and Professor Beer of Leipsig has, after much labor, succeeded in deciphering them. They are to be found, not only in Wádí Mukatteb, but in all the principal Wádís of the peninsula on the route to Mount Sinai. Specimens of them were observed by Burckhardt on the heights of Jebel Serbál; and what is most remarkable, we found one or two of them on the rocks at Petra. As some of my readers may not have seen any of them, I insert copies of one or two of them, which we ourselves took, in the second volume of this work, and add the alphabet as made out by Beer, which, I believe, has not hitherto appeared in any English publication. Fac-similes, I think, should be taken of the whole of them, similar to those which we have procured of the inscriptions on the cave temples of India. A couple of gentlemen pitching their tents for a fortnight in the valley, would be able to carry off the whole of them in a correct form."—Vol. i., pp. 184—187.

Our next move with our travellers shall be up the ascent which gave them their first view of Mount Sinai.

"The ascent is rugged and tortuous. Sometimes we had to push our way through among large granite boulders and detached rocks, of an enormous size, threatening to roll upon us, and crush us to annihilation. At other times, we had to creep warily along narrow terraces without any shelving in front, afraid that we might take a leap downwards to the depth of destruction. We did not, however, find the ascent so difficult as some of the descriptions of it which we had read gave us reason to expect. Among the precipitous defiles in the western Ghâts of India, we had frequently had greater exertion to make, and caution to observe, both in riding and walking. We noticed the inscriptions in the Wádí Mukatteb and Greek characters observed by Niebuhr, Burckhardt, and others,

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They occur at three or four places, and some of them are now well nigh obliterated. We got to the summit in less than two hours, climbing up almost the whole of the way on foot. We had still a narrower defile before us for a quarter of an hour, after we got to the highest point; but it began to expand as we advanced. A few palm trees and green bushes were tokens of the possibility, amidst the awful desolation which the heights on all sides presented to our view. The first snow which I had seen for fifteen years, covered the peaks and filled the crevices of Jebel Salsal-Zeit in our front.

"On a sudden, when we had deflected a little to the left hand, a broad quadrangular plain, but of much greater length than breadth, lay before us. It is bounded at its furthest extremity by a mountain of surpassing height, grandeur, and terror: and this was the very 'mount of God,' where he stood when he descended in fire, and where rested the cloud of his glory, from which he 'spoke all the words of the law.' The plain itself was the Wádí er-Ráhah, the 'Valley of Rest,' where stood the whole congregation of the sons and daughters of Israel, when gathered together before the Lord. As of old, the everlasting mountains, by which it was bounded on every side, were the walls, and the expanse of heaven itself the canopy of this great temple. Entered within its court, so sacred in its associations, we felt for a time the curiosity of the traveller lost in the reverence and awe of the worshipper. Never before, perhaps, were we so strangely affected as in this wondrous locality. Our emotions were then incapable of analysis, as they are now of description. I trust they were more than excited by the contemplation of past realities and enduring solemnities—that they were directed Godward by the great Spirit of truth himself."—Vol. i., pp. 209—211.

One of Dr. Wilson's companions thus describes the summit of Sinai itself:—

"We all, of course, ascended Jebel Músá, or Sinai—to its very summit, which is disfigured by two small chapels, built by, I know not whom, nor have patience to find out. The puny works of man are in miserable, pitiful contrast—especially in such a place—with the sublime works of nature. One of our party was knocked up—he, strange to say, fresh from England—in consequence of the rarefaction of the air. Dr. W. and I stood it well, it being—as far as rarefaction is concerned—nearer our Indian climate. We felt, as we ascended, a delightful exhilaration of spirits. The top was covered in many places with snow, which I had not seen for eleven years, nor Dr. Wilson for fifteen! We had a race up the hill to try who should first reach it—much to the amusement of our English friends—to whom it was by no means such a rarity. Strange that the first snow we should have seen for so long a period should have been on the summit of Sinai! The view from the top—the very *summit* remember—for I think you were under the impression that it was inaccessible—is very grand; on all sides, utter, awful desolation. No one, I think, can doubt that Jebel Músá is the real Sinai—with the Bible in his hands everything appears to correspond, and be consistent in itself. I traversed the whole range, for there are several peaks and ridges of the same kind of rock granite."—Vol i., p. 228—note.

Dr. Wilson's reflections on the same spot will find their response in the heart of every Christian placing himself, as he may do by imagination, in the same circumstances.

"When we stood on the pinnacle of Jebel Músá, we all thought that we might be on, or near, the spot where Moses received the tables of the law: and that in the hollow of the shoulder of the mount below us, where stands the chapel of Elijah, or in its neighborhood, Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and the seventy elders may have stood, when, after ascending a portion of the mountain, they saw the personal manifestation of the God of Israel, and worshipped afar off. The belief which we had with its wondrous associations, tended, I trust, to solemnize our minds. On any part of the summits of Sinai, however, we could not, and would not, have divested ourselves of these associations. We sought to yield to their influence. The whole scene before us seemed in itself so terrific and sublime, that it appeared to us as if formed by Omnipotence, and selected by Omniscience for the express purpose of being the platform from which His holy, and righteous, and good law, so immovable in its foundations, exceeding broad in its requisitions, and terrible in its sanctions, could be most advantageously proclaimed to the children of men. 'God,' said Moses to the Israelites, 'is come to prove you, that his *fear* may be before your faces, that ye sin not.' The very locality itself inspires fear. For a considerable time, we gave ourselves, in the view of it, to meditation and prayer, and the perusal of the Divine Word. Some of us read the words of the law in the language in which it was delivered; and never, perhaps, before were we so struck with its reasonableness, authority, comprehensiveness, and holiness, as requiring the recognition, worship, and service of the only God, with the love of the whole heart, and the cultivation of respect, mercy, purity, honesty, truth, and contentment, in all our desires and dealings connected with our fellow-men. Shall I add, that our own consciences *condemned* us, in the view of its requisitions; and that, even while we prayed that they might be engraved on the fleshly tablets of our hearts, we turned our eyes from Sinai to Calvary, that we might have hope? On the sacrificial altar of God alone we could see the law vindicated and magnified, and mercy and grace revealed."—Vol. i., pp. 225—227.

The travel of eleven days brought the author and his party through the Great Desert, by Mount Hor, to Petra, the "city of the Rock." We should have been pleased to have extracted Dr. Wilson's account of the ascent of that memorable eminence, where the venerable Aaron was "gathered to his people;" but we must pass to the valley of Petra and Mount Seir. Of this extraordinary valley many accounts have been recently published. The passage in which Dr. Wilson compares its excavations with similar works in India is instructive.

"Referring in general to the excavations which we have now noticed I may be excused for hinting at a comparison of them with the works of a similar character, which I have frequently visited in the West of India. As efforts of architectural skill, those of Petra undoubtedly excel those of the Hindús, which they also exceed in point of general extent, if we except the wonderful works at Verula or Ellora. In individual magnitude they far fall short of many of the cave temples, collegiate halls,

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and monastic cells of the further east. Their interest, too, is wholly exterior; while that of those of India, with the exception of the great Brahmanical temple of Kailás, and the porticoes of the Buddhist Viháras of Sashtí and Karlí, is principally in the multitudinous decorations and fixtures, and the gigantic mythological figures of the interior. The sculptures and excavations of Petra have been principally made by individuals, in their private capacity, for private purposes, and the comparatively limited amount of workmanship about them has permitted this to be the case; while most of those of India, intended for public purposes, and requiring an enormous expenditure of labor and wealth, have mostly been begun and finished by sovereign princes and religious communities. At Petra, we have principally the beauty of art applied often legitimately to subdue the terrors of nature in perhaps the most singular locality on the face of the globe, and the cunning of life stamping its own similitude on the mouth of the grave, to conceal its loathsomeness; but in India we have debasing superstition, enshrining itself in gloom and darkness, and mystery, in order to overawe its votaries, and to secure their reverence and prostration. The moralist, on looking into the empty vaults and tombs of Idumea, and seeing that the very names of 'the kings and counsellors of the earth which constructed these desolate places for themselves' are forgotten, exclaims, in the language which we have already quoted, 'They are destroyed from morning to evening; they perish forever without any regarding it. Doth not their excellency in them go away? they die even without wisdom.' In entering into the dreary and decaying temples and shrines in India, he thinks of that day when 'a man shall cast his idols of silver and his idols of gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats; to go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks, for fear of the Lord and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth.' "—Vol. i., pp. 324—326.

Of the exact accordance between the present state of Petra and the surrounding country, and the predictions of the Hebrew prophets concerning them, much has been written. Nor can any ingenuous student of the subject fail to see, that the once strangely improbable things foretold of the land of Edom have, to a large extent, come literally to pass. The crowded place has become a wilderness, and the busy city as a deserted sepulchre. It is with the following song upon his lips that our author emerges from the barrenness and ruin of the desert amidst the verdure and beauty of the south of Judea.

"The thick mists and heavy dews of this morning were decided indications to us that we had escaped from the dreadful drought of the desert, and entered on the fertile elevated plains of the south of Judah. The light soil around us, though presenting nothing like the carpet of emerald green, which we see in more northern climes, was both delightful and refreshing to the eye. The grass, which was shooting out in separate stalks, not unlike rye, though comparatively sparse, was intermingled with wild oats and innumerable beautiful aromatic flowers and shrubs, many of which were in their fullest blow. The wild daisy and tulip, and a species of clover, though not the most striking in themselves, recalled to our remembrance the pastoral fields, so long removed from our view, but which we had so often trodden in mirthful glee 'when life's bosom was young.' We felt exhilarated to a degree which no one can imagine, who has not been in circumstances similar to our own. The scene to us, after a pilgrimage of forty days in the great and terrible wilderness, the 'shadow of death,' was truly as life from the dead. We felt as if the larks, which were offering their orisons to the God of nature, were sympathizing with *our* feelings. And then the scriptural associations of this charming locality! Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob—the plain men dwelling in tents, but the great patriarchs of the people wonderful from the beginning—and David, the sweet singer of Israel, passed before us, with their flocks and herds, in all their pastoral simplicity, and with all their benignant piety. Most interesting was it to us to feast our eyes on the very works of God, which, under the guidance of his Spirit, nursed their pure and elevated devotion. That language, which was the fruit of their own inspiration, we found alone adequate to the expression of our praise. Such lyrics as the hundred and fourth psalm were pregnant with new meaning, and had to us a beauty and freshness such as we had never before perceived or enjoyed."—Vol. i., pp. 344, 345.

In a subsequent page, Dr. Wilson gives us some intimation of the feeling with which the recent political changes in Syria are regarded by the Arabs, and by the natives of that country.

"In the neighborhood of these ruins we found many scattered bones, and nearly complete human skeletons, the mortal remains of some of Ibráhím Páshá's troops, which were dreadfully harassed by the Arabs on their retirement from Syria by the route extending from the Ghor, south of the Dead Sea, to Gaza, in the beginning of 1841. It was Ibráhím's boast, that during his government of Syria, for Muhammad 'Alí, he was making progress in the subjection of the sons of the desert. 'I am the only man,' he said to Colonel Rose, the English consul general, 'to manage the Arabs and Bedouins, who never had any master before me. I could and did cut off their heads, which the Turks never will do.' The wild men of the wilderness found their day of vengeance, as they told us, gnashing their teeth at the mention of Ibráhím's name, and pointing with exultation to the fractured skulls on their path, as the proofs of their prowess and successful hate. Wherever we travelled in Syria, we found similar feelings expressed by the Arabs, in reference to their deliverance from the Egyptian government. The reason is obvious. It was gradually bringing them under restraint, to the security and peace of the whole country, though with a harshness and cruelty, perhaps, which we have no occasion to justify. The Christians, on the other hand, without exception, deeply lamented to us the reëstablishment of the Turkish government, and declared that they were grossly deceived by the four allied powers which lent their assistance to the Sultán; and who, instead of settling the country as they had professed to do, had given it up as a prey to the destroyer."—Vol. i., pp. 345, 346.

Such is too common history of our most plausible diplomacy—beginning with large promise, but ending without any real effort to bestow substantial

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security and improvement. To keep the great powers in wholesome check of each other seems to be the end of this business, with little indication of solicitude as to the improved condition of the people. So the dividers of the spoil are kept within their due limits—the spoliation itself is left to go on as it may. When Englishmen experience the partial or total denial of liberty of worship, and of nearly all other liberty, in foreign countries, as they often do, it is something chafing to the spirit to remember, that all this happens, notwithstanding the unshackled freedom which is ceded to every stranger under heaven the moment he touches the British soil.

Our travellers crossed the Red Sea on the 14th of February—on the 18th of March they made their appearance before the walls of Hebron. But it was about nine o'clock in the evening, says Dr. Wilson—

"When we arrived in Hebron, that ancient city which was 'built seven years before Zoan in Egypt,' and which is so hallowed in the history of the great patriarchs. We entered it on foot by a low gate; and groping our way through its dark streets, we went direct to the Jews' quarter, where our friend Mordecai had for weeks been awaiting our arrival. We knocked at the door, by which is the entrance to this division of the town; and as soon as it was announced that the 'travellers from Hind' had arrived, there was a general turn-out of its inmates, to bid us welcome to the place which became the first possession of Abraham in the land of promise. Everything, they told us, was in readiness for our reception, at the house of one of the Rabbis. Before we passed its threshold we were embraced by all its members, of all ages and both sexes; and so many persons offered us their services that we really knew not how to avail ourselves of their kindness. We were conducted to a vaulted room, raised from the general passage, having diwáns in the Turkish style at its extremity, and covered with carpets. We were told that it was the best in the house; and that it was set apart for our use while we might remain in the place. Several lamps with olive oil, the product of the Vale of Mamre, and a fire of charcoal, were immediately kindled. Our luggage, carried from the gates by some of the willing youth who came to our assistance, was quickly at our command. The damsels brought us water for our ablutions, offering, at the same time, to wash our feet, in discharge of the primitive rites of hospitality. We were speedily arrayed in dry clothes; a dainty repast was set before us, and everything which we could desire was at our command. After escaping the exposure and toils of the desert, and the rough travel of the night, we found ourselves, amidst all these comforts, in some measure grateful, I trust, to our Heavenly Father and Guardian, from whose grace they flowed. In our social worship, we returned thanks for all the protection extended to us, during perhaps the most perilous part of our journey, and for the mercy and goodness which He was making to continue with and abound towards us."—Vol. i., pp. 357, 358.

The town of Hebron is situated in the valley of Machpelah, and no doubt covers the cave in which the remains of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were interred, with their wives, and the bones of Joseph: though the sepulchres at present shown there are probably in great part, if not altogether, apocryphal. The Jewish families resident in Hebron number less than 300 persons. They are mostly poor. With one or two exceptions, they consider it as "unbecoming the object which they have in view in settling in the country—that of weeping and mourning over its desolations, near the tombs of the patriarchs to whom it was given in everlasting covenant—and unbecoming its intrinsic sacredness, to engage in secular employment, and they are consequently supported almost entirely by foreign contributions, sent to them from foreign countries." (Vol. i., p. 372.) It is easy to infer from this fact what the condition of these people must be, both in respect to mental cultivation and circumstances. The most available account for us of Hebron and its neighborhood, as given by Dr. Wilson, is contained in the passage following:—

"Our walks to-day extended to the highest hill in the neighborhood of Hebron, which lies to the south-east of the town. We did this in deference to a notice of the view from thence, in the work of Messrs. Bonar and M'Cheyne, which breathes a spirit more congenial with that of the traveller seeking Christian enjoyment in the Holy Land, than any other which has been yet published. The ascent, which leads through several cultivated fields and vineyards, is rather steep, as you pass upwards from terrace to terrace. The barley we found had only lately cut the sod, and the vines, which were mostly lying prone on the ground, were beginning to bud. We passed some patches of olive trees, and on the top of the hill we found a considerable quantity of bushes of the prickly oak. The view of the town below, embosomed in the hills, was very distinct. It is divided into four quarters, the Hárt el-Kadím, or Ancient Quarter, around the cave of Machpelah; the Hárt el-Kazáz, Quarter of the silk merchant, lying below it to the south, inhabited by the Jews; the Hárt esh-Sheikh, or Quarter of the Sheikh, the largest division, which is first entered from Jerusalem; and the Hárt el-Harbah, or Dense Quarter, now of small dimensions, lying contiguous to the last-mentioned, to the north. The houses have a respectable appearance, and in their flat roofs and swelling domes, they present a truly oriental aspect. The view from the east is very extensive, and the hills of Moab, and part of Idumea, sloping down towards the Dead Sea, and the Wádí Arabah, are visible. As suggested by the travellers to whom I have last referred, it is probably that very view which Abraham would have, when he looked toward Sodom on the morning of its awful destruction by the hand of God. The Jews pointed out to us the direction of CARMEL and MAON of Judah; but they have not such distinct views of the geography of these parts as can be got from Robinson and Smith's map. These observant travellers, from Maín, which lies about seven or eight miles to the S. S. E. of Judah, could enumerate no fewer than *nine* places in sight, still bearing apparently their ancient names—Maín, the MAON of Nabal; Semua, which I have already noticed as probably corresponding with the ancient ESHTEMOH; 'Attír, with JATTIR; 'Anáb, with ANAB; Shaweikah, the diminutive form of Shaukah, with the SHOCOH of the mountains of Judah; Yattá, with JATTAH; and Karmal, with CARMEL. The

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incidental geographical notices of the Bible accord most minutely with the localities of this country. 'From the days of Jerome until the present century, not one of these names, except Carmel, occurs in history, or has been known as still in existence;' yet still they remain with the names which they bore in the days of Joshua. Though this, in the judgment of many, is a plain matter of fact, it is extremely interesting."—Vol. i., pp. 378—380.

We must allow Dr. Wilson to describe his approach to Bethlehem, and the village, and the surrounding country, as seen from the roof the Greek convent found within its walls.

"From el-Burak we hastened to Bethlehem by the upper road, going to the N. E., and not by that which leads along the aqueduct from the upper pools; which we traced, however, for a few minutes. The distance may be about two miles and a half. We were deeply affected and interested, when, after passing over a rough and rugged plot, little corresponding with our western ideas of Bethlehem's plains, we came in sight of the Town of David, and of David's Lord. 'Great is the mystery of godliness, God was manifest in the flesh, seen of angels,' at this very place—was the engrossing theme of our conversation, or rather the overpowering theme of our meditation, as we drew near to the village. It stands upon an eminence, surrounded by small valleys or depressions, devoted to the culture of the olive and vine; and has a massive and imposing appearance at a little distance. When we entered it, we found its principal street filled with a most healthy-looking population of old and young persons, many of whom gave us a cordial welcome as we passed along. The ecclesiastical buildings crown its eastern slopes, a small platform intervening between them and the village. We went to the Franciscan convent, to seek accommodation. The superior of the monks said he was afraid to admit us, as quarantine had been lately reëstablished at Jerusalem. 'We have performed quarantine,' we said to him in Latin, 'for we have been exactly forty days in the great wilderness.' He smiled, and opened the low gate, by which we made our entrance. Comfortable apartments were provided for us, and we felt thankful for all the mercies of the day."—Vol. i., pp. 389, 390.

"The Greek convent forms the south-eastern part of the buildings. We much enjoyed the view of the country from its roof, and we spent a considerable time in surveying the interesting panorama. The general character of the district of Bethlehem is well hit off by Quaresmius. 'Regio Bethlehemitica abundat campis, vineis, collibus, vallibus, olivetis, ficubus; vinoque praesertim, et frumento stabilita est.' The territories of the tribe of Judah, through most of which we have now past, taking them as a whole, are more fitted for pasture and the culture of the tree, than raising grain; and this is in entire accordance with the delineation of them by the dying Jacob, who, with the eye of a seer, saw Judah binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass' colt unto the choice vine; washing his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes, and with his eyes red with wine, and his teeth white with milk. The village of Bethlehem, as I have already mentioned, stands upon a height, from which there is a pretty steep slope on both the north and southern sides, particularly the former, to two Wádís or gorges which form its boundaries. On the flanks of these Wádís are the principal gardens, vineyards, and plantations of olives and figs. They unite a little to the east of the town, and form what is called the Wádí et-Taámarah, from the village of Beit Taámr in the neighborhood. The village of Bethlehem itself slopes a little to the east. The nearly level plain of no great length, in which the monks say the annunciation of the birth of Christ took place, lies to the east of the town. It is beyond the rocky shelvings on which Bethlehem stands, and when we saw it, it was sown, like several fields in the neighborhood, with barley. A nunnery, said to have been built by St. Paula, formerly stood on it, but it is now destroyed. It was, doubtless, in some field in this neighborhood, that Ruth followed the reapers of her uncle Boaz. The neighboring village of Beit Sáhúr is said to be that in which the shepherds lived. It is now inhabited principally, or solely, by Christians. The view in this direction eastward is very extensive. It comprehends the mountains of Ammon and Moab, beyond the Dead Sea and the Jordan. The monks pointed out to us, as they said, the position of Kerak, or KIR-MOAB, which, they told us, is now, as it has long been, the seat of the see of Petra, lying nearly directly south-east. The ridge east of the Dead Sea appeared to have much the same general altitude, though one or two higher elevations were here and there discernible. Of the deep basin of the Dead Sea we had a good view; and we even thought that we saw the surface of the waters, till, on using our telescope, we found that we had been laboring under an ocular illusion, arising from their exhalations, and the consequent haziness of the atmosphere. The country intervening between Bethlehem and the Dead Sea is nearly entirely desert, and its cretaceous strata and debris had much the appearance of what we had witnessed in the great wilderness. Jebel el-Fareidís, or the Frank Mountain, which we had before noticed on the way from Hebron, lying to the south-east of us, according to the compass, at the distance of an hour and a quarter, was a conspicuous height. It is much in the form of a truncated cone; and rises about three or four hundred feet from its base."—Vol. i., pp. 394, 395.

We shall not detain our readers with any account of the Greek or Latin convents at Bethlehem, nor of the church, or the alleged *cave* of the nativity. Suffice it to say, that some portions of this church, and of its decorated cave, may be traced as far back as the time of Helena, the mother of Constantine—but that they point to the exact spot of the nativity, no intelligent man supposes. Of course the superstitions connected with this place are abundant. In this respect the Greeks and Latins have here vied with each other in their powers of invention, for under this roof they hold a divided sway, their ministers officiating alternately at the same altars.

The walk from Bethlehem to Jerusalem may be accomplished easily in two hours. Less than half-a-mile distant from the present village is the cistern which bears the name of the "Well of David"—the well intended when David exclaimed, in the hearing of his men of war at Adullum, "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that is at the gate!" The Philistines were then in possession of Bethlehem, but the loyalty and courage of the followers

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of the Hebrew king sufficed to gratify his wishes in that particular. We see no reason to doubt the identity of the modern cistern with the ancient well.

At a short distance from the well of David is the supposed tomb of Rachel. The sacred history says—"They journeyed from Bethel, and there was but a little way to come to Ephrath—and Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." (Gen. xxxv. 16—20.) The "pillar" of Rachel was known in the time of Moses—(Ibid. 20)—and mention is made of it by Jerome, and the Bordeaux Pilgrim, in the fourth century, and by subsequent authorities. Mohammedans and Christians agree in their supposed identification of the spot, nor do we see any reason to question their opinion in the matter. It is a small building, covered by a dome—a mound, in the grave form, within, marks the space where the ashes of Rachel—of "our mother Rachel," as the Jews call her—are supposed to rest. From the tomb of Rachel to the convent of Elias there is a gentle ascent, the summit of which gives the traveller along this road his first view of Jerusalem.

"As we were advancing to its summit, we began to call to remembrance some of the beautiful allusions of Holy Writ to the 'city of the great King,' the type of the spouse of Christ, 'the joy of the whole earth,' and which for many ages was 'full of stirs, a tumultuous city, a joyous city,' and which in its glorious towers and palaces and bulwarks, was unto God himself 'Gilead and the head of Lebanon.' In a moment JERUSALEM was before our view! We stood still in solemn silence, and again went forward, and stood still and gazed. Our feelings were so overpowering, that we could neither understand them nor give them expression. 'I am strangely disappointed,' at last said my companion; 'yet there is something in the scene strangely affecting.' In the language of Scripture—partly applied by accommodation, and partly used, as by the inspired writers, as descriptive of the present desolations of the wondrous city, the only suitable response could be given—'How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become as a widow!' 'From the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed.' 'All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?' 'Many nations shall pass by this city, and they shall say every man to his neighbor, Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this great city? Then they shall answer, Because they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord their God.' 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.' 'Yes,' replied my friend, 'Jerusalem was the most highly favored, and the most guilty; and it is now the most signally punished city on the face of the globe.' Ages have passed away since its glorious temple and palaces, and towers and residences, were overthrown; and it is not now that we have to expect to find in it anything approaching to its former magnificence. The beauty of its situation is all that we can hope to discern; and that beauty of situation—in the eminence and slopes of the platform on which it stands, and in its natural defences on two of its sides—still remains."—Vol i., pp. 402, 403.

"As we advanced, our view of Mount Zion greatly improved; and its steep slopes to the south reminded us of its impregnableness in the days of old. A good part of it was literally 'ploughed as a field.' The valley of Hinnom, associated so much with darkness, impurity, and blood, appeared like a deep and yawning gorge, with the facings of its nearly bare rocks on each side much cut and broken. It is now called Wádí Jehennam, or the Valley of Hell. In connection with this name, we thought of the passage of Jeremiah, 'Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter,' though it is not strictly applicable to its present designation. We passed along the western side of this ravine, keeping the great aqueduct from Solomon's pools, the Birket es-Sultán, or the Lower pool of Gihon, to the right, till we crossed the valley opposite the citadel, having the 'Tower of David,' or Hippicus, as one of its most prominent objects. When about to enter the Báb el-Khalíl, or the gate of Hebron, known also by the name of the Yáfá or Joppa Gate, we were taken by the Turkish soldiers on guard to the tents of the officers superintending the quarantine establishment. When we had told them of our long journey through the desert, and when I had presented to them a special letter of introduction which the governor in council of Bombay had kindly given to me instead of a passport, they informed us that the quarantine regulations would to a great extent be dispensed with in our case. We were to be allowed to enter the city, under the care of a guidiáno, who should attend us for a couple of days, and give us at the same time liberty to move about as we pleased, without our touching any of the people in the streets—a condition which, owing to the commencement of the influx of pilgrims, we could not observe, and on which our attendant did not insist.

"We entered the gate, and our feet stood within Jerusalem! Never did we pass through a town with such interest as on this occasion."—Vol. i., pp. 403, 404.

Dr. Wilson's description of the modern city is so mixed up with antiquarian discussion, as not to admit of extract or abridgment; nor can we at present command space in which to give any account of his travels through those "Lands of the Bible" which lie northward of Jerusalem. We should have been glad, also, to have made our readers acquainted with the substance of the matter presented at the close of the second volume, under the head of "General Researches"—relating to the condition of the Christians, Jews, Samaritans, and Mussulmans, over Syria. To this last portion of Dr. Wilson's work, we may find occasion to return, but in the meanwhile, beg to commend his publication to the attention of our readers, as one of great general interest, and as a valuable contribution to the stores of our biblical literature. There is a carelessness, and an occasional faultiness in the style, which we felt disposed at first to notice, but the substantial worth of these volumes has disarmed us of our purpose in that respect.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

AUNT LAURA'S ROOM.

A FEW years ago I accepted an invitation to visit a young friend with whom I had become intimate at school, and who lived in a part of the country several hundred miles from where I resided. There was going to be a grand musical festival in the cathedral town near which her family resided, and they were anxious that I should arrive in time to be thoroughly rested before it took place; circumstances, however, prevented my reaching them till the very evening before the commencement of the festival; and though I was greeted with the warmest welcome, yet I was a good deal annoyed to find that my letter had not been received. They had naturally concluded that there was no probability of my making my appearance among them; and from the numerous party assembled, and the whisperings that I perceived going on between my friend Lucy Manners and her mother, I inferred that my accommodation for the night was not likely to be effected without inconvenience. I expressed my regret, but Mrs. Manners assured me that I should have her daughter's room, where I should be very comfortable; and Lucy said she and Anne would have no objection in the world to sleep in Aunt Laura's room.

"But why not put me there?" I inquired, "and leave you in possession of your own room? Is it haunted?" I added, seeing a look that I could not very well interpret, exchanged between them.

"Oh dear, no!" was the reply; "but it is such a very gloomy place, we are not in the habit of putting strangers there."

"If that is all," I said, "I am so tired that it will make very little difference where I am shut up for the night, as I shall soon be in a sound sleep; and I suppose I may have a candle in the morning, if it is too dark to see to dress there without one?"

Lucy volunteered to be my companion during the night, as she said she thought I might feel rather nervous alone; and when the party separated, about an hour after my arrival, we took our course up and down several flights of stairs and through some gloomy passages, till we entered the door of a large apartment, and my first exclamation was, "What a very strange room!"

The floor was covered with black cloth, and the walls were hung with the same material; the window-curtains were of black velvet, and the drapery of the bed was of a similar description; while its canopy was surmounted with bunches of sable plumes, which nodded in the night breeze as we entered, for the window had been left open to make the fire burn up more quickly.

The counterpane was of black velvet, with a broad white border exactly resembling a pall, and the rest of the furniture was of the most sable hue.

"Poor Aunt Laura spent several years in this room," said Lucy; "and if you are not too tired, I will tell you why whilst we are curling our hair."

So after we had seated ourselves by the blazing fire, I began by saying "I should have thought that melancholy-looking gentleman had been the occupant of this room;" and I pointed to a small picture over the fire-place of a very handsome, but extremely wretched-looking, young man, who was leaning his back against a tree and gazing upon a river flowing before him, with what I thought a misanthropical and bitter look.

Lucy said that picture was not placed there in her aunt's days; and I then asked if her aunt were an old lady when immured here.

"Just three-and-twenty," was the reply, "when she closed that door upon the world forever; and very handsome. Mamma one day met with an engraving, which she said reminded her so much of what Aunt Laura was on the day of mamma's marriage. She showed it to her, and told her so. I dare say you may have seen it; it is called 'the Bridesmaid,' and a lovely thing it is.

"Aunt Laura said that day had been a very wretched one to her. But I must first tell you what an odd will grandpapa made. He was so afraid lest any one should marry his daughters for money, that he left this house and estate to them jointly so long as they were single; but they were to give up all their share of it whenever they married, and were to have no right to any of the property till they became widows, when it was again to be their home if they chose it.

"Now Aunt Laura was to be married a fortnight after mamma, and it was very natural she should be sad at the idea of this place being let to strangers for nobody knew how many years, and that neither she nor her sisters could occupy it again till many sorrowful scenes had been passed through; but she was always very superstitious, and when at school she and a companion had one evening stolen out to have their fortunes told by a gipsey. Her companion's doom was destined to be an early death. She had long forgotten the prediction, but that morning the account of her friend's death had reached her, and she could not banish from her mind the words which the gipsey had addressed to herself, that 'between her being a bridesmaid and a bride the interval would be very short, but between the bride and the widow shorter still.'

"She tried to fancy the spell was broken, by her having officiated once as bridesmaid, when a little girl in India, before the prediction was uttered; but it was of no use, and she became unhappy. She was distressed, too, when she recollected how little she knew of Mr. Ashbourne, whom she should so soon promise to 'love, honor, and obey;' and she felt alarmed lest the cloud she so often saw on his brow should become settled there, and that she might not always be able to make him cheerful as she could at present.

"Neither mamma, nor my other aunts, nor their husbands, particularly liked Mr. Ashbourne, though there was nothing that could positively be said against him; but there was a moodiness and abstraction that never left him, except in Aunt Laura's presence. To others he always appeared as in that picture you were looking at just now.

"The marriage took place, but about a week after Mr. Ashbourne was taken ill at Harrowgate, where they had just arrived; and in less than another week Aunt Laura was a widow, and again the sole inhabitant of this house. Of course, her sisters came to see her, but she did not wish them to remain; and she very soon had this room and dressing-room fitted up as you now see, and never again left them.

"Mamma could not help fearing her mind was affected from her conduct in this respect, as well as from the strange account she gave of Mr. Ashbourne's becoming ill; nor was it for some years that this was explained satisfactorily. She said that, before their marriage, Mr. Ashbourne had told her he thought no man could ever forgive his wife if he found she had any secrets which she did not impart to him; and so fearful was she of incurring

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his displeasure, that she had told him a great number of details respecting the family affairs of her brothers-in-law, lest he should think she had wilfully kept him in the dark—so many, indeed, that she often had an uneasy feeling lest some unpleasant consequences should arise from her communicativeness.

"They had arrived in the evening at Harrowgate, and were quietly taking tea, and arranging their future tour, when the waiter entered and asked Mr. Ashbourne if his name were Gifford, as a gentleman was inquiring for some one of that name. A negative answer was, of course, given, and the door closed, when Aunt Laura remarked—

"'Gifford is very like Clifford.'

"Mr. Ashbourne's eyes actually flashed fire as he answered—

"'What makes you think of Clifford?'

"'Only,' she said, 'as it once happened to be my name it reminded me of it.'

"He rose and walked about the room in violent agitation.

"'When was this, Laura?' he said. 'Speak!—tell me! No more reserve, if you please, madam!'

"She tried to calm him, saying, that as she was only two years old when her father changed his name to Fitzgerald, it really was a circumstance which rarely crossed her mind.

"But he was not to be pacified. After all the pains he had been at to prevent any disclosures taking place after their marriage, to have the most hateful name in existence represented to him as once borne by her! She became terrified at his increasing violence.

"'And your little brother—was he, too, a Clifford?'

"She had to pause, for she said it had never occurred to her to think what his second name was; but it must have been Clifford, for she was only a baby when he died at school in England.

"She described her husband as working himself up to perfect madness, and she was little short of it from grief at having so offended him, and never doubting that she had, indeed, been very wrong in never having told him. Before morning he was in a high fever. Medical assistance was called in, but in vain; it settled on the brain, and a few days terminated his wretched life.

"Aunt Laura never ceased to reproach herself as his murderer, and shut herself up here in hopeless dejection. After she had been in this wretched, voluntary captivity for six years, mamma had to come here, as we lost our dear father; and Aunt Laura gradually became interested in us little things, and her health and spirits improved as she brooded less intently over the melancholy past.

"When I was old enough to learn to write, she took great pains in teaching me, and one day she asked mamma if there were any desk about the house that I could be allowed to use. There was a desk of Mr. Ashbourne's, which mamma thought was Aunt Laura's, and she brought it to her; it proved to be full of writings of one kind or other, and amongst them a manuscript, entitled, 'Sketch of my Miserable Life.'

"It began with describing the indulgence of his mother during his early childhood, his impetuosity of temper, and her encouragement to his acting always from the impulse of the moment, and never suffering him to be thwarted. He entered school a perfect tyrant; the timid feared him, and the desperate spirits rallied round him as a leader in everything daring and forbidden.

"He was about thirteen when the event occurred which gave a color to the whole of his future life.

"A river skirted one side of a large field, where they were often allowed to play; they were prohibited on any account whatever to bathe, except when a teacher was with them. And one winter's afternoon, when the boys were left to themselves, a timid little fellow, who had just come to school, was heard to say, that he wondered any one should think of forbidding it, as he should suppose no boy durst venture in for fear of getting out of his depth.

"This was enough for Ashbourne. *Fear*, he declared, was a word unknown at Harford School; go into the water the little fellow should, therefore he might as well do it with a good grace.

"In vain the child protested his utter inability to swim, his dread of the cold, for he was still shivering from the change which he had recently experienced to our climate from a hot one. All took Ashbourne's part against the stranger; they led him to an overhanging bank, told him he might have ten minutes to deliberate whether he would do it like a man or a criminal. His tears and entreaties but steeled their hearts the more against the cowardly spirit he evinced. Meanwhile the elder boys, all eager to show their bravery, were contending who should give the push, which they foresaw would be necessary to make him leave the bank.

"They drew lots to decide this point, it fell upon Ashbourne; the ten minutes expired; there was a plunge and a stifled shriek! The boys crowded to the bank, but nothing was to be seen.

"Ashbourne now first experienced the reality of such a thing as fear: he plunged into the water, but in vain; an hour passed, and still no trace of their little companion; in a few minutes they would be summoned to return to the house, and how were they to account for his absence?

"They joined hands and took a solemn oath never to betray Ashbourne, but to say they last saw Clifford (for you must already have guessed their unhappy victim to have been my little uncle) on the bank, whence he had either fallen or thrown himself into the water.

"Ashbourne then again plunged into the water; the alarm was given, and every assistance procured as soon as possible. Ashbourne's exertions were prodigious; and after the search was abandoned he received from his master and teachers the most distinguished eulogiums upon his noble conduct, in risking his own life for that of a fellow-creature almost a stranger to him, while pity for the sufferer seemed almost lost in the censures heaped upon him for his stupidity, carelessness, or disobedience, for they were at a loss to which to attribute his going into the water.

"Most of the neighboring gentry invited Ashbourne to their houses, and loaded him with every expression of esteem, and many of them with more substantial gifts; and his evident reluctance to speak of the occurrence was attributed to an amiable modesty, which shrinks from hearing its own praises.

"An account of his heroism was also sent to grandpapa, with the tidings of the very wilful way by which his son met with his death; for, of course, to the world, it was necessary to make it appear that the boys were so well watched that no accident could happen to them except by their own choice.

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"Grandpapa sent him a valuable ring as a token of gratitude, which, with other trinkets, was in the desk.

"Years, that seemed as if made of leaden moments, said the manuscript, had dragged themselves at last to a close, yet on looking back it seemed as if it were but the hour before that the trembling child had said—'You will be afraid to think of this on your deathbed!'

"Life had had for him not one moment of enjoyment; the voice of conscience had never been for a moment hushed—sleeping or waking he saw the image of his drowned school-fellow; and by every stranger he met he expected to hear his guilt proclaimed.

"No one, so far as it can be ascertained, ever broke his oath, and whether any of them have been haunted by the same terrors, as feeling that they were partakers in the crime, we, perhaps, shall never know in this world."

"And your aunt," I inquired; "what effect had this disclosure upon her?"

"Oh, to her it was a most dreadful discovery," said Lucy, "to find she had actually been the wife of her brother's murderer! She lingered but a very short time; and my last recollection of her is the look of intense agony with which she was reading the shocking account. She was never well enough afterwards to allow any of us to be in the room with her; and mamma never likes to speak of her last days."

Lucy and I sat up very late talking over the melancholy events connected with "Aunt Laura's Room." Nor did we say "Good night" until we had come to the decision that, although Mr. Ashbourne had certainly very sufficient reasons for wishing to know every particular of family history with which his wife could be connected, yet that we wondered she had not benefitted by his example, and inquired whether there were any reasons on his part, which, if disclosed at a subsequent period, might forever destroy that happiness to which she so confidently looked forward.

We resolved, however, that the warning should not be lost on ourselves.

From Chambers' Journal.

NEW FACTS IN ASTRONOMY.

A work has just been published which reminds one of some of the achievements of the early ages of literature, when an enthusiastic and patient philosopher found a patron equally zealous, and devoted many years of his life to the accomplishment of a single object. We refer to Sir John Herschel's work*—the title of which is given below—and to the manner of its publication. To quote the author's words:—"To the munificent destination of his grace the late Duke of Northumberland of a large sum in aid of its publication, it owes its appearance as a single and separate work, instead of a series of unconnected memoirs, scattered over the volumes of academical bodies." Greatly to his honor, the present duke has completely carried out the intentions of his predecessor, who died before the volume was finished.

A simple enumeration of the contents of the book—a large quarto—will serve to convey some slight idea of its great scientific value. The observations comprise those of the southern nebulæ, double stars of the southern hemisphere; astrometry, apparent magnitudes of stars; constitution of the galaxy in the southern hemisphere; Halley's comet, with remarks on its physical condition; satellites of Saturn; and lastly, observations of the solar spots. To all this labor, and to the bringing out of the work, a period of twelve years has been devoted. The results are described in language as philosophical as it is eloquent: many passages among the scientific details of the catalogues produce an impression on the reader equal to that caused by a sublime strain of poetry. We propose to lay before our readers such portions of the work as may appear most popularly interesting.

The late Sir William Herschel made, during his life, what he called "sweeps of the heavens," in which, as is well known, he discovered and investigated, amongst other celestial phenomena, those presented by nebulæ. The results of these researches were published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society;" but about the year 1825, Sir John Herschel proposed to reëxamine the whole of his father's work, and spent eight years in the survey, which extended over 2306 nebulæ and clusters of stars, 525 of which were described for the first time; and in addition, the places of 3000 or 4000 double stars determined. In this reëxamination Sir J. Herschel made use of his father's twenty-feet reflector, over the manipulation of which, and the process of polishing the mirrors, he obtained a complete mastery. Afterwards, in obedience to an impulse arising out of the absorbing nature of the pursuit, he resolved on making a survey of the southern hemisphere, for the purpose of instituting comparisons with the northern. In pursuance of this object, as many readers are aware, he embarked with his apparatus for the Cape of Good Hope, where he arrived in January, 1834. Having found a suitable residence, bearing the name of Feldhuysen or Feldhausen, about six miles from Cape Town, in the direction of Wynberg, the instruments were fixed early in March, and ready "to commence a regular course of sweeping."

The hot season at the cape—October to March—is said to afford many superb nights for observation, interrupted occasionally, however, by a wind called the "black south-easter," which attaches a black belt of clouds to the mountain, and stretches it over a large surface of the sky. At other times the air is so disturbed by the intense heat of the arid sandy plains, that distinct vision is impossible. "Even in the hottest season, however, nights of admirable definition occur, especially looking southwards. But what is not a little remarkable, in the very hottest *days* looking *northwards* over the burning tract intervening between Feldhausen and Table or Saldanha Bay, the most admirable and tranquil definition of the solar spots, and other phenomena of the sun's disk, is by no means unfrequent. In such cases, I presume the strongly-heated stratum of air incumbent on the surface of the soil, is swept off by the south-east wind blowing from False to Table Bay, before it ascends high enough to interfere with the visual ray." "It is, however," we read, "in the cooler months, from May to October inclusive, and more especially in June and July,

* Results of Astronomical Observations made during the years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8, at the Cape of Good Hope; being the Completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825. By Sir J. F. W. Herschel, Bart. London: Smith and Elder. 1847.

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that the finest opportunities occur for observation. The state of the air in these months, as regards definition, is habitually good, and imperfect vision is rather the exception than the rule. The best nights occur after the heavy rains, which fall at this season, have ceased for a day or two: and on these occasions the tranquillity of the images and sharpness of vision is such, that hardly any limit is set to magnifying power, but what the aberrations of the specula necessitate."

A singular phenomenon was frequently observed, "a nebulous haze," which came on suddenly, and disappeared as rapidly; making the stars appear, while it lasted, as though surrounded by a "nebulous photosphere of greater or less extent," while to the naked eye the sky was perfectly clear. Similar phenomena occur in the atmosphere of England, but not with the frequency or suddenness of those at the cape. The clouds, too, as seen from the southern extremity of Africa, are more opaque than in our latitudes: in England, astronomers not unfrequently observe the stars while veiled by a thin stratum of cloud; but at the cape, the clouds are too opaque for the rays of light to pass through them.

Of the star marked *n*, in the constellation Argus, and the great nebula surrounding it, we are informed that "there is perhaps no other sidereal object which unites more points of interest than this. Its situation is very remarkable, being in the midst of one of those rich and brilliant masses—a succession of which, curiously contrasted with dark adjacent spaces, (called by the old navigators 'coal-sacks,') constitute the *milky way* in that portion of its course which lies between the Centaur and the main body of Argo." The number of stars in this region is immense, as many as 250 being in the field of the telescope at one time. But the great point of interest is the star *n*, which, in Halley's catalogue, 1677, is marked as of the fourth magnitude, and in later catalogues as of the second magnitude. "It was on the 16th December, 1837," writes Sir John Herschel, "that resuming the photometrical comparisons, in which, according to regular practice, the brightest stars in sight, in whatever part of the heavens, were first noticed, and arranged on a list, my astonishment was excited by the appearance of a new candidate for distinction among the very brightest stars of the first magnitude, in a part of the heavens with which, being perfectly familiar, I was certain that no such brilliant object had before been seen. After a momentary hesitation, the natural consequence of a phenomenon so utterly unexpected, and referring to a map for its configurations with the other conspicuous stars in the neighborhood, I became satisfied of its identity with my old acquaintance *n* Argus. Its light was, however, nearly tripled." The star attained its maximum of brightness, when it was nearly equal to *a* of the Centaur, on the 2d of January, 1838, after which it faded into its former appearance. But since that period, it has again brightened so as "to have surpassed Canopus, and even to have approached Sirius in lustre." This was in 1843, and was noticed by observers in different parts of the world; and again, in 1845, the star passed through a similar state of fluctuating brilliance. As Sir John Herschel observes—"A strange field of speculation is opened by this phenomenon. The temporary stars heretofore recorded have all become totally extinct. Variable stars, so far as they have been carefully attended to, have exhibited periodical alterations, in some degree at least regular, of splendor and comparative obscurity. But here we have a star fitfully variable to an astonishing extent, and whose fluctuations are spread over centuries, apparently in no settled period, and with no regularity of progression. What origin can we ascribe to these sudden flashes and relapses? What conclusions are we to draw as to the comfort or habitability of a system depending for its supply of light and heat on so uncertain a source?"

Of the nebula in connection with Argus, we read that, "It would manifestly be impossible, by verbal description, to give any just idea of the capricious forms and irregular gradations of light affected by the different branches and appendages of this nebula. Nor is it easy for language to convey a full impression of the beauty and sublimity of the spectacle it offers when viewed in a sweep, ushered in as it is by so glorious and innumerable a procession of stars, to which it forms a sort of climax, justifying expressions which, though I find them written in my journal in the excitement of the moment, would be thought extravagant if transferred to these pages. In fact, it is impossible for any one with the least spark of astronomical enthusiasm about him to pass soberly in review, with a powerful telescope, and in a fine night, that portion of the southern sky which is comprised between the sixth and thirteenth hours of right ascension, and from 146 to 149 degrees of north polar distance; such are the variety and interest of the objects he will encounter, and such the dazzling richness of the starry ground on which they are represented to his gaze."

Instances of variability in some of the stars of the Little Bear have been detected of late years, on which Sir John Herschel writes, in a profound and suggestive strain of reasoning, "Future observation will decide whether the change which is thus proved to have taken place be of periodical recurrence. * * Ignorant as we are, however, both of the cause of solar and stellar light, and of the conditions which may influence its amount at different times, the law of regular periodicity is one which ought not to be too hastily generalized; and, at all events, there is evidence enough of slow and gradual change of lustre in many stars, since the earlier ages of astronomy, to refute all *a priori* assumption as to the possible length of the cycle of variation of any particular star. The subject is one of the utmost physical interest. The grand phenomena of geology afford, as it appears to me, the highest presumptive evidence of changes in the *general* climate of our globe. I cannot otherwise understand alternations of heat and cold, so extensive, as at one epoch to have clothed high northern latitudes with a more than tropical luxuriance of vegetation; at another, to have buried vast tracts of middle Europe, now enjoying a genial climate, and smiling with fertility, under a glacier crust of enormous thickness. Such changes seem to point to some cause more powerful than the mere local distribution of land and water (according to Mr. Lyell's views) can be well supposed to have been. In the slow secular variations of our supply of light and heat from the sun, which, in the immensity of time past, may have gone to any extent, and succeeded each other in any order, without violating the analogy of sidereal phenomena which we know to have taken place, we have a cause, not indeed established as a fact, but readily admissible as something beyond a bare possibility, fully adequate to the utmost requirements of geology. A change of half a magnitude in the lustre of the sun, regarded as a fixed star, spread over successive geological epochs—now

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progressive, now receding, now stationary, according to the evidence of warmer or colder *general* temperature which geological research has disclosed, or may hereafter reveal—is what no astronomer would now hesitate to admit as in itself a perfectly reasonable and not improbable supposition. Such a supposition has assuredly far less of extravagance about it than the idea that the sun, by its own proper motion, may, in indefinite ages past, have traversed regions so crowded with stars, as to affect the climate of our planet by the influence of their radiation. Nor can it be objected that the character of a *vera causa* is wanting in such a hypothesis. Of the exciting cause of the radiant emanations from the sun and stars, we know nothing. It may consist, for aught we can tell, in vast currents of electricity traversing space, (according to cosmical laws,) and which, meeting in the higher regions of their atmospheres with matter properly attenuated, and otherwise disposed to electric phosphorescence, may render such matter radiant, after the manner of our own aurora borealis, under the influence of terrestrial electric streams. Or it may result from actual combustion going on in the higher regions of their atmospheres, the elements of which, so united, may be in a constant course of separation and restoration to their active state of mutual combustibility, by vital processes of extreme activity going on at their habitable surfaces, analogous to that by which vegetation on our earth separates carbonic acid (a product of combustion) into its elements, and so restores their combustibility. With specific hypothesis as to the cause of solar and sidereal light and heat, we have, however, no concern. It suffices that they must have a cause, and that this cause, inscrutable as it may be, does in several cases, and therefore may in one more, determine the production of phenomena of the kind in question."

Turning to that portion of the volume in which the observations of the solar spots are contained, we read that, during a part of 1836–7, a more than usual accumulation and disturbance took place in the spots on the surface of the great luminary. One of the spots, on measurement, was found to occupy a space "of nearly five square minutes. Now, a minute in linear dimension on the sun being 27,500 miles, and a square minute 756,000,000, we have here an area of 3,780,000,000 square miles included in one vast region of disturbance, and this requires to be increased for the effect of foreshortening. The black centre of the spot of May 25 would have allowed the globe of the earth to drop through it, leaving a thousand miles clear of contact on all sides of that tremendous gulf." From January to March of 1837, numerous spots of most complex structure and character were formed in copious succession. During April and May the spots were fewer in number, and assumed generally a rounded appearance; in June and July they again increased; while we read that "in August and October, so far as observed, the sun seemed to have passed into a quiescent state, the spots being few, small, and irregularly disposed."

Sir John Herschel insists strongly upon a continuous and systematic observation of the solar spots, as the only means by which to explain the phenomena they present. "We are naturally led to inquire for an efficient cause—for a *vis matrix*—to give rise to such enormous dynamical phenomena, for such they undoubtedly are. The efficient cause of fluctuations in our atmosphere, in terrestrial meteorology, is apparent enough; namely, external agency—the heating power of the sun. Without this, all would be tranquil enough; but in the solar meteorology we have no such extraneous source of alternate elevations and depressions of temperature, altering the specific gravity, and disturbing the equilibrium, of its atmospheric strata. The cause of such movements as we observe, and upon so immense a scale, must therefore reside within the sun itself; and it is there we must seek it." Sir John proceeds to show that the rotation of the sun upon its own axis may be the chief cause, by producing currents of air in opposite directions, similar to our trade-winds, and with a density at the equator different from that at the poles. "The spots, in this view of the subject," he then pursues, "would come to be assimilated to those regions on the earth's surface in which, for the moment, hurricanes and tornadoes prevail. The upper strata being temporarily carried downwards, displacing, by its impetus, the two strata of luminous matter beneath, (which may be conceived as forming a habitually tranquil limit between the opposite, upper, and under currents,) the upper of course to a greater extent than the lower; and thus wholly or partially denuding the opaque surface of the sun below. Such processes cannot be unaccompanied with vorticose motions, which, left to themselves, die away by degrees, and dissipate; with this peculiarity, that their lower portions come to rest more speedily than their upper, by reason of the greater resistance below, as well as the remoteness from the point of action, which lies in a higher region, so that their centre (as seen in our water-spouts, which are nothing but small tornadoes) appears to retreat upwards. Now, this agrees perfectly with what is observed during the obliteration of the solar spots, which appear as if filled in by the collapse of their sides, the penumbra closing in upon the spot, and disappearing after it. * * * The spots are black; the penumbra a nearly uniform half-shadow, with, however, here and there undefinable definite spaces of a second depth of shade. There is no gradual melting of the one shade into the other—spot into penumbra, penumbra into full light. The idea conveyed is more that of the successive withdrawal of veils, the partial removal of definite films, than the melting away of a mist, or the mutual dilution of gaseous media. Films of immiscible liquids having a certain cohesion, floating on a dark or transparent ocean, and liable to temporary removal by winds, would rather seem suggested by the general tenor of the appearances, though they are far from being wholly explicable by this conception, at least if any considerable degree of transparency be allowed to the luminous matter."

The sagacity of these views is only equalled by the earnest philosophical spirit in which they are written. Such works as that just passed in review become landmarks for science, by which present and future discoverers may direct their steps. We feel much pleasure in making it known to a large circle of readers, who otherwise would never hear of its publication.

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From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THOMAS MACAULAY — BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

To attempt a new appraisement of the intellectual character of Thomas Macaulay, we are impelled by various motives. Our former notice of him* was short, hurried and imperfect. Since it was written, too, we have had an opportunity of seeing and hearing the man, which, as often happens in such cases, has given a more distinct and tangible shape to our views, as well as considerably modified them. Above all, the public attention has of late, owing to circumstances, been so strongly turned upon him, that we are tolerably sure of carrying it along with us in our present discussion.

The two most popular of British authors are, at present, Charles Dickens and Thomas Macaulay. The supremacy of the former is verily one of the signs of the times. He has no massive or profound intellect—no lore superior to a schoolboy's—no vast or creative imagination—little philosophical insight, little power of serious writing, and little sympathy with either the subtler and profounder parts of man, or with the grander features of nature; (witness his description of Niagara—he would have painted the next pump better!) And yet, through his simplicity and sincerity, his boundless *bon hommie*, his fantastic humor, his sympathy with every-day life, and his absolute and unique dominion over every region of the odd, he has obtained a popularity which Shakspeare nor hardly Scott in their lifetime enjoyed. He is ruling over us like a fairy king, or Prince Prettyman—strong men as well as weak yielding to the glamour of his tiny rod. Louis the 14th walked so erect, and was so perfect in the management of his person, that people mistook his very size, and it was not discovered till after his death, that he was a little and not a large man. So many of the admirers of Dickens have been so dazzled by the elegance of his proportions, the fairy beauty of his features, the minute grace of his motions, and the small sweet smile which plays about his mouth, that they have imagined him to be a Scott, or even a Shakspeare. To do him justice, he himself has never fallen into such an egregious mistake. He has seldom, if ever, sought to alter, by one octave, the note nature gave him, and which is not that of an eagle nor of a nightingale, nor of a lark, but of a happy, homely gleesome "Cricket on the Hearth." Small almost as his own Tiny Tim, dressed in as dandified a style as his own Lord Frederick Verisoft, he is as full of the milk of human kindness as his own Brother Cheeryble; and we cannot but love the man who has first loved all human beings, who can own Newman Noggs as a brother, and can find something to respect in a Bob Sawyers, and something to pity in a Ralph Nickleby. Never was a monarch of popular literature less envied or more loved; and while rather wondering at the length of his reign over such a capricious domain as that of letters, and while fearlessly expressing our doubts as to his greatness or permanent dominion, we own that his sway has been that of gentleness—of a good, wide-minded, and kindly man; and take this opportunity of wishing long life and prosperity to "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

In a different region, and on a higher and haughtier seat, is Thomas Macaulay exalted. In general literature, as Dickens in fiction, is he held to be *facile princeps*. He is, besides, esteemed a rhetorician of a high class—a statesman of no ordinary calibre—a lyrical poet of much mark and likelihood—a scholar ripe and good—and, mounted on this high pedestal, he "has purposed in his heart to take another step," and to snatch from the hand of the Historic Muse one of her richest laurels. To one so gifted in the prodigality of Heaven, can we approach in any other attitude but that of prostration? or dare we hope for sympathy, while we proceed to make him the subject of free and fearless criticism?

Before proceeding to consider his separate claims upon public admiration, we will sum up, in a few sentences, our impressions of his general character. He is a gifted but not, in a high sense, a great man. He is a rhetorician without being an orator. He is endowed with great powers of perception and acquisition, but with no power of origination. He has deep sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. He is strong and broad, but not subtle or profound. He is not more destitute of original genius than he is of high principle and purpose. He has all common faculties developed in a large measure, and cultivated to an intense degree. What he wants is the gift that cannot be given—the power that cannot be counterfeited—the wind that bloweth where it listeth—the vision, the joy, and the sorrow with which no stranger intermeddleth—the "light which never was on sea or shore—the consecration and the poet's dream."

To such gifts, indeed, he does not pretend, and never has pretended. To roll the raptures of poetry, without emulating its *speciosa miracula*—to write worthily of heroes, without aspiring to the heroic—to write history without enacting it—to furnish to the utmost degree his own mind, without leading the minds of others one point further than to the admiration of himself and of his idols, seems, after all, to have been the main object of his ambition, and has already been nearly satisfied. He has played the finite game of talent, and not the infinite game of genius. His goal has been the top of the mountain, and not the blue profound beyond; and on the point he has sought he may speedily be seen, relieved against the heights which he cannot reach—a marble fixture, exalted and motionless. Talent stretching itself out to attain the attitudes and exaltation of genius is a pitiable and painful position, but it is not that of Macaulay. With piercing sagacity he has, from the first, discerned his proper intellectual powers, and sought, with his whole heart, and soul, and

* In a "Gallery of Portraits."

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mind, and strength, to cultivate them. "Macaulay the Lucky" he has been called; he ought rather to have been called Macaulay the Wise.

With a rare combination of the arts of age and the fire of youth, the sagacity of the worldling and the enthusiasm of the scholar, he has sought self-development as his principal, if not only end.

He is a gifted but not, in a high sense, a great man. He possesses all those ornaments, accomplishments, and even natural endowments, which the great man requires for the full emphasis and effect of his power, (and which the *greatest* alone can entirely dispense with;) but the power does not fill, possess, and shake the drapery. The lamps are lit in gorgeous effulgence; the shrine is modestly, yet magnificently, adorned; there is everything to tempt a god to descend; but the god descends not—or if he does, it is only Maia's son, the eloquent, and not Jupiter, the thunderer. The distinction between the merely gifted and the great is, we think, this—the gifted adore greatness and the great; the great worship the infinite, the eternal, and the god-like. The gifted gaze at the moon like reflections of the Divine—the great, with open face, look at its naked sun, and each look is the principle and prophecy of an action.

He has profound sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. Genius, indeed, is his intellectual god. It is (contrary to a common opinion) not genius that Thomas Carlyle worships. The word genius he seldom uses, in writing or in conversation, except in derision. We can conceive a savage cachinnation at the question, if he thought Cromwell or Danton a great genius. It is energy in a certain state of powerful precipitation that he so much admires. With genius, as existing almost undiluted in the person of such men as Keats, he cannot away. It seems to him only a long swoon or St. Vitus' dance. It is otherwise with Macaulay. If we trace him throughout all his writings, we will find him watching for genius with as much care and fondness as a lover uses in following the footsteps of his mistress. This, like a golden ray, has conducted him across all the wastes and wildernesses of history. It has brightened to his eye each musty page and wormcaten volume. Each morning has he risen exulting to renew the search; and he is never half so eloquent as when dwelling on the achievements of genius, as sincerely and rapturously as if he were reciting his own. His sympathies are as wide as they are seen. Genius, whether thundering with Chatham in the House of Lords, or mending kettles and dreaming dreams with Bunyan in Elstowe—whether reclining in the saloons of Holland House with De Stael and Byron, or driven from men as on a new Nebuchadnezzar whirlwind, in the person of poor wandering Shelly—whether in Coleridge,

> "With soul as strong as a mountain river,
> Pouring out praise to the Almighty giver;"

or in Voltaire shedding its withering smile across the universe, like the grin of death—whether singing in Milton's verse, or glittering upon Cromwell's sword—is the only magnet which can draw forth all the riches of his mind, and the presence of inspiration alone makes him inspired.

But this sympathy with genius does not amount to genius itself; it is too catholic and too prostrate. The man of the highest order of genius, after the enthusiasm of youth is spent, is rarely its worshipper, even as it exists in himself. He worships rather the object which genius contemplates, and the ideal at which it aims. He is rapt up to a higher region, and hears a mightier voice. Listening to the melodies of nature, to the march of the eternal hours, to the severe music of continuous thought, to the rush of his own advancing soul, he cannot so complacently bend an ear to the minstrelsies, however sweet, of men, however gifted. He passes, like the true painter, from the admiration of copies, which he may admire to error and extravagance, to that great original which, without blame, excites an infinite and endless devotion. He becomes a personification of art, standing on tip-toe in contemplation of mightier nature, and drawing from her features with trembling pencil and a joyful awe. Macaulay has not this direct and personal communication with the truth and the glory of things. He sees the universe not in its own rich and divine radiance, but in the reflected light which poets have shed upon it. There are in his writings no oracular deliverances, no pregnant hints, no bits of intense meaning—broken, but broken off from some supernatural circle of thought—no momentary splendors, like flashes of midnight lightning, revealing how much—no thoughts beckoning us away with silent finger, like ghosts, into dim and viewless regions—and he never even nears that divine darkness which ever edges the widest and loftiest excursions of imagination and of reason. His style and manner may be compared to crystal, but not to the "terrible crystal" of the prophets and apostles of literature. There is the sea of glass, but it is not mingled with fire, or at least the fire has not been heated seven times, nor has it descended from the seventh heaven.

Consequently, he has no power of origination. We despise the charge of plagiarism, in its low and base sense, which has sometimes been advanced against him. He never commits conscious theft, though sometimes he gives all a father's welcome to thoughts to which he has not a father's claim. But the rose which he appropriates is seldom more than worthy of the breast which it is to adorn; thus, in borrowing from Hall the antithesis applied by the one to the men of the French revolution, and by the other to the restored Royalists in the time of Charles the Second, "dwarfish virtues and gigantic crimes," he has taken what he might have lent, and, in its application, has changed it from a party calumny into a striking truth. The men of the revolution were not men of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices; both were

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stupendous when either were possessed; it was otherwise with the minions of Charles. When our hero lights his torch, it is not at the chariot of the sun; he ascends seldom higher than Hazlitt or Hall—Coleridge, Schiller, and Goethe are untouched. But without reärguing the question of originality, that quality is manifestly not his. It were as true that he originated Milton, Dryden, Bacon, or Byron, as that he originated the views which his articles develop of their lives or genius. A search after originality is never successful. Novelty is even shyer than truth, for if you search after the true, you will often, if not always, find the new; but if you search after the new, you will, in all probability, find neither the new nor the true. In seeking for paradoxes, Macaulay sometimes stumbles on, but more frequently stumbles over, truth. His essays are masterly treatises, written learnedly, carefully conned, and pronounced in a tone of perfect assurance; the Pythian pantings, the abrupt and stammering utterances of the seer, are awanting.

In connection with this defect, we find in him little metaphysical gift or tendency. There is no "speculation in his eye." If the mysterious regions of thought, which are at present attracting so many thinkers, have ever possessed any charm for him, that charm has long since passed away. If the "weight, the burden, and the mystery, of all this unintelligible world," have ever pressed him to anguish, that anguish seems now forgotten as a nightmare of his youth. The serpents which strangle other Laocoons, or else keep them battling all their life before high heaven, have long ago left, if indeed they had ever approached, him. His joys and sorrows, sympathies and inquiries, are entirely of the "earth, earthy," though it is an earth beautified by the smile of genius, and by the midnight sun of the past. It may appear presumptuous to criticize his creed, where not an article has been by himself indicated, except perhaps the poetical first principle that "beauty is truth and truth beauty;" but we see about him neither the firm grasp of one who holds a dogmatic certainty, nor the vast and vacant stretch of one who has failed after much effort to find the object, and who says, "I clasp—what is it that I clasp?" Toward the silent and twilight lands of thought, where reside, half in glimmer and half in gloom, the dread questions of the origin of evil, the destiny of man, our relation to the lower animals, and to the spirit world, he never seems to have been powerfully or for any length of time impelled. We might ask with much more propriety at him the question which a reviewer asked at Carlyle, "Can you tell us, quite in confidence, your private opinion as to the place where wicked people go?" And, besides, what think you of God? or of that most profound and awful Mystery of Godliness? Have you ever thought deeply on such subjects at all? Or if so, why does the language of a cold conventionalism, or of an unmeaning fervor, distinguish all your allusions to them? It was not, indeed, your business to write on such themes, but it requires no more a wizard to determine from your writings whether you have adequately *thought* on them, than to tell from a man's eye whether he is or is not looking at the sun.

We charge Macaulay, as well as Dickens, with a systematic shrinking from meeting in a manful style those dread topics and relations at which we have hinted, and this, whether it springs, as Humboldt says in his own case, from a want of subjective understanding, or whether it springs from a regard for, or fear of, popular opinion, or whether it springs from moral indifference, argues, on the first supposition, a deep mental deficiency—on the second, a cowardice unworthy of their position—or on the third, a state of spirit which the age, in its professed teachers, will not much longer endure. An earnest period, bent on basing its future progress upon fixed principles, fairly and irrevocably set down, to solve the problem of its happiness and destiny, will not long refrain from bestowing the name of brilliant trifler on the man, however gifted and favored, who so slenderly sympathizes with it, in this high, though late and difficult calling.

It follows almost as a necessity from these remarks, that Macaulay exhibits no high purpose. Seldom so much energy and eloquence have been more entirely divorced from a great uniting and consecrating object; and in his forthcoming history we fear that this deficiency will be glaringly manifest. History, without the presence of high purpose, is but a series of dissolving views—as brilliant it may be, but as disconnected, and not so impressive. It is this, on the contrary, that gives so profound an interest to the writings of Arnold, and invests his very fragments with a certain air of greatness; each sentence seems given in on oath. It is this which glorifies even D'Aubigne's Romance of the Reformation, for he *seeks* at least to show God in history, like a golden thread, pervading, uniting, explaining, and purifying it all. No such passion for truth as Arnold's, no such steady vision of those great, outshining laws of justice, mercy, and retribution, which pervade all human story, as D'Aubigne's, and in a far higher degree as Carlyle's, do we expect realized in Macaulay. His history, in all likelihood, will be the splendid cenotaph of his party. It will be brilliant in parts, tedious as a whole—curiously and minutely learned—written now with elaborate pomp, and now with elaborate negligence—heated by party spirit whenever the fires of enthusiasm begin to pale—it will abound in striking literary and personal sketches, and will easily rise to and above the level of the scenes it describes, just because few of those scenes, from the character of the period, are of the highest moral interest or grandeur. But a history forming a transcript, as if in the short-hand of a superior being, of the leading events of the age, solemn in spirit, subdued in tone, grave and testamentary in language, profound in insight, judicial in impartiality, and final as a Median law in effect, we might have perhaps expected from Mackintosh, but not from Macaulay.

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"Broader and deeper," says Emerson, "must we write our annals." The true idea of history is only as yet dawning on the world; the old almanac form of history has been generally renounced, but much of the old almanac spirit remains. The avowed partisan still presumes to write his special pleading, and to call it a history. The romance writer still decorates his fancy-piece, and, for fear of mistake, writes under it, "This is a history." The bald retailer of the dry bones of history is not yet entirely banished from our literature—nor is the hardy, but one-sided Iconoclast, who has a quarrel with all established reputation, and would spring a mine against the sun if he could—nor is the sagacious philosophiste, who has access to the inner thoughts and motives of men who have been dead for centuries, and often imputes to deep, deliberate purpose what was the result of momentary impulse, fresh and sudden as the breeze, who accurately sums up and ably reasons on all calculable principles, but omits the incalculable, such as inspiration and frenzy. We are waiting for the full avatar of the ideal historian, who to the intellectual qualities of clear sight, sagacity, picturesque power, and learning, shall add the far rarer qualities of a love for truth only equalled by a love for man—a belief in and sympathy with progress, thorough independence and impartiality, and an all-embracing charity—and after Macaulay's History of England has seen the light, may still be found waiting.

The real purpose of a writer is perhaps best concluded from the effect he produces on the minds of his readers. And what is the boon which Macaulay's writings do actually confer upon their millions of readers? Much information, doubtless—many ingenious views are given and developed, but the main effect is pleasure—either a lulling, soothing opiatic, or a rousing and stimulating gratification. But what is their mental or moral influence? What new and great truths do they throw like bomb-shells into nascent spirits, disturbing forever their repose? What sense of the moral sublime have they ever infused into the imagination, or what thrilling and strange joy "beyond the name of pleasure" have they ever circulated through the heart? What long, deep trains of thought have his thoughts ever started, and to what melodies in other minds have his words struck the key-note? Some authors mentally "beget children—they travail in birth with children;" thus from Coleridge sprang Hazlitt, but who is Macaulay's eldest born? Who dates any great era in his history from the reading of his works, or has received from him even the bright edge of any apocalyptic revelation? Pleasure, we repeat, is the principal boon he has conferred on the age; and without under-estimating this, (which, indeed, were ungrateful, for none have derived more pleasure from him than ourselves,) we must say that it is comparatively a trivial gift—a fruiterer's or a confectioner's office—and, moreover, that the pleasure he gives, like that arising from the use of wine, or from the practice of novel-reading, requires to be imbibed in great moderation, and needs a robust constitution to bear it. Reading his papers is employment but too delicious—the mind is too seldom irritated and provoked—the higher faculties are too seldom appealed to—the sense of the infinite is never given—there is perpetual excitement, but it is that of a game of tennis-ball, and not the Titanic play of rocks and mountains—there is constant exercise, but it is rather the swing of an easy chair than the grasp and tug of a strong rower striving to keep time with one stronger than himself. Ought we ask a grave and solid reputation, as extensive as that of Shakspeare or Milton, to be entirely founded on what is essentially a course of light reading?

We do not venture on his merits as a politician or statesman. But, as a speaker, we humbly think he has been over-rated. He is not a sublime orator, who fulminates, and fiercely, and almost contemptuously, sways his audience; he is not a subtle declaimer, who winds around and within the sympathies of his hearers, till, like the damsel in the "Castle of Indolence," they weaken as they warm, and are at last sighingly but luxuriously lost. He is not a being piercing a lonely way for his own mind, through the thick of his audience—wondered at, looked after, but not followed—dwelling apart from them even while rivetting them to his lips—still less is he an incarnation of moral dignity, whose slightest sentence is true to the inmost soul of honor, and whose plain, blunt speech is as much better than oratory, as oratory is better than rhetoric. He is the primed mouth-piece of an elaborate discharge, who presents, applies the linstock, and fires off. He speaks rather before than to his audience. We felt this strongly when hearing him at the opening of the New Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh; that appearance had on us the effect of disenchantment; our lofty ideal of Macaulay the orator—an ideal founded on the perusal of all sorts of fulsome panegyrics—sank like a dream. Macaulay the orator? Why had they not raved as well of Macaulay the beauty? He is, indeed, a master of rhetorical display; he aspires to be a philosopher; he is a brilliant *literateur;* but, besides not speaking oratorically, he does not speak at all, if speaking means free communication with the souls and hearts of his hearers. If Demosthenes, Fox, and O'Connell were orators, he is none. It was not merely that we were disappointed with his personal appearance—that is sturdy and manlike, if not graceful—it is, besides, hereditary, and cannot be helped; but the speech was an elaborate and ungraceful accommodation to the presumed prejudices and tastes of the hearers—a piece of literary electioneering—and the manner, in its fluent monotony, showed a heart untouched amid all the palaver. Here is one, we thought, whose very tones prove that his success has been far too easy and exulting, and who has never known by experience the meaning of the grand old words, "perfect through suffering." Here is one in

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public sight selling his birthright for a mess of pottage and worthless praise, and who may live bitterly to rue the senseless bargain, for that applause is as certainly insincere as that birthright is high. Here is one who, ingloriously sinking with compulsion and laborious flight, consciously confounds culture with mere knowledge—speaking as if a boarding-school Miss, who had read Ewing's Geography, were therein superior to Strabo. There, Thomas Macaulay, we thought thou art contradicting thy former and better self, for we well remember thee speaking in an article with withering contempt of those who prefer to that "fine old geography of Strabo" the pompous inanities of Pinkerton. And dost thou deem thyself, all accomplished as thou art, nearer to the infinite mind than Pythagoras or Plato, because thou knowest more? And when he spoke again extempore, he sounded a still lower deep, and we began almost to fancy that there must be some natural deficiency in a mind so intensely cultivated, which could not shake as good, or better speeches, than even his first, "out of his sleeve." But the other proceedings and haranguings of that evening were not certainly fitted to eclipse his brightness, though they *were* calculated, in the opinion of many, to drive the truly eloquent to the woods, to find in the old trees a more congenial audience.

The House of Commons, we are told, hushes to hear him, but this may arise from other reasons than the mere power of his eloquence. He has a name, and there is far too much even in parliament of that base parasitical element, which, while denying ordinary courtesy to the untried, has its knee delicately hinged to bend in supple homage to the acknowledged. He avoids, again, the utterance of all extreme opinions—never startles or offends—never shoots abroad forked flashes of truth; and besides, his speaking is, in its way, a very peculiar treat. Like his articles, it generally gives pleasure; and who can deny themselves an opportunity of being pleased, any more than a dish of strawberries and cream in summer time. Therefore, the house was silent—its perpetual undersong subsided—even Roebuck's bristles were wont to lower, and Joseph Hume's careful front to relax—when the right honorable member for Edinburgh was on his legs. But *he* is, in our idea, the orator who fronts the storm and crushes it into silence—who snatches the prejudice from three hundred frowning foreheads and binds it as a crown unto him—and who, not on some other and less difficult arena, but on that very field, wins the laurels which he is to wear. Those are the eloquent sentences which, though hardly heard above the tempest of opposition, yet are heard—and felt as well as heard—and obeyed as well as felt, which bespeak the surges at their loudest, and immediately there is a great calm.

We are compelled, therefore, as our last general remark on Macaulay, to call him rather a large and broad, than a subtle sincere, or profound spirit. A simple child of Nature, trembling before the air played by some invisible musician behind him, what picture could be more exactly his antithesis? But neither has he, in any high degree, either the gift of philosophic analysis, or the subtle idealizing power of the poet. Clear, direct, uncircumspective thought—vivid vision of the characters he describes—an eye to see, rather than an imagination to combine—strong, but subdued enthusiasm—learning of a wide range, and information still more wonderful in its minuteness and accuracy—a style limited and circumscribed by mannerism, but having all power and richness possible within its own range—full of force, though void of freedom—and a tone of conscious mastery, in his treatment of every subject, are some of the qualities which build him up—a strong and thoroughly furnished man, fit surely for more massive deeds than either a series of sparkling essays, or what shall probably be a one-sided history.

In passing from his general characteristics to his particular works, there is one circumstance in favor of the critic. While many authors are much, their writings are little known; but if ever any writings were published, it is Macaulay's. A glare of publicity, as wide almost as the sunshine of the globe, rests upon them; and it is always easier to speak to men of what they know perfectly, than of what they know in part. To this there is perhaps an exception in his contributions to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." That periodical, some of our readers may be aware, was of limited circulation, and limited life. "It sparkled—was exhaled, and went to——;" yet Professor Wilson has been known to say, that its four or five volumes are equal in talent to any four or five in the compass of periodical literature. To this opinion we must respectfully demur—at least we found the reading of two or three of them rather a hard task, the sole relief being in the papers of Macaulay, and would be disposed to prefer an equal number of "Blackwood," "Tait," or the "Old London Magazine."

Macaulay's best contributions to this are a series of poems entitled, "Lays of the Roundheads." These, though less known than his "Lays of the League," which also appeared in "Knight," are, we think, superior. They are fine anticipations of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Like Scott, vaulting between Claverhouse and Burley, and entering with equal gusto into the souls of both, Macaulay sings with equal spirit the song of the enthusiastic Cavalier and that of the stern Roundhead. He could have acted as poet-laureate to Hannibal as well as to the republic, and his "Lays of Carthage" would have been as sweet, as strong, and more pathetic than his "Lays of Rome." "How happy could he be with either, were t' other dear charmer away." Not thus could Carlyle pass from his "Life of Cromwell" to a panegyric on the "Man of Blood," whose eyes—

"*Could bear to look on torture, but durst not look on war.*"

But Macaulay is the artist, sympathizing more with the poetry than with the principles of the great Puritanic contest.

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His Roman Lays, though of a later date, fall naturally under the same category of consideration. These, when published, took the majority of the public by surprise, who were nearly as astonished at this late flowering of poetry in the celebrated critic, as were the Edinburgh people, more recently, at the portentous tidings that Patrick Robertson, also, was among the poets. The initiated, however, acquainted with his previous effusions, hailed the phenomenon, (not as in Patrick's case, with shouts of spurting laughter,) but with bursts of applause, which the general voice more than confirmed. The day when the Lays appeared, though deep in autumn, seemed a belated dog-day, so frantic did their admirers become. Homer, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron, were now to hide their diminished heads, for an old friend under a new face had arisen to eclipse them all. And, for martial spirit, we are free to confess the Lays have never been surpassed, save by Homer, Scott, and by Burns, whose one epithet "red wat shod," whose one description of the dying Scotch soldier in the "Earnest Cry," and whose one song, "Go fetch for me a pint of wine," are enough to stamp him among the foremost of martial poets. Macaulay's ballads sound in parts like the thongs of Bellona. Written, it is said, in the war office, the Genius of Battle might be figured bending over the author, sternly smiling on her *last* poet, and shedding from her wings a ruddy light upon his rapidly and furiously-filling page. But the poetry of war is not of the highest order. Seldom, except when the war is ennobled by some great cause, as when Deborah uttered her unequalled thanksgiving, can the touch of the sword extract the richest life's blood of poetry. Selfish is the exultation over victory, selfish the wailing under defeat. The song of the sword must soon give place to the song of the bell; and the pastoral ditty pronounced over the reaping hook shall surpass all lyrical baptisms of the spear. As it is, the gulf between the Lays—amazingly spirited though they be—and intellectual, imaginative, or moral poetry, is nearly as wide as between Chevy Chase and Laodamia. Besides, the Lays are in a great measure centos; the images are no more original than the facts, and the poetic effect is produced through the singular rapidity, energy, and felicity of the narration, and the breathless rush of the verse, "which rings to boot and saddle." One of the finest touches, for example, is imitated from Scott.

"The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close"—

Macaulay has it. In the Lady of the Lake it is:—

"The exulting eagle screamed afar,
She knew the voice of Alpine's war."

Indeed, no part of the Lays rises higher than the better passages of Scott. As a whole, they are more imitative and less rich in figure and language than his poetry; and we have been unable to discover any powers revealed in them which his prose works had not previously and amply disclosed. In fact, their excessive popularity arose in a great measure from the new attitude in which they presented their writer. Long accustomed to speak to the public, he suddenly volunteered to sing, and his song was harmonious, and between gratitude and surprise was vehemently encored. It was as if Helen Faucit were to commence to lecture, and should lecture well; or as though Douglas Jerrold were to announce a volume of sermons, and the sermons turn out to be excellent. This, after all, would only prove versatility of talent; it would not enlarge our conception of the real calibre of their powers. Nay, we hesitate not to assert, that certain passages of Macaulay's prose rise higher than the finest raptures of his poetry, and that the term eloquence will measure the loftiest reaches of either.

This brings us to say a few words on his contributions to the "Edinburgh Review." We confess, that had we been called on while new from reading those productions, our verdict on them would have been much more enthusiastic. Their immediate effect is absolutely intoxicating. Each reads like a new Waverley tale. "More—give us more—it is divine!" we cry, like the Cyclops when he tasted of the wine of Outis. As Pitt adjourned the court after Sheridan's Begum speech, so, in order to judge fairly, we are compelled to adjourn the criticism. Days even have to elapse ere the stern question begins slowly, through the golden mist, to lift up its head—"What have you gained? Have you only risen from a more refined 'Noctes Ambrosianæ'? Have you only been conversing with an elegant artist? or has a prophet been detaining you in his terrible grasp? or has Apollo been touching your trembling ears?" As we answer, we almost blush, remembering our tame and sweet subjection; and yet the moment that the enchantment again assails us, it again is certain to prevail.

But what is the explanation of this power? Is it altogether magical, or does it admit of analysis? Macaulay's writings have one very peculiar and very popular quality. They are eminently clear. They can by no possibility, at any time, be nebulous. You can read them as you run. Schoolboys devour them with as much zest as bearded men. This clearness is, we think, connected with deficiency in his speculative and imaginative faculties; but it does not so appear to the majority of readers. Walking in an even and distinct pathway, not one stumbling stone or alley of gloom in its whole course, no hill of difficulty rising, nor path of danger diverging, greeted, too, by endless vistas of interest and beauty, all are but too glad, and too grateful, to get so trippingly along. Vanity, also, whispers to the more ambitious: What we can so easily understand we could easily equal; and thus are the readers kept on happy terms both with the author and themselves. His writings have all the stimulus of oracular decision, without one particle of oracular darkness. His papers, too, are thickly studded with facts. This itself, in an

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age like ours, is enough to recommend them, especially when these facts are so carefully selected —when told now with emphasis so striking, and now with negligence so graceful; and when suspended around a theory at once dazzling and slight —at once paradoxical and pleasing. The reader, beguiled, believes himself reading something more agreeable than history, and more veracious than fiction. It is a very waltz of facts that he witnesses; and yet how consoling to reflect that they are facts after all! Again, Macaulay, as we have repeatedly hinted, is given to paradoxes. But then these paradoxes are so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved—his originalities are so orthodox—and his mode of expressing them is at once so strong and so measured—that people feel both the tickling sensation of novelty and a perfect sense of safety, and are slow to admit that the author, instead of being a bold, is a timorous thinker, one of the literary as well as political *juste-milieu*. Again, his manner and style are thoroughly English. As his sympathies are, to a great degree, with English modes of thought and habit of action, so his language is a stream of English undefiled. All the territories which it has traversed have enriched, without coloring, its waters. Even the most valuable of German refinements—such as that common one of subjective and objective—are sternly shyed. That philosophic diction which has been from Germany so generally transplanted, is denied admittance into Macaulay's grounds, exciting a shrewd suspicion that he does not often require it for philosophical purposes. Scarcely a phrase or word is introduced which Swift would not have sanctioned. In anxiety to avoid a barbarous and Mosaic diction, he goes to the other extreme, and practises purism and elaborate simplicity. Perhaps under a weightier burden, like Charon's skiff, such a style might break down; but, as it is, it floats on, and carries the reader with it, in all safety, rapidity, and ease. Again, this writer has—apart from his clearness, his bridled paradox, and his English style—a power of interesting his readers, which we may call, for want of a more definite term, tact. This art he has taught himself gradually; for in his earlier articles, such as that on "Milton," and the "Present Administration," there were a prodigality and a recklessness—a prodigality of image, and a recklessness of statement—which argued an impulsive nature, not likely so soon to subside into a tactician. Long ago, however, has he *changé tout cela*. Now he can set his elaborate passages at proper distances from each other; he peppers his page more sparingly with the condiments of metaphor and image; he interposes anecdotes to break the blaze of his splendor; he consciously stands at ease, nay, condescends to nod, the better to prepare his reader, and breathe himself for a grand gallop; and though he has not the art to conceal his art, yet he has the skill always to fix his reader —always to write, as he himself says of Horace Walpole, "what everybody will like to read." Still further, and finally, he has a quality different from and superior to all these—he has genuine literary enthusiasm, which public life has not yet been able to chill. He is not an inspired child, but he is still an ardent schoolboy, and what many count and call his literary vice we count his literary salvation. It is this unfeigned love of letters and genius which (dexterously managed, indeed) is the animating and inspiring element of Macaulay's better criticisms, and the redeeming point in his worse. It is a love which many waters have been unable to destroy, and which shall burn till death. When he retires from public life, like Lord Grenville, he may say, "I return to Plato and the Iliad."

We must be permitted, ere we close, a few remarks on some of his leading papers. Milton was his "Reuben—his first-born—the beginning of his strength;" and thought by many "the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power." It was gorgeous as an eastern tale. He threw such a glare about Milton that at times you could not see him. The article came clashing down on the floor of our literature like a gauntlet of defiance, and all wondered what young Titan could have launched it. Many inquired, "Starting at such a rate, whither is he likely to go?" Meanwhile the wiser, while admiring, quietly smiled, and whispered in reply, "At such a rate no man can or ought to advance." Meanwhile, too, a tribute to Milton from across the waters, less brilliant, but springing from a more complete and mellow sympathy with him, though at first overpowered, began steadily and slowly to gain the superior suffrage of the age, and from that pride of place has not yet receded. On the contrary, Macaulay's paper he himself now treats as the brilliant bastard of his mind. Of such *splendida vitia* he need not be ashamed. We linger as we remember the wild delight with which we first read his picture of the Puritans, ere it was hackneyed by quotation, and ere we thought it a rhetorical bravura. How burning his print of Dante? The best frontispiece to this paper on Milton would be the figure of Robert Hall, at the age of sixty, lying on his back, and learning Italian, in order to verify Macaulay's description of the "Man that had been in Hell."

In what a different light does the review of Croker's Boswell exhibit our author? He sets out like Shenstone, by saying, "I will, I will be witty;" and like him, the will and the power are equal. Macaulay's wit is always sarcasm—sarcasm embittered by indignation, and yet performing its minute dissections with judicial gravity. *Here* he catches *his* Rhadamanthus of the Shades, in the upper air of literature, and his vengeance is more ferocious than his wont. He first flays, then kills, then tramples, and then hangs his victim in chains. It is the onset of one whose time is short, and who expects reprisals in another region. Nor will his sarcastic vein, once awakened against Croker, sleep till it has scorched poor Bozzy to ashes, and even singed the awful wig of Johnson. We cannot comprehend Macaulay's fury at Boswell, whom he crushes with a disproportionate ex-

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penditure of power and anger. Nor can we coincide with his eloquent enforcement of the opinion, first propounded by Burke, then seconded by Mackintosh, and which seems to have become general, that Johnson is greater in Boswell's book than in his own works. To this we demur. Boswell's book gives us little idea of Johnson's eloquence, or power of grappling with higher subjects—"Rassellas" and the "Lives of the Poets" do. Boswell's book does justice to Johnson's wit, readiness, and fertility; but if we would see the full force of his fancy, the full energy of his invective, and his full sensibility to, and command over, the moral sublime, we must consult such papers in the "Idler" as that wonderful one on the Vultures, or in the "Rambler," as Anningait and Ajut, his London, and his Vanity of Human Wishes. Boswell, we venture to assert, has not saved one *great* sentence of his idol—such as we may find profusely scattered in his own writings—nor has recorded fully any of those conversations, in which, pitted against Parr or Burke, he talked his best. If Macaulay merely means that Boswell, through what he has preserved, and through his own unceasing admiration, gives us a higher conception of Johnson's every-day powers of mind than his writings supply, he is right; but in expressly claiming the immortality for that "careless table-talk," which he denies to the works, and forgetting that the works discover higher faculties in special display, we deem him mistaken.

In attacking Johnson's style, Macaulay is, unconsciously, a suicide—not that his style is modelled upon Johnson's, or that he abounds in *sesqui-pedalia verba*—he has never needed large or new words, either to cloak up mere commonplace, or to express absolute originality—but many of the faults he charges against Johnson belong to himself. Uniformity of march—want of flexibility and ease—consequent difficulty in adapting itself to common subjects—perpetual and artfully balanced antithesis, were, at any rate, once peculiarities of Macaulay's writings, as well as of Johnson's, nor are they yet entirely relinquished. After all, such faults are only the awkward steps of the elephant, which only the monkey can deride. Or we may compare them to the unwieldy, but sublime movements of a giant telescope, which turns slowly and solemnly, as if in time and tune with the stately steps of majesty with which the great objects it contemplates are revolving.

The article on Byron, for light and sparkling brilliance, is Macaulay's finest paper. Perhaps it is not sufficiently grave or profound for the subject. There are, we think, but two modes of properly writing about Byron—the one is the Monody, the other the Impeachment: this paper is neither. Mere criticism over such dread dust is impertinent; mere panegyric impossible. Either with condemnation melting down in irrepressible tears, or with tears drying up in strong censure, should we approach the memory of Byron, if, indeed, eternal silence were not better still.

Over one little paper we are apt to pause with a peculiar fondness—the paper on Bunyan. As no one has greater sympathy with the spirit of the Puritans without having any with their peculiar sentiments than Carlyle, so no one sympathizes more with the literature of that period, without much else in common (unless we except Southey) as Macaulay. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is to him, as to many, almost a craze. He cannot speak calmly about it. It continues to shine in the purple light of youth; and, amid all the paths he has traversed, he has never forgotten that immortal path which Bunyan's genius has so boldly mapped out, so variously peopled, and so richly adorned. How can it be forgotten, since it is at once the miniature of the entire world, and a type of the progress of every earnest soul? The City of Destruction, the Slough of Despond, the Delectable Mountains, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Beulah, and the Black River, are still extant, unchangeable realities, as long as man continues to be tried and to triumph. But it is less in this typical aspect than as an interesting tale that Macaulay seems to admire it. Were we to look at it in this light alone, we should vastly prefer "Turpin's Ride to York," or "Tam O'Shanter's Progress to Alloway Kirk." But as an unconscious mythic history of man's moral and spiritual advance, its immortality is secure, though its merits are as yet in this point little appreciated. Bunyan, indeed, knew not what he did; but then he spake inspired; his deep heart prompted him to say that to which all deep hearts in all ages should respond; and we may confidently predict that never shall that road be shut up or deserted. As soon stop the current or change the course of the black and bridgeless river.

We might have dwelt, partly in praise and partly in blame, on some of his other articles—might, for instance, have combatted his slump and summary condemnation, in "Dryden," of Ossian's poems—poems which, striking, as they did, all Europe to the soul, must have had some merit, and which, laid for years to the burning heart of Napoleon, must have had some corresponding fire. That, said Coleridge, of Thomson's "Seasons," lying on the cottage window-sill, is true fame; but was there no true fame in the fact that Napoleon, as he bridged the Alps, and made at Lodi impossibility itself the slave of his genius, had these poems in his travelling carriage? Could the chosen companion of such a soul, in such moments, be altogether false and worthless? Ossian's Poems we regard as a ruder "Robbers"—a real though clouded voice of poetry, rising in a low age, prophesying and preparing the way for the miracles which followed; and we doubt if Macaulay himself has ever equalled some of the nobler flights of Macpherson. We may search his writings long ere we find anything so sublime, though we may find many passages equally ambitious, as the Address to the Sun.

He closes his collected articles with his Warren Hastings, as with a grand finale. This we read with the more interest, as we fancy it a chapter extracted from his forthcoming history. As such

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it justifies our criticism by anticipation. Its personal and literary sketches are unequalled, garnished as they are with select scandal, and surrounded with all the accompaniments of dramatic art. Hastings' trial is a picture to which that of Lord Erskine, highly wrought though it be, is vague and forced, and which, in its thick and crudeed magnificence, reminds you of the descriptions of Tacitus, or (singular connection!) of the paintings of Hogarth. As in Hogarth, the variety of figures and circumstances is prodigious, and each and all bear upon the main object, to which they point like fingers; so from every face, figure, aspect, and attitude, in the crowded hall of Westminster, light rushes on the brow of Hastings, who seems a fallen god in the centre of the god-like radiance. Even Fox's "sword" becomes significant, and seems to thirst for the pro-consul's destruction. But Macaulay, though equal to descriptions of men in all difficult and even sublime postures, never describes scenery well. His landscapes are too artificial and elaborate. When, for example, he paints Paradise in Byron, or Pandemonium in Dryden, it is by parts and parcels, and you see him pausing and rubbing his brows between each lovely or each terrible item. The scene reluctantly comes, or rather is pulled into view, in slow and painful series. It does not rush over his eye, and require to be detained in its giddy passage. Hence his picture of India in Hastings is an admirable picture of an Indian village, but not of India, the country. You have the "old oaks"—the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head—the courier shaking his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas—but where are the eternal bloom, the immemorial temples, the vast blood-spangled mists of superstition, idolatry, and caste, which brood over the sweltering land—the Scotlands of jungle, lighted up by the eyes of tigers as with infernal stars—the Ganges, the lazy deity of the land, creeping down reluctantly to the sea—the heat, encompassing the country like a sullen, sleepy hell—the swift steps of tropical Death, heard amid the sulphury silence—the ancient monumental look proclaiming that all things here continue as they were from the foundation of the world, or seen in the hazy distance as the girdle of the land—the highest peaks of earth soaring up toward the sun, Sirius, the throne of God! Macaulay too much separates the material from the moral aspects of the scene, instead of blending them together as exponents of the one great fact, India.

But we must stop. Ere closing, however, we are tempted to add, as preachers do, a solid inference or two from our previous remarks. First, we think we can indicate the field on which Mr. Macaulay is likely yet to gain his truest and permanent fame. It is in writing the *Literary* History of his country. Such a work is still a desideratum; and no living writer is so well qualified by his learning and peculiar gifts—by his powers and prejudices—by his strength and his weakness, to supply it. In this he is far more assured of success than in any political or philosophical history. With what confidence and delight would the public follow his guidance, from the times of Chaucer to those of Cowper, when our literature ceased to be entirely natural, and even a stage or two further! Of such a "progress" we proclaim him worthy to be the Great-heart! Secondly, we infer from a retrospect of his whole career, the evils of a too easy and a too early success. It is by an early Achillean baptism alone that men can secure Achillean invulnerability, or confirm Achillean strength. This was the redeeming point in Byron's history. Though a lord, he had to undergo a stern training, which indurated and strengthened him to a pitch, which all the after blandishments of society could not weaken. Society did not—in spite of our author—spoil him by its favor, though it infuriated him by its resentment. But *he* has been the favored and petted child of good fortune. There has been no "crook," till of late, either in his political or literary "lot." If he has not altogether inherited, he has approached, the verge of the curse, "Woe to you, when all men shall speak well of you." No storms have unbared his mind to its depths. It has been his uniformly to—

"Pursue the triumph and partake the gale."

Better all this for his own peace than for his power, or for the permanent effect of his writings.

Let us congratulate him, finally, on his temporary defeat. A few more such victories as he had formerly gained, and he had been undone. A few more such defeats, and if he be, as we believe, essentially a man, he may yet, in the "strength of the lonely," in the consciousness and terrible self-satisfaction of those who deem themselves injuriously assailed, perform such deeds of derring-do as shall abash his adversaries and astonish even himself.

ON SEEING SOME ANCIENT TOMBS OF THE CONSTANTINES,

ERECTED, BY THE SULTAN'S ORDERS, NEAR THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Beneath Sophia's wondrous dome I stood,
And witnessed on her walls the cross effaced,
And Islam's emblems o'er her altars placed;
And then before my mind that day of blood
Arose, when, spite of all that valor could,
Byzantium fell, o'erwhelmed, but not disgraced;
Then, quenched beneath the Moslem's fiery flood,
Seemed the bright star of Christendom erased.
But I went forth, and even by the door
A handful of quiet men, with toil and care,
Upreared an ancient tomb with honor there,
And, looking for the emblem that it bore,
I marked the fair broad cross of Constantine
Upon its side.—This also is a sign.

Tait's Magazine.

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From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

Strange season, evanescent
As childhood's sunny thought—
How sad, and yet how pleasant,
Are the feelings thou hast brought!
The sky is bright above us—
The air as bland as June,
And the brook to joy would move us.
By its happy little tune.

But we miss the merry singing
Of the birds among the trees,
And the flowers, that late were flinging
Their odors on the breeze;
And the cattle that were feeding
Upon the mountain-side—
And the flocks their young ones leading.
Where the rivulets do glide.

Now, we only hear the rustle
Of the dry leaves as we tread;
Or the timid squirrel startle
From the branches overhead;
Or the sportman's gun resounding
Among the naked hills;
Or his greyhound's fleet foot bounding
Across the rocks and rills.

We feel the sun of summer,
But its verdure do not see,
While there comes a whispered murmur
From every leafless tree,
Which checks the voice of gladness
That else might ring again,
And brings a drowsy sadness
To fasten on the brain.

Yes 't is the Indian summer,
For *treacherous* are its beams—
And as fading as the glimmer
Of happiness in dreams.
The very mists of morning,
Tho' heralding fair days,
Are shadowy forms of warning
Which vanish while we gaze.

Thus summer's ghost keeps beckoning
Our willing feet to roam,
While we forget the reckoning
Of winter's day to come;
And yet, so sadly pleasant
Is all we feel or see,
That in this dreamy present
Forever would we be.

Newark, *Nov.* 1847. E. C. K.

From the Richmond Southerner.

Mr. Editor:—About five miles from the village of Smithfield, Isle of Wight county, Virginia, may be seen the ruins of an Episcopal Church, bearing every appearance of having been built in the earliest days of the colonies. In the bosom of a forest of ancient trees, lonely and drear, stand the remains of a once neat and even splendid temple of worship. The tower and belfry are truly antique, and the *butricesses*, a part of architecture not known in these days, bear every mark of the ravages of time. The ivy clings to the crumbling brick, and even trees of from twelve to fifteen feet in height, have taken root in the crevices, and yearly put on their green garments, and wave in the howling storm. The interior of the church presents a solemn view of the devastations of time, and the slow workings of the finger of decay. The altar and pulpit are, it is true, of more recent structure; but the Gothic character of the window, which once was ornamented with stained glass, though now "bricked in," proves the great antiquity of the edifice. Modern Vandals have made the walls a record of their names, their poetical abilities, and their wit; for it is a propensity to which most persons of the present age must plead guilty, to let their fellow-travellers to eternity know that they have held communion with times past and gone, by *honoring* a sacred relic with their attention.

The earliest record of this venerable pile is a resolution before the trustees of the church, to appropriate a certain sum for *repairs* of the building; and this was recorded over two hundred years ago. During the war, the building became the quarters for the British troops, who destroyed the stained window glass, and otherwise desecrated the sacred walls. Religious service was held in the building a few years back, but it now appears to be totally abandoned to the ravages of decay, the owl and the bat being the only tenants of its moss-covered walls. Some time since a number of citizens, curious to know something of its origin, dug at the four angles, for the purpose of finding the corner stone, and "removing the deposits," but without success. Under the aisle were found the bones of a human being, supposed to be those of one of the original pastors, who died within the remembrance of an old negro man, now upwards of one hundred years of age.

If the following lines, which were written within the walls of the venerable church a few days since, are worthy of a place in your journal, they are at your service:—

THE OLD CHURCH.

I stand within the forest drear,
A clear blue sky is o'er my head;
The gnarled oak, with leaves all sere,
Looks down upon the sleeping dead.
The broken slab no record bears
Of those who lie the turf beneath;
And thro' the pine's mysterious airs
The winds of winter seem to breathe.

The lizard and the adder sleep
Beneath the cold and crumbling stone;
And ivy tendrils, as they creep,
Seem uttering, "Alone—alone!"
Alone! the dreary wind replies;
Alone! the forest monarch groans;
Alone! the gurgling streamlet sighs;
Alone! reëcho dead men's bones.

Aye—all alone! thou dreary pile!
Forsaken by the human throng,
Who once passed up thy hallowed aisle,
And praised our God in heavenly song.
The owlet hoots where holy priest
Breathed strains of pious eloquence,
And minister'd the sacred feast
To Christians bent in penitence.

The bell no longer calls to prayers,
Or blithely rings the nuptial peal;
Thy worshippers—long sleep is theirs!
And death hath fixed the lover's seal.
The living linger round thy walls
To hold communion with the dead,
And hear the spirit voice that calls
The wearied to a calmer bed.

Norfolk, Jan. 23 1847. J. H. H.

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From the London Morning Herald, Nov. 2.

SUCCESSFUL RESULT OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

It is known that in July, 1846, the Hudson's Bay Company despatched an expedition of 13 persons from Fort Churchill, in Hudson's bay, under the command of Dr. John Rae, for the purpose of surveying the unexplored portion of the Arctic coast at the north-eastern angle of the American continent. This expedition has now returned, after having traced the coast all the way from the Lord Mayor's bay of Sir John Ross to within a few miles of the Straits of the Fury and the Hecla—thus proving Sir John Ross to have been correct in stating Boothia Felix to be a peninsula. The details will be found in the following abstract of a report just received by the Hudson's Bay Company:—

To the Governor, Deputy Governor, and Committee of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company.

Hon. Sirs—I have the honor to inform you that the expedition under my charge, which left Churchill on the 5th of July, 1846, for the purpose of tracing the coast of America between Dease and Simpson's furthest, and the strait of the Fury and Hecla, returned in safety to this place on the 6th inst., after having, by travelling over the ice and snow in the spring, surveyed the coast from the Lord Mayor's bay of Sir John Ross to within eight or ten miles of the Fury and Hecla strait; thus proving that eminent navigator was correct in stating Boothia Felix to be a portion of the American continent.

After leaving Churchill the crews of the boats were divided into watches, so that we continued under sail day and night whenever the weather was sufficiently moderate.

On the 15th, when about 10 miles to the north of Cape Fullerton, we first met with ice, which was so heavy and closely packed that it was at last found necessary to seek shelter in a deep and narrow inlet that opportunely presented itself. We were detained here two days, during which I found that our harbor formed the estuary of a considerable stream, on the beach near the mouth of which a great number of seals were lying. The latitude, 64d. 6m. 45s. north, was observed; variation of the compass, 22d. 10m. west.

We reached the most southerly opening of Wager river on the 22d, and were detained all day by immense quantities of heavy ice driving in with the flood and out again with the ebb tide, which ran at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, forcing up the ice and grinding it against the rocks, causing a noise resembling thunder.

On the 23d we made the traverse from the south to the north side of the entrance of Wager river with some difficulty, and holding on our course toward Repulse bay, about 7 P. M. on the 24th we rounded Cape Hope, and sailed up during the night to within eight miles of the head of the bay, where we cast anchor for a few hours, under shelter of a small island near its south shore.

At three P. M. on the 25th we entered Gibson's cove, on the banks of which I was rejoiced to observe three Esquimaux tents, and four of the natives standing on the shore. They appeared much alarmed at our approach; but their fears were soon dispelled on my landing with the interpreter, and explaining our friendly intentions toward them. None of the party had ever visited Churchill, but one or two of the women had seen Capt. Parry's ships both at Igloo-lik and Winter island, and they still wore beads round their wrists which they had obtained from on board those vessels. They had never heard nor seen anything of Sir John Franklin.

From a chart drawn by one of the party I inferred that the Arctic sea (named Akkoolee) to the west of Melville peninsula, was not more than 40 miles distant, in a N. N. W. direction, and that about 35 miles of the distance was occupied by deep lakes; so that we would have only five miles of land to drag our boat over, a mode of proceeding which I had decided upon, even had the distance been much greater, in preference to going round by the Fury and Hecla strait.

Having unloaded the boats, and placed one of them, with the greater part of the cargo, in security, the other was hauled three miles up a rapid and narrow river, which flowed from one of the lakes we were to pass through. This work occupied us the whole of the 26th, as the current was very strong, and the channel so full of large boulder stones, that the men were frequently up to the waist in ice-cold water while lifting or launching the boat over these impediments.

Our landing-place was found to be in latitude 66d. 32m. 1s. north. The rate of the chronometer had become so irregular that it could not be depended upon for finding the longitude. During the winter it stopped altogether.

On the 27th, leaving one man in charge of our stores, &c., which were placed *en cacho* on the rocks and covered with oilcloths, the rest of the party, assisted by three Esquimaux, carried what baggage and provisions were necessary to the boat. The distance from this part of the river to where it issues from the lake being only a mile and a half, and the current being less rapid, we soon reached the lake, which was six miles long, and varied from half a mile to 200 yards in breadth, its depth being in some places upward of 30 fathoms.

After traversing several lakes, and crossing over six portages, on the 1st of August we entered a shallow stream flowing to the northward. Following this, we arrived at the sea at 5 P. M., in lat. 67d. 13m. north; longitude, by account, 87d. 30m. west. The tide being out, the men had some rest, which they much required after their hard labor.

I expected to have got the boat floated during the night, but was disappointed, as the water did not rise by two feet so high as it had done the previous day; a circumstance which I could account for only by a change of wind from north-west to south.

Early on the morning of the 2d we carried the baggage a mile further down the stream and afterward, with much trouble, dragged our boat over some shoals.

We were now afloat in a salt water lake of a few miles in width, and we steered toward the only apparent opening, bearing north. On passing a point to our left two Esquimaux tents came into view. As we had not yet breakfasted, I went on shore, while the men were cooking, to ascertain if there were any inhabitants. After calling once or twice outside the door of one of the tents, an old woman popped out her head, and an aged man soon after appeared. From them I learned that the sea before us was continually full of ice, and could with difficulty be traversed in their kayaks, or small canoes.

Appearances led me to suppose that this information was correct, but it was necessary to judge for myself, and at least make an attempt to get forward, although not a pool of open water could be seen to seaward.

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After landing three of our men, who had assisted us across, and were to return to Repulse bay, and giving some presents to our new friends, we pushed off, and stood to the north-west among heavy and closely packed ice, through which we made very little progress. Ranges of low granite hills lined the coast, at some places a few hundred yards distant from it, at other places projecting into the sea.

After tracing the shore for 11 miles we passed a steep rocky point which was named Point Hargrave. When a few miles past Point Hargrave, being completely stopped by ice, we put on shore and found a large wooden sledge, half of which we cut up for fuel, intending to pay the owner, whom I was pretty sure of finding on my return.

At 11 A. M. on the 3d we rounded a high bluff cape, which was called after the lady of Sir John Henry Pelly, Bart., Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

It is situated in latitude 67d. 28m. north; longitude, by account, 87d. 40m. west.

With much exertion we advanced three miles beyond the cape when we were enclosed by the ice, so that we could neither advance nor retreat. The shore still kept its northwest trending, and presented a succession of low muddy points and alternate bays. Into each of the latter a deep ravine opened, which, during the melting of the snow in spring, must form the beds of considerable streams, although at present they were nearly dry. The tides here were very irregular in their height, one tide flowing 8 or 10 feet, and the next not above half as much. The depth of water within 100 yards of the shore was from three to five fathoms on a bottom of mud and sand.

There was a fresh breeze off shore on the 5th, which had but little effect upon the ice; I therefore determined on returning, and if possible crossing over to Melville peninsula for the purpose of tracing its shores to the Fury and Hecla straits. By chopping off some pieces of ice and pushing aside others, after much exertion we succeeded in getting our boat among ice somewhat less closely packed. During our detention the weather had been so foggy that no observations of any value could be obtained; our clothes were all the time either quite wet, or damp; our fuel was nearly expended, and we had much difficulty in finding water that was drinkable.

I had travelled five miles along the coast, but the walking was so fatiguing that I gave up all hopes of performing the service on foot at this season.

Working our way among the ice until a mile or two past Point Hargrave, there now appeared to be sufficient open water to allow us to cross over to Melville peninsula, the nearest point of which bore N. E. (true) distant 10 miles.

We completed the traverse in five hours amid torrents of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, the wind having shifted from south-west to east.

Having secured the boats to the rocks, the men, although drenched to the skin, went immediately to sleep in their wet clothes, 18 hours' hard work at the oars and ice poles having thoroughly tired them all.

There was a thick fog with rain all the night of the 6th, but about six o'clock on the morning of the 7th a fresh breeze from S. E. dispersed the mist. As soon as the weather cleared up we started, but our progress was very slow; in four hours we gained as many miles, and were again stopped by our constant enemy. Some deer were seen feeding among the rocks, and I landed for the purpose of endeavoring to get some venison, but the animals were too shy to be approached. An hour's sunshine dried our clothes and bedding, and thus made us feel rather more comfortable than we had been for some days past. The breeze having driven the ice a short distance off shore we ran a league to the north. The wind having increased to a gale it became dangerous to proceed among the ice; we therefore pushed for the shore, which was only a quarter of a mile distant, but we had much trouble in reaching it although pulling six oars, and ran much risk of being crushed by overhanging masses of ice, under which we were obliged to pass.

Early on the 8th it became calm, and so slight had been the effect of the late gale that the ice had nearly surrounded us before we got our anchor up. The boat could not be placed in safety here; I therefore decided on running back to our starting point, and there await some favorable change. A light breeze aided our retreat, but the ice followed close in our rear, and before we had been half an hour under shelter every spot of open water was filled up.

I learned from our Esquimaux acquaintances that the deer had already commenced migrating southward.

This being the case I prepared to walk across to Repulse bay, to learn how the men left there were getting forward with the arrangements for wintering. Leaving three men in charge of the boat, I started on the 9th, in company with the other three, and reached our destination on the following day at two P. M. A few deer had been shot and some salmon caught, but neither were yet abundant.

The Esquimaux had gone to the lakes and stationed themselves at the several deer passes, where they watch for and intercept the animals with their swift canoes, and spear them in the water.

After mature consideration I determined on giving up all hopes of prosecuting the survey at present.

My reasons for arriving at this conclusion I shall here briefly mention, as such a step may seem somewhat premature. I saw, from the state of the ice and the prevalence of northerly winds, that there was no likelihood of our completing the whole of the proposed survey this season; and, although part of the coast, either toward the strait of the Fury and Hecla or toward Dease and Simpson's furthest, might be traced, yet to accomplish even this might detain us so long that there would be no time to make the necessary preparations for wintering, and we should thus be under the necessity of returning to Churchill without accomplishing the object of the expedition, or if we remained at Repulse bay run the risk of starving, for I could obtain no promise of supplies from the natives, and all the provisions that we carried with us amounted to not more than four months' expenditure, which was all that our boats could carry. We should thus have to depend almost altogether on our own exertions for the means of existence both in regard to food and fuel.

On the 11th, retaining one man with myself, to guard our stores and attend the nets, the remaining six were sent to assist in bringing over the boat. They returned on the 15th, having been only two days crossing. Two Esquimaux had accompanied them to assist and also to act as guides; three of the portages were thus avoided, and the party had likewise the advantage of a fine fair breeze in the lakes. The Esquimaux had wrought well and

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were liberally rewarded. One of them, a merry little fellow, named Ivit-chuk, (*Anglice* Seahorse,) was engaged to accompany me on my intended spring journeys over the snow and ice.

All hands were now busily occupied in making preparations for a long and cold winter. To build a house was our first object, and, there being no wood, stones were collected at a favorable spot, in a hollow on the north side of the river, a quarter of a mile from the sea. Our hunters, Nibitabo and Ouligbuck, were continually on the look-out for game, and whenever I had leisure I shouldered my rifle, and had frequently some fine sport among the deer, shooting seven one day within two miles of our encampment.

On the 2d of September our house was finished. Its internal dimensions were 20 feet long by 14 feet broad; height in front 7 1-2 feet, sloping to 5 1-2 at the back. The roof was formed of oilcloths and moose skin coverings, the masts and oars of our boat serving as rafters. The door was made of parchment deer skins stretched over a frame of wood. It was named Fort Hope, and it was situated in latitude 66d. 32m. 16s., north longitude (by a number of sets of lunar distances) 86d. 55m. 41s. west. The variation of the compass on 30th August, 1846, was 62d. 50m. 30s. west; dip of the needle 88d. 14m.; and the mean time of 100 vertical vibrations in the line of declination was 226s.

During the open water, salmon were caught in the bay, but a marine insect, somewhat resembling a shrimp in miniature, cut up our nets so much that it was impossible to keep them in repair. Steeping the nets in strong decoction of tobacco had no effect.

On the 16th of October the thermometer first fell to zero, and the greater part of the reindeer had fled. We had at this date shot 130 of these animals, and during the remainder of the month, and in November, 32 more were killed, so that with 200 partridges and a few salmon, our provision store (built of snow) was pretty well stocked.

Sufficient fuel had been collected to last, if economically used, for cooking until spring, and I had shot a couple of seals, which produced oil enough for our lamps.

By nets set in the lakes under the ice, some salmon were caught, but the numbers caught were latterly so few that on the 4th of January the nets were taken up.

Our house, long before that time, had become sufficiently cold, the temperature in my room (a small space separated from the rest of the dwelling by a partition of oilcloth) was frequently from 10d to 12d below zero. The men's quarters, on account of the numbers crowded together, were rather less cold, nor did we receive any heat from our fire when cooking, as the chimney (not being built on the most approved principles) obstinately refused to allow any smoke to pass through it without the door being open. Fortunately the majority of the party had been accustomed to cold weather, and being all in excellent health our trifling discomforts furnished the subject of many a joke.

The winter was extremely stormy; indeed, so much so that frequently we could not move 50 yards from the house for several days together. On those occasions we took only one meal per day. The prevailing winds were from the northwestward, and the lowest temperature we experienced, 47d. below zero, occurred on the 8th of January.

Toward the end of February preparations for our spring journeys were commenced. Two sleds, resembling those used by the Esquimaux, were made by nailing together some of the battens which formed the ceiling of our boats.

In the beginning of March the reindeer began to migrate northward, but were very shy. One was shot by Nibitabo on the 11th.

I had intended setting out on my journey over the land and ice on the 1st of April, but an accident that happened to Ouligbuck detained me until the 5th, on which day I left Fort Hope, in company with three men, the Esquimaux, Ibit-chuck, and Ouligbuck's son, as interpreter.

Our bedding and provisions were placed on two sledges, each drawn by four dogs; for two days our route was the same as that by boat through the lakes last autumn. On the 7th, when two miles from the sea, we struck across land to the westward, and built our snow house on a small lake four miles from Point Hargrave. This being the last fresh water lake we were likely to see for some days, our sled runners were re-iced, and an Esquimaux who had assisted us thus far with his sled and dogs returned to his home.

A strong breeze of head wind, with thick snow drift, impeded our progress on the 8th, but we nevertheless advanced seven miles beyond Cape Lady Pelly before encamping. The 9th proved fine, and the ice was less rough than that passed over the previous day, but our dogs began to fail, and one of them having become quite useless was shot.

About mid-day on the 10th we arrived opposite a rounded point which was named Cape Weynton. Our course now lay across a bay about six miles deep and ten wide, which received the name of Colville, in honor of the deputy governor of the company. Not being able to reach the land on its north side, we built our house upon the ice. The north point of the bay, which we reached the following forenoon, was called Beaufort, after the learned and scientific hydrographer to the Admiralty.

The land, which had hitherto been rocky, and ran in a N. N. W. direction, now turned to the north and became gradually more level, exhibiting every indication of a limestone country. Our next encampment was in Keith bay, situated in lat. 68d. 17m. N., lon. 88d. 22m. W.

The coast here took a sharp turn to the westward, and our Esquimaux companion informed me that by crossing overland, in a northwest direction, to a large bay which he had formerly visited, we should shorten our distance considerably. I decided on adopting the plan proposed, and left the coast on the morning of the 12th.

On the 15th, which was very stormy, with a temperature of 20 deg. below zero, we arrived at the steep mud banks of the bay spoken of by our guide, and called by him, Ak-ku-li-gu-wiak. Its surface was marked with a number of high rocky islands, towards the highest of which (six or seven miles distant) we directed our course, and were before sunset comfortably housed under a snow roof. We had the extreme good fortune to find some fuel by digging under the snow, and could thus afford to have our pemmican warmed and a kettle of tea made. A gale of north wind made this the coldest day we had been exposed to during the journey, and not one of the party (not even the Esquimaux,) escaped without being severely marked on the face.

As the dogs were now nearly useless I determined on leaving them here with some of the party including the Esquimaux, for the purpose of recruit-

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ing their strength and, if possible, to kill seals, which were numerous, while I, with two of the men, proceeded to trace the remainder of the unexplored coast. The 16th was so stormy that we could not attempt to cross the bay, but a search was made among the islands for Esquimaux, the recent foot-tracks of two of whom had been noticed the previous day. No natives were found, although there were numerous signs of their having been in the neighborhood a few days before.

Early in the morning of the 17th I set out in company with two of the men, for the purpose of following the coast to some point surveyed by Sir John Ross, as I now felt confident that that veteran discoverer was correct in his opinion as to Boothia Felix being part of the American continent. We directed our course to the furthest visible land which bore N. W. (true.)

The weather was beautiful but cold, and the ice being smooth a brisk walk of 17 miles brought us to the point towards which we had been proceeding, in time to obtain a meridian observation of the sun. Cape Berens is situated in latitude 69d. 4m. 12s. north, and longitude 90d. 35s. west. It is formed entirely of granite, partially covered with moss. Thirteen miles beyond this we arrived at two narrow points in the small bay, between which we built our snow hut, which being made too small we passed a rather uncomfortable night. Bed and bedding for the party consisted of one blanket and a hairy deer skin, the latter being placed on the snow to prevent our clothes getting wet.

The shore still trended to the N. W., and we had not travelled more than four leagues on the 18th, when the coast took a sharp turn to the eastward. We had been tracing the west side of a deep inlet which was named Halkett, after one of the members of your hon. board.

As we were now near the latitude and longitude of Lord Mayor's bay of Sir John Ross, I struck across land nearly in a north direction and, at noon, when passing over a considerable lake, the latitude 69d. 26m. 1s. north was observed. Advancing three miles beyond this we reached another lake, and as there was yet no appearance of the sea, I ordered my companions to build a snow hut and search for fuel while I went to look for the coast.

A walk of twenty minutes brought me to an inlet not more than a quarter of a mile wide. This I traced to the westward for three miles, when my course was again obstructed by land. Ascending some high rocks, from which a good view could be obtained, I thought I could distinguish rough ice in the desired direction. With renewed hopes I set out at a rapid pace, plunging among deep snow, scrambling over rocks and through rough ice, until I gained some rising ground close to the beach. From the spot where I now stood, as far as the eye could see to the north-west lay a large extent of ice-covered sea, studded with innumerable islands. Lord Mayor's bay was before me, and the islands were those named by Sir John Ross the Sons of the Clergy of the Church of Scotland.

The isthmus which connects the land to the northward with Boothia Felix is only one mile broad and, to judge by the number of stone marks set up on it, appears to be a favorite resort of the natives. Its latitude is 69d. 31m. north, longitude by account, 91d. 29m. 30s. west. With a grateful heart to Him who had thus brought our journey so far to a successful termination, I began to retrace my steps toward my companions, and at a late hour reached the snow hut—an excellent roomy one—in which I enjoyed a pleasant night's rest after the fatigues of the day.

On the following morning, after taking possession of our discoveries with the usual formalities, we traced the inlet eastward. When we had gone four miles, the land to our left turned up to the north, leaving an opening in that direction two miles wide, bounded on the east by one or more islands. The strait separating these from the mainland was in some places very narrow, and ran about south. Finding on the morning of the 20th that we were at the head of a deep inlet, I was obliged to take the straightest route across land toward our snow hut of the 17th, as our provisions were all but consumed. There were many steep hills to be climbed and deep ravines to be crossed before we reached Halkett inlet. This we at last effected a little before mid-day; the snow being very soft, made the distance, only 10 miles, appear like 20. We reached our old hut at 2 P. M. One of the men suffered so much from fatigue and inflammation of the eyes that I went on alone during the following day, leaving Corrigal, a fine able young Orkneyman, to come on at a slower pace with his lame companion.

When five miles from the island where the rest of the party had been left, I was met by four Esquimaux whom I had not seen before. After shaking hands with them they wished me to visit their houses which were close at hand; but as my men were not in sight, and as I was quite unarmed, I declined the invitation, but with some trouble prevailed on them to follow me to our encampment. This was a fortunate meeting for us, as we obtained a quantity of seal's blubber for fuel and dog's food, and some of the flesh and blood of the same animal for our own use. A couple of fine large dogs were also bought.

As we were all more or less affected with snow-blindness, and the dogs were still weak, we remained on the island, which I found to be situated in latitude 68d. 53m. 44s. north; longitude, by account, 89d. 56m. west. It is formed almost entirely of granite, and is upward of 730 feet above the level of the sea. From the highest point of it I obtained a fine view of the bay, and I was thus saved the trouble of tracing its shores. It extends 16 or 18 miles to the southward, and contains a number of rocky islands, the highest of them being that on which we encamped.

The bay was named Pelly bay, after the governor of the company; and the group of islands, Harrison islands.

Having now as much seal's flesh and blood as would maintain us for six days on half allowance, I determined on tracing the shores of the land over which we had travelled on our outward journey.

We set out on the morning of the 24th, and directed our course to the eastward of the north; the coast preserved this trending for 25 miles, and then ran eight miles due east, forming a cape which was named Cape Chapman. We now turned south-east, and continued this course 40 miles, and finally south 35 miles, which brought us to Keith bay on the 30th, when, on account of a strong gale of wind and thick drifts, we had much trouble in finding a small "cacho" of provisions left here in passing.

The whole of the land which we had traced during the last seven days was low and flat, and very regular in its outline, there being few or no bays and points. It was named Simpson's peninsula.

During the remainder of our journey we followed, as nearly as possible, the same route as that by

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which we had passed in the opposite direction, and arrived at Repulse bay, on the 5th of May, all safe and well, but as black as negroes, from the combined effects of frost bites and oil smoke.

At our winter quarters everything had gone on prosperously.

Having still to trace the west shore of Melville peninsula, I started for this purpose on the evening of the 13th of May, intending to travel by night with a chosen party of four men.

Our course to the sea was nearly due north, through a chain of lakes, and on the 16th we built our snow hut on Cape Thomas Simpson, in lat. 67d 19m. 14s. north, long. 87d. west, a rocky point which I had visited last autumn in the boat. From this place I sent back a fatigue party of three men and a sledge of dogs that had assisted us thus far. As the dogs were of little use during the last journey I took none with me now.

We left our snow hut on the evening of the 16th, each of the men being laden with about 70 lb. weight, while I carried my instruments, books, &c., weighing altogether 40 lb. Two blankets and as many hairy deer skins constituted the bedding of the party. Our progress was very slow, as the ice was rough and the snow both soft and deep.

We advanced only 12 miles the first night. On the 17th we crossed a bay 18 miles wide, and encamped at its north point, opposite to which, and within two miles of the shore, there is a large island, which was honored with the name of his royal highness the Prince of Wales. A small island to the south of this was called Sabine island.

The general trending of the coast was now N. N. E. Near the shore the banks were high and steep, and, where visible through the snow, appeared to be formed of sand, shingle, mud, and granite boulder stones, while a range of rocky hills, of various but not great altitudes, were to be seen a few miles inland.

On the 20th we were detained 24 hours by stormy weather at Cape Lady Simpson, a long point, in latitude 68d. 10m. north, longitude 85d. 53m. west. We rounded Selkirk bay (called after the noble earl of that name) on the 21st, and after passing a number of small points and bays we encamped on what at first appeared to be a part of the main land, but which was afterwards found to be an island. Our snow house on the 25th was built in latitude 68d. 48m. north, longitude 85d. 4m. west, near a small stream, frozen (like all others we had passed) to the bottom.

We had not yet obtained a drop of water of nature's thawing, and fuel being rather a scarce article, we sometimes took small kettles of snow under the blanket with us, to thaw it by the heat of our bodies.

Leaving two men to endeavor to fish and shoot, I went forward with the others and crossed Garry bay, passing inside a number of islets.

Our course on the following night lay to the westward of north, the coast being high and rocky, and indented with numerous inlets.

After accomplishing 20 miles in a straight line we encamped; as the weather looked fine we did not build our usual comfortable lodgings, which I had afterward cause to regret, as a heavy fall of snow soon came on. We were now in latitude 69d. 19m. 39s. north, and longitude 85d. 4m. west.

The latter is evidently erroneous, as I had neither chronometer nor watch that I could place dependence upon, and the compasses were much affected by local attraction.

Our provisions being nearly exhausted, I could proceed only half a day's journey further northward, being obliged to return the same night to our present quarters. Leaving one of the men, I set out with the other.

The snow fell fast, and the walking was extremely fatiguing. After advancing 10 miles the land turned sharp to the eastward, but as the weather was thick I could not see how far it trended in this direction.

When we had waited here nearly an hour, the sky cleared up, and I discovered that we were on the south shore of a considerable bay, and could trace the coast to the northward for about 12 miles beyond it.

To the most distant visible point (latitude 69d. 42m. north, longitude 85d. 8m. west) I gave the name of Cape Ellice; the land where we stood was called Cape Crozier, and the intervening bay received the name of Parry bay. Finding it hopeless to attempt reaching the strait of the Fury and Hecla, from which Cape Ellice could only be a few miles distant, we retraced our steps, and after an absence of 11 hours joined our companion, who had built a snow house, and was on our arrival very busy attempting to coax a little wet moss into sufficient flame to boil some chocolate, but to no purpose; we were consequently obliged to finish the process with alcohol, a small quantity of which still remained.

Early on the morning of the 30th we arrived at our snow hut of the 25th. The men we had left here were well, but very thin, as they had neither caught nor shot anything eatable except two marmots. Had we been absent 12 hours more they were to have cooked a piece of parchment skin for supper.

Our journey hitherto had been the most fatiguing I had ever experienced; the severe exercise, with a limited allowance of food, had reduced the party very much. However, we marched merrily on, tightening our belts—mine came in six inches—the men avowing that when they got on full allowance they would make up for lost time.

Nothing of importance occurred during our journey homeward.

Our several "cachos" of provisions were found safe, and some partridges that were shot aided our short commons. At 8.20 on the morning of the 9th of June we arrived at Fort Hope, all well, having been absent 27 days.

During the whole of this trip our snow houses were built by Corrigal, whose services were of the utmost value to the party, and who had accompanied me when tracing the opposite shores of the large bay, the survey of which I had now completed, and to which I gave the name of Committee bay.

During the remainder of our stay at Repulse bay the whole party were occupied in procuring food, collecting fuel, and preparing our boats for sea.

In the latter part of July many natives visited us, with all of whom we were on the most friendly terms. Our spare nets, knives, files, &c., were distributed among them in portions, according to the several merits of the recipients.

The ice in the bay broke up on the 11th of August. On the following day, after bidding farewell to our good-humored friends, (who were loud in their wishes that we would soon return to them,) we left our dreary winter quarters.

Head winds and stormy weather retarded our progress much, so that we did not reach Churchill

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until the 31st of August, when I found that we had still eight bags of pemmican, and four cwt. of flour remaining; our expenditure having been 12 bags of the former and 21 cwt. of the latter.

We were detained in Churchill river by a gale of wind until the 3d of September, when the weather became more moderate and we were able to continue our voyage toward York Factory, at which we arrived late on the evening of the 6th.

I cannot close this rough and meagre sketch of our proceedings, which I have prepared amidst many interruptions, without bearing testimony to the excellent and praiseworthy conduct of the men under my charge.

They were always willing and obedient, and, although not all equally able to do their duty, they all did their utmost to accomplish the object of the expedition.

With the utmost respect, I remain, hon. sirs, your most obedient servant, JOHN RAE.

York Factory, Hudson's Bay, Sept. 21, 1847.

From the Spectator of 6 November.

FOREIGN NEWS.

OUR anticipation that the worst of the panic-breeding pressure had passed seems justified by the event, although no great advantage has ostensibly been taken of the letter of license issued last week from the treasury. The fact is, that most of the houses which ought to have gone had already fallen—the fire had burned up the lifeless and dried part of the forest, and was going out through exhaustion of the fuel; and the bank act relaxation, which gets all the credit, arrived, like the parish-engine, only to throw cold water on the ashes. That it was not of much practical importance, is shown by the circumstance that it has not been much used; though possibly it has facilitated the absorption of gold by the country banks, which have been fortifying their coffers; and it has probably had some influence in restoring momentary "confidence" to that sensitive and easily affected body the commercial public. The tangible and immediate results, however, are scarcely sufficient to account for resorting to the expedient; especially as there is no reason to suppose that either Sir Charles Wood or Sir Robert Peel have given up opinions adverse to the relaxation. The demand for it was limited and peculiar. The claimants for relief were those who had put themselves in danger by violating the laws of sound trade; the weeding out of rotten concerns has had a useful influence, and the sound, which stood firm, will flourish all the better. Nevertheless, the sufferers were numerous; they were excessively noisy; they cried out from different quarters; they contrived to fill a large space in the public eye and ear; and if the truth were known, we suspect that ministers, still unconvinced, were sheerly frightened into the concession.

The disclosures which have been made by these failures, as to the state into which the accounts of leading firms had been suffered to get, bears out the supposition that the process of weeding has been necessary and salutary. Look at two examples before the public this week, severally typifying two sorts of gross irregularity. The statement put forth by the Royal Bank at Liverpool should be deposited among the curiosities in the British Museum for the edification of posterity. We reprint it in another page, and here will only mention a few points. The total liabilities are stated at £995,000; total losses, £111,000; together, £1,106,000: the assets are set down at £1,855,000; but in that sum are included the bank buildings, apparently not quite paid for; also "current accounts" £1,500,000; and to all this mass of problematic resources there is of "cash" but £143,600! That is not all: to one person alone, engaged in doubtful and hazardous cotton speculations, the bank had advanced £250,000; and then, *after* his credit was shaken, continued the advances to a still more enormous amount! There may have been no dishonest intention, but virtually the bank was a juggle, by which the shareholders and depositors were made to subscribe, without knowing it, for the benefit of speculators in cotton like Mr. Higginson. The other type of these prevailing irregularities is furnished by the accounts of Messrs. Barclay and Co.; whose liabilities were £389,000, and who had some £340,000 locked up in their "Mauritius estate." The firm may have been gradually led into that awkward position by circumstances, the full consequences of which were not foreseen; but the fact is not the less instructive. With such cases as these before us, it is impossible to deny that the process of weeding and of warning is most beneficial.

For the warning is too terrible to be easily forgotten or neglected. If premonitory signs are to be trusted, a favorable turn is just taking place—there are breaks in the clouds that have so long brooded over exchange and factory. With food and cotton cheapening, with warehouses and foreign markets unglutted, with continual orders from abroad, it does seem probable that the great factories will resume their activity, and that trade will once more stir. But it does seem no less inevitable that the commercial world should bear in mind the fearful lessons of 1847. That experience, indeed, may help more than anything else to mitigate the bad ulterior consequences which might otherwise be anticipated from the panic-struck relaxation of the bank charter act.

IRELAND——It is almost needless to write more than that one word, so readily will the reader anticipate what is to follow, of violences, conspiracies, turbulences, and all sorts of ills. But some traits of Irish politics are so striking that they do not lose their effect by repetition. Earl Fitzwilliam is railing at England about something like the O'Connellite "seven centuries of wrong." And while he is railing, the movements against rates and rents, and other obligations, proceed triumphantly; also the starving and the murdering. The notions which the Irish entertain of relief are wonderful: they want repeal of the union, *and* further advances from England, not to be repaid; they want out-door relief, but no poor-rates; they

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beg for bread, and the money given them to buy food they spend in buying bullets and gunpowder —as witness the riot at Kanturk. Begging the means of life for themselves, they use the money to buy the means of death for others.

No event of any marked or decisive character has occurred in foreign affairs.

Switzerland, on which country attention is chiefly concentrated, is hastening to its lamentable civil war; the last show of peaceful negotiation having come to nothing. The Austrian and Prussian ministers have withdrawn from immediate communication with the Vorort; both evincing decided displeasure at the resort to arms. The Prussian minister has retired, significantly enough, to the Canton of Neufchatel: which does not openly side with the Separate League, but refuses to take arms against it.

Italy is in an uneasy state: Tuscany moving with an internal agitation that is not well understood—for the people do not seem dissatisfied with their government, though they are dissatisfied with the long-stipulated cession of Fivizzano to Modena; the Ferrarese still kicking fruitlessly against the Austrian garrison; and the Piedmontese anxiously asking whether certain equivocal measures do or do not signify that King Charles Albert is going to disappoint them and side with absolutism. In London there is a strong belief that the king is acting in good faith, and that his own feelings are engaged on the side of freedom; though Austrian influence and the antiquated priest party may harass him with difficulties.

In Spain, Queen Christina is understood to be regaining her influence over her daughter; remodelling the household, pruning the honors and power of Narvaez, and making the young Isabella ride out in public with her husband.

India enjoys a tranquillity unusually profound. The most notable action, just now, is a movement by Lord Hardinge to establish a more complete form of British authority in Oude and the Nizam's territory; a measure which is expected materially to advance the internal consolidation of our Indian empire.

From the Spectator of 13 Nov.

Never, perhaps, within the range of contemporary criticism, has the state of Ireland appeared more devoid of hope. The internal diseases of that ill-conditioned land become worse, with a growth visible to the sight.

Crimes of violence and conspiracy increase in variety, number, and atrocity. The combinations against rates, rents, and life, appear extending over the face of the country. In Roscommon there is a list of landlords marked out for destruction; they are known, and one of them, Major Mahon, has fallen. Major Mahon was spending his personal exertions and his substance in the endeavor to improve the state of agriculture, aiding his redundant tenant-laborers to emigrate; some, who fell outside the necessary limit imposed on his immense advances of money, conceived a grudge against him; and a grudge against a landlord in Ireland means murder.

It almost looks as if Ireland were absolutely destitute of honest citizens; since those who come forward as such, consent to take part in miserable counterfeits of patriotism, like the associations now sitting in Dublin, and paltering with discussions on the national wants. There is the Repeal Association, still gathering its rent under the pretence of obtaining that repeal which was promised in the long-past "repeal year." The Irish Confederation maintains the abstract doctrine of the sword, while the country rings with the report of the gun in its concrete form. The "Irish Council" assembles to discuss tenant-right, &c.; and Mr. John O'Connell opens business with the declaration that the resolutions to be passed do not pledge the supporters to anything—they are only for talk! A number of peers, members, and other persons, assemble as a convention to discuss the state of the country; and they consent to take their cue from that so earnest Irish council. The woes of Ireland are the stock in trade of her patriots, and text for schoolboy themes, which senators and citizens gravely assemble to concoct.

Government, driven up into a corner, unsupported by these honest citizens, unaided by any available counsel from Irish lips, is reported to contemplate coercion—very naturally.

A criminal offence, not of a kind unusual in trade, has assumed such an aspect in a trade so important as to demand the intervention of the government. Flour for bread has been so adulterated in Leeds, that the eaters of it have been poisoned. And in Glasgow the practice has become so common, that a jury, convicting an adulterater, recommended him to mercy on the score of that commonness. There are doubts whether the offence committed at Leeds is in a shape to make an indictment feasible, and it has been treated by summary conviction before a police magistrate. If a graver procedure is not available, the law ought to be amended. At any rate, there must be a fault somewhere, either in the law or in its administration, to make the practice possible; and ministers should find out the defect in order to supply it without delay. Free trade has abolished the old notion of interference with "forestalling and regrating;" but adulteration *is* an offence—a very serious one—akin to forgery; and in the instance of bread the forgery assails the very sources of life. Against such a crime the poor and ignorant ought to be protected as effectually as they are against forgery of the coin.

The secretary of state for the colonies has made a great show of concession to the West India interests—he has yielded permission for Africans liberated from the slave-ships to be taken direct to the West Indies, instead of being carried in the first instance to Sierra Leone, there to go

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through the farce of making a choice whether they would be taken to the sugar colonies or not.

The concession is announced in a despatch from Lord Grey to the governor of Jamaica, full of good wishes and suggestions intended to stimulate the hopefulness of the West Indians, as if a new era were beginning for them. They, however, have been somewhat palled of late years by plausible writing from the colonial office, and have been taught by bitter experience to look to deeds rather than words. There is much in the circumstances attendant on this despatch to check any extraordinary impulse of hopefulness. When a deputation from the West India merchants met Lord Grey lately, at their interview with Lord John Russell, nothing was said about the document, though it had been sent to the governor of Jamaica some days before; and it is now published after the interview as if it were an answer to the demands of that deputation. Although Lord Grey mixes up the present concession with an allusion to the old concession of direct migration from the Kroo coast, (and what has *that* done?) as if the two together were to supply, somehow or other, all that is wanted, the West Indians will perceive that the change actually granted by the despatch is but a small fraction of the measures asked by the deputation, or of measures urged upon government years ago, when even this fraction would have been more useful than it is now. The colonists will ask, where are the rest of the measures that, in consistency, ought to accompany this one? They will ask Lord Grey, whether the intercepted fragments of the slave trade can possibly suffice to fill the West Indies with labor, and enable them to compete with countries that receive the unintercepted supplies of slave-labor? They will only be disposed to regard Lord Grey's amiably worded despatch as virtually a refusal of their demands, couched in a form to make the refusal look better in the eyes of the British public. We doubt whether the publication of Lord Grey's letter will prevent the return of a single dishonored bill to the West Indies—whether it will induce the transmission of a single guinea of capital, or restore a gleam of confidence to the colonists.

The West Indians seem to have lost their former allies, the tories, now called "protectionists." Lord Stanley, their old enemy, is now head of the "country party;" and Lord George Bentinck perhaps remembers that most of the West Indian members supported Peel. At all events, the protectionist party—if we may judge of them from one or two newspaper organs—seem inclined to use the West Indian case as a pretext for attempting to regain protection generally; that is, the protectionists, looking to their own objects, will work for the impracticable part of the West Indian case; but as to the practicable part, the supply of labor direct from Africa, they side with Exeter Hall.

PUNCH'S VISION AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE NIGHT OF THE SIXTEENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

Weary I was of Cockney stares,
And cut-and-dry emotions,
And the enthusiastic airs
Of those who 'd sailed o'er oceans,
They said, to Stratford town to pay their fares
And their devotions.

"In this room," quoth they, "he was born;
Wrote his plays at that table."
They looked, talked, went; while I, outworn
With all that brainless Babel,
Sat, from that chamber, faded and forlorn,
To stir unable,

And slept. My fancy, restless elf,
Bat-like, meanwhile, went soaring;
Hooking on every ledge and shelf,
From room to crazy flooring,
Till, of a sudden, I awaked myself
With my own snoring.

'T was night; but light was in the room
Though the grate showed no ember;
And voices—whose unearthly boom
Thrilled me in every member—
Were sounding all about me, through the gloom
Of still September.

And, peeping out from filmy wings,
Sweet moonlit faces cluster
Round a pale queen of the green rings.
And still a marvellous muster
Of life went on—joys, griefs, tears, gambollings,
Tenderness, bluster.

Jealousy, with black lips, was there;
And in a fair girl's glances
Madness looked sweet, but tore its hair,
And fell on sudden trances,
In an old king, left by his daughters bare
To the world's chances.

One wrung her hands—walking, all wan,
In nightrail—stern of feature;
One curiously a skull did scan,
And found therein a teacher;
And one in man's attire, but not a man—
A gentle creature—

Beside a maid paced soft and slow,
In delicate discretion,
With voice most musically low—
While a right jovial session
Of boon ghosts set the pottle-pots aflow,
Their wits to freshen.

But through the maddest of their mirth,
A solemn diapason
Of wisdom gave each word a worth,
That served to blazon
To my dull sense whence was those beings' birth
That I did gaze on.

To their great master's home, with glee,
Trooped back his bright creation;
That day had set the dwelling free
From shameful desecration,
And made o'er Shakspeare's house a shrine to be
For Shakspeare's nation!

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TRILLS FOR TERM-TIME.

How sweet 't is to stroll by the streams of Demurrer,
Where Detinue sighs to the evening breeze;
Where groves of Mandamus are mellowed in color,
And high soar the Costs in Exchequer of Pleas!

'T is there that the sisters Assumpsit and Trover
Disport with the Mortgages sitting in banc,
While around the fierce Chattels and Cognizance hover,
And Rejoinders gnash rage as their fetters they clank.

Dark Venue broods there, 'mid the bleak Certiorari,
The coo of the distant Avowry is heard;
But the sprightly Malfeazance trips light as a fairy,
With the mild Surrebutter and Judgment Deferred.

Oh, 't is there I would muse, and I 'd dream of Assizes,
And feast on ripe Codicil and Assignee;
Or, soothed by the strains of the dulcet Demises,
I 'd quaff foaming goblets of Felo-de-se.

Punch.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. LITTELL!
Please to tell
Whether you call this using us well?—
What do we want?
Why! the Maiden Aunt.
Ladies and gentlemen here by the score
Are all, like Oliver, "asking for more;"
We 've really been patient, we waited like saints,
We waited, I may say, like Maiden Aunts.
We allowed for the steamer,—we noted the day
She started, we thought of her all the way,
And whatever stout vessel proved stray or waif,
We said "Heaven send the *Acadia* safe."
She was telegraphed,
And your readers laughed;
As Wordsworth says,
In his choicest phrase,
"Through all her parlors Beacon Street
Was visibly delighted,"
A pleasing prospect satisfied
The very shortest-sighted.
So we waited—Saturday—Sunday—Monday—
Waited till Dombey became a drug,
Till cotton and breadstuffs were quoted and noted,
Failures stated and well debated,
Patiently waited;
Waited with fancies all alive
For No. 185.
Tuesday, Wednesday slowly past,
Then the Living Age came at last,
And a hasty glance on the index cast—
"No Maiden Aunt!
Nothing but cant
About National Progress and news of the week,"
Was reported by one too vexed to speak.
Opinions were various,
Some said "Nefarious!"
One mildly suggested it might not have come,
But was instantly frowned on and told to be *dumb*,
Since then our wits are in eclipse,
Our modest hopes declining,
And tempers, though of sweetest strain,
Do tend towards repining.
It 's no use trying
The pacifying;
We don't want "Sketches," we don't want "Tales,"
We don't want "Travels in New South Wales,"
What we want
Is *The Maiden Aunt*,
Or a very large body of your very best readers
May be seceders.

We hope that publishing the above letter will be a sufficient warning to the *present* author of the Maiden Aunt to hasten the continuation of the story. It would be a subject of great regret to us to be obliged to give away the work to another author. We have one in our eye now, who has given proofs of great capacity, as well as of great quickness in writing, and who may perhaps undertake to bring the story to a close. We mean his excellency Santa Anna.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 189.—25 DECEMBER, 1847.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Narrative of the Surveying Voyage of H. M. S. "Fly," commanded by Capt. F. P. Blackwood, R. N., in Torres Strait, New Guinea, and other Islands of the Eastern Archipelago, during the Years* 1842—1846, *together with an Excursion into the Interior of the Eastern part of Java.* By J. Beete Jukes, M. A., F. G. S., Naturalist to the Expedition. 2 vols. 8vo. 1847.
2. *Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs, being the first part of the Geology of the Voyage of the "Beagle," under the command of Capt. Fitzroy, during the Years* 1832—1836. By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S., F. G. S. London, 1842.

The volumes we have placed at the head of this article form the narrative of one of those expeditions of maritime survey in a distant region of the globe, by which the credit and interests of England, as the great maritime and colonial power of the world, are maintained and enlarged. What we have hitherto accomplished of such research, though perhaps adequate to, does not exceed, the demand that may fairly be made from a nation circumstanced as we are as to territory, commerce, and the arts and improvements of social life. In this matter there is an obligation distinctly due to ourselves, to other nations, and to posterity; and while deprecating, as we do, all narrow and parsimonious views in dealing with an obligation thus incurred, we may add our belief that no public expenditure can be more profitably made—no public services more beneficially applied—than in forwarding those large researches and surveys by which, while nurturing officers and seamen of the highest class, we open new channels, and give fresh vigor and greater security to the undertakings of commerce over the globe.

In this age, indeed, we can no longer send adventurers forth to achieve the discovery of new lands, or shores vaguely shadowed out by the imagination of antiquity. With the exception of the ice-bound tracts which circumscribe the poles, and into which the disciplined boldness of our navigators has of late deeply penetrated—and with the further exception of those large islands which form the south-eastern boundary of the Indian Archipelago—all the great outlines of the globe may be said to have been drawn and defined. No Atlantis now remains to be sought for in the Western Ocean; nor is there space or spot anywhere left for those romantic wonders of the traveller, so pleasantly pictured by Ariosto:—

> "Che narrandogli poi non segli crede,
> E stimato bugiardo ne rimane."

The human tails of Lord Monboddo's theory are no longer considered hopeful subjects for research, and even if the modern story of a tribe of pigmies to the south of Abyssinia were better accredited than it is likely to be, yet would this afford poor compensation for the loss of the gigantic Patagonians, whom recent voyagers have reduced to little more than the ordinary level of the species. The new animals and plants fetched from remote lands have each their *analogues*, already named and registered, in our cabinets and museums; while the huge bones and vestiges of extinct life, which in all parts of the world have perplexed curiosity and startled ignorance, are now submitted to technical description, and brought under the same strict laws of classification as the living forms that surround us.

The romance of voyage and travel is therefore well-nigh at an end, nor is it likely anything should hereafter occur to revive it. Utility, in all public undertakings of this kind, is now mainly sought after—what can be gained to physical science, to colonization, or to commerce and the conveniences of life. The construction of more accurate charts—the correct fixing of latitudes and longitudes—the discovery of new harbors and rivers fitted for navigation—the sounding of seas from depths which barely float a ship, to the profound abysses of ocean where fathom-line of five miles will hardly touch the ground—the determination of tides and currents—observation on winds and storms—tables of magnetic variation, now so important to the exact science of navigation:—these, and other matters more purely scientific, we find appended, in one shape or other, to all relations of modern voyages, as the documents of highest interest and value. And rightly indeed so esteemed, looking to the actual condition and future prospects of the world; in which certain eminent and favored races, foremost in civilization, are rapidly diffusing themselves, with growing numbers, over regions tenanted before by savage or half-civilized tribes, the fractional remnants of an earlier peopling of the globe. The race to which we belong stands indisputably first among those thus favored, and is spreading itself with greatest vigor and energy of purpose over the face of the earth. In preparing the high roads for such migration, and giving scheme, order, and good governance to the colonies thus widely disseminated, "England must never forget her precedence in teaching nations how to live." It is, as we have already said, a debt which we owe to the existing world and to the generations coming after us.

The shores of the great southern continent of Australia have recently given ample scope and object to these expeditions of maritime survey. Our national interests are now indeed so deeply

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concerned in this vast and most singular country, and in the rapid progress our colonies there are making in population, agriculture, mining, commerce, and all that constitutes the germ of important communities, that there could be no excuse for indifference or inertness as to researches thus directed. In former articles we have sought to draw the attention of our readers to this subject, and to do justice to the labors of the zealous and adventurous men who have braved toil, and every shape and excess of physical privation, in the prosecution of discovery along the coasts and in the interior of New Holland. Since the date of the last of these articles, an expedition under the conduct of Dr. Leichardt, long hidden in the solitudes of north-east Australia, and of the safety of which all hope had been well-nigh abandoned, suddenly emerged from the interior at Port Essington on the northern coast, having accomplished a longer and deeper section of the continent than had been attained by any previous effort—through a region wholly unexplored before, and yielding, in many parts, the fairest promise to future explorers. The details of this remarkable journey are yet only partially known to us here, but we trust no long time may elapse before they are brought forward in fuller and more satisfactory form. It is a direction of discovery which is sure to be speedily followed by other adventurers, and probably with colonization soon treading after, in the tracks thus recently disclosed by these intrepid pioneers.

The voyage of Captain Blackwood, narrated in the volumes before us, was undertaken by direction of the Board of Admiralty, and extended over a period of more than four years—the principal part of this time occupied in a silent, laborious, and oftentimes dangerous survey of one of the most singular channels of navigation in the world. The quarter to which his operations were directed is the north-east coast of New Holland, of which the line of discovery pursued by Leichardt may be said to form the interior chord. These two expeditions therefore have been in some sort supplemental to each other, and to the survey of the Gulf of Carpentaria by Captain Stokes in the years immediately preceding. But the more definite object assigned to Captain Blackwood was the completion of the survey of the channel or channels before mentioned, through which a hardy and prosperous traffic is already beginning to flow, and which are likely hereafter to become one of the great passages for the commerce of the Indian Archipelago and southern hemisphere. We have every reason to infer from these volumes, as well as from other information which has reached us, that this officer fulfilled excellently the arduous duties intrusted to him, proving himself a worthy successor of Flinders, Bligh, King, Stokes, and other eminent navigators who have labored in the work of discovery on the same shores.

It will be seen from the title of the volumes that Captain Blackwood is not the historian of his own voyages. Though there have been some cases where we could not regret this transference of the task, yet, generally speaking, we prefer a narrative coming from the hands of the commander himself, as having more of natural vigor and earnestness, and a more determined appreciation of the objects of inquiry, than we usually meet with in subordinate officers, even though perchance more largely provided with scientific knowledge. In the instance before us, Captain Blackwood waived his right of publication in favor of Mr. Jukes, naturalist to the expedition, who, in a modest prefatory letter, acknowledges this kindness, and apologizes for the deficiencies of his work. It is doing no wrong to Mr. Jukes to say that he ranks in a very different class of writers from Mr. Darwin, to whose eminent merits, as the scientific narrator of Captain Fitzroy's voyage in the Beagle, we sought to render justice in a former number of this Review. Exclusively of other causes of inferiority, we must admit that the subject-matter here is of narrower scope and inferior interest; and perplexing to the narrator as well as the reader, by the details of a survey, carried on in successive steps at different periods of time, on the same shores and amidst the same group of coral reefs. The second volume, indeed, carries us over Torres Strait to the southern coast of New Guinea, and the eastern parts of Java and the neighboring isles; but as a whole the work wants salient points of interest; and the real and permanent value of the voyage must not be looked for in this narrative, but in the charts and other aids it has afforded to the navigation of these remote seas; and in certain documents, connected with the natural history and languages of the Australian continent, to which we shall have occasion afterwards to refer.

Mr. Jukes shows himself aware of some of the difficulties and deficiencies we have stated. Had he been more of an artist in narrative—one of those who "work by a sort of felicity, and not by rule"—he might to some extent have obviated them, without any departure from the truth of relation, or affectation of fine writing. By better selection and grouping of his materials he might have done more to aid the imagination of the reader; and to furnish him with livelier pictures, not only of the scenery of shore and reef, but of the acts and events of a maritime life, thus peculiar in kind. The operations of surveying and sounding on new coasts must often be tedious enough to those concerned in them; but they call into action all the higher qualities of seamanship—the zeal, steadiness, intelligence, and boldness of this noble service;—and, continued thus over a period of months, or even years, it is impossible that they should have been wanting in incidents to excite and gratify curiosity among those ignorant of such operations, and desirous to obtain information. Much more too of personal interest might have been given to the narrative. It is not enough to know that H. M. ship Fly and the Bramble cutter were employed on the expedition; or to be told in the preface that "the officers were uniformly kind, and the ships' companies well conducted." These convenanted courtesies are all proper and

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pleasing; but, as readers, we desire to know somewhat more of those whom we thus accompany through their labors on the sea—both the "*fortem Gyan fortemque Cloanthum*," who walk the quarter-deck, and the gallant men underneath them, who toiled for years together in this arduous service of surveying. And we should gladly have been made more familiar with the vessels themselves—their tonnage, equipment, sailing qualities, and other similar details, which impart life to the story, and interest to events otherwise barren. It may be that such particularities as these, well befitting the history of an American whaler or a Californian trader from Boston, are not considered seemly as applied to her majesty's ships of war. Nevertheless, we are sure that, without any breach of professional etiquette, much might have been done to take off an air of baldness from the book, and to vivify it into a more popular and instructive form. Were it not rather an untoward comparison for a book of travels, we might liken it in this matter to a novel or play, where the interest in events and places mainly depends on the feeling we have already acquired in the persons who act, prosper, or suffer in the progress of the story.

We have especially to complain that Mr. Jukes has not prefixed to his narrative some distinct statement of the objects of the voyage, nor even adverted to the place in his volumes where such might be found. The reader is left to infer these objects from detached passages, very imperfectly designating the motives and peculiarities of the survey, until near the close of the first volume, where there is introduced a valuable chapter on the structure and extent of the Great Barrier Reef, and its relation to the navigation of these seas.

In the appendix, moreover, we find a copy of the Admiralty orders under which Captain Blackwood sailed; a perspicuous document, and excellent not only in the explicit nature of the naval instructions, but also in its humane and judicious inculcation of rules for intercourse with the natives. We quote what may suffice to show the main purposes of the expedition:—

"Whereas a large proportion of the vessels trading to the South Sea and to Australia are obliged to return to Europe or proceed to India by way of Torres Strait—many of which vessels, when weak-handed, in order to avoid the frequent anchorage necessary in the in-shore passage by which is called King's Rout, stand out to sea till an opportunity offers for making one of the narrow gaps in the Barrier Reefs, through which they steer for the strait—and whereas several vessels have thus been lost, there being no other guide to these openings than the casual observation of latitude, which is often incorrect, there being no land to be seen till entangled within the reefs, and no chart on which the dangers are correctly placed:

"We have therefore thought fit, for the above reasons, to have the Great Barrier Reef explored, and these gaps surveyed, in order that some means may be devised for so marking the most eligible of these openings that they may be recognized in due time, and passed through in comparative safety."

After appointing the particular vessels to the service, and directing that they should be refitted, provisions recruited, and all possible information as to the Barrier Reef obtained at Sydney, the principal instructions given under these orders are the following:—

The survey of the exterior or eastern edge of that vast chain of reefs, which extend almost continuously from Break-sea Spit to the shore of New Guinea.

The thorough examination of all the channels through the barrier chain, with detailed plans of those which offer a secure passage, and the device of some practical means of marking them by beacons of wood, stone, or iron.

The ascertainment of the safest channels by which vessels coming from the eastward may pass through the intricate reefs and islands occupying the mouth of Torres Strait; and, in particular, a complete survey, including tides, soundings, and sailing directions, of the passage called Endeavor Strait: these being regarded as among the most important objects of the expedition.

Authority also is given to examine certain parts of the coast-line of New Holland, as well as the southern shore of New Guinea, and the adjacent islands; the following salutary injunction being added, which is applicable to many other cases in life as well as to the circumstances of a maritime survey:—

"But, wherever you go, we expect you to produce full and faithful surveys of the places you visit. And we especially desire you not to waste your time and means in what are called *running surveys*, in which much work is apparently executed, but no accurate knowledge obtained, useful either to the mariner or geographer. *Whatever you do is to be done effectually.*"

We must carry our readers somewhat further into the description of this Great Barrier Reef, not merely as forming the main object of the present expedition, but from its being marked as the most singular and gigantic example of its kind on the surface of the globe. Among the various phenomena of physical geography, few in truth are more extraordinary than those great coral formations, which, under different shapes and designations, meet the navigator in his passage through the tropical seas; rarely passing far beyond these limits of latitude, but, within the wide belt of ocean thus included, rising up from unknown depths, in stranger forms than imagination could devise, and alike perplexing to the naturalist from their multitudinous occurrence in some tracts of sea, and their absence in others. Here we find the circular lagoon islets, (or *atolls*, as they are now termed, by adoption of a native word,) circles of coral rock, often barely emerging from the wilderness of waters around; yet resisting the heaviest storms, and sheltering small central lakes, the placid surface of whose blue water strangely contrasts with the tumult of waves without. Elsewhere, as in various parts of the Indian, Pacific

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and Atlantic oceans, we see these coral islands occurring in closer groups, with innumerable channels between, covering often a wide area of sea, and so numerous as almost to defy all reckoning and survey. England, which plants its flag on every various surface of the earth, possesses in the Bermudas one of these coral clusters, further remarkable as the most distant point from the equator at which coral rocks are known to occur. Elsewhere, again, we find these extraordinary creations of the deep forming barrier reefs to islands or portions of continent; encircling some, bordering or fringing others, through lines of enormous extent; and in certain places, as between the north-eastern coast of Australia and New Caledonia, so largely developed in the form of detached reefs as to have obtained from Flinders the name of the Coral Sea.

To almost all our readers it must be known that these vast works, as fitly they may be called, are due to the labors of certain species of zoophytes; ranking among the most minute and slightly organized forms of animal life, yet having a common instinct of existence which renders them the artificers of mineral masses and new lands amidst the ocean, fitted eventually to become the abode of man. The soft pulp of the coral animal secretes, or otherwise forms, a stony nucleus; the aggregation of which matter, by the conjoint working of myriads of these little creatures, and the accumulated and superimposed labors of different species and successive generations, produces these wonderful results:—"*admiranda levium spectacula rerum*," as they may well be termed, looking at the relation between the agent and the magnitude of the work accomplished.

In a later part of this article we shall have to refer again to this topic, as connected with the theory of coral formations and their relation to other great physical phenomena of the globe. Meanwhile we will merely remark that the whole course of modern science tends to disclose facts analogous to those just mentioned, and to show the influence of living organic causes in forming the material and determining the structure of many of the great masses which compose the crust of the earth, as also in producing other phenomena, apparently the most alien from such origin. Where formerly brute matter alone was seen or suspected, the eye of the microscope now shows the innumerable relics of living beings, the artificers of the mass which thus entombs them. The flint nodules of chalk rocks, the hard Tripoli slate, even certain varieties of the noble opal, are composed wholly, or in part, of the silicious cases of fossil infusoria. The sand which sometimes falls on ships far distant from the coast—the mud which lies in the estuaries of rivers—even the layers of ashes and pumice which cover the edifices of Pompeii—give the same remarkable result. We look backwards through ages of organic life on the surface of the earth; and in the very minuteness of form and species we find reason why they should have been easily aggregated into large and dense masses, masking to common observation the vitality which once pervaded the whole. Looking forwards, we see the earth and seas still teeming with the same profusion of life in its simpler forms, and cannot but infer that these may hereafter undergo the same changes and minister to the same great results.* Science stands here, as in so many other instances, between the past and future time; casting upon the latter the light, more or less distinct, which it derives from reflection of the former.

Recurring to the subject more immediately before us, we would beg the reader to take up the map of New Holland, and to fix his eye on Sandy Cape, in S. lat. 24° 30′, about 600 miles north of Sydney, and the most salient point on the eastern coast of the Australian continent. From Break-sea Spit, a narrow sand-bank which runs twenty miles northwards from this cape, begins the Great Barrier Reef; the gigantic dimensions of which will be understood by carrying the eye northwards along the Australian coast to Torres Strait and the shores of New Guinea, and learning that this coral reef forms a *continuous* barrier, separating an inner and shallow coast channel from the deep sea without, and stretching throughout the whole length of the line just described. A mere inspection of degrees of latitude will show that this length exceeds 1200 miles; and the term *continuous* is justified by the fact that, except towards the southern extremity of the line, it is broken only by narrow channels or gaps. Still, in strictness, the chain must be considered as a series of individual coral banks, of greater or less extent, assuming this definite rectilinear direction parallel to the line of coast, the channel between the barrier thus formed and the mainland containing some scattered reefs;—the outer, or ocean side, dipping down precipitously to depths yet unfathomed, and leaving a clear sea to the east of from 60 to 100 miles in width; beyond which, in the direction of New Caledonia, coral islands or reefs again appear, in unknown number and variety of form, scattered over what we have already noticed under the name of the Coral Sea.

Our author, in the chapter of his volume before alluded to, well describes the general aspect and character of this vast boundary-reef:—

"The Great Barrier reefs are thus found to form a long submarine buttress, or curtain, along the N. E. coast of Australia; rising in general precipitous-

* We may mention, as it is not generally known, that Ehrenberg has actually succeeded in producing Tripoli and polishing slate from living infusoria. We may further add that he found in a peaty argillaceous deposit, twenty feet below the pavement of Berlin, masses of infusoria still living, and in some places deposits of ova reaching to much greater depth. In the public gardens at Berlin workmen were occupied many days in removing masses wholly composed of fossil infusoria. In the moors of Leinburg there occur similar accumulations twenty-eight feet in thickness. Observation probably is alone wanting to multiply indefinitely facts of similar kind; and the inferences which these, and other wonders of the fossil world, have already furnished to exact science may well justify the old sentence of Aristotle, *Διὰ γαρ το θαυμαζειν οἱ ανθρωποι, και νυν και το πρῶτον, ηρξαντο φιλοσοφειν.—Metaph.*, i., cap. 2.

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ly from a very great depth, but resting towards the north on the shoaler ground of Torres Strait, and towards the south on the bank stretching off from Sandy Cape. If it were to be laid dry, this great barrier would be found to have a considerable resemblance to a gigantic and irregular fortification —a steep glacis crowned with a broken parapet-wall, and carried from one rising ground to another. The tower-like bastions of projecting and detached reefs would increase this resemblance. From examination of our charts it would appear that the normal condition of this long mass of reefs is that the outer barrier should be narrow, rising precipitously from a great depth, and running more or less nearly in a straight line; and that inside this outer barrier there should be a clear space about twenty fathoms deep and several miles wide, between which space and the land should be another body of reefs."—Vol. i., p. 332.

Thus there may be said to be two channels, or routes, as they are termed, connected with the Great Barrier Reef—the inner one having an average width of about thirty miles, though narrowed by subordinate reefs on the land side—the navigable passage varying in depth from ten to thirty fathoms for the greater part of its extent, and safe in being thoroughly sheltered from the storms of the ocean without, and affording good anchorage wherever the channel is narrow or intricate. The outer passage, on the other hand, to the east of the barrier reef, though giving a wider route for navigation, has a profound depth of sea without the possibility of anchorage; so that under no circumstances in which a vessel is placed can refuge be had, unless she is able to make her way through one of the openings in the Great Barrier, and thus to find access to the sheltered sea within. In this description will be seen the objects and value of the survey now completed; which, by ascertaining the openings of easiest access, and of width and depth best suited to navigation, and by fixing beacons to mark and distinguish them, gives great increase of safety and facility to ships traversing these seas. The probable number of these openings or transverse channels we do not find anywhere denoted. In truth, it would be difficult to enumerate them, seeing that they vary from mere fissures in the reef to passages several miles in width. The good ship-channels alone have value, and these seem to be comparatively rare.

But the objects of this survey would not have been fully attained, without a thorough examination also of that northern portion of the Great Barrier Reef which stretches well-nigh across Torres Strait, and intercepts, though in a more complex and irregular manner, the free passage from the southern Pacific to the seas of the Indian Archipelago. A moment's inspection of the map will show the singular importance of this strait to the direct intercourse between our great Australian colonies and India, China, and Europe; and the value of an accurate survey of its complicated and difficult channels, so strongly enjoined in the admiralty instructions for Captain Blackwood. It is, indeed, a strange and uncouth passage—a labyrinth of coral reefs, volcanic rocks, islets, and shoals—yet destined nevertheless to yield that free channel which man requires for his commerce, and which the zeal and boldness of those seeking for it are sure eventually to obtain. We shall have occasion afterwards to revert to this point in the survey.

The width of the Great Barrier Reef near the surface, as we apprehend the meaning of our author, varies from two hundred yards to a mile; but there is some indistinctness in this matter, and probably often difficulty from the grouping of reefs together in the inner side of the barrier. On the outer side, the precipitous fall into unfathomed depths seldom leaves any ambiguity. We willingly quote Mr. Jukes' description of a portion of coral reef in its ordinary aspect, as aiding the conception of our readers, though, perchance, somewhat lowering the anticipations of beauty of form and coloring derived from the name:—

"To get an idea of the nature and structure of an individual coral reef, let the reader fancy to himself a great submarine mound of rock, composed of the fragments and detritus of corals and shells, compacted together into a soft, spongy sort of stone. The greater part of the surface of this mound is quite flat, and near the level of low water. At its edges it commonly slopes gradually down to a depth of two, three, or four fathoms, and then pitches suddenly with a very rapid slope into deep water, twenty or two hundred fathoms, as the case may be. The surface of the reef, when exposed, looks like a great flat of sandstone, with a few loose slabs lying about, or here and there an accumulation of dead broken coral-branches, or a bank of dazzling white sand. It is, however, chequered with holes and hollows more or less deep, in which small living corals are growing, or has, perhaps, a large portion always covered by two or three feet of water; and here are fields of corals, either clumps of branching madrepores, or round stools and blocks of mæandrina and astræa, both dead and living. Proceeding from this central flat towards the edge, living corals become more and more abundant; as we get towards the windward side, we encounter the surf of the breakers long before we can reach the extreme verge of the reef; and among these breakers we see immense blocks, often two or three yards, or more, in diameter, lying loose upon the reef. * * * If we approach the lee edge of the reef, we find it covered with living corals, commonly mæandrina, astræa, and madrepore, in about equal abundance, all glowing with rich colors, bristling branches, or studded with great knobs and blocks. Where the slope is gentle, the great groups of living corals and intervening spaces of white sand can be still discerned through the clear water to a depth of 40 or 50 feet, beyond which the water recovers its usual deep blue. A coral reef, therefore, is a mass of brute matter, living only at its outer surface, and chiefly on its lateral slopes."

Having dwelt thus fully on the local circumstances of reef, channels, and sea, which formed the object and guided the direction of Captain Blackwood's survey, we need not pursue the track of his voyages in any minute detail. The actual survey was begun at the end of the year 1842, eight months after his departure from England, and his labors were continued until June, 1845—

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with intervening periods of repair and repose, at different ports of Australia and the Indian Archipelago. His starting-point was Sandy Cape, which we have mentioned as the southern extremity of the Barrier Reef. For the first 200 miles, proceeding northwards, the barrier is irregular and imperfectly continuous, including the vast masses called Swain's reefs, which reach to a breadth of about 90 miles. Of this portion of the survey accurate charts have been constructed. The second section of the barrier, stretching from lat. 22° northwards for a distance of nearly 200 miles, had already been surveyed by Captain Flinders, and was therefore passed over by this expedition. It is a continuous chain of strong massive reefs, in which no gap whatever was found, until reaching lat. 18° 30′, where Flinders discovered a wide opening, from which he passed from the inner channel to the outer sea. Here his examination of the coast ceased—and we have, from some cause which we do not clearly apprehend, an *hiatus* of 120 miles in the survey, the form and condition of the barrier in this interval being yet unknown. Captain Blackwood's labors began again in lat. 16° 40′, and were thence extended with great minuteness to lat. 9° 20′, the northern extremity of the Great Reef, a distance of nearly 500 miles. This, including the examination of the eastern part of Torres Strait, and the channels amidst its reefs, is the most valuable part of the work accomplished; and the charts, as reduced from the survey, will remain as lasting records of it, unless some of those gradual changes on the crust of the globe which geology has to record—or other more violent and sudden convulsion, such as have been frequent among the Indian islands—should disturb the coral flooring of these seas, and alter the soundings and channels that have now been explored.

In a part of this great barrier, between lat. 11° 20′ and 12° 20′, the line of reefs, instead of being straight, or gently curving, is sharply deflected into convolutions, forming deep bays, with detached reefs outside. In one of these bights, having an entrance 6 miles wide, and stretching 8 miles inwards, such is the depth that no bottom was reached except close to the reefs, though a line of nearly 300 fathoms was thrown out.

This extraordinary spot was called Wreck Bay, and with melancholy fitness of name, as Captain Blackwood found lying on the reef near it the wrecks of two large vessels, the Ferguson and Martha Ridgway, lost here in 1840 and 1841; the former having part of the 50th regiment on board. Happily the presence of another vessel in company prevented in this case any loss of life. Mr. Jukes gives an interesting description of these wrecks, and of a night he passed on board that of the Martha Ridgway, after considerable danger in reaching it. We have pleasure in quoting two or three striking passages from this portion of his narrative. The first describes the view seaward from the reef on which the wrecks lay—a mere ridge, some hundred yards wide, rising to the water's level from the profound ocean underneath:—

"The water was perfectly clear, and of almost unfathomable depth right up to the outer slope, or submarine wall of the reef. The long ocean-swell being suddenly impeded by this barrier, lifted itself in one great continuous ridge of deep blue water, which, curling over, fell on the edge of the reef in an unbroken cataract of dazzling white foam. Each line of breaker was often one or two miles in length, with not a perceptible gap in its continuity. There was a simple grandeur and display of power and beauty in this scene, as viewed from the forecastle of the wreck, about 30 feet above the water, that rose even to sublimity. The unbroken roar of the surf, with its regular pulsation of thunder, as each succeeding swell first fell on the outer edge of the reef, was almost deafening, yet so deep-toned as not to interfere with the slightest nearer and sharper sound, or to oblige us to raise our voices in the least. Both the sound and sight were such as to impress the spectator with the consciousness of standing in the presence of an overwhelming majesty and power; while his senses were delighted by the contrast of beautiful colors in the deep blue of the ocean, the dazzling white of the surf, and the bright green of the shoal water on the reef."—Vol. i., p. 121.

A little further we find a good picture of the scene, as night was closing in upon them in this situation:—

"As I was walking on the poop of the wreck, I could not help being struck with the wildness and singular nature of the scene. A bright fire was blazing cheerfully in the galley forward, lighting up the spectral-looking foremast, with its bleached and broken rigging, and the fragments of spars lying about it. A few of our men were crouched in their flannel jackets under the weather-bulwarks, as a protection from the spray which every now and then flew over us. The wind was blowing strongly, drifting dark clouds occasionally over the star-lit sky, and howling round the wreck with a shrill tone, that made itself heard above the dull continuous roar of the surf. Just ahead of us was the broad white band of foam, which stretched away on either hand into the dark horizon. Now and then some higher wave would burst against the bows of the wreck, shaking all her timbers, sending a spout over the forecastle, and travelling along her sides, would lash the rudder backwards and forwards with a slow creaking groan, as if the old ship complained of the protracted agony she endured. She had been wrecked since we had ourselves left home and entered the southern hemisphere: and there mingled perhaps some speculations as to our chance of leaving the old Fly in some similar situation, with the feelings which the character of the scene sufficed to impress upon the mind."—Vol. i., p. 123.

Another passage, describing one of the coral reefs in this vicinity, will in some sort redeem the less picturesque impression of such scenery derived from a general description before quoted:—

"In a small bight of the inner edge of this reef was a sheltered nook, where the extreme slope was well exposed, and where every coral was in full life and luxuriance. Smooth round masses of mæandrina and astræa were contrasted with delicate leaf-like and cup-shaped expansions of explanaria, and with an infinite variety of branching madreporæ and seriatoporæ; some with mere finger-shaped projections, others with large branching stems, and

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others again exhibiting an elegant assemblage of interlacing twigs, of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship. Their colors were unrivalled—vivid greens contrasted with more sober browns and yellows, mingled with rich shades of purple, from pale pink to deep blue; bright red, yellow, and peach colored nulliporæ clothed the masses that were dead, mingled with pearly flakes of eschara and retepora, the latter looking like lace-work in ivory. In among the branches of the corals, like birds among trees, floated beautiful fish, radiant with metallic greens or crimsons, or fantastically banded with black and yellow stripes. Patches of clear white sand were seen here and there for the floor, with dark hollows and recesses beneath overhanging ledges. All these, seen through the clear crystal water, the ripple of which gave motion and a quick play of light and shadow to the whole, formed a scene of the rarest beauty, and left nothing to be desired by the eye, either in elegance of form or brilliancy and harmony of coloring."—Vol. i., p. 117.

Happily for a spot which has acquired a melancholy notoriety by these and other wrecks, the discovery was made within a very short distance of an excellent channel traversing this outer line of reefs; and the erection of a lofty beacon on Raine's Islet, at the edge of this passage, may be cited as one of the main objects fulfilled by the expedition. The work was begun in June, 1844, and completed in less than four months. Twenty convict masons and quarrymen were brought from Sydney; a quarry was opened in the coral rock; lime was got by burning sea-shells; wood for burning was brought from islands near the mainland; water procured from other islands, 25 miles distant; timber for the building was obtained from the wreck of the Martha Ridgway. Having no anchorage nearer, the Fly had to lie 12 miles off within the reefs of the barrier, the smaller vessels and boats running to and fro with the various provisions and materials needful for the workmen. Under all these difficulties a strong circular stone tower was erected, 40 feet high, and 30 feet in diameter at its base, raised 30 feet higher by a framework of wood, at the top covered with painted canvass. Mr. Jukes describes the little islet which gave foundation to the work—a spot not two miles in circumference, and scarcely 20 feet above high water mark—and pictures it well in a plate; but he barely notices the erection of the beacon, and ill supplies this deficiency by a short sketch in the appendix. Seeing the singularity of the situation, and the peculiarity of the work, we cannot but believe that it might have furnished some striking or amusing incidents to a narrative which is mainly deficient in these points. The truth is, that the time was one of monotonous inaction to those not directly engaged in the erection, and that they looked upon it with weariness and distaste.

Accordingly we find our author, with another naturalist and the artist who accompanied the expedition, starting in the Bramble, when the beacon was half completed, for Cape York—the vast promontory which abuts on Torres Strait, forming the N. E. point of the Australian continent. At this and subsequent periods of the voyage surveys were made of this Strait and the channels traversing its isles and reefs, the singular number and complexity of which we have before noticed, rendering this one of the most dangerous, as it is one of the most important passages on the globe. The examination of Endeavor Strait, that channel which winds immediately round Cape York, was made with all the exactness enjoined by the Admiralty, and justified by its peculiar importance. The line of steam navigation now loudly invoked for these seas, in connection with those great lines which already unite India, China, and Europe, cannot long be delayed, seeing the extent, rapid growth, and high commercial activity of the colonies which call for such communication. The channel of Endeavor Strait will in all likelihood be that taken, when such scheme is carried into effect; and every sounding, or observation of wind, tide, or current, now made, must bear upon the security and welfare of this future navigation.

These circumstances, and a regard to the remarkable position of Cape York—commanding, as it may fairly be said, this great highway between the Pacific and Indian oceans—lead our author to discuss a question, which has for some time been before both home and colonial authorities, viz., the relative value of Cape York and Port Essington, as a post and settlement for aid to the navigation of these seas. The latter place, 600 miles to the west of Cape York, and on the other side of the great Gulf of Carpentaria, has been for several years occupied by an officer and small body of marines, but without any attempt at colonization; and with little encouragement to that, either from fertility of the soil, healthiness of the spot, or the character of the natives in its vicinity. Repeated visits to both places have given Mr. Jukes a very decided preference for Cape York; and in his reasons for this preference we fully concur. Its position is a main point in its favor. It is in the vicinity of danger and affords a place of easy refuge. In war it would command security to a passage where a single enemy's ship might inflict incalculable mischief. Its distance from Sydney, 1700 miles, would make it an admirable depot for coal in the steam navigation towards India. Though without a harbor, this is little needed, where the reefs themselves, which create the danger of the strait, protect the sea from all heavy swells and render anchorage secure. At Evans' Bay, which is suggested as a site for the settlement, there are dry rocky places for building, pools of fresh water, and a considerable surface of fertile land; frequent rains, fresh breezes, and a healthy vegetation. All these advantages, according to our author, are absent at Port Essington, and though possessing a fine harbor, the value of this is annulled by situation and difficulty of access. Putting the matter on a personal footing, Mr. Jukes declares that if condemned to either, he would rather live at Cape York for five years than at Port Essington for two—an odd numerical formula of preference, but sufficiently intelligible.

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The right manner of solving the question we believe to be, that Cape York should be adopted as a new settlement, and Port Essington not given up. Mistress of Gibraltar, Aden, and Singapore, and cognizant of the value of such positions for commerce and power, England can hardly choose but plant her flag on a promontory which commands the passage between two oceans. But the whole shores of the continent, of which it is one extremity, are becoming hers by discovery and colonization; and Port Essington is a point on the line of coast, and having relations to the Indian Archipelago, which justify its being retained, even though offering little present benefit or promise. The active spirit which at this time pervades the world, working with new means and appliances of every kind, will vivify in the end what is barren now; and no expenditure or labor can be better bestowed than in aiding by anticipation the progress which commerce and colonization are making on these distant shores.

While upon this subject, we must indulge ourselves with a short parenthesis as to that extraordinary line of steam communication between England and her eastern possessions, (somewhat oddly called the *Overland* journey,) of which Australia and New Zealand will hereafter form the extreme branches. The creation of the last twelve years, this communication has already acquired a sort of maturity of speed and exactness, notwithstanding the enormous distances traversed, and the changes necessary in transit from sea to sea. The Anglo-Indian mail, in its two sections, and including passengers and correspondence, possesses a sort of individuality as the greatest and most singular line of intercourse on the globe. Two of the first nations of Europe, France and Austria, struggle for the privilege of carrying this mail across their territories. Traversing the length of the Mediterranean, it is received on the waters of the Ancient Nile—Cairo and the Pyramids are passed in its onward course—the Desert is traversed with a speed which mocks the old cavalcades of camels and loitering Arabs—it is reëmbarked on the Red Sea near a spot sacred in scriptural history—the promontory projecting from the heights of Mount Sinai, the shores of Mecca and Medina, are passed in its rapid course down this great gulf—it emerges through the Straits of Babelmandel into the Indian seas—to be distributed thence by different lines to all the great centres of Indian government and commerce, as well as to our more remote dependencies in the Straits of Malacca and the Chinese seas. There is a certain majesty in the simple outline of a route like this, traversing the most ancient seats of empire, and what we are taught to regard as among the earliest abodes of man—and now ministering to the connection of England with that great sovereignty she has conquered, or created, in the East; more wonderful, with one exception, than any of the empires of antiquity; and perchance also more important to the general destinies of mankind.

With respect to the still unexecuted part of this great scheme of communication, embracing the Australian colonies, we may remark that steam-vessels, after passing Cape York, will probably in most cases proceed southward by the inner channel, within the Great Barrier Reef. Though affording smooth water, however, this passage will not be without its difficulties and delays. The first three nights after leaving Cape York must probably be passed at anchor; and even in the daytime a slow rate of progress will often be required, to avoid the numerous detached coral reefs; especially when the sun is near the meridian, and the glare on the water such as to confuse the view of the intricate passages between. Experience and multiplied beacons will lesson these difficulties, but cannot wholly remove them.

Though a subordinate object of the expedition, yet, under the authority of his instructions, Captain Blackwood surveyed also a line of the Australian mainland, beginning at latitude 22°, and proceeding 110 miles northwards. Previous reports had afforded the presumption of superior soil and larger native population in this region; and such was found to be the case. A belt of undulating land, running backwards from the coast to a parallel chain of hills, presents a surface covered with abundant and fine grass, and large timber. Inlets on the coast are numerous, and boat navigation is aided by tides rising from twenty to thirty feet. If colonization be extended to the north of the actual settlements of New South Wales, this would appear the best locality for it; and Mr. Jukes, after twice circumnavigating Australia, affirms that he has seen no part of this continent, near the sea, of equal fertility, or combining so many natural advantages. But penal settlements can hardly be attempted beyond the latitude of Sandy Cape; such are the facilities for escape afforded by the coral reefs and islands which stretch multitudinously along this coast.

The deficiency of navigable rivers in Australia, one of the many strange peculiarities of that country, gives great value to every discovery of this kind. Though no new river was found on the part of the coast now described, a further examination was made of one previously discovered by Captain Wickham, of the Beagle, and bearing his name. Our author, with a party, after a difficult passage through the mangrove bushes and breakers at its mouth, ascended seven or eight miles of its course; the boats being then compelled to return from increasing shallowness of water. As this stream must have its source in the mountain-chain which forms a sort of backbone to Australia, running parallel and near to the eastern coast, little can be expected from it in facilitating ingress to the interior, except as regards the supply of fresh water—an advantage, it must be admitted, of no small import in a country so destitute of this great necessary of life.

During the examination of this line of coast, there was frequent communication with native tribes, which Mr. Jukes relates in some detail. Though certain peculiarities of usage are noticed,

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we find nothing in these relations which would much interest our readers, or which differs materially from the description so familiar to us in the narratives of former travellers of their intercourse with this people. They appear, as seen here, to be a tall and athletic race, active and bold in their demeanor and habits, with an occasional fierceness of temper, of which a melancholy proof occurred in the death of one of the seamen of the Bramble, struck by a native spear. Our author, who was one of the landing party when this happened, gives no statement of any provocation or quarrel leading to it. The spear, projected by aid of the *womerah*, or "throwing-stick," which gives it wonderful increase of force, penetrated four and a half inches into the back, shattering the spine and ribs, and passing nearly through the left lobe of the lungs. It was with difficulty drawn out, leaving the point, made of bone, in the body. The poor fellow—an excellent sailor, and beloved by his messmates—lingered to the third day in suffering, and then died.

In describing the feelings excited by this event among the others of the party—making them reluctant to leave the coast without some opportunity of revenging their comrade's death—Mr. Jukes explains the source of many of these unhappy atrocities, which even yet occasionally deface our intercourse with the native Australians, despite the higher and better views which now govern our principles and habits of colonization. On the outskirts of the settlements, such occurrences have been, and always will be, more frequent—from obvious causes in the character and habits both of the white and native border population;—and we are led to fear that the spread of colonization in the N. E. portion of Australia, certain eventually to occur, may involve yet more of such calamities, seeing the bold and masculine character of many of the native tribes on this part of the coast. Time will in the end put a stop to all these things; but it can only happen through that extinction of the native population, which, by a strange and sad destiny—the *ineluctabile fatum* of what we call savage life—seems always to occur sooner or later, where Europeans have trodden upon new lands.

In the latter part of Mr. Jukes' first volume, we find narrated the proceedings of the expedition on Murray's Islands, at the eastern entrance of Torres Strait, and on the southern coast of New Guinea; which coast, with its widely-spread banks of shoal soundings, was surveyed for a length of a hundred and forty miles—a small section of the shores of this vast island, but important as the northern boundary of the strait, and further interesting, as some slight index to a country less known perhaps than any other of equal size in the habitable world. Notwithstanding its great extent, equal to that of Great Britain and France conjointly—its remarkable position in the Eastern Archipelago—its proximity to islands long visited or colonized, and to channels of great and increasing commerce—the outline of Papua, or New Guinea, still remains to be completed in our maps; and we have no certain assurance whether it be a single island or several. Of its interior we are wholly ignorant—discovery having never advanced more than a few miles from the coast; and this more as the casualty of adventure than on any deliberate plan of survey. Yet enough has been seen or learnt through indirect channels to indicate a country of luxuriant vegetation, profuse in its forms of animal life, abounding in water, large rivers, and mountain chains, a striking contrast in all physical conditions to the adjacent continent of Australia; and in these circumstances, under such a latitude, giving promise of a rich exuberance of harvest to the naturalist who may hereafter find access to the Fauna and Flora of this unknown land, the native seat of the bird of paradise.

A small fortified post, established by the Dutch twenty years ago, at Ooroo, on its western coast, is the sole spot yet occupied by Europeans—a feeble attestation of the claim which Holland extends to New Guinea, in common with so many other islands of the Indian Archipelago.* The jealous and ferocious character of the natives is usually cited as the reason why neither through this, nor other direct channel, has European commerce reached these shores. But in truth our ignorance is the same of the people as of the country. Our voyagers see occasionally the Papuas, or Oriental negroes, of the coast; and hear more vaguely of the other race, the Alfoërs or Haraforas, inhabiting the interior. We can hardly consider New Guinea as inaccessible to future commerce, when seeing the hardy and extensive traffic which the Chinese and people of the Molucca Islands carry on with this country; bringing away in their junks the edible bird-nests, tortoise-shell, pearls, masay bark, birds of paradise, nutmegs and trepang; and carrying thither cotton goods, cloth, iron tools, &c. All this sounds well to the mercantile ear; and time will achieve what has hitherto, from ignorance, accident, or jealousy, been unaccomplished.

Of this portion of the New Guinea coast, surveyed by Captain Blackwood, the character is more peculiar than interesting, except under the supposition of its indicating some great river, of which this is the delta. We quote Mr. Jukes' description:—

"From the large opening or river mouth, in S. lat. 8° 45′, E. long. 143° 35′, to the furthest point examined in the boats in lat. 7° 40′ and long. 144° 30′, and for an unknown distance beyond, the coast had everywhere the same features. It was low, flat, muddy, covered with jungle and impenetrable forests, and intersected by a complete network of fresh-water canals—of all sizes and depths, from a mere muddy ditch to a width of five miles and a depth of twenty to thirty feet. This coast was fronted by immense mud-banks, stretching

* We owe to Dutch writers, Kolff and Modena, the most recent accounts of this western portion of the New Guinea coast. Forrest, Delano, Lesson, &c., are further authorities as to this singular country and people, but all scanty in the information they are able to afford.

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from ten to twenty miles out to sea, having at low water a general depth of about twelve feet, with a few deeper places, and some sand-banks much shoaler or quite dry. These mud-flats gradually deepened towards their outer edge to three and four fathoms, and then more rapidly to six, ten, and twenty fathoms. Now this is precisely the formation of the delta of a great river; and the only difficulty in the present case is the supposing a river, large enough to produce such a delta, to exist on an island like New Guinea."—Vol. i., p. 289.

This objection to an opinion otherwise highly probable, may be lessened, if not obviated, by the following considerations. First, assuming such river to have its sources in the mountainous region which we know to exist in the north-western part of New Guinea, it might, taking a direction to the south-east, find space enough, in a country 1200 miles in length, to become an ample and powerful stream. Further, it would appear that the climate is one of heavy periodical rains, and probably of much general moisture from the dense forests and jungles. And yet further, as there seems to be little current in these channels near the coast, it is probable that the delta formed here may be disproportionably large to the body of water coming down from the interior. We need not dwell upon these points, as they are sure to be speedily solved. Captain Blackwood's boats ascended one of the channels nearly thirty miles; and Mr. Jukes reasonably conjectures that, with the aid of a small steamer, it might be possible from this side to make a deep inroad into the island.

The communication with the native Papuans of the coast, several of whose villages were hastily visited, was difficult, and not without collision, and in one case fatal result. We are bound to state that Mr. Jukes does not give a clear explanation of these circumstances; and we look upon them with more suspicion, from finding the admission of sundry acts of aggression; one of which —the abstraction of two pigs and some native implements—is allowed by our author to be an act of theft, though, by a convenient oblivion, not thought of as such till the pigs were eaten. The whole matter is treated too jocosely for our taste; nor are we reconciled to it by the name of Pigville, given to the place, and figuring in the chart annexed to this volume. The name is not unbefitting the deed, and somewhat too much, moreover, in the style of transatlantic nomenclature. We shall be glad, on every account, to see its erasure from future maps.

The channel of Torres Strait, remarkable in so many ways, is not least so in the sudden line of demarcation it draws between two kinds of vegetation, two groups of lower animals, and two varieties of the human race. Those strange anomalies which designate all that belongs to Australian landscape and life, extend even to the isles bordering this continent within the strait. In the isles and land of New Guinea, scarcely fifty miles distant, a miraculous change comes over the scene, both as respects vegetable and animal life; extending even to the shells and echinodermata which lie upon the shores. We quote a passage, well describing the different aspect of the vegetable world on the opposite shores:—

"The dull and sombre vegetation of Australia spreads all over Cape York and the adjacent islands. Wide forests of large but ragged-stemmed gum-trees, with their almost leafless and quite shadeless branches, constitute the characteristic of this vegetation. Here and there are gullies, with jungles of more umbrageous foliage, and some palms; but the mass of the woods are arid, hot, and dusty, and the leaves not only small but dry and brittle. On the islands of the northern sides of Torres Strait, not a gum-tree is to be seen; the woods are close, lofty, and afford the deepest and most refreshing shade; often matted into impenetrable thickets by creepers and undergrowth; but adorned with various foliage—the cocoa-nut, the plantain, the bamboo, and other plants not only beautiful but useful to man. On the New Guinea coast the vegetation is of the rankest and most luxuriant kind, even for the tropics. One vast dark jungle spreads over its shores, abounding in immense forest-trees, whose trunks are hidden by groves of sago-palms, and myriads of other heat and moisture-loving plants." —Vol. i., p. 298.

We cannot quit the subject of New Guinea without adverting, which we do with great interest, to the expedition of discovery and survey, under the command of Captain Stanley, now on its voyage to these shores. The character which that officer has acquired for professional ability and energy, scientific attainments, and experience gained in all parts of the world, well justified the Board of Admiralty in selecting him for this service; and give entire assurance that all will be done which these qualities can effect, aided as they are by excellent appointments in every subordinate part of the expedition.*

A considerable part of Mr. Jukes' second volume is occupied by the narrative of an excursion into the eastern portion of Java; with sketches, sufficiently lively, both of the scenery of this magnificent island, and of the habits of the population, as well colonial as native. Our author pictures landscape better than he indicates localities, and his narrative would gain in interest and perspicuity by a little more of introduction to the ground over which the reader has to travel with him. Still there is a good deal that is valuable in this part of the work; and particularly in a chapter on the colonial government and general condition of Java. The latter corroborates in all main points what we have before learnt of this curiously despotic and jealous administration, which watches and controls Europeans by a police as rigid as that directed to the natives; which refuses to admit consuls to its ports; inflicts a system of passports, rendering change of place as difficult as in Russia; and con-

* We may mention that Mr. Macgillivray, a naturalist sent out by Lord Derby, and who accompanied Captain Blackwood in the voyages we are reviewing, has again gone out in the Rattlesnake with Captain Stanley as naturalist to the expedition—a very valuable accession to it.

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centrates its energy in preserving a sullen and secluded repose, and raising a large surplus revenue for transmission to the mother country. The recollection of that wiser and more generous system of government, which Sir Stamford Raffles so admirably administered while Java was in our possession, gives us an interest in the subject which it might not otherwise possess, except as matter of curious speculation on that relation of republican institutions at home to despotism in colonies, of which history furnishes so many examples. But we do not pursue it further, as there may be some future occasion afforded us of reverting to the general condition and prospects of this vast group of islands, forming the Eastern Archipelago.

In the appendix to the volumes before us are eight or ten papers, recording a part of the scientific results of the voyage, which we may shortly notice. The zoological specimens collected, 4000 or 5000 in number, were chiefly placed at the disposal of the British Museum, and several of the papers are connected with this subject. One, by Professor Owen, on the bones of a Dugong found by Mr. Jukes near Cape York, (*Halicore Australis*,) indicates, with the usual felicity and exactness of this naturalist, the distinctness of the species from the two before known; the principal specific character of the Australian dugong being the development of 24 instead of 20 molar teeth.—Another paper, by Mr. Gray, describes a new genus of Sea Snakes, discovered by Mr. Jukes on Darnley Island in Torres Strait, and interesting as forming a link between the common *Hydridæ*, and the singular abnormal genus called *Aipysurus*. This is one of the instances, now become so frequent, in which the extension and increasing exactness of research have filled up gaps before left in the continuity of genera and species. It is a case where the acquisition of a new fact is far less important than the confirmation and enlargement of a great natural principle.—A third paper, by Mr. A. White, describes a new genus, and five new species of crustacea, being further results of this voyage.—A fourth, by Mr. Gray, delineates several new species of star-fishes; reserving others, also the fruits of this expedition, for a monograph on the asteriadæ, which this distinguished naturalist is about to publish. A fifth paper, likewise by Mr. Gray, on certain new species of marine shells, found on the Australian coast, completes the series of these memoirs on natural history in the Appendix.

The geological observations of Mr. Jukes are embodied in the narrative, and will be hereafter given to the Geological Society. The most interesting are those which relate to the shores and islands of Torres Strait. These islands are evidently points in the submerged prolongation of that great mountain-chain which, rising from the Southern Ocean in Van Diemen's Land, sinks again under the sea in Bass' Strait, with the exception of a few island points left above the waters—then emerges in lofty masses at the southern extremity of New Holland—stretches along the whole eastern side of this continent, a range of more than 1600 miles—at Cape York again sinks underneath the sea of Torres Strait, reäppearing at Mount Cornwallis on the New Guinea coast, beyond which it is lost to our present knowledge. In a former article, (Q. R. No. CLII.) we had occasion to notice the geological characters of this great chain, the axis of which is composed of primitive rocks, chiefly unstratified, flanked by Palæozoic strata incumbent on them, and mixed with rocks of eruptive character; and, succeeding to these in order of time, certain detached coal formations, and superficial beds, representing the tertiary formation of Europe. We infer, from Mr. Jukes' detached observations on the coast, that the same general character extends to the northern extremity of the chain. Cape York and the adjacent isles are porphyritic, and the islands which traverse the strait in the same line appear to be all composed of granite, sienite, or old metamorphic rocks. A circumstance well worthy of remark is, that to the eastward of this line none of these primitive rocks appear, but low coral isles or coral reefs occupy solely a belt of sea, sixty miles wide, across the mouth of the strait; to the east of which again all the islands are volcanic, and chiefly composed of lavas. The distinct division by these three belts adds another to the many singularities of this channel.

Before closing our review of these volumes, we must notice two other papers in the Appendix: the first, a copious comparative Vocabulary of the languages of some of the islands in Torres Strait —the second, a short Memoir, by Dr. R. Latham, on the general affinities of the languages of the Oceanic blacks; inclusive in its inferences of the facts derived from this vocabulary. The main result derived from Dr. Latham, from a large and careful collation of the most recent data, as to these languages, is that of the *fundamental unity* of the great groups of the Malayan, Papua, and Australian, in opposition to the opinion of their separate character and origin, and of the isolation of the Australian languages in particular. We doubt not his being right in his view, that in this question, as in many analogous cases, grammatical differences are valued too highly—glossarial affinities too low; the relative value of the two tests not being constant, but varying for different languages. This, however, is a topic too copious, and too curious also, to be dealt with as a mere offset from other subjects.

In the foregoing part of this article we have drawn somewhat largely upon our readers' attention —perchance also a little on their patience—by the various facts connected with the coral ridges and reefs forming the vast and prolonged line of barrier on the Australian coast. We recur for a short while to the subject; not, however, in relation to particular localities, but to the general history and theory of these coral formations, as one of the great physical phenomena of the earth's surface: impressive, not merely from the enormous magnitude of these animal creations of the ocean, but

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also from the index and evidence they afford of past and progressive changes in the level of the solid crust of the globe. We have already referred to a former article in this Review, on the voyages of the Adventure and Beagle, in which we noticed the remarkable researches on these coral formations contained in Mr. Darwin's journal of the latter voyage. This gentleman has since published a separate volume, "On the Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," which we have taken as one of the heads of the present article; wishing to complete the view of the subject, and seeing that to Mr. Darwin we owe not only the most extensive and exact observations upon it, but also certain general conclusions which are now in progress of adoption by men of science in every country. From this volume, which possesses the charm of a simple and perspicuous style, conjoined with great reasoning powers, we shall briefly extract some of these conclusions, as well as the more important facts from which they are deduced.

We have already noticed generally the three classes of atoll, barrier, and fringing reefs, including all the most characteristic varieties of coral formation on the globe. These varieties, however, owing to local or other conditions, are so multiplied in detail, that it would be almost as difficult to give a clear description of them, as to explain the circumstances in which they respectively originate. Without attempting to follow Mr. Darwin in his more ample survey, we may state that, as instances of the lagoon islands, or atolls, he selects Keeling Island, in the Indian Ocean, the vast group of the Maldives, and the extraordinary submerged atoll called the Great Chagos Bank. The first is a single but characteristic specimen of its class. The Maldive Islands form an archipelago of coral atolls, 470 miles in length and about 50 miles in breadth; the atolls ranged in a double line, and some of them of great size—as that of Suadiva, 44 miles by 34, with an included expanse of water nearly 300 feet deep, and not fewer than 42 channels through which a ship may enter this central lagoon. The Chagos Bank, in the centre of the Indian Ocean, rising abruptly from unfathomable depths to a level near the surface, its longest axis of 90 miles, its breadth from 50 to 70, is well described by Captain Morseby as "a half-drowned atoll;" a view confirmed as well by soundings as by the many similar reefs and atolls rising to the surface around it. To this officer we owe admirable surveys both of the Maldive and Chagos groups, which have done much to illustrate the subject.

Of the "Barrier Reef" the most conspicuous instances selected are that great one, fronting the eastern coast of Australia, with which our readers are now acquainted, and a similar but shorter one on the western coast of New Caledonia. The term, however, has been fitly extended by Mr. Darwin to those reefs encircling smaller islands, which are so numerous in the Pacific, and familiar to us in the narratives of voyages in this ocean—coral walls, in fact, with a deep moat within, girding round islands of every various dimension and height—some little raised above the sea—others, like Tahiti, having an elevation of many thousand feet.

"Fringing or shore reefs," whether encircling islands or portions of continents, differ from those just described in being less massive, in having no interior deep-water channel, and in sloping downwards into the sea upon the natural declivity of the shores. The reefs of the Mauritius furnish a well-marked insular example of them. The coasts of Brazil and Arabia afford instances, among many that might be quoted, of such coral fringes to continental lands.

Mr. Darwin has done much to simplify the view of the several coral formations just noted, by showing that they graduate into one another, and that the atolls, barriers, and encircling reefs are but modifications, deviating much in the extreme cases, of a common principle and manner of operation. A perfect series, in fact, can be traced from the simple linear or normal state of the reef, to the long linear lagoon, and thence to the oval or circular form of the encircling reef or the atoll. Again, if from the barrier reefs encircling small islands we abstract the land within, (a legitimate speculation, as will hereafter be seen,) we bring them to an almost complete identity with the simple atoll or lagoon island, in form, dimensions, and grouping. The value of such generalizations as these to a just theory on the subject will be well understood, even without a full comprehension of the details on which they are founded.

The fourth chapter of Mr. Darwin's volume relates to the distribution of coral formations, and their rate and manner of growth: including such knowledge as we possess regarding the species and habits of the polypifers, or coral animals, which have produced them. On the subject of these wonderful zoophytes, the details given are not perhaps as distinct as might have been desired for general information. It is Mr. Darwin's main object, in reference to his theory, to determine the rate as to time, and the depth below the surface of the sea, at which the workings of living coral can go on; and we do not find any consecutive description of the aspect, species, and habitudes of these active tenants of the deep. It must be admitted, indeed, that our knowledge on these points is very deficient. Exact observations are not easy where the animal works either below the surface of the water, or amidst the heaviest surf and breakers on the edge of the reef. Here, where all besides perishes, the zone of coralline life exists in its greatest activity; but hardly more accessible to observation than are the dead corals brought up by dredging—in such variety of species as to leave it uncertain which are the true artificers of the reef, and which contribute to it solely by being agglutinated, with broken coral, sand, shells, and other materials, into the common mass. Ehrenberg has described more than a hundred species of coral which he found in the reefs of the Red Sea. Some observers have

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believed that the genus astræa is that most efficient in the formation of coral rocks; but the madrepore, millepore, porites, meandrina, caryophyllia, and various other genera, contribute largely to these vast and mysterious works—in what proportion, and under what laws or instincts of combination, we shall probably never be able fully to comprehend.

Other problems equally difficult embarrass this subject—and notably in the first place the question, why coral reefs should be so vast and numerous in certain tracts of ocean, while others are wholly destitute of them? The limitation to tropical latitudes is intelligible; but why, with the exception of the Bermudas, there should not be a single coral isle or reef in the great expanse of the Atlantic, it is hard to explain. Had the Bermudas themselves been absent, a certain general conjecture might have been hazarded, which their actual position and coralline structure render inadmissible. Volcanic action, ancient or recent, affords no explanation of this partial distribution; nor do any ascertained differences in the depth or bottom of the sea, or in the mineral contents of different seas, come in aid of the solution. A supposition is still open, vague perhaps in its application to the present case, yet supported by many analogies drawn from other parts of the animal world. The corals, in their pulpy portion, afford food to several species of fish, and to the whole tribe of holothuriæ; while they themselves, simple and minute though they be, must feed on some other kinds of organic life. There may be in certain seas a predominance of the animals destroying them, or a deficiency in those affording them nutriment; and in either of these conceivable cases we bring the question among those curious instances (now almost forming an especial branch of natural history) where we find the station, range, multiplication, or extinction of species, to be determined, not merely by inanimate agents around, but by the presence or absence, abundance or scarcity, of other species in the same regions and at the same periods of time. We might say much as to this interesting and prolific course of inquiry, did it come within our present subject.

The manner and rate of growth of corals offer other curious questions to the naturalist. The evidence as to the latter point is various, and on first view somewhat contradictory. With some well-attested examples of rapid growth—the filling up of channels and lagoons, and enlargement of islands within human record—we have other instances where the same surface and elevation of living coral appears to have existed for ages unchanged. Ehrenberg found in the Red Sea vast globular masses of meandrina, which, he says, are of such antiquity that "Pharaoh himself may have beheld them;" and he gives evidence to show that various coral formations of this sea have undergone little or no change within the last two centuries. Captain Beechey furnishes similar proofs from different parts of the Pacific; and, leaning upon these and other instances, some naturalists have been led to view the growth of corals as the slow work of ages rather than of years, and to doubt the possibility of islands having been thus formed in the midst of the ocean.

These difficulties may, we think, be lessened, if not obviated, by a regard to the various conditions under which coral masses are formed; by the difference of the coral animals themselves in species, size, and habitudes of existence; by the succession of several species in the same mass; by the important fact (ascertained as far as negative proofs will carry us) that new coral does not form on the surface of that which is still living; by the various foundations on which the corals build their superstructure; and by the changes of level, sudden or slow, occurring in these foundations. We incline, therefore, to Mr. Darwin's belief that the formation of coral is still actively proceeding in numerous places over the globe, and find no reason to doubt that the atolls and reefs rising precipitously from the deep ocean around, whatever of increment they may receive in their growth from other sources, are mainly, as we see them, the creation of successive generations and species of these zoophytes. In the whole range of physical causes we find, in truth, none but this strange and instinctive workmanship—this antagonism and superiority of organic vital forces to the inanimate powers of nature—which can explain such phenomena as those of the Maldive group; or the simple fact of the small circular coral islet rising up to the surface of the Pacific from unfathomed depths around it; or other singularities of these formations which we have no room to detail, but which are fully described by Mr. Darwin.

These considerations bring us nearer to the actual theory of coral rocks, but with the intervention still of another question—of great moment, as we shall see, to any general conclusions—viz., the depth of the sea at which the reef-building corals can live and work? This, it will be obvious, is a question distinct from that of the gross thickness or depth of coralline masses, and somewhat easier of solution, yet not without its appropriate difficulties. From a large collation of facts Mr. Darwin is led to conclude that, in ordinary cases, the corals which build reefs do not flourish at greater depths than from 20 to 30 fathoms, and that the greatest activity of their existence is on the surface or outer edges of reefs. Other observers have limited their range of operations still more closely to the surface; but take what estimate we may, it seems certain that no increment can take place to coral growth below a comparatively small depth—none whatsoever above the surface washed by the spray of the sea. Whence, then, the vast masses and lofty coral pinnacles which the sounding-line follows downwards to the depth of several hundred fathoms, with evidences of the same structure and origin, and leaving it uncertain whether they may not descend deeper still? If these zoophytes work only thus near to the surface, how are we to explain the origin and actual position of all that lies beneath this level? This is the problem most in-

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teresting in the theory of coral formations, and the solution of which, whatever it be, associates them most closely with the great geological phenomena of the globe. In the article before alluded to we have given an outline of the question and of Mr. Darwin's views upon it. In the short space now remaining to us we shall put before our readers a summary of the discussion as it at present stands, with such few remarks as we think more especially conclusive on the argument.

The hypotheses by which alone we can seek to solve the problem just stated are few in number. Either the corals constructing the lower parts of the reefs must be wholly distinct in species and habits from those which work near the surface;—or the reefs, atolls, and islets we see must be mere superficial coverings or cappings of points and ridges of land underneath; or there must have occurred such subsidence downwards of the land encircled by or supporting coral formations, as to leave the coral summits solely on the surface of the waters—with means of increment, where the subsidence further continues, by the super-imposition of fresh layers, under the conditions of depth favorable to the living actions producing them. We are unable to find any other suppositions than these which will apply to the solution of the problem before us.

The first of them is negatived in great part by the improbability that there should be species of corals differing so widely as to one of the most important conditions and necessities of their existence; and further, by the negative fact that no examination of the dead coral taken up from great depths has disclosed such varieties.

The second hypothesis is of a more plausible kind, and was at one time adopted by Mr. Lyell, in common with many other naturalists; but subsequently relinquished by this eminent observer in favor of the last of the opinions just stated. It was, in truth, a natural and easy conception that the coral formations incrusting the upper surface might follow and depicture the outline of the submarine bottom, and the peaks and ridges rising from it. And this argument became more specious when considering the coral islets, with their circular and often deep lagoons within, as representing the cones and craters of ancient submarine volcanoes, their crests overgrown by the work of these zoophytes, which retained the form while altering the material of the surface exposed. On the other hand, the great superficial extent of some of the atolls and of their contained lagoons, remove from them all character of volcanic cones; and their close and peculiar arrangement in groups, like that of the Maldives, still more contradicted the resemblance. The difficulty of explaining why such numerous detached summits should rise so closely to the same level near the surface, formed another obvious objection to the theory; and a more cogent one arose when it was discovered that the reef-building corals worked only to a limited depth, and could not, below this level, have formed the coralline covering to the submarine peaks which the theory supposed.

Under the failure of these hypotheses, and pressed by other considerations, Mr. Darwin adopted what we have adverted to as the third solution of the question; viz., that the areas, greater or smaller, on which the coral reefs rest as a foundation—the flooring, in fact, of the seas—must have undergone progressive subsidence, such as utterly to withdraw islands or large tracts of land below the surface of the ocean, leaving the coral reefs which encircled or fringed their shores still on the water's level, and therefore under circumstances fitted to sustain their growth and position, even where the sinking of the foundation beneath them further continued. We must admit this hypothesis to be a bold and startling one, and such it appeared in the outset even to the most hardy of our geologists; yet it has rapidly gained ground, not merely as the only one fulfilling the conditions required, but further because it well illustrates the different modifications and peculiarities of the coral reefs, and accords at the same time with certain remarkable discoveries which have distinguished the progress of modern geology. Mr. Darwin's application of his views in detail is characterized by great ability; but we can afford room only for a summary of the few leading points.

Taking the theory first in its application to the *atoll*, or simple coral islet with its interior lagoon—instead of making this lagoon to represent a preëxisting cavity of the same form, as in the volcanic hypothesis, Mr. Darwin considers that it designates the place once occupied by a point of land more or less elevated, which has subsided downwards into the sea, leaving the coral reef circling round the centre, growing over its surface, and rising upwards by new constructions, where the subsidence has still continued. Let a mountain peak, like Tahiti, girt round with a coral reef, sink downwards, from subsidence of the submarine area, or other cause, and we should have the conditions just described taking place; and representing, by the various aspects of these islands, the stages of change from a lofty mountain to a few low points of land in the lagoon, and then to the simple coral islet, barely rising out of the sea. Let the subsidence elsewhere be sudden, instead of gradual—and we should find submerged atolls, like the Chagos Bank; the power of replacement upwards being lost by the depth to which the surface has sunk below the sea.

Next, as to the linear reefs, such as the great barrier fronting the N. E. Australian continent. We have already alluded to the intimate relation of these to the reefs encirling islands; and we shall find the conditions of the theory applying to both in the same manner, and with equal probability. Suppose a prolonged line of reef to be built up on the shelf of the coast, as it declines into the sea, leaving a narrow channel of water between. If the continental land gradually sinks,

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the line of coast will recede inwards, leaving a wider channel between it and the reef—the latter retaining its position, and being continually replaced upwards by fresh coral, as the lower portions of the mass subside. Sectional sketches would better illustrate these points; but, even without such aid, we think there will be no difficulty in conceiving them; or in further applying the same views to the other peculiarities of these formations—the precipitous descent to vast depths of the outer side of the reef—the isles within the channel, seen as residual points of the old continent—the fringing reefs—the openings into the channels or lagoons, &c.

We have spoken of this as a bold hypothesis; and it will not appear less so when we look at the magnitudes, both of space and time, which are involved in such interpretation of the facts. The extent it is needful to assign to some of the areas of subsidence may well alarm an imagination not accustomed to deal with these subjects. Spaces of many hundred thousand square miles exist in the ocean, occupied by coral isles of such description as to admit of no other valid explanation than the sinking of the bottom of the sea over this extent. The length of the Australian barrier reef, 1200 miles, proves that at least an equivalent line of coast has been subsiding since its formation began. The same inference extends to the great island of New Caledonia, in relation to the reef half encircling it. Mr. Darwin has delineated these several areas, as far as at present known, in a map prefixed to his work; adding to its value by designating also the areas of upheaval in the same oceans; and the sites of active volcanoes, which, it may be, interpret some of the actions concerned in these phenomena. For both these great events, of subsidence and upheaval of the solid crust of the globe, are familiar to the speculations of modern geology, and variously attested in different parts of the globe by facts which, though recent in discovery, are unequivocal in the inferences they afford. The magnitude of these movements and changes may seem inconsistent with our ephemeral experience; but here, as in so many other cases, we are compelled to adopt new measures of time and space, when dealing with the physical conditions of the globe before man became a tenant of its surface.

If there be areas of upheaval as well as of subsidence in these coral seas, we may expect to find coral islands raised in places above the level at which these zoophytes effect their works. Accordingly, we have instances furnished by Captain Beechey, Mr. Jukes, and others, of coral masses some hundred feet above the sea; with the same assurance of their having been raised from below, that we possess in the case of any tertiary stratum containing sea-shells. In connection with this topic, however, we must notice one objection to Mr. Darwin's views, which may seem to have some force, viz., that if masses of coral of such enormous thickness exist under the sea, we might fully expect to discover them in some situation or other among the great strata of the globe; knowing, as we do, how large a portion of these have been submarine in origin, and raised afterwards into their present position. Admitting the weight of the objection, that no such coral masses are found on our continents, we may qualify it by remarking, first, that we are not assured as to the relative period in the records of creation when the reef-building corals began their work in the seas; secondly, that it is not impossible that some of the great oolitic, cretaceous, or other calcareous formations may actually represent coral deposits—formed as these are by the agglutination of various materials, and exposed for ages to physical conditions of which we can scarcely appreciate all the effect; and thirdly, that the geological character of the lands in the coral oceans is still very imperfectly known, and we may yet discover such masses at greater elevation than any yet found, and exhibiting perchance gradations yet unsuspected into the character of the older calcareous rocks.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

What mean the miles of gleaming wire
Stretched out afar o'er hill and plain,
As if to string some massive lyre
To ring out earth's redeeming strain?

It is a lyre, whose every string
Shall vibrate to the praise of man;
Such tribute to his genius bring
As ne'er was paid since time began.

It is the master-piece of earth—
The climax of all human might—
When man, forgetful of his birth,
Infringes on Jehovah's right.

It is the path where lightnings fly,
Obedient to man's lordly will,
Who forced them from their native sky,
And chained them down on every hill.

Once they were messengers of God,
And flashed through Heaven's remotest span,
But now they 've left their high abode,
To herald out the ways of man.

No more we 'll trust the carrier dove,
Or iron steed, or lagging gale,
But call the lightnings from above,
To spread the news and tell the tale.

They far outspeed the rolling earth,
And put the car of time aback—
Before the future has its birth
'T is past upon the spirit track.

That track—the great highway of thought—
Where distant nations converse hold;
Ere word is said or deed is wrought,
'T is whispered round and round the world.

From east to west—from pole to pole—
Wherever man has pressed the sod—
The every thought of every soul
Is omnipresent like as God.

It binds the nations all in one,
And thrills its pulse throughout the union,
Till every kingdom, tribe and tongue,
Shall live and act in full communion.

Tribune.

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FARM IN THE WEST.

Only night before last a pale, care-worn young man sat down upon one of the benches in Lafayette Square. His clothes were by no means new—his beaver had "gone to seed," and his shoes, like those of Julian St. Pierre, were "minus half their soles." As the breeze swept through the trees in the square, a shudder ran through the heart of the lonely man. He saw the yellow leaves drop from their boughs, and after being twirled and twirled around and around by the tiny currents of air, would at last be whirled away, Heaven only knows whither. He thought these leaves were like his hopes, and that he was like the tree that parted with them. In the green spring-time of life his heart had put forth its blossoms and its branches, and many a bird of love trilled its sweet song amidst the dark green foliage of his mind. But now all seemed gone, and thought by thought, and memory by memory, seemed dropping from the bough of life. He heard the autumn wind sighing through his bosom, and clasping his hands over his eyes he shut out the gleams of the pale stars, and wept to himself. He thought of his youth, the golden visions that his mind had woven then, and how, like the diamond frost-work that is melted by the sun, they had all melted into "thin air." He thought of the struggles that he had gone through—the perils that he had passed—how from morn till morn he had labored, not for himself, but for others, and, more than all, how his proud heart had been obliged to bow to the

> "Spurns that patient merit
> From the unworthy takes."

It was a deep and bitter thought that then ran through his heart, but he pressed his hand upon his breast and said—"It is well." Gathering his scanty garments about him, he wended his way to his home, and after a long and weary walk, at last reached his humble place of abode. His wife ran out to meet him, and his children clasped him, one around the knees, while the other flung her little thin white arms around his neck. He thought of the morrow—he had not a dollar to give them, and though his heart was dropping tears of blood, still his lips wore a smile, and he cheered his family with words of hope and love. Kissing his children, he bade them good night, and slept and dreamed those cold grey dreams allotted to the children of poverty. The next morning, after he had eaten his humble breakfast, he came down town, to earn the pittance of those who are doomed to labor. His heart hung in his bosom like a load of lead, and he bit his lips in order to suppress his agony. His rent was due, and every farthing that he had on earth was gone. He thought of his pale-faced wife and little children, and imagined that he saw them shivering in the cold air, houseless and defenceless. His face was bent towards the ground, and walking along with a heart brim full of agony, he suddenly saw a little piece of paper that looked like a bank note, lying on the pavement. He grasped it like a miser—but alas! it was only a ticket in the Havana lottery! He took it down town, however, and in a cabaret in the Third Municipality, asked what No. 33,661 had drawn.

"Have you that number?" asked the bar keeper, with surprise.

"Yes—here it is," was the answer.

"That ticket, sir, has drawn $8000, and you have only to go to the firm of ———, to get your money."

Who could tell the thoughts that rushed like rainbow meteors through the poor man's bosom! He was as wealthy as he wished to be, and could fling back with scorn the taunts into the teeth of those who had oppressed him. He hastened to his home, and the very ground seemed to fly beneath his feet. His wife's face grew livid at his approach, but when he told her of his fortune, she burst into tears. She could not speak for joy, but throwing herself down on her knees, she clasped her thin white hands and thanked her God for his blessings. She did not speak a word, but the mute heart's prayer rose upwards, as full of silence and of fragrance as the incense from the holy censer! The husband could not even smile, but for once in his sad life his eye was lighted up with the brilliant gleams of hope and joy.

In a day the happy family were on their way to a home in the West. The husband clasped the waist of his wife, as they sat on the hurricane deck, and as the distance grew greater, saw the outlines of the buildings of New Orleans fade into the clouds, and the spires of her churches look like the masts of ships seen afar off. He thought of those who had died of the yellow fever—of those to whom he had been a friend, and who had treated his friendship with unthankfulness—and ah! how merrily rung the supper bell on board the boat—and how savory was the smell of the food upon the table. The wife, whose cheeks were no longer pale, and the husband, whose heart was no longer sad, went down and enjoyed their repast. And so it was from day to day for a week, until at last they reached their place of destination. An old Englishman, who longed to return to his native land, sold out to the lucky finder of the lottery ticket, his farm, consisting of nearly four hundred acres of the richest land, together with stock, farming utensils and everything else pertaining to the place.

It was only a day or two before the young couple were safely installed in their new residence, and they were happy, perfectly happy. On the balcony of his little house, on the first night of their arrival, the husband sat smoking his pipe, and gazing on the beautiful scene that was spread before his view. The tall green trees around his dwelling seemed to bow to him and acknowledge him as their master. He heard the lowing of his kine in the cattle yard, and saw the broad fields that were teeming with the richest produce of the West. They were all his now! He saw the brook that, like a vein of silver, ran in the pale moonlight as softly as a dream. He thought how, on the morrow, he would take his gun and shoot some of the game that he heard chirping almost up to the very door-sill of his house. He went to bed with a heart as light as a feather, and dreamed pleasant dreams. The next morning, just as the sun was tinging with gold the summits of the hills, and the birds were singing their early songs to the light of day—he awoke—yes, to find himself still in Lafayette Square!

He had been sleeping all the while, and the lottery ticket was but a portion of his dream. His hat, which had fallen off his head, was nearly full of dead autumn leaves. Amongst the yellow leaves there was a piece of paper. It was the fragment of a kite that had been caught in the trees and blown to pieces. On this piece of paper was written, in a bold round hand, "*Patience and Perseverance will accomplish every*—" and here the sentence broke off. It was evidently a leaf torn from the copy-book of a schoolboy; but the dreamer gave it a long, wistful look, and resolved to be a *man* in future.—*N. O. Delta.*

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From the United Service Magazine.

THE RUSE DE GUERRE.

The sun had just expended his last ray upon the ensanguined plain of Ortiz; the dreadful conflict which had raged with unceasing fury the whole day between the armies of Spain and Colombia had now terminated in the total defeat of the latter, which, under cover of the approaching night, was flying in every direction to escape the exterminating sword of its relentless pursuers; even Paez, the redoubtable Paez, who had never till then been known to turn his back upon a Spaniard, "tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight." Vain had been the courage of the patriot band; fruitless the exertions of its brave commander;—the shouts of the victors, mingled with the shrieks of the wounded, and the feeble moans of the dying, the wild ravings of thirst, cries for succor, and even prayers for death, were alike unheeded by victor or vanquished, both too intent on the object of pursuit, and escape, to attend to the lamentations of their fallen comrades—when, from a heap of mutilated corses which strewed a considerable portion of the well-contested field, forth crawled upon his hands and knees a young officer; the object which attracted him was a canteen invitingly suspended round the neck of a dead Spaniard. His eyes glancing with hope, he advanced as quickly as his weakness would allow him, to seize the envied treasure, nor was he disappointed; it contained some excellent brandy; having swallowed a small quantity, he found himself greatly revived.

He seated himself at a little distance from the place where he had lain, (not forgetting to secure the spoil he had taken,) and began seriously to reflect on the situation to which the fortune of war had reduced him. He first, however, examined his body and limbs, in search of the wound which had so inopportunely placed him *hors de combat*, but finding no visible mark of any, he concluded (what was really the case) that he owed the soreness which he felt in the head, and his late swoon, to some contusion which he had received in the fray. He perfectly recollected having been opposed to a charge of the queen's hussars, in which he had been laid prostrate, and as this was quite sufficient to account for all the bruises he had sustained, he did not trouble himself with any further conjectures, but, as I have before said, began to ponder upon his present position, and how he might best avoid the consequences which he foresaw were but too likely to accrue from it. It must be observed, that the war which then existed between Spain and her revolted colonies was one of extermination, neither party giving quarter, and if by any chance prisoners were taken, they were immediately and deliberately butchered. This fact, well known to my hero, did not tend greatly to facilitate the task which he had allotted to himself. Captain O'Shaugnessy was, however, an Irishman, and as his countrymen are not easily abashed, or too ready to yield to despondency, he quickly plucked up his spirits, determined to use his best exertions to save (what he had the utmost respect for) his neck; but at the same time to bear his fate, whatever it might be, with the fortitude of a man. He soon, therefore, decided upon the plan he was to adopt. He had, in early youth, been apprenticed in Dublin, to a surgeon and apothecary; but whether arising from a natural aversion to the pestle and mortar, or (as some censorious people ventured to insinuate) a too ardent regard for his master's daughter, young Patrick O'Shaugnessy, (then a strapping lad of eighteen,) one morning early, took an unceremonious leave of the Irish metropolis, and returned to his father's in the County of Down, where he continued to vegetate until the South American Revolution raised the cry of freedom, which resounded on the shores of Hibernia, and roused the enthusiastic spirit of her gallant sons, many of whom (Patrick included) hastened to join the Venezuelan standard. This had been his first essay in arms, and (unless kind fortune interposed) was likely to prove his last. As he reclined upon his grassy couch, now damp with the falling dew, and environed by the melancholy trophies of a disastrous combat, he might be pardoned if his thoughts wandered with regret to the snug comforts of old Bolus' laboratory, subject, though it were, to the task of compounding nauseous drugs, or to a renewal of his former studies in animal mechanism.

Our hero had not much time, however, to devote to useless regrets; more important matters, connected with the preservation of his very existence, claimed his undivided attention. Some advantages, however, he had derived from his apprenticeship, which in his present dilemma might prove of incalculable utility—he had acquired a slight practical knowledge of phlebotomy, had once or twice attended his master in a surgical operation, knew the best styptics in use to stop hemorrhage, and "with these appliances and means to boot," he resolved to dub himself a surgeon *pro tempore;* at least to pass as such with the enemy, trusting that his quality of non-combatant would rescue him from the fate which would indubitably follow the avowal of his real rank. Escape was impracticable even had his limbs been supple enough to admit of the exertion—he was totally ignorant of the position of the retreating army, and his flight would have been certainly intercepted by one or other of the parties of light cavalry which everywhere scoured the country. His best policy then (and he adopted it) was to remain where he was until the Spaniards should send, which he doubted not would speedily be the case, to collect their wounded. In the mean time his reveries were unbroken, save by the occasional cries of the mutilated wretches who surrounded him, several of whom were struggling in vain to defend their eyes from the attacks of the zamora, a large species of carrion crow, about the size of a turkey-buzzard, innumerable flocks of which covered the field, and preyed upon the offal. At

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length a cry of agony roused his attention, and directing his look towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, he observed a human being stretched upon his back, striving fruitlessly with his feet to drive away a number of these carnivorous birds, that were evidently bent upon his destruction. Patrick's first impulse was humanity; nor did the sight of a foe, as he hastened to his assistance, check the current of his benevolence. He quickly dispersed the feathered throng, and having administered a drop of his cordial to the parched sufferer, began coolly to practise the duties of his assumed profession, by an examination of his patient's wounds. Both arms were severely injured. Patrick, however, soon bound them up, (a shirt from a neighboring corpse supplying him with the requisite bandages,) the Spaniard regarding him all the while with mingled looks of surprise and admiration.

At last the exclamation of "Santa Maria Purissima!" burst from his lips; and he almost overwhelmed our hero with a torrent of thanks, who modestly waived the subject of his own praise, by inquiring if he had any hope of being removed before morning.

"Ay, by St. Jaques," cried he, "Diego Ramirez would never have been so long seeking his old friend, and comrade, Serjeant Juan Fernandez, of the queen's regiment of hussars, had he not been detained in pursuit of those confounded (rebels, he would have said; but his eye glancing towards Patrick's uniform, gratitude changed the offensive appellation, and he added) independents; but come, my lad," continued he, "cheer up; a Spaniard may possess a grateful heart, and though my arm is unable to defend thee, the word of Juan Fernandez, which has some weight with his comrades, may do thee equal service; but stay, give us another sup of thy cordial. Holy Virgin! my eyes deceive me, or surely this canteen belonged to Serjeant Rodrigues of the queen's."

Patrick explained how it came into his possession.

"Ah! then he has fallen at last, poor Roderigues! the merriest fellow in the corps, a touch of the Frenchman in his composition, and a true lover of Nantz."

Here his enumeration of Roderigues' virtues was interrupted by a loud shout from a distant part of the field, and the glare of torches was plainly perceptible. Juan, declaring it must be Diego, requested Patrick to answer the call, which having done, a few minutes brought the party in view, our hero, notwithstanding the assurances of his new companion, feeling rather uneasy as the crisis of his fate approached. They appeared, however, to take not the slightest notice of him, their whole care and attention being engrossed by the wounded serjeant; but when they had heard a relation of his sufferings, and learnt the obligation he had incurred to a patriot officer, not even the rebel garb he wore could save Patrick from being nearly smothered by the embraces of the delighted and grateful troopers. Whilst the litter was preparing, the glass of friendship circulated. At this moment an officer rode up, and catching a glimpse of the proscribed dress, appeared surprised at this unusual display of confraternity. He was soon, however, *au fait*, and turning to our hero, complimented him upon his gallantry.

"You appear, sir," said he, "to have been born under a lucky planet; if you are really a surgeon, your services are at this instant required by one who will justly appreciated them."

Patrick, who did not anticipate having his skill so immediately put to the test, felt extremely awkward. He might be called upon to perform an operation, in which his ignorance would be manifest; he had, however, "staked his life upon the cast, and must abide the hazard of the die." Bowing therefore to the officer, he expressed his readiness to make himself useful in any shape.

A stray horse was soon caught, upon which he was assisted to mount, and having bade adieu to Juan Fernandez, and his party, (who invoked every saint in the calendar for his protection,) he accompanied the stranger, who, attended by two dragoons whom he had not before seen, struck into a bye-path which led across the plain. After riding about three miles, they arrived on the verge of a wood, near which stood a bettermost sort of farm-house; several horses were piquetted outside, while the number of officers and orderlies, who were constantly passing to and fro, evidently showed it to be the quarters of a personage of high rank. This discovery did not lessen the apprehensions of poor Patrick. They alighted at the door of the house, when the officer, who had not spoken a word during their short journey, advanced, and throwing his own cloak over the shoulders of our hero, (doubtless, with the friendly view of screening him from the observance of the royalist party,) whispered him to be of good heart, and to wait his return in the latticed corridor, which, as customary in the country, extended the entire length of the building. Patrick, nodding assent, seated himself upon a wooden bench which he found unoccupied; several hammocks were suspended, in which their owners, fully accoutred, were swinging, smoking their cigars and enjoying *el fresco*, some of whom were conversing with each other on the events of the day. One officer, apparently of middle age, whose hammock was the nearest to where Patrick sat, was engaged in earnest conversation with a young man habited in a hussar uniform, who stood near him, some sentences of which, though they spoke in a low key, were audible to our hero.

"A confounded hard day's work we have had of it," said the eldest, "the rebels fought like lions; the fortune of the battle fluctuated more than once."

"Aye," replied the youngest, "if I am rightly informed, we may thank the egotistical vanity* of

* Egotistical vanity. A few days previous to the battle of Ortiz, Bolivar had been surprised, beaten, and nearly taken prisoner at Villa del Cura. Smarting under the disgrace of his defeat, he took up a position a little

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the rebel leader for our success," who, it seems, wishing to appropriate the laurel of victory exclusively to himself, commenced the action without waiting for the support of his cavalry. Paez did not arrive till late in the affair, and then only accompanied by a few of his guard, who, being better mounted than the rest, were enabled to keep pace with him. "By St. Jago, he contrived, notwithstanding, to make a terrible diversion in favor of his party; had his whole force come up, the result might not have been so favorable to our royal arms."

"True," answered the eldest, "few as his companions were, they made sad havoc with the regiment of Catalonia; he personally fought with the savage ferocity of a wild beast, and when he found his cause hopeless, he was borne from the field foaming with rage and vexation. But the honor of the victory mainly appertains to the gallantry of the corps to which you belong; the queen's hussars, young man, have this day covered themselves with immortal glory!"

"As an individual of the regiment," said the youth, "I sensibly feel the flattering eulogium you have paid us, but we must not forget that all our brave fellows deserve their meed of praise; yet tell me, Don Sanches, how is it (here his voice became lower) that we do not follow up the advantages we have gained—why rest we here supine, when, by an immediate pursuit, we might annihilate the retreating army ere it reached San Fernando, which is evidently its rallying point?"

"Tush!" said Don Sanches, "I will let you into a secret. Our captain-general now lies in this house severely wounded; our stupid surgeons have been these two hours endeavoring in vain to stanch the blood which flows from it, and unless his tutelary saint interferes in his behalf, he stands a fair chance of exchanging his newly-acquired countship, and the laurels of to-day, for a blessed immortality!"

Our hero was prevented from hearing their further discourse by the arrival of the officer, who made a sign to him to follow; he had heard sufficient, however, to satisfy him that the person to whom he was on the point of being introduced was no other than Morillo, Count of Carthagena, and captain-general of the Spanish armies in South America, a knowledge by no means calculated to augment his self-confidence; he had, however, no time allowed him for reflection; his conductor led him through an anteroom, at the extremity of which was a low door; this, on knocking, was opened by an elderly female, and gave them admittance to a small room, one side of which was occupied by a camp bed, where lay extended a man of apparently forty years of age, of middle stature: his countenance, though stern, was not ferocious, yet there was something in it that checked familiarity, and inspired the beholder with a feeling of respect bordering upon awe; it presented a fair type of the sea in a calm, and like that fickle element, the slightest breeze of passion that agitated its surface would suffice to create a whirlpool capable of swallowing all within its vortex! On the back of a chair near the couch was thrown loosely a richly-embroidered coat, profusely decorated with the insignia of various orders; two officers, seemingly of rank, were seated at a little distance, anxiously regarding a third person who was kneeling, and applying to the wounded limb cloths which were absolutely saturated with blood. The old woman resumed her station at the fire, where it was evident she had been preparing some cordials. On our hero's entrance, the general raised his eyes, and fixed them steadily upon his face for a few moments, when, (as if satisfied with the scrutiny,) his features relaxing from the expression of *hauteur* which they had first displayed, he said in a weak though clear voice, and in good English, "They tell me, young man, that your humanity has been already exercised in behalf of a fallen enemy; I also require the aid of your healing art; are you a member of the London or Edinburgh school?"

"The little knowledge which I possess, your excellency," answered Patrick, (and he blushed as he uttered the equivocation,) "has been obtained in Dublin."

"You are then a native of Ireland," said the general, and he added, "I presume a Catholic?"

Our hero bowed an affirmative to both questions.

"'T is well, sir; I resign myself to your skill. Señor Gomez," said his excellency, in Spanish, addressing the man who still continued kneeling, "you will prepare yourself to follow implicitly the directions of the Irish surgeon, and (pursued he with a sneer) you may chance to acquire a lesson in practice, which your boasted Caraccanian college, it seems, taught only in theory!"

The abashed Creole rose from his humble posture, and as he relinquished his place, darted a look full of malignity at Patrick, who, having divested himself of his jacket, proceeded (not without symptoms of trepidation) to take a survey of the wounded limb. His fears were, however, in some degree alleviated on discovering that the hurt was not of so serious a nature as he had first surmised; a musket ball had traversed the fleshy part of the thigh, and the wound owed much of its irritation to unnecessary probing, to allay which, and stop the hemorrhage, appeared to be the principal objects. These our hero accomplished, to the manifest satisfaction of his patient, in a very short period, and having administered a sleeping draught, composed by himself, desired that the general might be left to repose. All in

in advance of Ortiz, his right being defended by a deep and rocky ravine, subsequently ascertained by Colonel English to be impassable for cavalry. Here he might have kept the enemy in check until the arrival of Paez and Sedeno, who, with four thousand horse, were advancing to his assistance; but his extreme jealousy of all competitorship led him into error; he descended into the plain, and encountered the defeat he merited. His subsequent rage was indescribable when he learnt that the enemy (whose cavalry alone he had been taught to estimate at fifteen hundred) did not amount, *in toto*, to more than two thousand men!

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stantly prepared to leave the room, with the exception of the nurse, and the crest-fallen Creole, who evidently wished to linger behind; but Colonel Arias, (the officer who had accompanied Patrick, and by whom the scowl of the indignant practitioner had not passed unheeded,) fearing lest his envious feelings might induce him to counteract the good effects of his rival's remedy, commanded him in an imperative tone to retire; an order which he obeyed with visible dissatisfaction. Our hero was now conducted into the adjoining apartment, where refreshment was provided, and a hammock slung for his accommodation, an indulgence which he gladly availed himself of, the fatigues of the day and his aching bones rendering a night's rest "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Early on the following morning Patrick was roused from his sleep by Colonel Arias himself. who, having inquired in a friendly manner after his health, begged his acceptance of a plain blue frock coat, "which," said he, "will not appear too conspicuous, and may spare you some unpleasant remarks that some of our officers may consider themselves authorized to make. It is not intended to place you under any particular restraint; you will give me your parole of honor to attempt no escape; indeed, the effort would be fruitless, and would only subject you to a penalty which even those disposed to serve you would be unable to avert; take my advice, then, and be patient. The general's rest has been undisturbed during the night, the greater part of which I remained in his room; he feels much refreshed this morning, and hopes, in a few days, with your aid, to be so far convalescent as to proceed to Caraccas, when it is more than probable that the first moment of his recovery will prove the last of your captivity. We will now, if you please, visit the count, whose wound must require dressing, and recollect," added the colonel, smiling, "that if you have already gained two friends, you have a fair chance of securing a third, whose interest is of far greater value and importance." Our hero readily gave his parole, and having thanked the colonel for his friendly advice, which he declared it was his intention implicitly to follow, they entered the general's chamber.

Patrick found the inflammation considerably abated, and his excellency, upon the whole, much better; having renewed the dressing, he retired to the anteroom, where he was shortly afterwards joined by Colonel Arias, who introduced him to several officers of the count's personal staff, who had by this time assembled for breakfast, and by whom he was received with politeness. In the course of the day, Patrick was informed by his new friend that Gomez, the Creole surgeon, had been ordered to attend the general hospital, "so that," says he, "you will now have the whole merit of your patient's cure; besides," added the colonel, "I pride myself upon being something of a physiognomist, and that fellow's countenance displayed such envious and malignant propensities, that I gladly took advantage of the first excuse that presented itself to expedite his departure from head quarters." Several days now passed, each succeeding one witnessing a sensible improvement in the count's wound, when, one morning early, a courier arrived with despatches, which having been perused by his excellency, a council of officers was assembled, who remained in consultation about an hour. When the sitting terminated, our hero was summoned to attend the commander-in-chief; his feelings had been evidently irritated, and he addressed Patrick on his entrance with some degree of petulance.

"My immediate presence is required at Caraccas; am I capable of undertaking the journey?"

"By availing yourself of a horse-litter," answered Patrick, "your excellency may do so without incurring any risk."

"'T is well! you will hold yourself in readiness to accompany me in an hour; Colonel Arias will see that you are provided with whatever may be requisite for our accommodation."

Patrick bowed respectfully, and withdrew to seek the colonel, whom he found busily engaged in making the necessary arrangements; these were soon completed, and, ere noon, the cavalcade was slowly pursuing its route to Caraccas.

From Colonel Arias, who rode near the general's litter, our hero had an opportunity of obtaining some political information which accounted for the retrograde movement they were then making. He learnt the arrival of the remnant of the patriot army at San Fernando, on the banks of the Apuré; that Bolivar had departed for Angostura, for the purpose of raising fresh levies, and personally to superintend the disembarkation of an English auxiliary corps which was hourly expected at that place. "This intelligence, (pursued the colonel,) together with the setting in of the rainy season, has induced Morillo to retire upon Caraccas, at which place he will have leisure to attend to the recovery of his health, and make the requisite arrangements for the ensuing campaign, which he is determined to prosecute with increasing rigor."

Patrick could not avoid evincing by his countenance the satisfaction which he felt at the expected arrival of a British force, which his companion observing, remarked, "that however natural such feelings might be, yet he would venture to predict his present exultation somewhat premature; the sons of Albion (added he) are too easily seduced by the empty sound of freedom, which, like the deceptive cries of the crocodile of the Nile, often lure the credulous victim to destruction. In this case, your countrymen (English and Irish being blended in one nation) have taken the shadow for the substance. One third will find their tombs in the country they seek to liberate, and the remnant (should the struggle eventually prove in favor of revolt) behold their persons contemned, and their services repaid with ingratitude by the very peo-

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ple whom, in a moment of blind enthusiasm, they risked their lives to support."*

In this manner they continued to converse till the shades of evening began to gather round them: a thick wood now presented itself to their view, which they shortly afterwards entered, and having pursued a narrow winding track for the space of half an hour, they came to one of those breaks so frequently met with in the country; it was a green savanna, forming about an acre in extent, completely surrounded by lofty trees, through which an opening was scarcely perceptible. Here they found another of those small farm-houses, which they soon ascertained was to afford them shelter for the night. It contained but two rooms; of these the inner one was speedily arranged for the general's accommodation, into which, after partaking of some refreshment, he withdrew. Whilst the attendants were occupied in slinging the hammocks, our hero approached the outer door, when, allured by the beauty of the evening, he was induced to cross the threshold, and almost unconsciously strolled to the further extremity of the savanna. Here he found the stump of a tree which had apparently been but lately felled; he seated himself thereon, and insensibly fell into a train of reflection; time passed unheeded, and it is uncertain how long he might have continued in this mental revery had he not been suddenly roused by a rustling sound; springing to his feet, he gazed attentively round him, but could perceive nothing to indicate whence the noise proceeded, and had begun to attribute it to the effect of imagination, when something grazed his shoulder; this, on examination, proved to be a lazo which had evidently been thrown with the intention of catching him in its noose; his precipitate movement had alone saved him, for it was cast with such accurate precision as to encircle the trunk upon which he had the moment previous been seated.† An involuntary trembling seized his frame, from which the voice of Colonel Arias partially relieved him. The colonel, surprised at his long absence, had come to seek him, and, on learning what had happened, warmly congratulated him on his escape. All search after the miscreants at that hour being deemed useless, they returned together to the house. The suspicions of both Patrick and his friend tended to inculpate Gomez in the late diabolical attempt, but as they had no confirmatory proof they resolved to conceal their thoughts for the present, and content themselves with adopting precautionary measures to prevent a similar occurrence. The cavalcade, after an unusually protracted journey, at length reached Caraccas; here, through the kindness of Colonel Arias, our hero was provided with comfortable quarters, in which he had not been long settled when he received a visit from Juan Fernandez. The grateful serjeant welcomed his arrival, and insisted upon superintending his domestic comforts. He had perfectly recovered the use of his right arm, and pointing to his left, which he wore in a sling, said, "You see, sir, that I am still on the list of non-effectives; therefore you may avail yourself of my proffered services without the fear of encroaching on my military duties."

Patrick would not hurt the feelings of the honest Spaniard by refusing his request, and in a few minutes the voice of the latter was heard all over the house authoritatively demanding everything requisite for the accommodation of his adopted master. Several weeks elapsed, during which period our hero had, in company with his friend, the colonel, amused himself by frequent excursions to the neighboring port of La Guayra. The beautiful valley in which the capital of Venezuela is situated presented also objects of attraction worthy his contemplation: the luxuriant vegetation and varied scenery of the environs gratified the eye of the pedestrian, and formed an agreeable contrast with the heavy Moorish style of architecture which pervaded the city, the by-streets of which, in many parts overgrown with grass and weeds, and partially blocked up with stones and rubbish, with here and there a crazy tenement "nodding to its fall," evidenced the devastating effects of the last terrible earthquake, together with the moral supineness of its squalid and diminished population. Morillo's wound was now perfectly healed, but in the daily preparations he was making to meet the exigencies of the ensuing campaign, he appeared to have totally forgotten Patrick, and the hopes of liberty which had been held out to him. Colonel Arias had been absent a week on a private mission, and his return was uncertain. Our hero, who was heartily tired of a life of inaction, became uneasy and dejected, nor could the persevering solicitude, or inexhaustible *gaieté de cœur* of the faithful serjeant, suffice at all times to relieve his depression. In this frame of mind he would frequently, towards the close of evening, wander in the vicinity of the cathedral. This edifice, almost the only one devoted to religious purposes that had withstood the earthquake, seemed in its gloomy grandeur to accord with his soul's melancholy; the solemn chant of the vesper hymn, as in undulating sound it floated through the vaulted aisles, often tempted him to enter the venerable pile; here screened (as he thought) from observation by the friendly shelter of a marble pillar, against which he leant, he would suffer his ideas to roam beyond this sublunary world, and for a brief space forget the sad reality of his captive state. It was whilst indulging in one of these reveries that he was suddenly roused by the approach of footsteps; a figure muffled in a large cloak advanced, and thrusting a slip of paper into his hand, hastily retreated, and was quickly lost in the crowd which was at this moment

* How prophetic were the words of the Spaniard! At the termination of the conflict, the few surviving British did indeed meet ingratitude, and that, too, of the blackest dye!

† The lazo is a long rope, (if I may so term it,) cut from the green hide of a bullock, with a running noose at one extremity, used to ensnare the wild cattle. It is thrown by the natives of South America with such unerring precision, that it rarely misses its object. During the heat of the revolution it occasionally served to entrap human victims!

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making its egress from the church. Patrick, surprised at the incident, and anxious to ascertain the purport of the mysterious scroll, bent his steps towards a small altar dedicated to the Virgin, as if with a view of offering a parting orison, and by the lamp, which still burnt before it, read as follows: "Do the chains of the Spaniard sit so easy on the free-born limbs of a son of Albion, that he has ceased to lament his bondage? If not, and that he wishes to break the fetters which bind him, a glorious opportunity now offers, should he have he courage to meet the writer of this under the porch of the cathedral to-morrow at the hour of midnight. Burn this."

Having perused the paper, and carefully (as he supposed) deposited it in his vest, Patrick hastened to his quarters, where he learnt with satisfaction that the serjeant had retired to rest. Seated in the privacy of his own apartment, he prepared to reëxamine the missive, with the intention likewise of committing it to the flames; how great then was his consternation when he discovered that he had lost it. The doors of the cathedral were closed for the night; besides, he might have dropt it in the street; should it have fallen into the hands of any person appertaining to the garrison, its import would evidently form a clue to himself: his situation was a critical one; he had, however, no other remedy than patience. Resolving, therefore, to make an effort to recover his loss early on the ensuing morning, he threw himself upon his couch, but sleep for many hours refused to visit his eyelids, and daylight found him wearied in body and agitated in mind. He rose notwithstanding with the first dawn, and arrived at the church a few minutes prior to the commencement of the matin prayer; he traversed the middle aisle with a rapid step, speedily reached his destination, and without stopping to make the usual genuflection, proceeded to search the mosaic pavement which formed the basis of the altar-piece, in quest of the lost paper, but without success.

Bitterly execrating his own carelessness, he returned home in a state of mind bordering on despair. Juan Fernandez had prepared the breakfast, but testified no surprise at his master's early absence; our hero remarked, however, that during the day the serjeant was more than usually attentive, almost officiously so. As the thief, who sees an officer in every bush, Patrick trembled at every sound; the slightest noise, to his perturbed imagination, seemed as the precursor of his arrest, and he hailed with pleasure the close of a day which to him appeared the longest he had ever experienced. The evening did not pass off quite so heavily. The serjeant exerted himself successfully to dissipate his master's melancholy. About ten o'clock Patrick got rid of the kind assiduities of his humble friend, by pleading an inclination for repose. When he found himself alone, he began seriously to consider his situation. The stranger's note proffered him the means of enfranchisement; if these means proved such as in honor he could avail himself of, the duty which he owed the cause he had embraced, imperatively demanded his acceptance of them: he decided, therefore, upon keeping the appointment, and to suffer the result of his interview with the secret emissary to direct his ulterior line of conduct. Communing with himself upon the uncertain issue of his meditated adventure, the two intervening hours almost imperceptibly expired; the index of his watch, which he had placed upon the table before him, now indicated the last quarter. Patrick sprang from his seat, wrapped his cloak round him, and having extinguished the light, silently descended to the street. A few minutes sufficed to bring him to the designated porch, beneath which the dark and indistinct outline of a stationary form evidenced the stranger's punctuality, who, after a brief greeting, said, "This place is ill-adapted to the nature of our conference; follow me, and I will conduct you to one where we shall be at least safe from casual interruption."

Our hero assenting, his conductor led him (studiously avoiding the principal streets) by a circuitous route, through several narrow and filthy outlets to the western extremity of the town. Patrick had just time to remark that he was in the immediate vicinity of the ruins of what had formerly been an extensive barrack, and beneath which he recollected having heard that a whole battalion had perished, when his companion stopped. "We are now," said he, "near the spot I spoke of, but as you are not yet one of the initiated, it is for a short period requisite that you submit to have your eyes bandaged." To this proposition our hero did not think proper to object; his pride would not let him recede, since he had gone so far. Having, therefore, yielded compliance, his conductor caught him by the hand, and guided his steps, but not without difficulty, through the intricacies of their now rugged path. The distance was, however, apparently short; in about a quarter of an hour the stranger again halted: he then, with something that emitted a sound like that of a small hammer against a marble surface, struck three distinct blows. A pause of two minutes ensued, to which a harsh grating sound succeeded. A hollow, almost sepulchral, voice demanded, "Qui viva!" Patrick's guide instantly answered, "Bolivar." "Viva la Republica!" ejaculated the first speaker. They now descended half a dozen stone steps, when our hero discovered that he had entered a subterraneous passage; the sides were moist with damp; it was not of any great extent, as a few minutes brought them into a freer circulation of air—here he learnt from his conductor that his journey terminated. On removing the bandage, Patrick perceived that he was in a spacious vault, partially illuminated by an iron lamp suspended from the roof by a chain of the same material. Immediately under it was a large stone table, round which, on wooden benches of rude manufacture, were seated six individuals enveloped in dark-colored cloaks; each had his face concealed by a black vizor. One, who seemed to act as secretary to the secret junta, had several papers

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strewed before him, and with a pen in his hand, prepared to take notes of the examination to which our hero was evidently about to be subjected. The guide who had conducted Patrick, pointing to a stool, intimated that he might be seated, and having whispered a few words to the person who appeared to be the chief, took his place (likewise masked) at the table. This latter personage now commenced his interrogatory, by demanding of our hero his name, place of nativity, and rank, who instantly replied to the two first questions, and was about to answer the third, when his interlocutor said, "Spare yourself, young man, the pain of equivocating: we know that you are a captain in the service of the republic, as also the motives which induced you to assume the character of a surgeon; the stratagem was allowable, although its adoption unfortunately rendered abortive a plan, that would have essentially benefitted the cause which you have sworn to defend. It is, however, in your power to retrieve the opportunity you were the innocent instrument of defeating."

"Put me to the test," exclaimed Patrick, eagerly; "if the action be an honorable one, the dread of death shall not deter me from its essay!"

"Reserve this display of enthusiasm till occasion offers to prove its reality," resumed the last speaker; "at present you are enjoined to listen with deferential silence to any communication we may think necessary to entrust you with, and lest you should question our authority, learn that two of us here assembled derive it from the purest of all sources—the voice of the people of Venezuela, which has nominated us their deputies to the congress recently established. A strong republican party," he continued, "exists in this city, though our late defeat has in some measure neutralized its powers. An important blow was meditated that would have paralyzed the Spaniard in the hour even of his victory. Fortune appeared to favor its execution; the daring patriot to whom the project was entrusted already saw in perspective the glorious reward which his zeal would have merited from a grateful nation. At this moment you appeared like a baneful planet to wither his hopes and blast his design. Gomez!—(at this name our hero's countenance betrayed much agitation)—had sworn to immolate the tyrant Morillo, at the shrine of his country's freedom, and was about to redeem his oath, when you ——"

"Great God, I thank thee!" fervently ejaculated Patrick, starting from his seat, his face glowing with indignation, "that thou hast deemed me worthy to be the instrument of defeating the assassin's purpose."

"Peace, fool, nor interrupt me with your cant," vociferated the wily casuist: "know that the end often sanctifies the means; that which you term assassination is but retributive justice. We have no time, however, to waste in words; Gomez through your means has become an object of suspicion—any further attempt on his part would be madness. You are bound to supply his place; daily opportunities present themselves—rank, riches, and freedom are the result of your compliance; death, —irrevocable death—the consequence of your refusal—pause ere you decide."

"My choice is already made," calmly answered our hero; "I would suffer a thousand deaths, rather than owe my life to such conditions."

"Then perish in your obstinacy," exclaimed one of the hitherto silent members, at the same time plucking a naked poignard from his bosom, and springing to the spot where stood his unarmed victim. Patrick felt that the crisis of his fate approached; collecting himself, therefore, for one final effort, he met the point of the murderous weapon with his left arm, whilst a well-directed blow from his right levelled the ruffian with the earth, the violence of whose fall having loosened the mask, discovered to our hero the well-known features of the malignant and bloody-minded Gomez! To seize the dagger of his fallen adversary, and place himself in a posture of defence, was the work of a moment. Like the stag at bay, he resolved to sell his life dearly; he had, however, fearful odds to contend with—six poignards in the hands of as many infuriate demons gleamed before his eyes. At this instant a loud crash was heard—the assassins became transfixed with astonishment—a rush of footsteps followed, and in another second the vault was filled with soldiers of the Spanish guard, at the head of whom Patrick recognized Colonel Arias and Juan Fernandez. The joy of the latter at finding his dear master, as he termed him, in safety, was scarcely to be restrained. The seven conspirators were removed under a strong escort to the city prison; our hero, accompanied by the serjeant, returned to his quarters, where, after having his left arm dressed, which had been slightly wounded, he learnt the following particulars.

Juan had observed his master's depression of spirits, and fearing it might lead him into some rash act, decided upon watching his motions. With this view, he had followed him to the cathedral, where, concealed by an intervening pillar, he had witnessed the delivery of the secret note, which, having subsequently found, made him acquainted with the hour and place of interview. At this he likewise contrived to be present, and having traced the stranger through all the labyrinths of his route, arrived shortly after him at the ruined barracks. The intricacies of the path, which impeded the progress of Patrick and his guide, favored his concealment; and screened from observation by the masses of stone and heaps of rubbish that lay in the road, and by occasionally stooping, he managed to reach the entrance to the vault at the precise moment requisite to furnish him with the signal and countersign, of which he had no sooner obtained possession, and noted the exact spot, than he returned to the town, with the intention of apprizing the military authorities. On his way to the government-house, he encountered Colonel Arias, who had but just arrived, to whom he made known his errand. Not an instant was lost in mustering a detachment of troops, and it

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has been seen, that having forced an entrance, it arrived just in time to save our hero from destruction.

The sequel is soon related. At an early hour the ensuing morning a council of war assembled by order of Morillo, before which the seven prisoners were arraigned. On the evidence of the papers seized in the vault, (which not only fully acquitted Patrick of any participation in the plot, but evidenced the strong abhorrence he had manifested at the proposition made him,) they were unanimously found guilty, and their sentence of death carried into execution in the public square of Caraccas, within two hours after the announcement of the verdict. Our hero, with the thanks of Morillo, received his liberty, and a handsome sum of money. He was accompanied to the Port of La Guayra by his two staunch friends Colonel Arias and Juan Fernandez, who, with sincere wishes for his health and prosperity, saw him embark in a vessel bound for the Island of Jamaica, where he arrived in safety. Disgusted with the sanguinary principles upon which the war on the Spanish Main was conducted, he seceded from the service of the republic, and shortly afterwards proceeded to the United States. A favorable opportunity presenting itself, he renewed his studies in surgery, and eventually established himself in the beautiful city of Philadelphia; here he resided some years, in the enjoyment of a moderate share of professional reputation, and would frequently, on a winter evening, amuse his friends by narrating the events of his short military campaign, in which he expatiated, with peculiar satisfaction, on the fortunate result of his "Ruse de Guerre," concluding, to the manifest amusement of his Yankee auditory, with an account of his providential escape from the daggers of the seven conspirators in the subterranean vault, at the capital of Venezuela.

The Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans in the years 1814–1815. By the Author of "The Subaltern."

A Popular Account of the Manners and Customs of India. By the Rev. T. Acland. Murray.*

The first of these additions to Mr. Murray's well-stocked and entertaining library is the reissue of a narrative already well known. Mr. Gleig is an unequalled military story-teller; and if his Washington and New Orleans *Campaign* is less popular than others of his books, it is that the disastrous story is somewhat too truly told in it. Is is nevertheless, on that account, a book we would strongly recommend to general perusal. It is a salutary thing to be reminded, now and then, of miscarriages and discomfitures; and a more notable example in this way than the second American war, presenting so many discreditable forms of bad management, incapacity, and unsoldier-like conduct, does not exist in our history. We are very glad to have it so plainly and unscrupulously told by Mr. Gleig (though his narrative is short of the whole truth) and to see it published in this form. The fact of the historian having been himself present in the campaign, gives a more than usually animated tone to his descriptions, and his accounts of military movements and manœuvrings have the ease and clearness in which few writers, to our thinking, have equalled him. It is a sad story at the best—this conflict of men of the same family, speaking the same language, and possessed by the same indomitable spirit; and some of the close and desperate encounters recorded by Mr. Gleig remind us of nothing so much as the scenes of our great civil war. There is a brief mention of the field of a bloody skirmish in which the writer had himself taken the leading part (preceding that ill-fated attack on New Orleans, of which not the least memorable circumstance was that the English scaling party had forgotten to bring their scaling ladders!) at once recalling what is told of Marston Moor. Never may such scenes return!

"I have frequently beheld a greater number of dead bodies within as narrow a compass, though these, to speak the truth, were numerous enough, but wounds more disfiguring or more horrible, I certainly never witnessed. A man shot through the head or heart lies as if he were in a deep slumber; insomuch that when you gaze upon him you experience little else than pity. But of these, many had met their deaths from bayonet wounds, sabre cuts, or heavy blows from the but ends of muskets; and the consequence was, that not only were the wounds themselves exceedingly frightful, but the very countenances of the dead exhibited the most savage and ghastly expressions. Friends and foes lay together in small groups of four or six, nor was it difficult to tell almost the very hand by which some of them had fallen. Nay, such had been the deadly closeness of the strife, that in one or two places an English and American soldier might be seen with the bayonet of each fastened in the other's body."

The little book of Indian *Manners and Customs* is the work of a clergyman appointed to a chaplaincy in India five years ago, who died after three years' residence; but who had meanwhile written home to his children, left in England, such accounts of India, and its people, their habits, amusements, and pursuits, as he conceived likely to interest young readers, and in the familiar style adapted to win and engage them. His letters have here been thrown into the form of a journal, in the belief that the substance of them will prove not less attractive to the children of others than they proved to those of the writer. Mr. Acland was evidently a very amiable, good-hearted, cheerful man, fond of active pursuits as long as his health permitted, and a skilful observer. There is an entire absence of pretension in his writing, and it is very pleasing. In some respects, there has not been a book about India with so much matter of a popular and attractive kind, since Heber's *Journals*; and as a book addressed to young readers, and suited for them by the manner in which it is written, and by its stores of natural

* Murray's Home and Colonial Library, L. and LI.

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and lively anecdotes, it supplies a desideratum. We have only space for one extract, describing an incident at Cuttack:

"I had been sitting in the verandah reading, and went away for a few minutes to speak to my wife. When I came back my chair was occupied. There, sitting as quietly and demurely as possible, was an enormous ourang-outang, or monkey of some sort. When I first caught sight of him he had my book in his hands, and was to all appearance reading. It happened, however, to be rather a stupid book, and he very soon threw it down; he then placed his hands upon his knees and sat perfectly still, just as if he had been meditating upon what he had been reading. I should say, as nearly as I could judge, that he must have been above five feet in height, supposing him to stand erect. He sat as upright as any man.

"After watching him for a minute or two, and observing that the calves of his legs were thicker and more like those of a man than monkeys' legs usually are, I stepped quietly back and called my wife. All this time I had not seen his face; however, as she came, one of the parrots screamed, and the old gentleman turned his head. His face was very dark, with large whiskers and beard, and hair all perfectly white; his body a light brown, and his face and hands peculiarly large. As soon as he saw me he half rose, laid both hands on the elbow of the chair, and began to grin and show his teeth, and spit at me. I did not quite like it, as I was afraid he might make a spring in my direction; yet I knew that my voice would at once frighten him away, if I raised the horrid unearthly yell used by the natives to scare wild beasts, and even which the tiger will hardly resist unless much pressed with hunger.

"Still I felt more inclined to watch him. Once I thought of going round the other way and getting my gun, but really he looked so much like a man that I could not have shot him. He continued to grin and spit until I turned away, hoping he would resume his former sedate position. As soon, however, as he thought my eye was off him, he rose leisurely from his chair, stepped slowly out of the verandah, caught hold of a branch of the banian-tree, and swung himself up into it. As he did this I saw that he had a long tail; so he could not, I believe, have been an ourang-outang. Indeed, I never heard of them coming into this little island, nor, I think, into the district. I went into my study, and immediately afterwards heard him scuttling away over the roof of the house. I have not seen him since, but if he comes back I shall try to make friends with him by giving him food, though I believe he belongs to rather a treacherous family."

From the Examiner.

Daily Scripture Readings (*Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ.*) By the late THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D., LL.D. Three Vols. Constable.

THIS handsome volume forms the first of a series which will comprise the whole of Doctor Chalmers' *Posthumous Works*, issued under the care and superintendence of his son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna. It had been announced that these writings were left by their author in a state of much greater completeness for the press than is usual with posthumous publications, and that they differed also for the most part both in substance and style from any of his previous productions. The greater portion of them were understood to be of a practical and devotional character, couched in very familiar forms of expression, and divested of all formality of arrangement.

We find this to be eminently the case with the work selected to open the series. Two collections of comments on the Bible are proposed to be included in it; as commenced by Doctor Chalmers in October, 1841, and continued with unbroken regularity till the day of his decease. "Go where he might," says Mr. Hanna, "however he might be engaged, each week-day had its few verses read, thought over, written upon—forming what he denominated *Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ;* each Sabbath day had its two chapters, one in the Old and the other in the New Testament, with the two trains of meditative devotion recorded to which the reading of them respectively gave birth—forming what he denominated *Horæ Biblicæ Sabbaticæ.*" The more private and personal character of the second journal, it would seem, caused some doubt to be entertained of the propriety of making it public; but this ultimately yielded to considerations which were thought to be more important, and both journals will be comprised in the present publication. Though the means for a judgment on that decision are not yet before us, we do not for a moment doubt that the highest motives have induced it; but without impugning these, we must declare our strong conviction that the author's own intention should be rigidly respected in writings of this kind, and that no other consideration, however strengthened by the desire to do honor to his memory or good to the world, should be allowed to govern the question of fitness or unfitness for publication.

Of the excellent public tendency of that portion of the readings which is now presented to us, no question can be entertained. Though the idea involved in them is not new, their tone and treatment are eminently so. They are unique in that respect. Their object cannot be described as learned or elaborate in any form, critical, historical, or doctrinal. The pen was taken up, really and solely, for the writer's private benefit; to bring his mind into as close and full contact as was possible with the passage of the Bible which was before him at the time; and, by at once recording, to help to make more permanent, the thoughts suggested and the moral or emotional effects produced. It was an expedient which in reading the life of Sir Matthew Hale he found to have been used with the same view by that great good man, impelled by the same cause which induced himself to adopt it—the confused and unsatisfactory effect of his previous "attempts at the sustained contemplation of divine things." Dr. Chalmers' great desire, says Mr. Hanna, "was to take off from the sacred page as quick, as fresh, as vivid, and as complete an impression as he could; and in using his pen to aid in this, his object was far more to secure thereby a faithful transcript of that impression, than either critically

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to examine or minutely to describe the mould that made it." His first and readiest thoughts were expressed in his first and readiest words. The reader will not be uninterested to learn the names of the few books which Chalmers thought sufficient for the purposes of a Biblical Library. They were the *Concordance*, the *Pictorial Bible*, Poole's *Synopsis*, Henry's *Commentary*, and Robinson's *Researches in Palestine*. These were the only references he permitted himself to make in preparing his meditations. "These are the books I use," he said to a friend. "All that is biblical is there. I have to do with nothing besides in my biblical study." His favorites in the list seem to have been *Robinson* and the *Pictorial Bible*. They helped to make more real, the simple, vivid, and graphic beauty of his own impressions of the Scripture narrative.

We shall not be misunderstood when we add that the readings which here convey those impressions derive their chief value from a personal attractiveness of style and manner, and mainly from the fact of being *his*. The presence of Dr. Chalmers is predominant throughout. The singular *vitality* which was the characteristic of his genius, and which kept him as active and unwearied to the last day of his ministry as at the first, is transfused into every scriptural comment. With what boyish interest he discusses the incidents of the deluge; how he lingers with Hagar in the wilderness, peopling it with the Arabs that have ever since, as then, marauded or wandered there; how delightedly he dwells on the kindness and simplicity of the patriarchal manners in patriarchal times, and with what beauty draws forth the touching, affectionate, or noble traits of Abraham's life and character; what exquisite susceptibility he shows to those least little touches of natural feeling which identify the Rachels, and Jacobs, and Labans, and Rebekahs, with our modern life and custom; with what a personal love he follows the fortunes of good, mild, venerable Isaac, through all the trials and vicissitudes of his children; with what national naïveté he sets forth Sterne, and Shakspeare, *and Mackenzie*, as unequal to cope in pathos with Judah's address to Joseph; with what relish he enjoys the details of the erection of the tabernacle, dwelling on the very ornaments of the candlestick, and drawing genial wisdom from their forms of grace; how sublimely earnest is his following in the path of Moses, and with what affectionate awe and love he waits upon the steps of "good old Joshua;" the reader can only learn from the volume itself. There is never a misgiving of the life, the truth, the absolute reality, of a single passage. The venerable chronicle has been his life-long study, and, at a thought, his vivid imagination lights up its inmost stores. He will have no discussion of the miracles of Joshua. He *sees* the sun and moon, that they *did* stand still; the one resting over Gibeon, and the other in the valley of Ajalon. He beholds, by no "optical delusion," the land as it was shown to Moses; and, as they were deposited in the Ark of the Testimony, he looks on at the two tables written by God's own hand. "What a relict," he exclaims, "what a memorial of the living God, for any people to have possessed!"

We can conceive no book, for these reasons, so likely to be of beneficial tendency in private as well as family devotion. It is to the mind what his favorite *Pictorial Bible* is to the eye. The wearied or relaxed attention will be roused by its animated earnestness, the wavering faith will find a solid resting-place in its undoubting and sublime beliefs. But we have detained the reader too long from what will better convey a correct impression and description of it.

This is the remark with which he enters on the history of Abraham. The personal allusion is to his grandson, then in his sixth year:

"I feel now as if entering on the daylight of history, and emerging from the obscurity of its earliest dawn. And I may here record the effect of old associations with the Bible narratives which are now before me. I feel quite sure that the use of the Sacred Dialogues as a school-book, and the pictures of Scripture scenes which interested my boyhood, still cleave to me and impart a peculiar tinge and charm to the same representations when brought within my notice. Perhaps, when I am mouldering in my coffin, the eye of my dear Tommy may light upon this page, and it is possible that his recollections may accord with my present anticipations of the effect that his delight in the Pictorial Bible may have in endearing still more to him the holy word of God. May it tell with saving effect on his conscience, in whatever way it may affect his imagination; and let him so profit by its sacred lessons of faith and piety, that after a life of Christian usefulness on earth we may meet in heaven, and rejoice forever in the presence of our common Father."

THE LAND OF JUDEA.

"At this rudimental stage in the history of the world, the kingdoms were small; and those who governed them, though dignified by the name of kings, were very petty chiefs. We recollect an infidel jest of Voltaire's on the insignificance of the district of Judea—from whence he would insinuate how unlikely it is that a place so limited should have been the real theatre of transactions and events which, if authentic, are far the most important that ever took place for the destinies of our species. There is something in our view highly unphilosophical in such an observation—as if the same play of essential interests and feelings, and the same manifestation of highest principle, the same lessons, the same moral, could not be as effectually exhibited within the limits of a narrow as within those of the widest materialism. There is no country which, apart from revelation, has bequeathed greater examples or done more for the civilization of our race than ancient Greece—yet look to the smallness of its territory, and see how all that is greatest and most imposing in secular history, was condensed there within a space far more contracted than was the land of Judea or the kingdom of Scotland, which last may, in her church contests and by the doings of her church, give forth lessons which may influentially and most importantly tell through the whole of Christendom."

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THE NARRATIVE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

"There is an exceedingly picturesque and graphical interest in this narrative; and I feel the highest value for it as an exhibition of the kindness and simplicity of the patriarchal manners in patriarchal times. There is something particularly graceful and imposing in the politeness of Abraham; and I can now better understand the fitness of sacred biography as abounding in the exemplars of all that is good and great in the character of man. One likes the exuberant and affectionate hospitality of the good old man; and the very material of which it was made up enters most fitly and beautifully into the description of the whole scene. I do not know if it has ever been made the subject of a painting, but surely there is enough of the visible and the local to furnish the artist with objects for an impressive representation: the tent door, the tree, Abraham and Sarah, the three strangers, the servant, and the food which was dressed and set before them. Let me not hide myself as heretofore from my own flesh. Let me remember that hospitality, even to the unknown, thus exemplified in the Old, is expressly enjoined in the New Testament, and under the warrant, too, of the example recorded in the earlier Scriptures—'For thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' I have much to learn and much to unlearn ere I attain the perfection of the second law.

"I figure the great deference of Abraham for these unknown personages, in his standing by them while they ate—as if officiating in the capacity of their servant. Connect this with their being unknown, with his being unaware of their dignity; and we see in this trait an exhibition of the virtue—to honor all men."

NATURE AS IT WAS AND IS.

"It may appear a trifling and puerile remark; but I must confess myself much interested by the identity of human nature in its more familiar working at very distant periods of the world. Rachel *ran* to tell her father, (*v.* 12)—Laban *ran* to meet Jacob, (*v.* 13)—Rebekah *ran* to tell her mother, (xxiv. 28.) It is a minute, some would say, a ridiculously trifling thing to single out; but I like to contemplate human nature in the stability even of its lesser evolutions—the same as now thousands of years back. When a child is filled with any strong emotion by a surprising event or intelligence, it runs to discharge it on others, impatient of their sympathy; and it marks, I can fancy, the simplicity and greater naturalness of that period—that the grown-up men and women gave unreserved way to their first impulses, even as children did."

THE SONG OF MOSES.

"This noble poem is ascribed to Moses himself; and while its poetry speaks the inspiration of high genius, its sacredness speaks the direct inspiration of Heaven. Such a recognition of poetry and song tells us that in the service of God there should be the exercise, the consecrated exercise, of all the powers which he has given to us; and tells us that in religion the enjoyment might be as various as are the capacities of our nature. And there is that of sentiment in it which adapts it to the use of a church delivered from her enemies in all ages—nay, which fits and so makes it to be actually adopted for one of the triumphant songs of eternity. * * * I have often felt, as in reading Milton or Thomson, a strong poetical effect in the bare enumeration of different countries, and this strongly enhanced by the statement of some common and pervading emotion which passed from one to another of their respective people. This is set forth with great beauty and power in verses 14th and 15th."

It is delightful to find this great and good divine mingling up with his solemn meditations the most eminent secular writers, referring to them as standards of the beautiful and wise, and not hesitating to compare the threatenings against the Judæan race in Deuteronomy even with what the genius of Scott has imagined for their modern realization in his fine romance of *Ivanhoe*.

On one of the ordinances of the Levitical Law, which has had much and momentous effect in modern history, Doctor Chalmers remarks:

"It is remarkable that while there is an express interdict on the marriage of a man with his brother's wife, there is no such prohibition against his marriage with his wife's sister. In verse 18, the prohibition is only against marrying a wife's sister during the life of the first wife, which of itself implies a liberty to marry the sister after her death—beside implying a connivance at polygamy."

It is to be added, however, that the marriage here forbidden, is, by the supplement in Deuteronomy, (on which the Pharisees questioned Christ,) distinctly recommended, where no issue has been left, for perpetuation of the elder line. That simple verse should have overthrown the whole shabby pretence of Cranmer, in the affair of Katherine Tudor's divorce.

THE CANDLESTICK OF THE TABERNACLE

"In the description of these various articles, it is well to observe that there are parts not for use only, but parts which serve no discernible purpose, save that of ornament. The candlestick would practically have answered all its mere ulilitarian purposes as well as though there had been neither knops nor flowers; and so too might our vegetable structures without so rich an efflorescence of gay and variegated blossoms. It is pleasing to contemplate such exhibitions of beauty, as designedly set forth by God to regale the taste and the eye of man. Even our Saviour signifies this object of the Divine workmanship—when he says to the lilies of the field, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

THE JEWISH LAW OF RELEASE IN DEUTERONOMY.

"This law of release is applicable not to strangers but to Jews, and not to all Jews it would seem, but to the poor of them only, (verses 4, 7—11.) Nothing can exceed the beauty and tenderness of these injunctions in behalf of the poor—equal to all that is enjoined us under our new and larger dispensation. The promises intermingled with these humane and benevolent charges, remind us of the aphorism, that 'he who giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord.' There is something quite touching in these pleadings and remonstrances from the upper sanctuary on behalf of the poor, and the strangers, and the fatherless, and the widows. And what beauty of expression, too, to which Shakspeare seems all alive when he tells of a heart for pity and a hand open as day for melting charity. That 'the poor shall never cease out of the land,' suggests the same truth in the other form given to

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it by our Saviour, when He says—'For the poor ye have always with you.'"

HEBREW CIVIL AND CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE.

"It were well for a philosophical and learned jurist to confront the civil law of the Hebrews given by inspiration with the laws and usages of the most enlightened nations, and also with the principles of his profession. The principle of prevention by example, as well as of correction and removal in the particular instance, is here adverted to; and the way in which the rule of capital punishment is given forth, along with that of the minor punishment, speaks strongly against those who oppose the penalty of death in all instances whatever. Here life for life is as absolute and unreserved an ordination as the eye for eye or tooth for tooth."

RETROSPECTION AND CIRCUMSPECTION.

PARLIAMENT is about to meet. The rate of interest is established at a height which, in this country, it has hardly ever reached, and has never before maintained in the memory of man; mercantile and manufacturing profit is vanishing before it, merchants are retiring from business, manufacturers pondering upon the impossibility of extricating themselves from the fetters with which their fixed capital invests them, and country gentlemen will soon find that mortgagees who can make an interest of seven or eight per cent. on the security of all the property of a great railroad will not be content to continue lending to them on the security of their estates at four. What is to be done?

Retrospective surveys of the causes in which public misfortunes have originated are generally unpalatable, but ours shall not, at any rate, be tedious. The bad harvest, the high price of cotton, and the Irish loan, were three considerable and concurrent causes, of which the two first were evidently beyond the reach of legislation or administration. The main and yet subsisting cause was created by legislation itself, and its malignity may possibly be susceptible of alleviation in consequence. We speak hesitatingly for two reasons, the first of which is that we have not before us such data as we think requisite for justifying us in positively deciding that the railroad malady admits of palliative treatment; the second is, that if we were to decide this point in the affirmative, we should know that whatever mode of interference might be selected must be attended with such difficulties as would require very unusual nerve, guided by very great caution and circumspection, on the part of any government successfully to encounter. Practically speaking, therefore, (and apart from practice and action we perceive no use in discussing this subject,) we expect little remedial advantage from anything that the legislature will prove disposed to decree regarding railroads, although we shall be very glad to find ourselves disappointed. We ourselves do not propose at present to do more than to make what the physicians call a diagnosis of the disease. To know accurately what it is, and how its baneful influence deranges the healthy action of our whole industrial system, is so far useful that at least it will prevent our running after illusory remedies.

Money—by which we mean the precious metals—is capital, and eminently capital, but it is not capital in that form or sense in which those who have covenanted to bring forward capital for railroads propose investing it. They do not imagine that they are to invest every week 21,000 pounds weight of gold, (which is rather under the weight of 1,000,000 sovereigns,) but various materials which that amount of money will command, and for which it is to be exchanged. Now, we say that the various materials here referred to do not exist to the extent of a million's worth for every seven days, and that therefore the covenant to continue investing them at that rate per week is as impossible of physical performance as if it had been to pile St. Paul's on the Monument, and both on Westminster Bridge. A certain quantity of these materials (which are food, clothing, iron, coals, wood, stone, &c. &c. &c.) is every week evolved through the combined operations of labor and capital, and so becomes available for the transmutations and combinations appertaining to investment, but it is a much less quantity than is meant where we speak of a million's worth of them. Let us, merely for the sake of stating the argument clearly and briefly, suppose that the quantity really available every week is only one tenth of a million, or 100,000*l.* worth, then we shall the better succeed in making the physical impossibility of the performance of the railroad contracts present itself distinctly to the understanding. Then it becomes clearly visible that the covenants which the railroad promoters have made to furnish capital at the rate of a million per week, for two or three years to come, are wholly impossible of performance. There is but 100,000*l.* worth of materials to be brought forward per week—no more exists—but, as you have engaged to provide a million's worth per week, your contract cannot be performed, and neither Hercules nor Crœsus could enable you to do it if they would.

But although the performance of this engagement is impossible, the struggle to perform it is like the death-struggle of a giant, and is absorbing and exhausting all the resources of the community. For the persons who have made these contracts are so very numerous, that they compose, perhaps, two thirds of the capitalists of the country, and almost all of them had previously engaged to provide capital for other objects than railroads—one as a merchant, another as a manufacturer, &c. &c.—and they are hopelessly incapable of fulfilling both obligations. The process of the general pressure now prevailing throughout the country began with this class, but it extends from it into the class which has kept aloof from railroad speculations. For both are involved together in respect of general business; and where the one is ruined primarily by railroad undertakings, the other suffers sympathetically, because the former can no longer fulfil ordinary contracts of business. And the spasmodic efforts to perform an impossibility,

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now making by the promoters of railroads, affect the other class in a way that is fatal, by generating an exorbitant rate of interest, of which all are equally the victims. A high rate of interest in any country is an index of rapid prosperity when it emanates from a high rate of general profit, or return to capital; but when it proceeds from a high rate of general loss, as is the case at present, it is wholly ruinous even to those who, in any particular case, might otherwise be making a profit. For all other borrowers must submit to the rule that is established by a great body of borrowers who, stimulated by the fear of a total wreck, will sacrifice anything in the hope of retrieving what they have previously invested. It is notorious that, for this month past, twenty per cent. has been no uncommon rate for them to pay; and we question whether any railroad work whatever has been performed for these last three months at a lower charge for interest than ten per cent. Now the mercantile profit which has existed in England, in our memory, is generally from nine to ten per cent.: this is clearly incompatible with a rate of interest of nine, or even seven per cent.; and as the merchant and manufacturer now find themselves compelled to pay this rate, their alternatives of choice are—ruin or retirement from business.

Once arrived at this stage of the general pressure, a clear and simple explanation of the actual condition and immediate prospects of the commercial and manufacturing portion of the community opens before us. This body has, through very many years, based all its engagements, contracts, enterprises, connections, charges, rates of commission, calculations, and expectations of ultimate resulting profit, upon the assumption that it would never be subject to a higher, and in general would have to pay a lower, rate of interest than four per cent.; and facts and events having been generally in accordance with this assumption, the remunerative return to capital or the rate of profit in thriving undertakings (which may have ranged between the limits of seven and twelve per cent.) has proved sufficient to induce persons to enter into, and to continue in, business. While this limit of general profit has not been enlarged, the rate of interest has been, now for some length of time, raised from four to eight per cent. Every merchant and manufacturer must not only see, but feel, that this revolution, if it continue for a few months longer, must overwhelm him. The charge for interest in all undertakings whatsoever is so large a portion of the charges of merchandize, that its multiplication by two must reduce profits to zero and below. Consequently, we find that merchants and manufacturers in general are contracting their engagements and their business, while many are withdrawing altogether. As there is not in the country a sufficient supply of capital for carrying into execution all the inter-dependent engagements of the country, so the quantity which is actually available is virtually put up to auction, and the railroad companies proving the highest bidders it is knocked down to them, while other occupations necessarily languish and decay for want of their due portion of it.

Such is our view of the frightful malady under which the body commercial is now laboring, and the symptoms which we proceed to describe have begun to manifest themselves. The price of fixed capitals of all kinds, lands, funds, stocks, &c. &c., becoming lower and lower, and that of floating capital higher and higher, foreigners are sending, and will send, the precious metals here, because they can invest them here in fixed capitals at great momentary advantage. The price of everything is falling and will continue to fall, and this cause will add to the influx of the precious metals. But the withdrawal which we have described of so much floating capital from reproductive undertakings will lessen the usual stock of our manufactured goods, and consequently we shall find our exports and imports fall off. The revenue will continue to decline.

This condition of things is not yet at its culminating point. It will reach that when railroad calls and railroad expenditure, having seized and appropriated every particle that they can reach, shall then finally break down. The community will then betake itself once more to its antecedent avocations of production, and capital will once more begin to accumulate.

If we have correctly delineated the leading outlines of our present condition, and exhibited the causes which led to it, there can be no room for supposing that what is generally meant by Sir Robert Peel's bill had anything whatever to do in causing, accelerating, or aggravating it, or that the suspension of the bill could in any degree alleviate it. Our misfortunes proceed from a too rapid conversion of our floating into one particular description of fixed capital yielding no exchangeable produce in return. We have used up—and continue using up—our uninvested capital much faster than we annually reproduce it, in a description of enterprise which does not recreate, like a cotton-mill, a brewery, or a mine, any exchangeable material. How is it possible that Sir Robert Peel's bill—enacting that the Bank of England shall not issue more notes than represent 14,000,000*l.*, except in exchange for gold, and that other banking establishments shall be restrained within analogous limits—can have produced this peculiar and unreproductive mode of using and consuming capital? What the country needs at present is additional capital; and if the Bank of England were to issue 100,000,000*l.* of notes to-morrow, is there any human mind so constituted as to believe that it would add thereby the smallest fraction to the capital of the country? Such a measure would raise the prices of all commodities estimated in these notes to a vast height, but would it raise their prices estimated in gold? Why should an American, Russian, or Brazilian, prove willing or able to give more gold for our calicoes because we are giving more paper for them among ourselves? Is it not notorious that under similar circumstances there are always two rates of price for everything

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—the paper and the metallic—totally distinct from each other? What is the case at St. Petersburgh —at Vienna? We trust that the time of the legislature now about to meet will not be taken up with discussions on a point so very plain as this. We hope that the ministers, and Sir Robert Peel, and the sound-minded portion of the opposition, will unite to save the country from the opprobrium of silly debates on the currency—a question so very simple, that a child who purchases a shilling's worth of toys at a fair, or an old woman who sells butter in any country market, can and does as thoroughly understand it as Locke or Ricardo themselves—a question of which the remarkable peculiarity is that there is actually nothing in it to understand, but a question which is hopelessly unintelligible the very instant you *make* it a question, and suppose that there is something recondite in it —something that requires to be understood.—*Examiner*, 13 *Nov.*

For the Living Age.

NOTES ON THE DEAD SEA.

[The following notes have been drawn up with much seeming care, and possess at present a more than usual interest, since, within the last month, one of our public vessels has gone to the Mediterranean with a party of officers of the navy to survey this region.

We do not perceive what practical benefit can arise therefrom, but as a matter of curiosity it is certainly as worthy the attention of our people as it has been that of the inhabitants of other countries.]

The destruction of the "cities of the plain" is placed about 1898 years before the Christian era.

The first mention made of the country about Sodom and Gomorrah is in Genesis xiv. 10. "The vale of Siddim was full of slime pits," or, as the Septuagint translates it, "bituminous"—through which ran the river Jordan in its southerly course, to empty, according to a once generally received opinion, into the Red Sea. This opinion, as will be seen, is now considered erroneous.

Dr. Madden has no hesitation in stating his belief, that the site of these towns covers the crater of an extinct volcano. Terrible, indeed, must have been that day when the vengeance of the Almighty came down upon these devoted cities; great must have been the convulsion of nature, when the earth opened, and the subterranean fires burst forth on high, giving the appearance which Moses describes as a "rain of brimstone and fire from heaven"—Genesis xix. 24. Nor did the volcano cease its burnings then; in the time of Josephus flame continued to issue forth; and even now, according to some authorities, smoke may still be seen.

Six streams upon the east, and four upon the west, and the river Jordan, empty into this sea. The latter arises a short distance from Dan, a town of Cesarea Philippi, and derives its name from it, Yar meaning a *river*. A number of small brooks unite with it, and become merged in the Lake Samochinitis, or Aqua Merom—now known as Lake Houle. From hence, it continues running in its southerly course through the Sea of Tiberias, to empty itself into the Dead Sea. Between these two bodies of water there is a fall of nearly a thousand feet, according to Lieut. Symonds, R. N.—the latter being 1312 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and the former 328.—(London: Geog. Soc., vol. xiii., p. 74.)

The face of the plain being thus lowered about the shores of the Dead Sea, the source of the river ceased here. Besides the Mediterranean level it is also ascertained that it is lower than the Red Sea; and if the river ever emptied into it, it must have been ages before these cities were engulfed, for, to have effected this, the whole valley of the Jordan must have been elevated, at that time, several hundred feet. Hence, says C. T. Beke, there can be no ground for the opinion that the Jordan at that time was arrested in its course to the southward along the Wadi-el-Araba, to the Gulf of Akaba. It is manifest, therefore, that whatever may have been the character of the country between the southern end of the Dead Sea and Gulf of Akaba, the waters of the Jordan could never have flowed in that direction.—(Athenæum, 1838, p. 335.)

M. Rusiger maintains that the basin forming the Dead Sea was antecedent to all historic epoch. —(Ib., 1842, p. 117.)

The width of the Jordan varies greatly, its depth averaging from three to five feet, according to the rains; its current is very rapid, pouring, according to Dr. Shaw's calculation, the incredible amount of six millions of tons of water daily into the Dead Sea. How he arrived at this conclusion we are not informed.

Some think that, like the Nile, its banks were overflowed at the season of frequent rains, and when the snow upon the mountains, where it had its rise, was melting.

They cite, in support of this, the following passage of holy writ: "These are they that went over Jordan in the first month, when it had overflowed its banks."—(1 Chron. xii. 15.)

Dr. Robinson doubts this, and quotes the Septuagint and Vulgate in favor of his view, that the words translated "overflowed its banks," ought to be, "was full up to all its banks."

When the earth opened in the plain, and the fires beneath burst forth, and these cities were swallowed up, whatever may have been its former course, the river ceased here and filled up the chasm.

Such earthquakes and volcanoes have frequently occurred in this portion of the world. The upheaving of an island near Sicily, in 1831, is within the recollection of most of us; Messina has repeatedly suffered; so also Calabria. Josephus (lib. xv., c. 2) speaks of an earthquake which killed ten thou-

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sand people; and in 1759, a violent convulsion took place—shook down part of the walls of Safed—lasted three months, and destroyed three thousand persons.

Ten years since, the whole town of Tiberias was destroyed, hills rent asunder, and the face of the country altered; and that this region is still volcanic, may be argued from the numerous hot springs frequently met with along the shores of the Dead Sea and that of Tiberias.

And here we may inquire, why have we so little geological information in regard to this interesting portion of the world? In 1841, Sir David Wilkie, with two other English engineers, made a trigonometrical survey of the valley of the Jordan, and have furnished us with a barometrical table of the level of a number of places. Four years before that, Messrs. Moore and Beke made numerous soundings of this sea; others (Dr. Robinson in particular) have traversed its shores, and yet we know comparatively nothing of its geology.

The length of the river Jordan, from its rise to the Dead Sea, is about seventy miles in a straight line; its depth and width varying according to the nature of the country through which it flows.

The extent of the Dead Sea has been differently stated by various writers. Pliny gave its length as 100 miles, and 25 wide. Josephus says, 63 by 19; most travellers make it much less. That of Mr. Sherwood may be considered the most correct, 40 miles long, and from 8 to 10 wide. Dr. Robinson agrees in this estimate, (vol. ii., p. 217.) Berghaus considers its width 7.86 geographic miles.—(Lond. Geog. Soc., vol. ix., p. 310.)

Not more than two hundred years ago the ruins of cities were seen by many travellers, above the water's edge. Maundrell met with several very old Jews who saw the tops of houses; and Darvieux states that parts of walls were distinctly visible when he was there.

There is no outlet to this sea, so that the whole body of water brought into it by the Jordan, and the other smaller streams alluded to, must go off by evaporation, or by some subterranean channel, or, as supposed by Sherwood, by both united. The evaporation is seen arising in broad transparent columns of vapor, resembling water-spouts, but very much larger.—(Quoted from Irby and Mangles.)

As a consequence of this evaporation, a great quantity of salt is precipitated or deposited upon various parts of its shores, from which the Arabs obtain their supply for their flocks and families.—(Robinson, ii., p. 226.)

The specific gravity of the water of the Dead Sea is greater than that of any other lake or sea. Madden says that he could lie upon its surface like a log of wood; and he found it difficult to dive sufficiently deep to cover his body. Others, who have bathed in it, speak of the impossibility of forcing themselves downward—of the pricking sensation communicated to the skin, or of the small globules like oil or napthæ standing upon them when they emerged from the water. One person, who was so thoughtless as to plunge in with eyes open, found that it caused a smarting and burning for hours afterwards; and Dr. Madden, upon bathing with some slight abrasions of his skin, suffered for months after, the water having so irritated them as to produce ulcers.

Were this sea less strongly impregnated with saline and other matters, we suspect that its specific gravity would be too great for fish to live in it, and the contradictory reports on this subject, caused by finding a few near the mouth of the Jordan, may readily be reconciled, by remembering how vast is the body of fresh water which flows into it, and which, floating on the surface at first, would easily permit them to live a short time; yet they could not penetrate to any depth or pass to any distance.

The specific gravity of distilled water is expressed by 1.000; sea water 1.028; whilst that of the Dead Sea is 1.200. The only specimen of the water which has reached this side of the Atlantic, is that brought by Mr. Sherwood, and examined by Mr. B. Silliman, Jr. Its specific gravity differs from that just stated, being 1.153. This may be attributed to the fact that it was taken during the prevalence of the rains, when the streams had been greatly swollen.

One hundred grains of the water have been found, by repeated analyses, taken by different persons, and at intervals of nearly ten years, to contain twenty-four grains of solid matter. According to Dr. Marcet, in this amount there was—

Muriate of Soda,	10.360
" " Magnesia,	10.240
" " Lime,	3.920

and a small portion of the sulphate of lime.

The analyses of Dr. Madden, Gay Lussae, and Gmelin, give nearly the same result; that of Dr. Apjohn and Silliman, Jr., gives 82 parts of water, and states that its specific gravity was, as above quoted, less.

The color of the water is a dull green, though highly transparent, so that the eye traces the pebbles which cover the bottom, and are very various in color, for a great distance—among them those of fetid limestone. They are bituminous and emit a strong odor when rubbed against a woollen coat. In some cases the bitumen has invested other stones and formed a coating so tenacious that it is impossible to detach it mechanically. As no springs of petroleum or pitch have been discovered along the shore, we can only infer the condition under which the bitumen is found at the bottom by its appearance when thrown on shore. Judging from the fracture and vitreous texture throughout, we are warranted in concluding that it first appears in a fluid state like tar, and then cools down under the pressure of the water.—(Sherwood in Silliman's Journal, vol. xlviii., p. 5.)

At the south-west part of the sea there is a ford where the Arabs are in the habit of crossing when the waters are very low. Messrs. Irby and Man-

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gles saw a caravan pass over it. On this subject travellers do not agree. It is near this ford that the temperature of the sea, has by some been found higher than in any other part of it; which has given rise to the belief that warm springs are abundant in this vicinity.

As in the time of Josephus, so in our day have large masses of bitumen been thrown up from its bottom, caused doubtless, and preceded generally by an earthquake. We have accounts of immense quantities being thus detached after the earthquake of 1834, and being cast upon the shores of the south-west part of this sea, and also in 1837 an immense piece, compared in size to an island, came up to the surface.

As a general description of its shores, it may be stated, that its eastern shore consists of perpendicular cliffs of limestone rocks, 1600 to 2500 feet high, receding from the southern coast and permitting an easy approach; the western is more broken and between 1400 and 2000 feet high; whilst the northern shore is sandy, giving it a desolate appearance, where there is no green spot for the eye to rest upon. And this was once the well watered, fertile valley of the Jordan. Well may the superstitious view it with awe; for no living thing can exist in it; no animal is found along its shores. They believe that birds fall dead in the attempt to fly across it, and they resist the traveller who would fathom its depths, for they look upon his work as sacrilege.

Until within the last ten years no attempts have been made to get soundings, as heretofore travellers looked upon it as an immense crater, shoal in one part, deep or fathomless in others; as an inland sea in the midst of a desert as it were, its depths varying according to the season and amount of evaporation. What beneficial effects could result? Nevertheless, excited by a laudable desire to open the book so long sealed, Messrs. W. G. Beke, with two other Englishmen, brought a boat from Jerusalem to Jericho, a distance of seven leagues, and launching it upon the Jordan, reached the Dead Sea March 29, 1837. They remained there until April 17.

"Whilst there," says the brother of Mr. Beke, in a letter dated March, 1838, in the Athenæum for 1838, p. 335, "they were able to navigate it, to take soundings of its depths in a great part of its extent, and make a sketch of considerable portions of its shores; the result will be laid before the public." In the same volume just quoted, December 15, Mr. Moore, in a letter to M. Bertou says, that at 2,220 feet he had no bottom; and again these gentlemen are stated, in the Report of the London Geographical Society, vol. viii., p. 250, to have examined part of the shores of the Dead Sea, during the spring of 1837, and carried a line of soundings across it. In vol. vii., p. 456, we are told that these travellers, after surveying a great portion of the shores, were obliged to abandon their work, the guards and guides declaring they would not proceed. The width of the sea has been established beyond doubt; soundings also have been taken, showing great depths—in some parts upwards of three hundred fathoms.

We have quoted fully what we could learn on this subject—the depth of the sea—because it is by some supposed to have never been either surveyed or sounded. The results of Messrs. Moore and Beke, above alluded to, which were to have been laid before the public, we have not been able to find. This we regret, as we were anxious to copy off at least one of the line of soundings referred to, vol. viii., p. 250, of the London Geog. Society's Journal.

The Journal of the French Academy of Sciences at Paris, for 1837, is said to contain the information, but this too we could not meet with.

Up to within the last five years the level of the Dead Sea has been considered to be not more than 600 feet below that of the Mediterranean: Professor Schubert and Mr. Moore agreeing upon that question.—(Athenæum, June 9—Dec. 15, 1838.)

In the year 1841, a committee, consisting of Sir David Wilkie, E. R. Beadle, and W. Woodburn, visited this sea and region. They found Jerusalem to be 2,520 feet, and St. Saba 606 feet, above the level of the Mediterranean, whilst Jericho was 617 feet, and the Dead Sea 1,414 below it.

Below is the table of their barometrical observations:—

Place.	Barom.	Therm.	Weather.	Time.	Remarks.
	In.	Deg.		1841	
Jaffa,	29.958	59½	Fine,	Mar. 1	Level of
Jerusalem,	27.438	55½	Fine,	" 3	Medit'n.
St. Saba,	29.352	68	Threat'g rain,	" 4	
Dead Sea,	31.372	68	Do. wind north,	" 5	Level of
Half hour above Jericho,	30.575	76	Rain,	" 6	Dead Sea
Two hours do. do.	29.106	67½	Foggy,	" 6	
Four and half do. do.	28.406	70	Fine,	" 6	
Jerusalem,	27.278	64½	High wind,	" 6	

One of the first objects which attracted our attention, says Dr. Robinson, was a tree with singular fruit—the apples of Sodom. This tree was from ten to fifteen feet high, and six or eight inches in diameter, resembling in its general appearance the "silk weed" of our northern states. The fruit resembles an apple or orange, hangs in clusters of three or four, and, when ripe, is yellow; pressed upon, it explodes, and leaves in the hand only the shreds of the thin rind and a few fibres. The name given it by the Arabs is 'Osher; by botanists, *Asclepias gigantea vel procera.*

According to Hasselquist, the fruit of the *Solanum melongena* is the apple of Sodom, but it differs, being smaller; and, when ripe, is full of black grains—it does not explode as the other does. A small insect, the tenthredo, penetrates this fruit and converts the whole inside into dust.—(Robinson, vol. ii.)

A late number of the "Times," published at Malta, mentions that Lieutenant Molineux, attached to her majesty's frigate Spartan, volunteered, whilst his vessel was on the coast of Syria, to survey the Dead Sea. He had returned, and was engaged in making a chart of his labors, to the publication of which, they who are interested in the subject are looking with curiosity and impatience.

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CONTRERAS—THE CONFIDENCE OF THE RANK AND FILE IN THEIR COMMANDERS.

One of the most striking things that has been observed during our operations, is the extraordinary effect produced upon the rank and file of the army by the presence of the general officers. Two instances of this kind came under my notice, and I have no doubt there are a great many more. On the evening of the 19th August, when the first demonstration was made on the command of Valencia, at Contreras, the commands of Colonel Riley and General Cadwalader had crossed the Pedregal, and arrived on the left flank of the enemy about 4 o'clock, P. M. As soon as the Mexicans ascertained their position, they brought round their cavalry, and made a strong demonstration towards them, while at the same time they opened two or three pieces of artillery upon them. At this junction a heavy reinforcement from the city made its appearance, under the immediate command of Santa Anna himself. Thus the two brigades became situated, with Santa Anna's heavy column, with artillery on their right; the fort, with twenty-two pieces of artillery, on the left, and a column of about 5,000 lancers on the hill immediately in front. The nature of the ground, being covered with irregular and unbroken rocks of lava, prevented their retiring, even under cover of the night; nothing could be seen of our force advancing—at first intended to bear upon the other flank of tne enemy—and truly, matters looked gloomy enough in the isolated command. As soon as Col. Riley's brigade emerged from the little village on the banks of the deep ravine, the lancers in front charged down upon him; and I give you his own version and language: "They charged me, and I formed square, and then they ran away. They charged me again, and I again formed square; but they would not come closer than thirty or forty yards, when they wheeled and ran away the second time. I found they were afraid to try my square. They charged me the third time. I waited until they came close enough, and then charged them and opened fire, and, before they could get out of the reach of my men, there were a great number of their horses running about without riders." This last movement so completely surprised the lancers, that they withdrew to their first position, on the ridge of the hill, in front, and we fell back to the village, to where Gen. Cadwalader was. The whole command now began to look around and view their position. Here was a force more than quadruple their own upon each flank, and one of more than double theirs in front; if the whole of the enemy bore down upon them, they must be overpowered and crushed by overwhelming numbers; and so confident was Santa Anna that such would be the result, that he sent an express to the city announcing that he had got one column of the Americans into such a position that they must either surrender or be cut to pieces, as it was impossible for them to get away. Affairs looked gloomy; the brigade of Col. Riley now became particularly disheartened—they were in a tight place, supported by a brigade of new troops, of which they knew nothing—they were under the command of Gen. Cadwalader, who was a new man in the field, and, as they said, "might be a very good officer," but they did not know him; and if he made one misstep in so important a crisis, they were utterly lost beyond redemption—and old troops have a great aversion to new commanders. How were they to be extricated, and where was the giant mind to plan and direct it? At this important stage of the affair, Gen. Smith, who had found it impossible to approach the enemy on the other flank without great loss, now crossed the deep ravine and joined the force with his brigade. While his command was crossing, he sent his aid-de-camp, Lieut. Vandorn, forward, to ascertain the situation of the forces and the nature of the ground. As soon as he was seen by the old regulars, they exclaimed, "Here 's the Little Lieutenant!" "Here 's the Little Lieutenant!" "General Smith is about somewhere!" "We 're all right now!" "No, there 's no such good luck; I am sure he went with his brigade to the other flank—it 's him they 've been firing on so heavy." "But, if he is over there, what 's the little one doing here?" While they were thus remarking and conjecturing, General Smith with his brigade turned the corner of the lane and came in view of the whole line. As soon as their anxious eyes fell upon him, a hundred voices joyously exclaimed—"Here he is!" "Here he is!" "Here 's General Smith!" "Now we 'll have them!" "Now we 'll give it to them!" And a cheerful bustling hum was heard among them where all was a dead dispiriting silence before—their dulness became a lively gayety—confidence and enthusiasm took possession where distrust and lethargy had just now prevailed. While this was the very highest compliment that could or can possibly be paid to the eminent ability of the gallant general, it also showed that the rank and file never lose confidence in themselves; they feel competent to surmount all difficulties and overcome any obstacles—they only want to feel that they will be properly commanded—that they will be skilfully handled, and that their commanding officer possesses the ability to dispose of them to the best advantage that the circumstances will admit—they fear not to die, but they want to be satisfied that they will not be unnecessarily sacrificed.

Gen. Smith took the command, and by different movements diverted the attention of the enemy until the engineers reconnoitred their positions and the nature of the ground. At night the plan of attack was formed. General Shields joined with his brigade about 2 o'clock. At the dawn of the morning the enemy, who but a few hours previous felt so confident of success, found the brigade of Col. Riley, supported by General Cadwalader, in their rear, bearing down upon them like an avalanche, their commander infusing into them, by his language and his looks, his own unconquerable enthusiasm and determination, the unerring riflemen riddling their flanks, and, as they commenced their retreat, the brigade of Shields dealing them death and destruction. Victory perched upon our banner—our arms triumphed. Our loss was very small—the enemy suffered severely, and were routed from a position they deemed impregnable—and one of the first things I heard was a soldier exclaiming, "Did n't I tell you, boys, when General Smith joined us last night, we 'd give them h— before they knew what they were about?" "But," says another, "you did n't think we were going to come this way." "H—! who says I did? but I knew there were 'foxes about,' and that we were as certain to whip them as my name is John."

Again: there was another instance, equally strong showing the affection of the men for their commander. General Shields was wounded in the attack upon the works under Chapultepec. As soon as he saw the fortifications carried, he returned to the rear for the purpose of having his wound dressed.

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As he passed along the line of his brigade, the men seemed to sympathize with him as though he had been a brother to them all. But the feeling showed itself stronger when they came to advance upon the city along the aqueduct; and as they were compelled to halt at different points, I heard them frequently asking, "I wonder who will command our brigade now?" "I don't know," says another; "but, live or die, I 'll stick by the palmetto as long as there 's any one to carry it." "That is not the thing, exactly. We will all stand by our colors. We want some chief that we all know, who will look out and see that our colors don't get where we will all get our heads knocked off standing by it. We want some one who will not get us all killed off without doing anything." At this moment Gen. Shields came riding up, with his arm in a sling. His appearance at the rear was announced by the cheering salutations of his command, which extended along the whole line. His men—officers and privates—are devotedly attached to him, and would follow him anywhere he would lead them with pride and confidence; and his appearance among them was equal to an addition of a force equal to their own numbers.

Many instances of this kind occurred; and it is impossible to describe the difference in the appearance of a command when they feel confident in their commanders, and when there are doubts flashing across their minds.

MUSTANG.

N. O. Delta.

From the National Era.

Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. pp. 163.

EUREKA!—Here, then, we have it at last! An American poem, with the lack of which British reviewers have so long reproached us. Selecting the subject of all others best calculated for his purpose—the expulsion of the French settlers of Acadie from their quiet and pleasant homes around the basin of Minos, one of the most sadly romantic passages in the history of the colonies of the North—he has succeeded in presenting a series of exquisite pictures of the striking and peculiar features of life and nature in the New World. The range of these delineations extends from Nova Scotia on the northeast, to the spurs of the Rocky Mountains on the West, and the Gulf of Mexico on the South. Nothing can be added to his pictures of quiet farm life in Acadie, the Indian summer of our northern latitudes, the scenery of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the bayous and cypress forests of the South, the mocking bird, the prairie, the Ozark hills, the Catholic missions, and the wild Arabs of the West, roaming with the buffalo along the banks of the Nebraska. The hexameter measure he has chosen has the advantage of a prosaic freedom of expression, exceedingly well adapted to a descriptive and narrative poem; yet we are constrained to think that the story of Evangeline would have been quite as acceptable to the public taste, had it been told in the poetic prose of the author's "Hyperion."

In reading it, and admiring its strange melody, we were not without fears that the success of Professor Longfellow in this novel experiment might prove the occasion of calling out a host of awkward imitators, leading us over weary wastes of hexameters, enlivened neither by dew, rain, nor fields of offering.

Apart from its Americanism, the poem has merits of a higher and universal character. It is not merely a work of art; the pulse of humanity throbs warmly through it. The portraits of Basil the Blacksmith, the old Notary, Benedict Bellefontaine, and good Father Felicean, fairly glow with life. The beautiful Evangeline, loving and faithful unto death, is a heroine worthy of any poet of the present century.

We need not urge our readers to share with us the pleasure of perusing "Evangeline." Those who have already done so will echo back our word of grateful acknowledgment; while to those who have not, we can only say that we almost envy them the privilege which we have forfeited, of reading for the first time the touching and beautiful story of the Exiles of Acadie.

J. G. W.

THE DETECTIVE DAGUERREOTYPE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"Your columes are often the medium of propounding moral truths, but I do not think that they have hitherto served for the promulgation of scientific discoveries. Allow me, sir, to communicate to the public, through your pages, a most valuable invention, which is as wonderful, and will prove as useful, as the electric telegraph itself. It consists, sir, of a modification of the Daguerreotype, so sensitive as to be affected by the faintest candlelight, and to be capable of producing a perfect picture when subjected to the agency of a dark lantern. And now, sir, for the use to which the instrument is applicable. You have a counting-house, sir—of course you have—the strong box of which is, even at the present period of commercial distress, full of money. You take my Daguerreotype, sir, and previously to leaving your place of business at night, you station it on a shelf, or in some other convenient situation, commanding the receptacle of your wealth. You then lock the door, sir, and you go away. If, during the night, a thief break into your establishment, and abstract your treasures, you will have the satisfaction of finding the next morning, in my Daguerreotype, a correct portrait of the depredator. I tested the powers of my instrument, sir, myself, by setting it as a species of trap in my own larder, and the result is, that I possess a picture of my cook, accompanied by a soldier in the —— guards, into whose hands she appears consigning a a leg of mutton.

"I need not enlarge, sir, on the vastness of the boon which this invention of mine will confer on society, superseding in a great measure, as it certainly will, the services of the detective police. Much innocent amusement, sir, may be also obtained by my apparatus. Its capabilities have been tried, for instance, by some jealous ladies and gentlemen of my acquaintance, and the consequence, sir, I can assure you, has been the production of some very pretty pictures."

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LES ROIS S'AMUSENT.

THE pastimes of kings would make a very curious book. We mentioned last week the particular fancy the King of Spain, the Prince of Assis, has for playing on the big drum. After all, this is a very harmless amusement, and not half so expensive as building toy-palaces, or half so cruel as shooting stags in a fenced ring. Let us see if we can enumerate the amusements of the different kings of the present day.

Louis Philippe can have very little amusement at present, for he has married all his sons; and as for prosecuting the public papers, the amusement must have grown fearfully tiresome. Like the game of *beggar-my-neighbor*, a little of it is all very well, but it does not do to be always playing at it. It is true there is Algeria, but the *bulletins* have no longer that raciness and strong sense of honor which they had when Bugeaud used to kill Abd-el-Kader once a week, and send over his horse and umbrella in every steamer. The poor King of the French can only laugh now, when he reads over the account of the glorious three days of July, and thinks of the *charte* being proved a *vérité*, as strong as cannons can make it, by the fortifications of Paris. Henri Quatre, we think, amused himself in a different way; but of course different kings have different styles of joking.

The King of Naples plays at whist, and is happy for a week if he wins a halfpenny point. He dabbles, too, a little in sulphur, which may account for his holding such good hands generally in the above game, and for his doing everybody so cleanly in all commercial matters.

Leopold's great amusement is in running about. Like the Brussels sprout, he is to be found planted everywhere but in Brussels. Next to the American sea-serpent, he is the greatest traveller of the present day. His back is always turned upon Belgium, which makes it difficult for his subjects to throw his perpetual absence in his face. If taunted with it, he would doubtless answer, "*Mes braves Belges*, I love you more than I can express—in fact, I love you quite beyond myself;" and off he runs to Paris, to convince them of the fact.

The peculiar fancy of Nicholas, besides his persecution of Poland, which is only "an amiable weakness," peculiar to Russian emperors in general, and himself in particular, is to give snuff-boxes away to everybody. He must have given away more snuff-boxes in his life-time than Lablache has ever received, and that number is as difficult to count as the children of the royal family. One would imagine that he had bought a lot cheap at some auction, and was at a loss how to get rid of them. If ever a monster statue similar to the one of Peter the Great is erected to Nicholas, it ought to be on a pedestal of snuff-boxes. We wonder how many confirmed snuff-takers Nicholas has made in his life-time, of quiet, respectable persons, from the vanity of carrying about with them, and displaying on every possible occasion, the imperial gift! However, it is a generous recreation, for emperors generally have amused themselves in forcing their subjects to put their hands into their pockets, for purposes of quite a different pinch.

Austria has very little amusement beyond considering himself the "Father of his people," and cutting off their privileges, and sometimes their heads, to prove it. He delights in Metternich, and has a cultivated taste for a ballet.

Ludwig, the King of Bavaria, rollicks also in the latter amusement, in which his subjects are not much inclined to join him. He has also a weakness for poetry which is of a sweet, melting kind, best suited for the mottoes of *bonbons;* though occasionally his Bavarian majesty comes out with an epigram, which would shine round an acidulated drop, but looks rather dull in a history. Another of his amusements is newspaper editing, and it is reported he wields the editorial scissors with wonderful effect on the articles of others, but never on his own; though some of his royal proclamations about raising the price of beer would be wonderfully improved, critics do say, if they were reduced a little, or occasionally left out altogether.

Prussia amuses himself, as Penelope did with her Berlin wool, in making a constitution and then pulling it to pieces again. Another of his amusements is in reading every paper that contains a notice of his majesty. He has a minister, whose German title we would repeat only it occupies three lines, expressly to hunt out all these notices and submit them to him. This poor fellow has no easy berth of it, for his majesty somehow only appreciates the compliments, and takes no pleasure in the abuse. The minister deeply deplores this depraved taste on the part of his majesty, as he has generally to resign for giving offence about twice a week.

There are other royal amusements, such as the memorable one of a king of Abyssinia, who struts about in a cocked hat, a red coat, and a flannel petticoat, with a large broom in his hand. There is likewise the King of the Cannibal Islands; but it is hardly necessary to specify his amusements, as we believe they are already recorded in a popular song, which can be had of all music-sellers.

Running our eye over the different amusements of the sovereigns who grace the thrones of the present day, they are a great improvement, we must confess, on the amusements of kings "as used to was." Shooting stags is manly sport compared to that of firing from a balcony on a populace; and playing on the big drum is child's play by the side of a bluff old king, whose principal amusement was to take off his wife's head as soon as he had married her. Ah! those were the days for amusements! What a merry monarch that Charles the Second was! Why, there is not a king of the present day who would go into the Cheshire Cheese, and order a Welsh rabbit and a pint of stout, and when he found he had no money to pay for it, knight the landlord on the spot in lieu of payment!

By the bye, talking of royal amusements, we hear that the Duc d'Aumale (the King of Algeria that is to be) has been invited to a ball by the native Arabs of Algiers. We suppose this is in return for the many balls the French have given the Arabs; but as regards the choice of the two amusements, dancing and fighting, we think the Algerians beat the French hollow Besides, the novelty of a party of dancing Arabs must afford immense amusement to the poor transported Parisians, who have no *bals masqués*, no *Chaumières* or *Châteaux Rouges* to beguile them at uncivilized Algiers.

THINGS ARE NOT QUITE SO BAD IN THE CITY.

While seriously owning, and deeply bemoaning
The fact, that the state of the nation
Is gloomy at present, at least it is pleasant
To think we have one consolation.
The manifold messes, the scrapes and distresses
Of mercantile men whilst we pity,

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We 've the comfort of knowing, howe'er the world's going,
Things are not quite so bad in the city.

Our citizens' troubles, through dabbling in bubbles,
Or otherwise capital sinking,
Have still left them treasures to spend on their pleasures,
In pageantry eating, and drinking.
The ninth of November—Lord Mayor's day, remember—
The burden suggests of our ditty,
The correctness displaying, of what we are saying—
Things are not quite so bad in the city.

If people are able to put on their table,
Embellished with laurel and myrtle,
By way of beginner, just merely, for dinner,
Tureens near three hundred of turtle,
And dishes by dishes of all sorts of fishes,
They must be more wealthy than witty—
Oh! whate'er our disasters, 't is certain, my masters,
Things are not quite so bad in the city.

The board that is cumber'd with viands unnumber'd,
Ribs, barons, legs, sirloins, and haunches,
With turbots and mullets, fowls, turkeys, and pullets,
Sufficing some hundred of paunches;
The feast so tremendous, the feed so stupendous,
Must come to a trifle full pretty;
So, for all our mischances in point of finances,
Things are not quite so bad in the city.

Creams, woodcocks, and widgeons, tarts, peacocks, and pigeons,
Prawns, custard, blanc-mange, lobster-salad,
With oysters and jellies, for many more bellies
Than all we could name in this ballad,
Are proof in redundance of wealth in abundance—
No case in all Archbold or Chitty,
More plain is related than what we have stated—
Things are not quite so bad in the city.

Then think of the bottles, to moisten their throttles,
Drain'd off by the citizens merry;
Let any man's "gumption" compute the consumption
Of claret, champagne, port, and sherry.
This feasting and treating, the House, at its meeting,
Without going into committee,
Will resolve, has shown clearly, that though looking queerly,
Things are not quite so bad in the city.

THE QUESTION OF THE CAPITALIST.

It was a man of capital, a mighty millionaire,
Who, sipping his *Lafitte* alone, sat in his easy chair;
His brow with wrinkles manifold was furrowed o'er and wrought,
By which 't was plain this millionaire was deeply wrapt in thought.

His goblet's stem the moneyed man with nervous gesture thumbed,
And then anon he scratched his head, and then the table drummed,
And then a tune he whistled; and it was n't very long
Before this man of capital thus broke forth into song:—

"Now I 'd give a handsome sum,
If a little bird would come,
One acquainted with the secrets of futurity;
And would tell me what to do,
And what measures to pursue,
With a view to speculation and security.

"I have got an ample store,
But should like to make it more;
One of course is anxious, naturally, so to do;
At the same time, to be rash,
And to risk the loss of cash,
Is what no reflecting gentleman would go to do.

"Now that discount 's eight per cent.,
Is the time when money lent
Is invested, in the abstract, most judiciously.
On the other hand, 't is clear,
Now that matters are so queer
In the city, that one ought to act suspiciously.

"Could this panic be controlled,
If we moneyed men, with gold,
On the market all came down contemporaneously?
Well, I think perhaps it might:
And suppose we stopped the fright,
There would be a drop in discount instantaneously.

"Who 'll be first to bell the cat?
For whoever will do that
In the nick of time, with caution and dexterity,
Taking care he is n't bit,
He will make a lucky hit,
And large winnings will repay his wise temerity.

"Matters mend when at the worst,
And my capital I 've nursed,
Till I think they must be near'y that condition in;
And until the crisis pass,
If I tarry, of an ass
I shall find myself the laughable position in.

"Well, I really am inclined,
I have more than half a mind
(If I thought that I could venture with impunity)
To come forward with my hoard,
Ere with confidence restored,
Of aggrandizement I lose the opportunity.

"Then, whilst adding to my gains,
The distress abroad that reigns
Could I lighten, I should have the satisfaction of
Doing well for my own ends,
And the pleasure which attends
Public spirit and benevolence an action of."

SONG OF THE RAILWAY SPECULATOR.

By the sad sea waves I wander, while I moan
A lament o'er hopes of splendid riches gone.
In the world I stood fair, I had once not a care,
For of cash I had enough, and—unlucky! some to spare:
Now I hide me from duns by the sad sea waves.
Come again, bright days of hope and premiums past,
Come again, bright days, come again, come again.

From my cares, last night, by tardy sleep beguiled,
In my dreams I thought the city on me smiled;
For my shares were gone up, every broker that I knew
Winked a golden welcome back, spoke in accents bland and mild;
But I wake in my bed, by Boulogne's sad waves.
Come again, dear dream, so pleasantly that smiled,
Come again, dear dream, come again, come again.

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SEDUCTION AND ITS CHECKS.

THERE has been a newspaper discussion on the subject of "seduction and its punishment," useful so far as all parties to it have agreed in appealing to the judgment of common sense, with a view to practical objects, rather than to mere dogmatic prejudices; but yet, we venture to think, not so conclusive as it might have been if the disputants had pushed the inquiry quite home. That the subject is a very proper one to be discussed just now, is proved by the fact that the court of queen's bench has granted a rule to show cause why there should not be a new trial in the case of Dingle *versus* Baker, in which Mr. Justice Wilde laid down the dictum that a parent could not recover damages for the seduction of his child except for the loss of services actually prevented by illness.

The present discussion was begun by one "Joseph," in the *Times*, who seems to have been actuated simply by the desire to check cant and needless intervention of law—a praiseworthy motive. His main arguments are these. Incontinence is not seduction. Incontinence is a vice beyond the reach of law, and only to be kept in check by moral influences. What is called the "seduction" of a woman is mostly the mere result of her own incontinence, and constitutes neither an offence to be penally visited on the man, nor a civil trespass to be compensated by payment of damages to the woman. Another dilettante commentator, signing himself "Human Nature," interposes with the just observation, that although incontinence is an offence, the seduction or "leading on" to the commission of that offence is as clearly a crime as the leading on of children to commit theft. And the *Globe* more forcibly takes the bull by the horns in joining issue on Joseph's main fact. "If," says Joseph, "there is any priority, it is the woman who makes the first advances—at least so far as to give the man to understand that she will not be greatly offended by boldness on his part. I doubt (and Joseph begs that his readers will refer to the experience of their own youth) if it ever occurred to any man to attempt the seduction of a woman whom he really believed to be modest and virtuous." The *Globe* denies this. "It is our belief, that in far the greater number of cases, man, and not woman, is the seducer." "How often does he effect his purpose by taking advantage of the ignorance of his victim!" "But suppose, for argument's sake, that both parties were equally guilty, is that any reason why the man should escape all punishment?" Clearly not. There is one conclusion, however, on which all are agreed—that the legal fiction by which "loss of service" is made the only ground of action for seduction, is an absurd and contemptible procedure, that ought to be abolished in favor of a direct law on the subject.

The nature of the law, whether it be judge-made law or regular statute law, would be determined by defining the nature of the offence against which it is levelled; and this is the point where the discussion appears to us to fall short.

Joseph says that the laws "both of nature and society" visit the woman with far the heavier penalty; which is an assumption. "Nature," like all obscure authorities, is one much abused; and in respect of this question, it does not appear that she has been so unjust as Joseph would make out. The liability imposed by nature is that of maintaining the progeny; and it appears to be provided for by that instinctive affection which is usually found to actuate both parents; the mother is the more powerfully influenced in the earliest period of the child's infancy; possibly at a later period the father is the more powerfully swayed by the same motive; at any rate, in a greater or less degree it affects both. Both, too, are free to abandon the child; "nature" imposing no penalty for that offence but a wounded conscience. Society goes beyond "nature," and insists that if a child be brought into the world, or even if there be a chance thereof, there shall be a guarantee for its maintenance, so that it be not "chargeable to the parish." This further liability, though its enforcement is highly proper, is altogether a factitious social law; wherever society intervenes, it ought to do so with equal justice; and therefore the liability ought to be imposed with perfect equality on *both* parents, who are equally authors of the child's being. The liability of the mother is proclaimed by the circumstance of childbirth; but surely the law ought to enable her to point out her accomplice, in order that half the liability may be transferred to him.

Hitherto we have considered the matter as if the woman were her own mistress, having arrived at "years of discretion;" but if she have not attained the boundary fixed by law between "infancy" and maturity, the case is considerably altered. A minor labors under many social disabilities created by law, and has an equitable right to a countervailing amount of protection; and these disabilities are especially stringent on female minors. A minor cannot act in the affairs of life without parental authority, and the authority which is enforced against her liberty of action should also be maintained to protect her against the actions of strangers. A minor cannot dispose of herself in lawful marriage without the parental leave, and should be shielded not less carefully against lawless contingencies of an analogous kind. In this view, the seduction of a minor is a trespass on parental authority, to the detriment both of parent and child; and every trespass is the proper subject of a civil action for compensatory damages. But furthermore, if the seduction has been effected by fraud perpetrated on the inexperience of youth, then, we conceive, the offence will partake of a criminal character, and will be fairly subjected to an aggravation of damages in a penal sense. There is no reason why the law should not proceed upon a direct recognition of parental authority in the case of seduction as well as of its correlative marriage, instead of resting on the absurd and precarious fiction of lost services. —*Spectator.*

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MR. STEPHEN: THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

MR. STEPHEN has fulfilled a long expectation, by abdicating. He retires from the under secretaryship of the colonial office, and leaves behind him no one who can take his place. It is his singular fate that such a statement should be made of so able a man without regret.

Mr. Stephen is followed into his retirement by quasi-official panegyrics, which might pass unquestioned, on the principle *de mortuis*, but for two facts; the country has still to cope with the consequences of Mr. Stephen's administration; and, there is no surety that it is yet finally relieved of Mr. Stephen himself. He is translated into the privy council: and, apart from the possibility of his still exercising some tutelary influence over official departments, there are not wanting rumors that, after a renovating tour abroad, he is to reënter office in some higher capacity.

With respect to technical and official information, probably no man knew so much as the retiring under secretary. His knowledge made him chiefly powerful as an antagonist. In this matter-of-fact country, the man who can outrun another in exactness or copiousness of information possesses a formidable advantage; to convict an opponent of "ignorance," even on a triviality, is to lower and weaken him; and there were few of the importunate claimants that besieged the colonial office whom Mr. Stephen could not convict of that disgrace. With unequalled tact and discretion, he had acquired some literary repute without letting it go so far as to override his official reserve; and if his literary repute was not greater, the official reserve passed as a plea to allow him credit for more than he had done. According to this constructive repute, he might have been a Macaulay, but he chose to be a Stephen. In office, like the shield of gold and silver, his manner was different as it was viewed from above or from below; but in both aspects imposing. His superiors have uniformly, we believe, been impressed with the conviction that Mr. Stephen was the least presuming, the least obtrusive, the most zealous and able servant they had ever known. In his presence, men whose "station," not less than personal abilities, placed them at the head of a department in which subordinates possessed more knowledge and more ability, became inspired alike with official wisdom and with a delightful self-reliance; at first mistrusting their formidable subordinate, fearing to commit themselves before him, they were speedily reässured: they seemed to become possessed of all his knowledge and power without any humiliating obligation; their own powers expanded; they found themselves, as they imagined, throwing out suggestions which even he received as masterpieces; and many an official Dombey has dictated just what the Carker required. The aspect of the upper secretary viewed from below was that of a man whom it was impossible to thwart, avoid, or circumvent; everything must pass through that one medium. Mr. Stephen had acquired a reputation for philanthropy: he belonged to the evangelical section of officials, and encouraged missionary enterprises. He was reputed to be incorruptible: to be otherwise would have been fatal to one who had pretensions as a purist, especially as corruption is obsolete among the respectable ranks of official people. It is undeniable that he so managed as to be virtually and effectively the real colonial minister, without offending those who bore the title and were content to bear the responsibility.

If Mr. Stephen's astuteness and unquestionable command of technical knowledge were animated by enlarged views and a generous benevolence, the practical result must have been found in the contentment, or at least the prosperity, of the wide regions subject to his administration.

So far as concerns their official relations, the British colonies present a spectacle altogether the reverse of this.

The British sugar colonies are in the last throes of a struggle for existence. For a dozen years their history has been that of a rapid descent from bad to worse. The policy of the British government has professedly been, to emancipate labor in the West Indies, and to prevent the extension of slave-labor in foreign countries by intercepting the supply of slaves; and for that purpose a vast sacrifice of life and money is made every year on the western coast of Africa: the actual results are, that slave-labor is not checked in foreign countries, but that in the West Indies the supply of labor is cut off. Just as Mr. Stephen is leaving office, the West Indians are meeting to declare that they must give up the struggle against ruin, unless ministers revise their policy and restore "protection"—the West Indian body of London have been up to Downing Street this very week, and the colonists have been planning an aggregate meeting of deputies from the several colonies to be held in one of the islands. The new feature in the present stage of West Indian depression is, that the colonists have lost hope; unless they are in some way relieved by government from the influence of the colonial office as it has hitherto been administered, they despair, and, with the natural exaggeration of despair, anticipate nothing but literal and final ruin. That is the state in which Mr. Stephen leaves the West Indian colonies.

A policy which, in the name of "philanthropy," sought to treat savage aborigines like spoiled children, alienated the loyalty of the Anglo-Dutch population in the Cape colony, ceded to this country by treaty; and in order to bring back the Anglo-Dutch to their allegiance, it was necessary to use force of arms. The war against the Anglo-Dutch is succeeded by a frontier war against the aborigines, whose behavior became intolerable to the veritable British colonists; and in order to wean the savages from the false notions instilled into them by a past policy, it will be necessary to shed much of their blood. Meanwhile, to carry on the war with anything like spirit, and yet with a remains of tenderness for the misguided creatures, is a task that has foiled even the spirited

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and ingenious Sir Henry Pottinger. That is the state in which Mr. Stephen leaves the Cape colony; to say nothing of its impoverished and backward condition.

A similar spectacle of internecine savage war may now be seen in the youngest of British colonies—New Zealand.

A show has been made of complying with the general demand for "systematic colonization;" but the pretence of doing so has merely sufficed to prevent the reality. So totally unlike anything "systematic" is the emigration to North America, that half of it strays to an alien country, and the other half is the subject of loud complaints that it is a nuisance, introducing pauperism and pestilence into Canada. Looking to the opposite group of dependencies available for systematic colonization, we see a most extraordinary sight. Mr. Boyd, a leading colonist in New South Wales, has sent an expedition for the purpose of recruiting the labor of the colony from Polynesia: savages, if not cannibals, are to be introduced into New South Wales as shepherds, at the very time when a committee of the British peers has been solemnly inquiring how it can dispose of the starving Irish! Such is the state in which the governing under secretary of the colonial office leaves "systematic colonization."

It does not appear that Mr. Stephen has trained any one to be his successor; Elijah carries his mantle still to wear it himself in the upper region to which he is translated. The removal of so much and such concentrated technical information, will make it very difficult to carry on the routine of the office, impossible to carry it on as it has been. It is to be hoped, therefore, not only that Mr. Stephen will have the solace of finding that he is much "missed," but that some totally new colonial policy will be forced upon the imperial government. It would be quite possible that a better policy should also be a policy easier to administer. Much of the voluminous knowledge attributed to the retiring under secretary was rendered necessary by the needlessly minute meddling of the government in Downing Street. Mr. Stephen is reputed to have possessed an intimate acquaintance with "the various constitutions" of the settlements; an intimacy of which the necessity would be quite superseded if the "constitutions" themselves were superseded by the substitution of simpler and better forms of government; permitting, not prohibiting, the self-development of the settlements by some kind of representative system —encouraging, not checking, the growth of political talent—inviting the influential among the colonists to accept a larger share in directing and fostering those purely local interests which contribute to the weal of the community, but are too remote and local for comprehension or attention in London. Downing Street would govern the colonies better if it did less, and used the talents which are to be found in the British citizen wherever he may dwell. It might console the colonial empire for the loss of Mr. Stephen, if his retirement were thus to hasten the adoption of a policy consistent with the safety and prosperity of the British colonies. Such a novelty would constitute a new era in the history of our colonies, and would immortalize the statesman who should seize the occasion for establishing it.—*Spectator*.

PACIFICATION OF IRELAND.

Ireland is more distracted than ever; and unless the new parliament is content to repeat the vain legislation of its predecessors, coercive or soothing, it will be necessary to strike out some fresh course in the attempt at reducing chaos to order.

One enormous innovation in the treatment of Ireland, hitherto unattempted, offers an opening for hope. Hitherto, remedial measures have consisted of bundles of disconnected specifics: as they were disconnected, they could not work well together; and an universal habit of compromising the law has been the substitute for a true combination of measures. Every class of laws in Ireland is subject to this wholesale compromise, in a degree that is almost incredible even to us who are living witnesses of the fact, unless we rehearse the instances. There are laws to protect property; but there is a wide-spread conspiracy to prevent the collection of rents, the eviction even of defaulting tenants, or any of the processes by which the rights of landed property are enforced; and so universal is this treachery against the law of property, that when a landlord is assassinated for the exercise of his legal rights, as in Major Mahon's case, all the public writers of the country fall to criticizing his conduct, as if the guilt of the assassin and the breaker of the law were to be determined by a critical inquiry into the motives and demeanor of him who appealed to the law. This habit of looking beyond the law is universal in Ireland, and painfully distinguishes that country from England. There is a poor-law to protect the laboring classes, but all, even the laborers themselves, conspire to prevent the levying or collection of rates or the issue of relief according to the law. In England we should say, rely on the law—carry out the eviction-law if you will, but also carry out the poor-law: in Ireland they compromise both laws, and, practically, both are frustrated, so that there is no law. There was an arms act—the attempt to enforce it was bitterly denounced, but the attempt was made; yet all classes possessed arms. So it is throughout the statute-book. Now the blessed innovation of which we speak would be, to combine remedial measures in their design, but when once they were passed into law, to enforce them, if needful, to the last extremity and at any cost.

The main object, then, in considering the whole question of Ireland in the next session of parliament should be to devise such a policy that its parts should fall harmoniously into one comprehensive whole, so that every part might be pushed to its utmost extent without deranging or neutralizing other parts.

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In order to make such a policy possible, it would be necessary to reduce to a consistent and intelligible shape the relation between the civil government of the country and the church which embodies the faith of the people and owns for its chief an alien prince. The present compromise between a studied ignorance of that church and a faltering recognition is productive of much inconvenience. We recognize an authority which we dangerously abstain from influencing, and still more dangerously we neglect to define its range of action amongst us. Thus the late rescript of the Sacred College at Rome against the new colleges in Ireland is handled in a temper betwixt spleen and fright, which is equally gratuitous and ridiculous. Surely we have "pluck," diligence, and common sense enough to grapple with this question! It is not necessary that we should stop at conjectural speculations on the character of Pius the Ninth, though that may form an element in considering what our policy ought to be. Still less is there any ground to be alarmed at the aspect of that pontiff. Excepting in his political capacity, as a sort of conservative Rienzi, his character has not been distinctly displayed; but it can hardly fail to come under one of the three following descriptions. 1. He might be an indifferentist in religion, and a mere politician using ecclesiastical forms. To this conjecture the well-known traits of his personal character are altogether opposed. Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti supported the name of a noble family, under circumstances of extremely narrow means, with an unaffected dignity that won universal respect. His charity was unbounded, and he has been known to rob his own pantry of its plate when readier means of alms were wanting. He has shown the utmost benevolence and zeal in promoting the studies of youth destined for the church. He has revived the ancient usage of pontifical preaching. And altogether his demeanor is that of an enthusiast rather than an indifferentist. It is especially to be noted that his efforts in the church have been to purify its administration and practice, without *any* change in its dogmatic forms. 2. He may be an ambitious bigot—a Gregory the Seventh, bent on subjugating all temporal authority to the spiritual authority of Rome. For that he is too "spirituel," in the French sense, and evinces too just an appreciation of what in English we call the "spirit of the times." 3. He may be a man who refines on religious dogma, and sees a possibility of adapting it to the spirit of the times. With that conjecture his conduct strictly comports. Accordingly, while we can expect in the present pontiff no departure from the technical usage of the Roman Catholic Church, we may expect in him, if he be rightly informed, a beneficial direction of its spirit. This consideration suggests the shape which the relation between our government and the Roman head of the popular church in Ireland ought to take. We should have an accredited envoy near the person of the pontiff, capable of keeping him truly and sufficiently informed as to the purpose and scope of such measures in Ireland as concern Roman Catholics, so that the mind of the sovereign pontiff may receive its just degree of enlightenment in shaping his own strictly independent resolves. This much for influence. As to secular *authority*, the sovereign of Rome possesses none in these islands, and we are bound to see that our laws admit of no encroachment in that respect: they should afford no machinery for the enforcement of any civil authority ascribed to the sovereign of Rome, and they should refuse *all* recognition of it. One sort of recognition that we do accord to that authority is very mischievous—it is the maintenance of civil disabilities. In the eye of the civil law, the Roman church is a voluntary association, in no respect differing from a voluntary association for charitable, literary, or scientific objects; and we ought not to confer on it the distinction of persecution. We should not, for instance, withhold from that church powers of endowment which we should grant to a mechanics' institution, a proprietary school, or a hospital. As to the rescripts from Rome, they may well pass, under the freedom of the press, equally with the comments of newspapers. They are expressions of opinion. Our laws may be enforced independently of them. The documents of the church should pass as freely as the statutes of freemasons or the edicts of the odd-fellows; and no member of that church, as such, should be distinguished from any other citizen in secular matters. Let the law deal with him solely according to his secular conduct.

Having rid the subject of the embarrassment belonging to it from acting on religious distinctions, it would be comparatively easy to design a policy for the pacification of Ireland, the design being shaped according to the leading wants. The combined measures should be as few, as simple, and as large in their scope as possible; minor wants being left to adjust themselves by the aid of the energy supplied in the great measures. The crying evils of Ireland are, the bad culture arising from the helplessness of nominal landlords and the cottier system; the pauperized condition of the agricultural population; the redundancy of the population as compared with the present state and extent of agriculture; the anarchy of the country, its distracted councils, and the general indifference to constituted authority. A remedial policy will in the first place enforce tranquillity so far as it can be enforced by an exercise of vigorous authority—armed if necessary: nothing can be done without quiet, and the delirious patient must be held down till the fit is over and the medicaments begin to tell. Do not stop at an arms act, or at any negative and therefore ineffectual measure: martial law even is better, because more positive and less offensive. Next, extend the encumbered estates bill, which was postponed last year, into such a measure as would convert the nominal ownership of Ireland into a real ownership. Real owners will have real tenants, capable of enforcing their own "tenant-right," by independent stipulation.

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Protect the laborer by a real enforcement of the poor-law. Relieve the land and the labor-market from the burden of redundant numbers by systematic emigration. And appeal to the real patriots of Ireland—if there are such; call upon the citizens who understand and feel any loyalty towards the state, to stand by the government because it *is* "the government;" confide in them, honor them, strengthen them, arm them; make no distinctions among any who are loyal, but welcome every citizen alike—Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and Church-of-England-man—layman, priest, clergyman, and minister. But above all, while you combine all these measures, *compromise none*. If you use the sword, strike home; if you exact, wring out the last penny due; if you aid, aid effectually until your object be gained; if you confide, trust with generous fulness: let every branch of your policy be carried out without reserve or qualification, so that its purpose be thoroughly realized; and if any hurt be unavoidably inflicted in the operation, with the other hand apply restoratives as boldly and generously. Fulfil the long-deferred conquest of Ireland for herself; your victory will be her peace and prosperity, and will bless your hand of strength.—*Spectator*, 13*th Nov.*

TEST OF INSANITY IN CRIMINAL CASES.

The case of Count Mortier affords a remarkable illustration of the fallacy which lurks in the dictum laid down by Mr. Justice Erskine, that a person accused of crime cannot claim impunity on the score of insanity if the circumstances which prompt his morbid excess be real. M. Mortier was insane, and his main delusion was a doubt of his wife's fidelity. Instead of murdering her, however, he resolved to destroy his children and himself; and he was in the act of endeavoring to persuade the frightened children that they ought to be slaughtered, when the police came in and rescued them. Now, M. Mortier was attempting murder: the motive was a delusion, and therefore, according to Mr. Justice Erskine, he may claim mercy; but what if the infidelity of the countess happened to have been real?—the secret fact coinciding with the delusion; a coincidence which would not be unprecedented. In that case, according to Mr. Justice Erskine's view, the count, although as insane as ever, would not be able to claim the indulgence due to insanity. This test fails, because it is confessedly applied, not to the thing which is to be tested, but to something else—not to the morbidity of the perception, but to the reality of the thing perceived. It is well known that there may be a truly insane feeling towards an object without any delusion as to the reality of the object; but if there be deceit, a truly insane perception of outward appearances may by chance coincide with the disguised truth

What the law will do with Count Mortier is just what it may most safely and beneficially do in any case: it discovers that he is not in a fit state of mind to go at large, and it seizes him and secludes him until he is put into a safe and fit state of mind, if that ever should be.—*Spectator*.

THE CHOLERA.

Fatalism is a feeling natural to the human breast, and many good Protestants are Mussulmans in sneering at any notion of preparing to meet the cholera, merely because they do not understand that any specific counter-agent has been discovered. Ague has its Peruvian bark, toothache its creosote, but there is no one drug thus curatively associated with cholera; and therefore the desponding, in a mood compounded of despair, indolence, false shame at the fear of using exertions that may fail, and even a cowardice which makes passive submission less terrible because it recognizes the presence of danger less than action, cover their indolence and their dismay by a sneering indifference, as the boy whistles in passing through the churchyard. But besides direct remedies, there are many things which may be done to prepare for disarming or weakening an epidemic. Everything which tends to promote health and remove depressing influences is of that nature. Although there may not be a known course of medical treatment, there must be a probable course; and the public, who cannot universally "call in the doctor," should know what are the precautions to be taken in the economy of daily life. Above all, the public servants should speed whatever is desirable to fortify the public health. Now is the time when we feel the retribution for past sins of omission. We have drains, as in the Tower Hamlets district, that will not drain because the fall is too slight; laws which permit house-owners to withhold communication between their houses and the main drain; and bodies to administer those laws which possess neither the intelligence nor the motive to do their duties effectively.* Sewers, of course, cannot be made by the end of this month, about which time the cholera will be due; but much may be done by mere regulations. The *New York Sun* reports the arrival of an emigrant-ship with one hundred and sixty-five emigrants on board, and without a single case of sickness; a fact which can only be ascribed to the cleanliness that had been enforced by Mr. Watts, the commander. Now we all know what private emigrant-ships usually are—what is the conduct and condition of the "spontaneous" emigrants to North America; and we know that no combination of circumstances can be more adverse to sanatory regulation; surely, what Mr. Watts could effect by moral influence in the crowded space and among the piggish inmates of an emigrant-ship, may be done by competent authority in our towns. The pity is that we are still without that competent authority; for, although we cannot reconstruct our towns and dwellings by the arrival of the cholera, we might establish a Board of Health, and the board might advise and direct the public. This is a work suitable to the early session of Parliament, because it is a work that really belongs to the season.—*Spectator*, 6 *Nov.*

* See a communication on this subject in the *Journal of Public Health*, a monthly periodical, published under the sanction of the Metropolitan Health of Towns Association; the first number appeared on Monday last.

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From the Toronto Church.

THE WEST INDIAN COLONIES.

The accounts which we are now receiving from every quarter, of the disastrous condition of the West Indian Islands, tend to confirm our worst fears for the ultimate safety of these once splendid dependencies of the British crown. The cry is re-echoed everywhere, without contradiction, that they are absolutely ruined; and as it is not to be supposed that Britain will recede from her present legislative position, we must confess our inability to believe that free trade, as carried out by the government, can do otherwise than precipitate the evils which the colonies foresaw and predicted would result from the measure. Evils which would completely annihilate those means, without which it is impossible for the cultivator and manufacturer of sugar to carry on his operations, viz., the confidence and assistance of the merchant.

When the British nation determined that the institution of slavery should no longer be tolerated in our dependencies, the West Indian colonists sought not to obstruct the scheme of African emancipation. On the contrary, they have done everything in their power to render the success of the measure as perfect and complete as possible. We may appeal to all, in any way conversant with the subject, as to the truth of this averment. Never was a revolution of corresponding magnitude effected with so little disturbance to a community, and from which all those antagonistic feelings, which are so inherent to party, so speedily subsided. Ireland has for a much longer period enjoyed Roman Catholic emacipation—does she exhibit such a picture of harmonious intercourse between her opposing parties, as do the white classes in the West Indies and their colored brethren, the late slave population? We grant that the disturbance in the relations between master and servant, consequent on negro emancipation, did, in some of the islands, produce a serious interruption to that regular and constant supply of labor which is so essential to the cultivation of the cane. The laborers, wishing to exercise their newly acquired privileges, took possession of unoccupied land, and cultivated it on their own account. This was a natural, though, to both interests, an injurious act, because the laborer engaged in the cultivation of garden patches, which merely sufficed for his own maintenance, abstracted from the staple cultivation that labor by which, and by which alone, wealth and prosperity could be brought to the country in general—thus importing into the West Indies some of those social evils which have proved such a bane to Ireland. In Barbadoes, where there was no unoccupied land, a very different state of things existed. There labor was plentiful and the people fully employed; and notwithstanding that a circle of dry years visited it after the passing of the emancipation bill, the quantity of sugar exported was not less than in corresponding circles under the system of slavery. Last year being the first bountiful year of season, with which the island had been blessed, Barbadoes exported thirty-four thousand hogsheads of sugar, being a quantity considerably greater than it had ever done under the institution of bondage.

Had, then, the British government and people been perfectly consistent in their moral and religious antipathy to slavery, surely they would have adopted such measures as would have secured the success of emancipation. It was their plain and imperative duty to have given every discouragement to the products of slave labor, which designing speculators may have designed to introduce into the market; or, at all events, they were bound to have continued their protection to a people upon whom they were experimenting, and to have refrained from commencing the working of a more hazardous problem, ere the success of the first had been solved. It was declared by the late premier, that it was the wish of her majesty's government to consider the colonies as integral portions of the kingdom. By this he was understood to mean, that each party should enjoy reciprocal advantages, each party ministering to, and receiving corresponding benefits from, the whole connected body. This announcement of England's parental desire to strengthen her rule of government for the colonies, was received with the most lively satisfaction; and, abiding in faith, the colonists were content to fight through their temporary difficulties, and to wait for that season of prosperity which they fondly looked for.

Suddenly, however, and with scarce any preparation, they are summoned to undergo a new experiment. They are unexpectedly called upon to enter into a contest with that very element which England had ejected from her social existence, because she felt its blighting influence, and was satisfied of its moral wrongs. In subjecting her colonies to competition with slavery, the British government has been guilty (we speak after due deliberation) not only of a shameful breach of faith, but of moral dishonesty. These unhappy colonies are to minister to the wishes and desires of England, they must enter into the grand experiment of free trade, but only so far as serves the purposes of the English people. They must not look for any share of the advantages which by remote possibility may accrue from that measure. The West Indian, by a cruel and suicidal policy, is denied the right of manufacturing his own cane-juice into a refined sugar, because a certain class in London, Liverpool and Bristol may thereby be injured. The British merchant must have employment for his vessels, and therefore the West Indian must not dream of freighting American or any other foreign bottoms, although by so doing he would save one half of what he disburses in freight. In like manner, he cannot obtain a market for his spirits, because the British distiller must be protected at all hazards, which are the advantages which free trade holds out to the British West Indian colonies. Such the crooked policy of Great Britain towards these her loyal and exemplary subjects. A policy which we may say has ended in their total and complete destruction; and in riveting on the wrists of the slave those shackles which Britain gloried in having struck from the limbs of her own bondsmen.

How can the West Indian planter stand erect under such a complicated pressure of discouragements? In the first place he is forbid competition with the English refiner, and compelled to enter the lists with the slave producer. Again, the slaveholder is permitted to transmit his products to Britain in vessels built by slaves—manned by slaves—and owned by slave-proprietors—whilst the colonist must transmit his produce to the British market in vessels manned by freemen, who consequently cannot take it at a price by any means as reasonable as the former. Strange as this statement may appear to many of our readers, it is nevertheless undoubtedly true. Ships manned by slaves are constantly trading to England; and not only are the bondsmen narrowly watched while the vessel is in port, but they are nominally articled in so

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strict and stringent a manner, that escape from their owners is almost a matter of impossibility.

From private sources we learn that the work of destruction and desolation is rapidly going on in Jamaica. In that island FIFTEEN ESTATES HAVE BEEN ABANDONED DURING THE LAST SIX MONTHS, besides several previously given up. And in other islands parties are inspecting their properties with the view of determining whether it be profitable any longer to continue the working of them. Every expedient has been tried to render the cultivation of the cane by implemental labor as profitable as possible, but beyond a certain point they cannot aspire; and do as they may, the sugar manufactured by slaves must be cheaper than that produced by free men, unless indeed where the population is so dense as to compel labor at diminished prices, or leave starvation as the alternative.

In whatever light we view the ruin of the West India colonies, the picture is a sad and a most dismal one. Who can refrain from sympathizing with a body of once opulent proprietors, lured on to their destruction by a too confiding dependence on the promised protection of the mother country? But, above all, we shudder to contemplate the probable effect which that ruin will produce upon the negro. The white man may escape to America with the remnant which he can happily glean from the wreck of his property. But the poor negro must remain, and remain to degenerate into the hideous barbarism of St. Domingo. It was the settled and oft-repeated conviction of a highly educated and intelligent gentleman of their own race, who long and ably conducted one of the leading journals of the tropics, that no greater curse could befall his black brethren, than the withdrawal of the whites from among them. He regards their departure as the signal for the return of the negro to barbarism, anarchy, and superstition. Where, let us ask, is money to be obtained to carry on the social and moral improvements necessary, as regards both civilization and religion? How is the church to be supported? How are the schools to be carried on? How are the magistracy and the other legal tribunals to be kept up! In a word, where are the means to come from to antagonize that relapse into a degraded and barbarous state which is natural to man when left without these accessory laws of control, and the presence of which is so essential to civilization?

It is not to be wondered at that, in these circumstances, the Kingston Chamber of Commerce should speak out as they have lately done in the following emphatic terms:

"That this chamber views with alarm the commerce of the country daily dwindling into insignificance. Confidence is shaken to its very centre; and it is but too plain to perceive that our most respectable citizens (foreseeing, no doubt, worse evils to come, and no energy exerted to avert them) are leaving the country with the little they have saved from the wreck of their affairs. Estates are fast becoming abandoned. Poverty stares us in the face wherever we go. The expenses of living are enormous, and taxation is unbearable."

THE CITY GENTLEMAN TO HIS INFANT SON.

AIR—"*Oh, rest thee, my darling.*"

OH! slumber my youngster, in ignorance blest,
No thought of the panic deprives thee of rest;
Though things e'er so bad in the city may be,
They give no concern, my young shaver, to thee.

Thou dread'st not to think of the firms that may smash;
Thou feel'st not the lowness of credit and cash;
Thou heed'st not the tightness of money a jot,
It pinches thee—happy young gentleman!—not.

The bank may determine to put on the screw,
Thou wilt not be frightened; thou 'lt never look blue;
What matter to thee, little fellow of mine,
If discount 's at three-and-a-half, or at nine?

Unconscious art thou of such things as bad debts,
With nothing to hope in the shape of assets;
Thou art not disheartened—thou art not dismayed,
To think of the bill to be noted or paid.

Then slumber, young gentleman, rest while you may,
You 'll surely know all about these things one day;
Sleep on, undisturbed by the world's busy hum;
For, like a young bear, you 've your troubles to come.

Punch.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BETHUNE'S POEMS.—A beautifully printed volume entitled "Lays of Love and Faith," by the Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, is just published by Lindsay & Blakiston, of Philadelphia. Several short poems of Mr. Bethune have already appeared in the periodicals, and given general readers a favorable idea of his poetical powers. These do not appear to have been exercised except occasionally, with no purpose to win a reputation, but the collection more than justifies the good opinion which these casual perusals of his fugitive verses had caused us to form. The volume is at Wiley & Putnam's.

Here is one of these lays of love and faith, well deserving the appellation he has given—a lay warm with love and instinct with faith.

LIVE TO DO GOOD.

Live to do good; but not with thought to win
From man return of any kindness done;
Remember him who died on cross for sin,
The merciful, the meek, rejected one.
When he was slain for crime of doing good,
Canst thou expect return of gratitude?

Do good to all; but while thou servest best
And at thy greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,
When thine own heart with anguish is oppressed,
The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,
From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,
And eyes whose sorrow thou hast wiped away.

Still do those good; but for his holy sake
Who died for thine; fixing thy purpose ever
High as his throne, no wrath of man can shake;
So shall he own thy generous endeavor,
And take thee to his conqueror's glory up,
When thou hast shared the Saviour's bitter cup.

Do nought but good; for such the noble strife
Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to meet the recompense above,
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in anger only weak.

N. Y. Ev. Post.

Messrs. James Munroe & Co. have received from the publishers, Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia, a volume of poems entitled, "Lay

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of Love and Faith, with other Fugitive Poems," by Rev. Dr. George Bethune. It is a very handsome volume, and contains very beautiful poetry. The author introduces his volume with the following lines, which speak well for themselves and him:—

"As one arranges in a simple vase
A little store of unpretending flowers,
So gathered I some records of past hours,
And trust them, gentle reader, to thy grace;
Nor hope that in my pages thou wilt trace
The brilliant proof of high poetic powers;
But dear memorials of my happy days,
When Heaven shed blessings on my heart, like showers
Clothing with beauty even the desert place;
Till I, with thankful gladness in my looks,
Turned me to God, sweet nature, loving friends,
Christ's little children, well-worn ancient books,
The charm of art, the rapture music sends;
And sang away the grief that on man's lot attends."

There are many pieces in this volume of great beauty; among those which will be read over and over again with renewed pleasure, are the verses, "To my Mother," "To my Wife," "Susie," "Early Lost and Early Saved," "The Fourth of July." Some of the articles in this volume have been published in the journals of the day, but they are too valuable to be left so scattered, and the volume is a precious addition to any library.

Daily Advertiser.

Old Wine in new Bottles; or, Spare Hours of a Student in Paris. By Augustus Kinsly Gardner, M. D. New York: Francis & Co. Boston: J. H. Francis.

"Dr. Gardner has made a very sprightly and amusing book, out of his Paris experiences. Some objection may be made by the fastidious, to portions of his recollection, as being more frank than squeamish. But though he is not 'insolently nice,' he is unexceptionably moral, as far as we have been able to penetrate; and teils us many true things about the city of all the earth for variety and gayety."—*Mrs. Kirkland in Union Magazine.*

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1848. James Munroe & Co., Boston.

This is the nineteenth year of this, the most elegant and useful work of the kind. We are much obliged to the publishers for our copy.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers continue the beautiful and good *Pictorial History of England.*

They have just issued:

The Philosophy of Life and Philosophy of Language. By Frederick von Schlegel. Translated by the Rev. J. W. Morrison, M. A.

The Convict; or, the Hypocrite Unmasked. By G. P. R. James.

Rainbows for Children. Edited by L. Maria Child. Beautifully embellished. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

"These sweet little fairy stories have, beyond mere present delight, the further intent to lay the foundation of that something better, on which we must depend for the sunshine of life after fairy days are gone. They are full of a sweet spirit; of a delicately-hinted good purpose; of Christian sentiments, and cheerful wisdom. They are told with much elegance, and in the purest Saxon English. Mrs. Child's spiriting has been done not only gently but effectually."—*Mrs. Kirkland's Union Mag.*

Messrs. Francis & Co. have also published, Midsummer Eve: a Fairy Tale of Love. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. We read and love all that Mrs. Hall writes.

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